CONVERSING with young ladies deprived of speech is described as exercise with dumb belles.

Wonder where Gold, '83, got his new hat?
A Glee Club is being formed at the Institute S—h has decided to buy a good candle and strike out.

Those of '83 who desire albums for class pictures will please report to the committee.

Several men would like to know if there is a shower bath in the gymnasium? If so, why is it locked up?

We would call the attention of students to the offer of Wm. K. Millar & Co., who give ten per cent discount to them.

Now that the lines of the Tennis Court have been repainted we hope to see more students practising that enjoyable game.

An '86 says there is reason to believe that if matters don't go on differently there will be a dead Locke in the board of editors.

'84 has recently given her class president a couple of severe tests in parliamentary knowledge. It is unnecessary to say that he passed with H.

At a fancy dress party recently given at the Olympian Rink, E. W. Kingsbury, special architect, '83, took the first prize, which consisted of a silver service.

When a fellow has been rejected by the girl to whom he has been paying attention, it might be said to be a case of he woo-ed and she wouldn't.

At a recent meeting of the V. L. Club Mr. C. A. Brown and A. D. Little, both of '83, were formally elected as members of the club. Their initiations will soon take place.

One of the Institute men, wearing the Institute necktie, on a recent visit home was reminded by his sister that it bore too striking a resemblance to a barber's pole to look well.

The young ladies at Vassar are required to spend two hours on French previous to each recitation, and some, with that fertile imagination characteristic of them, get over the difficulty by sitting on the book while attending lectures in other subjects.

Students who have availed themselves of the opportunity of having their photos taken at the same rates as the Senior class will please remember that they cannot get their photographs before May, because the photographers desire to do all the printing at one time, after the lists are all in.

The 2. G. Society has given a start to social life at the Institute by issuing invitations to its first dance, which will be given Friday, March 2, in Berkeley Hall. The dance, we understand, is not to be a large one, and therefore but comparatively few at the Institute outside the society will be invited to attend.


Over a door in a certain hotel in Montreal the following inscription arrests the astonished gaze of the stranger: "Physiognomical Hairdresser, Tonsorial Artist, Cranium Manipulator, Facial Operator, and Capillary Abridger." If the traveller recovers from the shock due to the perusal of this legend, and enters the mysterious portal, he is awestruck by the announcement on a placard that the being in whose presence he stands is a "Professor of Cranicultural Abscission and Craniological Tripsis!" But when the professor says, "How you (do, sir? it's a fine day; have a chair; ready in a few minutes, sir. Stranger in town, I presume. Have you seen Mrs. Langtry, sir? Next!" then it rapidly dawns upon his bewildered intellect that he is in a barber's shop, and he drops into a chair, places his feet on the radiator, and takes up the Police News to await his turn.