Contributors will please place their drawings in The Tech box, addressed to Mr. F. M. Wakefield, who will be glad to give information on certain other details which must be attended to in order that the drawings may be successfully photographed and electrotyped.

The rumor that the Glee Club is to form an associate membership this year is confirmed. A committee has been appointed to arrange the preliminaries, and its action approved by the Club. One member from each of the classes and one from the club at large compose the committee, and within a few days each member will endeavor to see his classmates, in order to get the names of those who wish to become associates. Already a number have signified their desire to establish such a connection with the Club, and the movement has met with general approval and encouragement. Associate membership will insure tickets to each of the two concerts of the year, and to a party which will be given under the auspices of the Glee Club.

Dizzy's Beau.

DIZZY was a permanency; that is, we all thought so until—but I will not anticipate.

Not that her name was Dizzy, either. She was christened Aphrodisia.

Nor can her beau be called such with perfect accuracy; for—but all in due time.

It is enough to say of Dizzy that she had been in our family much longer than I can remember. She made herself generally useful and agreeable about the house. She sewed on our buttons for us; she mended our stockings; she concocted the dessert when the cook was sick; she dusted the parlor when the maid had departed in a cloud of angry smoke; she packed us boys off to school, and smuggled out of the storeroom pots of jam for our secret delectation. In a word, Dizzy may be said to have been a brick; and, to make the comparison still more apparent, she had red hair.

Now, though it may be egotistical to say so, it was, it must be owned, very natural that while we boys were at home, running in from morning to night on one errand (not of mercy) or another, tearing our trousers on nails, tumbling out of apple-trees, getting black eyes, wearing out or breaking everything that came into least intimate contact with us, and, above all, perennially hungry,—while all this went on, it was natural, I say, that Dizzy's whole heart and time should be occupied in attending to our wants. But when the years took away Frank into another nest, which he had feathered for himself, and when James went out West to do his best to feather a nest for himself, and when I entered college, to prepare for the feathering of still another little nest for myself, I suppose,—we all come to it,—when the old house was left empty of its noise and cares, it might have been expected that Dizzy's heart would be on the lookout for another situation; for hearts seem not to like sinecures. Dizzy's heart needed love to swim in as much as a duck needs water; and, like a duck, also, the good creature could pick up a very good living out of the dregs of a very muddy pond.

In view of these facts, it need have surprised no one in the least when Dizzy one day brought home an object to love. No one ever knew where she had found him, she was always singularly reticent about the matter. But beau she now most certainly had, and a very positive, assertive beau at that.

When I first saw the man Dizzy had singled from the world to be her companion, he was the most disreputable human being, in appearance, that I have ever seen. At that time, matters had been going on for several months, and it is hard for me to conceive what an appearance he must have presented before Dizzy's ameliorating influence had begun to achieve results. When my mother first caught sight of him, she absolutely refused him admittance to the house; and though she soon repealed this hasty law, the fact of her at first refusing him access to Dizzy in her house conveys to those who are acquainted with my mother's lenient spirit a most horribly dilapidated picture of the beau.