which formed the kitchen ware. The idea was, as Jack expressed it, that "anything that knocked that down would raise an infernal racket."

Thus fortified we took off our boots and retired, with our guns at our sides. Soon the peaceful snore beside me told that the god of sleep had got the better of the corrugated mattress and Jack, and shortly after I fell in also. Just how long we had been asleep I don't know, but we were suddenly awakened by the crash of the tin pans and pickle bottles. Up we both started and sitting bolt upright could distinguish a faint shadowy outline in the doorway. Without a moment's hesitation Jack put two charges of buck-shot through the opening. With startling clearness the reports rang out on the solemn stillness of the woods, and then all was still again. I could feel Jack tremble as he fumbled for more cartridges. "Why don't you fire?" he whispered. "Jack, do you know what it was?" said I in reply. "Bear," said he. "I'll tell you what it was," I replied, "just your old boot which I threw at the door to see if the old thing would work." I can feel the same old feeling now that I felt then, when Jack tried to wipe the knots and bunches off the corrugated bed with me for a jack plane. After he had exhausted himself and his German, I quietly said, "Don't you think you had better mend the mosquito netting?"

**M. I. T. '84.**

The Secretary wishes to state, that in response to his circular, enough names have been obtained to warrant the holding of the Annual Dinner. The dinner will therefore be served, after the business meeting, at Young's Hotel, Saturday evening, Feb. 21.

**A. LAWRENCE ROTCH, Secretary.**

**COLD WAVE FLAG.**

In co-operation with the United States Signal Service and the New England Meteorological Society, a Cold Wave Flag (white with a black centre) will be displayed henceforth from the summit of Great Blue Hill, Milton, as a warning of the probable approach of decidedly colder weather.

**A. LAWRENCE ROTCH,**

Proprietor of the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory

**THE TECH.**

**Noticeable Articles.**

The *Atlantic* for February has a paper on "Winter Birds about Boston," which will be interesting to readers who have a taste for natural history, and a love of wholesome exercise that sometimes takes them into the beautiful woods and fields, which extend in so many directions round our city.

Miss Harriet Preston writes of "Vernon Lee," the clever author of "Belcaro," "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy," etc. "Vernon Lee" is a young English lady, Violet Paget, born and brought up in Italy. There is an appreciative notice of Parkman's last volumes. "Montcalm and Wolfe." "There is a pleasure," says the writer, "in taking up one of Mr. Parkman's histories, for the reader knows that he will be invited to a share in the results of the historian's patient labors without being made a partner in the labor itself." There is also a criticism of the much-to-be-criticised Life of Hawthorne, by his son, a book which will not add much to the fame, either of the writer or the subject.

The *North American* for February gives the views of five different writers, among them Senator Dawes and Mr. Roger A. Pryor, on "How to Elect our President." It has a complimentary notice of Dr. Holmes's "Life of Emerson," by our octogenarian historian, Bancroft. This book, the New York *Nation* wickedly and wittily says, is the life of a wood-thrush by a canary-bird. Prof. Stanley Hall writes on "New Departures in Education," and the Rev. Dr. W. T. G. Shedd writes a grim defence of the theological dogma of everlasting damnation.

*Harper's* for February opens with an illustrated account of "Hatfield House," the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, built in the time of James I., which contains an excellent portrait of the redoubtable Tory leader. There is another fully illustrated paper on "New and Old Yucatan," and another on "Pullman," that curious Western town, ten miles from Chicago, now containing eight thousand inhabitants, built and entirely controlled by the Pullman Palace Car Company. Then there is a curious paper on "Guardian Birds," another on "Art Students in Ecouen," and another on "The Lick Observatory in California," all illustrated.

Lovers of the noble game of whist, among whom I reckon myself, will be instructed and entertained by a paper entitled "Whist Chat," by Mr. R. A. Proctor, the astronomer, in *Longman's Magazine* for February. Mr. Proctor's estimate is shown when he says, "It may sound like exaggeration to say that whist is far better calculated to develop the mind than many things taught at school, yet many a man can perceive a real gain to his mental qualities from whist practice, who would find it hard to recognize any good which he has obtained from learning how to write Latin verses with due attention to the niceties of the *cæsura.*" Some of Mr. Proctor's mathematical calculations are curious. There are no less than 635,013,559,600 ways in which a hand can be made. That