“What, up into the Freshman drawing room! Nay, thou knowest not what thou sayest. Truly it is a five stairs’ climb, me lord, too much for one like thee.”

“Alas! pity be for the Freshman; but thou knowest best. What next, Henrico?”

“If thou wilt turn thine eyes this way, a curious sight thou wilt behold.”

“Indeed, thou speakest truly; but why do the numerous lads throw chalk, whene'er the aged man's back is turned. Can it be they are on mischief bent?”

“Yea, even so, most noble sir; but look, beholdest thou that lengthy room, wherein a multitude of lads push each other, and fly around like flies upon a bald man’s pate?”

“I do; but prithee, tell me what the crazy cranks are at. What mix they in the many flasks?”

“This, most ancient sir, is called by men the Freshman laboratory; herein the weary Fresh doth grind out many a long and painful hour; within this room the hydrogen generator bursteth, much to the Freshman’s horror; herein are concocted such vile and odorous compounds as the smelling $\text{H}_2\text{S}$; 't is here—”

“Henrico, thou troublest me; I am not in the spirit of thy vein; explain to — but oh, ye gods, what smell is this? Can it be Limburger? Whew! This odor is all-powerful. Methinks we have seen enough; let’s skip.”

“Most gracious sir, I skip.”

“Ah, this air is better; for, by my hat, that smell was something terrible. But see the number of lads who descend the steps, and cross the street. Whither go they?”

“Mearest thou the ones who enter quickly the door above which hangs the sign, ‘Brunswick Exchange’?”

“The same.”

“Well, then, me lord, they go to ply the cue and whack the ivory balls, and perchance even to ‘smile’; shall we enter there?”

“No! no! Voted I for St. John last fall; I ne'er 'smile' more. But come, come, Henrico, me watch is past the hour for lunch; I must make haste, or else me wife will chide me sore. We'll board this horse-car, Henrico; quick, jump on, I follow. Ah! now we are seated; this is better; and farewell, a long farewell, to thee, sweet Tech. Tickets, please; two out.”

“Only.

Only a smile, and a bow as we met,
A waltz at the party that day;
Only a call to express my regret,
Her fan I had carried away.
Only a call, and another one still,
A welcome whenever I came;
Only a drive, or a stroll on the hill,—
The story is ever the same.
Only a word — what it was you can guess;
I purchased a ring the next day;
Only a bride, in a white satin dress,
Of presents a brilliant array.
Only a tour, on the Continent made,
A return to our friends waiting here;
Only a bill,— will it ever be paid?
And — hush baby; hush, that's a dear!

H. C. S.

PERHAPS the most successful meeting during the year of the Society of '87 took place last Friday evening at the Parker House. After a short and unimportant business meeting and a very satisfactory lunch, the members were entertained by the following programme:

Waltz . . . . . . . . M. I. T. Orchestra.
Papers on “The Eloquence of Action” Mr. A. C. Corss.
March . . . . . . . . Orchestra.
Paper on “The Summer Experiences of a Hotel Clerk” Mr. A. L. Cushing.
Bedouin Song . . . Mr. H. J. Williams.
Gavotte . . . . . . . Orchestra.
Mazurka . . . . . . . Orchestra.

The orchestra was at its best, and every selection was well played, the waltz being repeated at request. Mr. Williams's solo was also heartily encored, to which he kindly responded with a couple of songs in Italian and “Chinese.” Both the papers read were well received. A vote of thanks for their services was unanimously tendered the orchestra, after which general singing was indulged in. From regard for the members who were to participate in the games the day following, the meeting broke up at an early hour.