Singing took up the rest of the evening, and in the small hours of the morning the meeting adjourned, by request, to the sidewalk, where, after howling themselves hoarse, they finally dispersed.

Thanks are due to our professors for their tender consideration of our feelings the next morning.

Anecdote.

Once upon a time, in one of our Western towns, the wife of a certain John Smith had fallen into a comatose state, or trance, and was supposed by all around her to be dead. She was accordingly placed in a coffin, which was carried lengthwise across the seat of the carriage, the husband and two or three select friends being inside the vehicle. Just as the team turned up the road to the cemetery, the coffin struck heavily against a stone post, and the shock was such as to rouse the woman out of her trancelike state. She knocked against the side of the box, attracting thus the driver's attention, was taken out, recovered, and lived several years thereafter.

At length, however, she died, and her husband was once more carrying her remains to the burying-place. Just before reaching the spot where the miraculous return to this life had taken place, he leaned out of the window and shouted up to the driver, "Say, look out for that post!"

Communications.

[The editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.]

To the Editor of The Tech:

It is hardly probable that the committee on the Senior ball will be obliged to dispose of any tickets to outsiders in order to defray the expenses,—a course which could be caused only by most unusual indiffERENCE on the part of the students,—or that they will do so to gratify friends outside the Institute, at the serious expense of that class courtesy which is symbolized in the giving of the ball. Of those students, however, whose means and public spirit lead them to subscribe to the ball, but who, for one reason or another, will be unable to use their tickets in person, it may be well to call the attention to two points: First, as the Senior ball, unlike the afternoon parties, is of an inter-class nature, it is and should be kept a strictly Institute affair, and accordingly, before transferring a ticket to an outsider, it would be well to look around the circle of one's friends for some Tech, who, while honestly unable to subscribe to the ball, would enjoy its pleasures as much as any one; secondly, that in any case, it is preferable to accommodate a gentleman who intends to bring a fair companion, rather than an in-veterate and persistent "stag."

At an ideal party, the sexes are nearly equal in numbers; or, since a lady can make no effort to fill up her order, the preponderance should be slightly on the side of the gentlemen. There certainly should not be such an excess of the latter, however, as there was a year ago. At a college like ours, where the regular work consumes so much time that non-residents have only very limited opportunity to make acquaintances among the gentler sex, all who have been fortunate in that respect should escort at least one damsel to the ball, for their comrades' benefit as well as their own. The "natives" should properly "go them one better" in order to provide for such of their friends as have been really unable to secure a companion.

By due attention to these brief hints, any student and worshipper of Terpsichore can do as much towards the practical success of the ball as if he were a most energetic committee man.

The man who addressed a letter to the "instetoot of tecknowledgey" was evidently not a believer in phonetic spelling.

The following conundrum was elaborated by a conclave of chemists: "Why is the M. I. T. like a pung?" Because it is hard to catch on to, hard to hang on to, and hard to keep up with, if you once get a little "off," but a good many do hang on who are bound to be "bounced" sooner or later.