Judd Colgan, ’77, lawyer, in Indianapolis, Indiana.

H. Furlong Baldwin, ’84, supervisor of the Knoxville Division of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, Lebanon, Ky.


T. C. DuPont, ’84, mining engineer and superintendent, Central Coal and Iron Co., Central City, Ky.

Frank M. Haines, ’84, assistant engineer N. P. R. R., North Yakima, Washington Territory.


Geo. F. Lull, ’84, student of chemistry in Maine State Agricultural College, Orono, Me.

Edward V. Sedgewick, ’84, master mechanic, Second Division, Mexican Central Railroad, Silao, Mexico.


Geo. A. Ricker, ’86, Buffalo, N. Y., recently elected a Junior of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

"This wants to go into The Tech," said Gushley, handing the editor a few dozen dreamy stanzas on "Spring Sighs." "I know it does," was the sotto voce answer, as the manuscript slid softly into the waste-basket, "but it can't."

The Senior Ball.

On the night of Friday, April 30th, at 8.45 by the stop-watch, the doors of Odd Fellows' Hall were thrown open, and the many guests who had assembled to do honor to the brave of '86 were ushered to the matrons for the evening—Mrs. Francis A. Walker and Mrs. William H. Pickering. Mrs. Drown, to the regret of all, was unable to be present.

The tasteful orders of dances were distributed during a grand march, and in very quick time the gentlemen had covered the ladies' cards and their own with all sorts of hieroglyphics indicative of future engagements, and the dancing had begun. The music of Mr. Richardson's orchestra furnished abundant inspiration, though light steps and bright faces made such inspiration seem but an after-thought. The only pause in the swift flight of the dances was the refreshing alighting in the supper-room.

The floor-director, Charles F. Richardson, ’86, and the committee, especially the chairman, John L. Shortall, ’87, deserve much praise for the pleasant and successful way in which was carried out this most important event of our social year, the ball to '86.

At the Tech Supper.

My spirit is dying within me,
And ambition well nigh killed—
With my salary spread before me,
And my cubic contents filled.
But, alas! I can only sit here
With a calm, sardineic grin,
And wish that my name was Morris,
With a patent elastic skin.

Technics.

General Sherwin was examining men for the police force, a few days since, under the new civil service rules. One candidate was asked what four penal institutions there were in Boston. He replied promptly: "The Jail, State's Prison, the House of Industry, and the Institute of Technology!"—Boston Record.

At the Senior Ball.—Mr. Treadwell (at the close of the dance): "Really, I've danced so little lately that you see I've almost forgotten how to waltz."

Miss Flightley: "On the contrary, I think you dance better than ever." Solemn pause.