(c.) What I did.—I put 25 c. c. of the water in the test-tube, and lit the lamp, and heated the water over the flame of the lamp.

(d.) What I saw.—I saw the water boil, and give off a white vapor.

(e.) What I conclude.—I conclude that when water is heated hot, it boils and gives off a white vapor.

(f.) What I know from other sources.—The vapor given off was aqueous vapor. Sometimes I think that when I get to be a man, I'll run a laboratory, wear my hair down my back, carry ether in my pistol-pocket, and tell the poor innocent Freshies not to forget the scheme for their notes. I haven't decided yet.

I liked the drawing, too; only the man that marked the plates had a grudge against me, some way, but the others used to enjoy my work. Why, one of them would come along and look at my plate, and he would be sure to smile and look pleased, and maybe go off and get another teacher to come and admire it, too. I used to make real pretty plates; I put in horses and houses, sometimes, instead of those homely old triangles.

Then I went to all the class meetings. They were very interesting, and a fellow learns so much about parliamentary law—a good deal that is new and original, sometimes; but I could give them all points on that, and I did, one day. I told them how we used to do things in the Wayback Lyceum when I was President, and they clapped and pounded and cheered until they woke up the janitor. I was nominated for a place on the "Technique" Committee, and I would have got it, only so many members were jealous of me.

Oh, well, I wish I was back,—and then, again, I don't. I miss the theaters and the rest. After that night I saw Dixey I used to go real often, and after awhile I had an opera-glass, and sat in the front seats. I went out to Cambridge with some fellows one night to a torch-light parade and a lot of fire-works, and I used to drink beer after that. I was a pretty wild boy, you bet.

Well, give my love to — you know who— where we fed. If anybody strikes you for any money, tell them I will send it next week. Now I am off for a walk. I carry a broken bamboo cane with a piece of an orange and black rag wound round it. Two rushes—action and re-action.

Well, see you in the fall.

Yours,

Y. Sniggins, '90.

A Trip to the South Boston Iron Works.

ONE afternoon during the recent vacation after the Semies, a party of Sophomore Mechanicals made a visit to the South Boston Iron Works. We applied at the office for a pass, but were told that none were given out. After some talk and explanation as to our being from the Tech, we were given one, however; and as our visit was especially to see the foundry, we started there first. The men were at work on the moulds, and we were told that they would begin casting about four o'clock; so, meantime, we went to another part of the works, where one of the big Government guns was being rifled. This gun was thirty-eight feet long, weighed thirty tons, and the bore was twelve inches in diameter. The lathe in which it was held was ninety feet long and about ten feet high. The rifling required two men,—one to tend to the lathe-tool, and the other to pump in oil. The guns are steel at the butt, and cast-iron the rest of the way; and an ingenious device was arranged which told the men when the tool entered the steel, so that the oil might be pumped in at the right time.

As so much Government work is done there, an inspector is stationed at the works, who attends to all contracts and estimates, and looks after the work, and sees that everything is done as agreed.

About four o'clock we went back to the foundry; but as the blast had not been put on, we climbed up on to the staging around the door of the furnace, and looked down on the roaring mass of coal and iron within. The heat was terrible, and soon drove us down.