The K₂S held its monthly meeting at Young's on the 17th.

Mrs. Richards entertained the Junior Miners on the evening of the 17th.

Mein, Meine Mein,—the song of the Course III. man.

The hand-press in the industrial laboratory was twice broken last week.

The Theta Xi Fraternity held its annual convention in Boston last week.

President Walker was recently elected to fill a vacancy in the Commercial Club.

The Society of '91 enjoyed a most successful dinner at the Thorndyke on February 21st.

The class in Turning are beginning to use the jig saw. It is very amusing to see the way it gets away with some of the fellows.

If B., '91, will communicate with the artistic editor of The Tech, Mr. Wales, he will greatly oblige the Board.

'90 has departed from the established precedent of having The Tech represented on its "Technique" Board.

Quite a number of men are taking lessons in fencing, in preparation, we suppose, for a postgraduate course in Germany.

Nineteen third-year Chemists, with Dr. Norton, inspected Curtis Davis' Soap works, at East Cambridge, on Friday, the 17th.

The third year Industrial Chemists have been listening to some very interesting lectures on sugar by Dr. Stillman, chemist of the Boston Sugar Refinery.

Washington's Birthday holiday did not agree with everybody, to judge by the large number of tired faces that showed up on the morning of the 23d.

We overheard a '91 in the laboratory, the other day, talking about testing something with "Idaho scratch-paper." (Iodide of starch paper.)

The contributions to this number of The Tech came in so late that it would have been delayed at least two or three days had it not been for the unusually rapid work of the printer.

What has become of the Chess Club? Last year, and the year before, we used to hear continually of its doings, but now its existence is even questioned.

We do not wish to "nip in the bud" literary aspirants, but the inherent bacteria of some contributions destroy them before they have grown to the "full and perfect leaf."

Professor O.: "Folzt mir in meinen zeranmischen Saal."

Freshy, taking third year German: "Come into my roomy saloon with me." (Howls of applause.)

This is the time for the Seniors to get in their work on their theses. Soon lawn-tennis and other out-door attractions will render work in the laboratory much more irksome than at present.

A second-year Architect, beginning surveying and learning of the variations of the needle for the first time, wanted to know if the variations were caused by the "quantities of lead in the ground."

One of our first-year French students surprised us not a little the other day, by remarking, in a casual way, while discussing our system of espionage, "Bon soir qui mal y pense." We thought so, too.

Messrs. T. D. and H. B. Brainerd, '87, were in town last week. They found Boston weather balmy as compared with Canada, and returned to Montreal thoroughly imbued with its salubrious effects.