attended the banquet. Just beyond was a fine looking buck. Everybody knows him, at least by reputation. '86 knows him best, however, for he was ringmaster at one of their annual baths. He is unmarried, but is one of a large family, "Hadley" being his stage name. H. Ward Leonard is now attempting a rôle in "Shining Light." Morris was there, too—whiskers, glasses, and voice. He sang later "The Tale of Woe"; but, sad to relate, his notes went to protest. He had just heard "Nadja," and thought he could make a hit. Morris L. Greeley is all right, but when it comes to singing "The Tale of Woe" there are no sandflies on LaRose. (Tim Sprague can tell you all about sandflies. He is New England representative for the Electrical Review, at 178 Devonshire Street.) [Note: He paid me for this]. A man who showed up in great contrast to our President was F. K. Copeland, '77. He knew he was going to be made Treasurer, as he was on the election committee, and had worked the wires all right. If any of you fellows want to join us I'll give you one straight tip—look out for F. K. He is no jay when it comes to getting a dollar a year out of you. His name begins with C, too; and although I am not superstitious, Canada is not annexed yet, and I am going to put a chain on my dollar. H. W. Chappell was there. He is a '78 boy, and a Chemist; but I'll bet a new hat that if '92 saw him enter that back room on the fourth floor, they would all yell, "Look at the dude!" Low, '86, was on hand, but, thank goodness, he left "Sweet" at Chelsea. The Technology Glee Club was the only one who could stand the combination. There was a fellow named Wells there, and, jingo! you would know he was plural by the amount of fizz he got away with. Sez he, "Here's to 'er"; "no heeltaps." And this at every clip, and the clips were often. He'd almost "a skate" when he quit. We drew on poor old St. Louis for one man, and there was no Missouri mud on him either. Mr. Rosenheim, '81, was the prize. "Josie" was there, too. J. B. is almost a bank president now. He will probably "do" me, but I have got to give you one on Loewenthal. It seems he went down to the charity ball. Just as he got in he spied his girl, and took a long breath—it cost him a dollar. Then he sneezed—he was dead broke, and his watch gone, too! There were also present Messrs. Raeder, '76, Whitmore, '87, Schmidt, '87, Stone, '78, Rosing, '82, Mosman, '87, Harvey, '88, Cobb, '86, Reynolds, '86, Emerton, '72, Sargent, '87, Brainerd, '86, Fry, '85, Hammet, '82, Bosson, '79, Norris, '87, Thompson, '83, Perkins, '86, Zimmerman, '80, Fitch, '84, Ware, '68, Currier, '87, Brown, '86, and Burlingham, '86.

By the way, I forgot to tell you a good one on Tom Fry. As you all know, Tom is quite a benevolent looking old gent with his glasses. It seems he took enough interest in a Fresh Air Fund to go up and see how the youngsters were quartered at Lake Geneva. Desiring to be gracious, he condescended to pat one of the little boys on the head, and remark, "You are one of the little Fresh Air boys, are you not?" The youngster looked into his eye a second, and then drewled out, "Well, I'm not so d—-d fresh now, as you may think." Tom is not teaching in Sunday-school now.

We elected the following for officers for 1888-89: President, Fred Greeley, '76; first vice-president, W. F. Sargent, '75; second vice-president, Julian A. Kebler, '78; secretary and treasurer, F. K. Copeland, '77; executive committee: chairman, R. E. Richardson, '85; T. W. Fry, '85; F. W. Perkins, '86; R. E. Schmidt, '87; L. A. Ferguson, '88.

During the evening the toastmaster introduced Messrs. Potter, Wells, Fitch, Robinson, Curtis, Ferguson, and Rosenheim, who responded to toasts in a lively manner, and did much to render the evening pleasant.

These affairs are annual, and right here I want to ask any of Tech's friends to join us this year. The next meeting will probably take place in September, and if any Institute man happens to be nosing around Chicago and West Lake Street, he might drop in at No. 74 and pay Copeland a visit and price of plate. F. K. doesn't receive on New Year's Day and on November 11th. In the first instance because Boston says it's "doped vulgar;" in the second, because that's Anarchists' Day, and the police have to keep tab on C. for fear he will make bombs on the cuté. You will all like him, though—a jovial fellow, and good talker; the longer you stay the more he will get out of you. I have seen him rake in a pot on five aces "just as if nothing had happened."

Well, I must stop before I have to get on the subject of the weather; but in closing I want to wish you, dear Tech, a prosperous New Year, and