Wednesday evening, March 27th. The make-up of the Club was as follows:—

**FIRST TENORS.**

- Ernest M. A. Machado, '90.
- E. P. Whitman, '92.
- W. M. Duane, '90.

**SECOND TENORS.**

- F. W. Crosby, '91.
- Raymond Whitman, '92.

**FIRST BASSOS.**

- E. A. Emery, '90.
- W. B. Trowbridge, '91.
- W. L. Creden, '90.

**SECOND BASSOS.**

- E. P. Whitman, '92.
- F. G. Coggin, Jr., '90.
- C. M. Tyler, '91.
- J. Schlacks, '91.
- H. L. Johnson, '92.

**LEADER.**

- G. N. Calkins.

**ACCOMPANIST.**

- N. Calkins.

The Junior Quintet Club, composed of Philip Harvey, F. W. Swanton, H. P. Spaulding, J. A. Meyer, and G. N. Calkins also appeared, and rendered four selections very creditably. Following is the programme:

- "Soldier's Chorus" — Gounod's Faust.
- "Marche Militaire" — Schubert.
- "Imogene Donahue" — Quintet Club.
- "Cosi Fan Tutti" — Mozart.
- "Polonaise" — Schubert.
- "Sunday-school Scholar" — Solo by Mr. Emery.
- "Robin Adair" — Solo by Mr. H. B. Roberts.
- "Skating Song" — Yodel by Mr. Raymond Whitman.

**QUINTET CLUB.**

- "Schneider's Band" — J. A. Mundy.

Technology has not been better represented for several years than by the club which she now has; and the club at large, and Mr. Adams in particular, is to be congratulated on the excellence of the entertainment given thus early in the season. The especial advantages which this year’s club has over its predecessors, is in the addition of the Quintet Club, and the excellent yodling of Mr. Whitman. The programme, as a whole, was well rendered; Mr. Emery’s solo, Mr. Whitman’s yodel in the skating song, and the club work given in the opening selection, being especially noticeable. The Quintet Club played well throughout, and showed very good execution in their last piece. The Club will probably give more concerts this year than has been the custom previously, and it certainly deserves the hearty support of the students. The Boston concert will take place the last of the present month.

A man by name of Theo. Heydenfeldt, alias Wieland, has been traveling over the country for the last two years at the expense of the alumni of the different colleges. He passes himself off as an old instructor in your college, and wants to return, but is out of funds, and shows letters from professors of your *Alma Mater*. He has just been caught in Chicago by a Tech. man, after getting the price of a fare from Chicago to Boston. He was forced to leave counterfeit letters from professors of Tech., Yale, Columbia, Cornell, and Harvard, and has lived for the last two years in this way; one time in the East wanting to go West for his health, and at another time West, wanting to go East.

It was late in the afternoon of a chilly March day, when *The Tech* man, wandering about the corridors in search of news, bethought himself of the mechanical heart of our little universe. So shouldering his pencil, he descended the corkscrew stairs, whistling a merry tune meanwhile. Chancing to hear some noise beneath his feet, he stealthily crept toward the iron door that shuts off the boiler-room from the cotton machinery. Opening the door carefully, he heard the dulcet strains of a banjo floating musically upon the air. A few steps farther, and he was standing before a sumptuously spread table, around which were seated six grimy fellows. Their bill of fare was as follows: Ham sandwiches, biscuits, with currant jelly, doughnuts, frosted cake, oranges and apples, lemonade, turnovers, and coffee. After this substantial meal was finished, four lively sprinters took their