Unclaimed matter in letter-rack at 3.30 P.M.,
Friday, December 12th:—

Letters.

Barrows, Geo.  Swanton, W. D.
Bowen, S. S.  Slater, Fred
Brown, H. H.  Stearns, F. L.
Cowles, J. H.  Sperry, Austin
Carlton, J. Clyde.  Stratton, Geo. E.
Couch, Oscar R.  Tyler, C. M.
Doe, Haven  Vining, J. F.
Du Pont, B.  Wait, Harry H.
Glidden, G. B.  Welch, S. S.
Harris, J. L.  Wilson, F. A.
Hilliard, J. B.  Williams, P.
Hunt, W. F.  Wason, P.
Jacobs, A. L.  Wray, J. E.
Koch, C. F.  Wade, J. F.
Otis, H.  Welch, J. J.
Patterson, W. E.  White, J. F.
Pevear, A.  Weed, H. T.

Newspapers and Catalogues.

Andrews, E. L.  Manahan, Jas., '92
Bates, H. R.  Mackey, A. R.
Carlton, J. C.  Norton, F. E.
Craighill, J. C.  Rose, F. H.
Enssworth, J. C.  Robinson, F.
Hammond, C. F.  Swanton, W. I.
Jones, S. E.  Starr, P. W.
McCabe, Jas.  Williams, H. N.

Societies.

M. I. T. Photo Society.  Theta Delta Chi.

Notes from the Executive.

Binney, J. A.  Lamb, A.
Churchill, W. B.  Loud, F. W.
Carney, Geo. S.  Marcy, W. A.
Darrow, C. R.  Roberts, H. B.
Emery, J. A.  Sherman, L. B.
Houghton, H. A.  Shurtleff, A. A.
Hersam, E. A.  Shattuck, A. F.
Howland, F. S.  Warren, J. A.

Notes between Students and from Professors and Instructors.

Burrage, '92.  Thompson, H. A.
Cushing, R. D.  Welch, S. S.
Grimes, C. B.  Wallace, C. F.
Haskins, Wm.

Penelope, Penelope,
She sat in silence by the sea.
Far out she gazed with eager eye,
She saw the sea-gulls circling by,
But her Odysseus, where was he?
Penelope, Penelope.

Penelope, Penelope,
Sadly she sat beside the sea.
The changing months to years had run,
The years had passed by, one by one,
But her Odysseus, where was he?
Penelope, Penelope.

"Ye gulls, as o'er the sea ye flew,
Saw ye Odysseus and his crew?"
The sea-gull only shook its head,
As with swift wings away it sped.
Alone she sat beside the sea,
Penelope, Penelope.

Penelope, Penelope,
She sank into a reverie.
Odysseus seemed to tread the shore,
She seemed to hear his voice once more.
But hark! Is that the voice of Death?
There stands her maid all out of breath.

"Please, Ma'am, will you come home with me?
There's fifty suitors come to tea.
The cook has left, there ain't no meat,
There's nothin' in the house to eat.
Mike says the ice-cream isn't made,
Telemus's drunk the lemonade."

One long, long look out on the sea,
Then home she skipped, Penelope.

—Yale Record.