brought about by paying for a soda and rapping three times on the counter. When the cows were well “jagged” (so to speak), they had a merry time trying to play some new game of their own. Finally one of the herd took to herself too large a leap and the result was a broken leg; this necessitated her being killed. But the worst effect cropped out at a most unfortunate time. The Prohibitionistic owner of the cows is, as the story goes, a great lover of milk, and delights to address his friends, as they sit around the festive board, on the subject of pure milk versus alcohol. But he addressed them once too often, for after a most eloquent discourse and a bowl or two of milk, which had come from his intemperate cows, he had to be helped away from the scene of action and put to bed.

All stanch Prohibitionists should, in the future, leave off drinking milk, lest they too should be similarly affected. What would be more disgusting than to see a man, who had all his life long abstained from strong drink, suddenly become intoxicated on a simple glass of milk. Doubtless freethinkers will immediately take to this beverage in the hopes that the cow has eaten decayed apples. And the Biologist will do nothing, as usual.

A GREAT deal of time and annoyance would be saved in the chemical laboratories if students after using the chemicals on the shelves would place them back on the particular shelves and places from which they were taken, and not on the floor or in the first convenient spot. Oftentimes students are seen hunting high and low for chemicals which some careless chemists have taken off to their desks and left there. A place has been designated for each and every chemical, and here it should be returned after use.

Then again there is entirely too much loud talking and obstreperous noise from Chemists, who, inflated with the idea that their wit is keen and their remarks, heard from one end of the laboratories to the other, overflowing with brilliancy, force their unseemly jokes upon the entire laboratory. A little joking and good humor helps the work along and makes the Chemists’ hours pass more pleasantly and their tasks easier, and so is a good thing, but there is a limit to it.

We deem it hardly necessary to inform the majority of the Chemists that such noisy horseplay and confusion do not belong to the laboratories, but it does seem that the information is necessary for individuals. Such actions not only ill become the men but afford a very bad example for lower classmen. Not only is this childishness and horseplay seen and heard in the laboratories, but even in the various drawing rooms more or less of it takes place, though moderated by the presence of instructors, who necessarily spend most of their time in the rooms. In the laboratories students are left more on their own responsibility,—confusion and noise are the results.

We hope that the various instructors of these departments will moderate this play and that work in the future may be conducted amidst less confusion and noise and in a manner more becoming our position and dignity.

Ninety-four's Class Supper.

The annual class supper of the Class of '94 was held Friday December 18th, at the Parker House. For '94, there was an extraordinarily large number present. The menus were particularly pretty and well gotten up, but owing to some mistake, '93’s colors did not appear. A hand-painted monogram of M. I. T. '94 was attached to the menus with the class colors. The monogram also was in the colors of the class. After the feast of good things had been disposed of, Mr. Meade, the president of the class, introduced as toastmaster Mr. W. C. Peet. Mr. Peet's novel, and, we take it, original idea of delivering his speech and introductions in poetry, was exceedingly pleasing, and though the lines may