charged for various good reasons. Mr. Dickey tendered the Club his resignation as treasurer, which was accepted, Mr. Rice being appointed to succeed him until the next regular election.

**Expert Testimony.**

Moony, moony, shine on me,
Make me spoony as I can be.
   Sea wind, sea wind, lightly sent,
Soothe us with blind sentiment.
   Girly, girly,—best of all—
Let me early share your shawl.
   Billow, billow, only sigh,—
Breast a pillow—lullaby.
Cupid, Cupid, poise your wings.
Oh! what stupid mundane things!
   Halo, halo,—mellow moon,—
   Such joys fail,—ah! all too soon.
Moony, moony, wax and wane;
All youths have it just the same.
   Billow, billow, roar away;
They outgrow it in their day.

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**A BILLET DOUX.**

A letter comes to me by mail to-day,
Within an envelope of lightest hue,
Upon the back of which are stamped in blue initials, but of whom I cannot say.

The post mark, it is plain, is of the town;
So many friends I have here, 'tis not strange
That one of them should seek to interchange
A note or two with me. Why should I frown?

Why is it that I do not tear apart
This envelope that keeps its treasure hid?
Why not myself of all this trouble rid?
Relieve the pressure bearing on my heart?

No sooner thought than done. My fingers quick
Have opened up the note: what's this I see?
Two coats, a vest, and pairs of trousers three!
That dainty note was but a tradesman's trick!

—Trinity Tablet.

**HER THANKS.**

She thanked them all for everything,
From Christmas card to diamond ring;
And as her gifts she gaily flaunted,
She told her friends, "Just what I wanted."

But I, who had no cash to blow,
Just kissed her 'neath the mistletoe.
She blushed a bit, yet, never daunted,
Repeated low, "Just what I wanted."

—Harvard Lampoon.

Who is Derr, '92?
What's your thesis?
A chased character—a chippy.
A joke of antiquity—The swallow that Jonahed the whale.

The fourth-year men have begun gathering data for their theses.

Mr. John W. Tarbox has been elected manager of '94's baseball team.

The Catalogue and the President's Report will be out about January 10th.

G. E. Chapin, '92, intends to leave Tech., and to enter the Sophomore Class at Cornell.

What's the matter with our polo team? Somebody said, "Absolutely flyless." And we agree.

Mr. E. B. Bird, '89, drew the cover design for the Christmas number of the Harvard Lampoon.

W. F. Spalding, '94, has risen from a Sophomore to a broker. The change occurred last week.

The Banjo Club have had very hard luck having their photograph taken. The third time even didn't succeed.

On Saturday, December 26th, three graduate classes held their annual dinner at Young's, —the Classes of '74, '81, and '84.

It's out. But we understand that, contrary to custom, it does not give general satisfaction. However, perhaps they'll change it.

Thomas, '95, showed clearly that he knew how to use his knowledge of wrestling to good advantage when he has a man down.