any, "Well, you see, I don’t care so much about the tone, but I do want a pretty case."

G. D. Chapman, ’90, formerly a popular instructor in Descriptive Geometry, and much interested in athletics, has founded an athletic club at his home, Fitchburg. The membership is forty. Mr. Chapman is President.

Apropos of Mr. Chapman, a "roast" has reached us. At a recent appearance of Dockstader’s minstrels in Fitchburg, "Lew" advanced to the foot-lights and, in his inimitable tone of modesty, thus addressed his audience:—

"I feel among friends to-night; I met Chappy outside, and he introduced me to the Four Hundred." The effect upon the house and upon "Chappy" was what might have been expected.

Wednesday, December 30th, the Seniors held a class meeting. The minutes of the meetings of the Nominating Committee were read and approved, as much as the "quorum-lacking" assembly of thirty-eight (a disgracefully small number at such an important meeting) could approve. It was voted that a plurality was sufficient for a choice in the Class-day election, and that in case of a tie there be another balloting till a plurality is obtained. The report of the Class-photograph Committee, though ready, was not read on account of the miserably small number present. No action was taken on the suggestion of the Nominating Committee to have a "tail-piece,” to be dubbed “The Address to the Class.” The report of this Committee awaits the approval of the Class.

The Alumni Association held its annual meeting on Monday December, 28th, at Young’s. Preceding the dinner there was a short business meeting, in which various committees reported and the officers for the ensuing year were elected. The most interesting report of the evening was given by Mr. J. R. Freeman, ’76. The following officers were elected. President, Henry M. Howe, ’71; Vice President, James P. Munroe, ’82; Secretary and Treasurer, Harry W. Tyler, ’84; Executive Committee, The President, Vice President and Secretary, H. C. Spaulding, ’87, and W. B. Snow, ’82. There were eight members of the Glee Club present, and the members of the Association appreciated their worthy efforts in the musical line. Interesting speeches were delivered by the following gentlemen: Lieut. Spencer of the Thomson-Houston Co. (an invited guest), Dr. Williams, Capt. D. A. Lyle, ’84, A. T. Bradlee, ’88, and Dr. Drown.

A good story is going the rounds concerning a ’93 Chemist. It seems that he recently took apartments in a Columbus Avenue hotel with a roommate, a man very fond of a good joke. An electric button just inside the door of the room connected with the gas, so that by one pressure it was lit and by a second put out. Another by the roommate’s bed was for the same purpose, but of the existence of this D-ll-n was not aware. One night the Chemist arose from bed and pressed the button by the door. What was his surprise when the light flashed up and immediately went out. He pressed again,—again a flash followed by darkness. He now changed tactics and approached his finger gradually to the button, and, wonderful to relate! before he touched it the light flared up. Putting it out, he tried again with equal success. Why, this was magic! Hastening to the bedside of his feignedly asleep friend he awoke him, as he thought, and communicated the wonderful news of his having been suddenly endowed with magic power. “Just see me do it,” he cried. And then followed a strange series of contortions and passes, for D-ll-n wasn’t going to do any magic without the proper accompaniments, each attempt ending in the most complete success—the gas blazed up or was extinguished at the word of command. At last, flushed by his success and wellnigh exhausted, the would-be magician paused, the roommate went off into convulsions of laughter, and the joke was out.