occasion this last vacation. We suppose it is wrong to expect Freshmen either to show an ordinary amount of sense, or to profit by either advice or experience, but that expectation does creep into our minds occasionally, as even the wildest hopes often will. We merely have to record another tremor of disgust.

A '94 man, while acting as "supe" for Sarah Bernhardt, had the distinction of playing horse for the litter upon which the inimitable Sarah was brought upon the stage. The honor was so great that it was unnerving, and the litter was tilted to one side to a marked extent. Though Mme. Bernhardt was dead to the audience, with warm reality she blessed the trembling youth with a vehement and polite French oath, which of course doubled the distinction of the agitated Sophomore.

Invitations have been sent out for four Tech. afternoon parties, to be given in Cotillion Hall, on February 13th and 27th, and March 12th and 26th, from two till six o'clock. Mrs. Francis A. Walker, Mrs. William R. Rogers, and Mrs. William T. Sedgwick have kindly consented to act as matrons. Daggett will furnish the music. Two hundred invitations are requested to answer promptly.

On Thursday, January 7th, the Senior Miners had a "lead run" and smelted about a ton and a quarter of lead ores in the water-jacket blast furnace. While they were "blowing in," a scaffold formed just below the feed door; charcoal was thrown in and the obstruction soon melted and dropped. The "furnace man" of the afternoon shift forgot all about the water in the water jacket and allowed it to rise to 210 degrees F. The furnace escaped an explosion, but the furnace man was immediately "blown up." The run lasted from 8 A. M. till 5:30 P. M.

That the old spirit and enthusiasm of '87 still exist, was shown by the forty-five members present at the annual dinner held at Young's, Jan. 22d. H. C. Spaulding presided as toastmaster. The toasts were as follows: "M. I. T. Battalion," E. A. Haskell; "Married Members," E. O. Goss; "Our Little Ones," W. C. Fish; "The Glorious Class of '87," T. W. Sprague; "Poetical Aspirations," G. O. Draper; "Temperance," F. C. Todd; "The Ladies," G. F. Curtis. Plans were formed for celebrating the fifth anniversary of graduation next June. The evening was closed with music and jolly songs.

It was in the very midst of that hush which always succeeds the tumult of dismissed classes at the lunch hour. The ever-faithful chronometer which graces Rogers corridor had recorded but fifteen minutes since the stroke of one. In that haunt of the Muses and cigarette fiends—the architectural drawing rooms at the Art Museum—all was silence. 'Twas a feast of quietude and delightful application for the trio of diligent aspirants there convened. But hark! A heavy tread is heard without—and then the form of Assistant Rice, of descriptive fame, looms up within the portal. He has come to call the roll. He stops, very much surprised at seeing so small an attendance: walks around the room, scrutinizes the drawings scattered about, inspects the casts, and finally, braces himself to do his duty and call the roll. "Why is it there are only three here to-day?" he asks before beginning. "The session doesn't commence until quarter past two," is volunteered from behind one of the easels. He consults his watch, convinces himself that it is fully twenty minutes past, and when a kind-hearted youth saves him further trouble by telling him that it is twenty minutes past one. At first he is rather dazed, but at length concludes that "this is his time for disappearing," and, with a "Ha ha! that's one on me, ha ha!" he retires to "bob up serenely" at a later and fitter hour.