be too grateful to our alumni. The Tech extends to them its most hearty thanks. It will not only save our looking out for quarters for ourselves, which would certainly be unpleasant in such a vast crowd, but we shall have an opportunity to meet our fellow students at the headquarters, and also many of the alumni. This is a rare opportunity to encourage a more intimate intercourse between ourselves and the alumni, which every man ought to make the most of.

Ninety-four held a class meeting in Room 11, Rogers, at one o'clock Wednesday, March 8th. President Meade announced the death of Mr. John Aiken, a former member of '94, made fitting remarks concerning his interest and activity in class affairs, and suggested that the class should express its sympathy to the bereaved family. Mr. Sheppard moved that a committee of three, including the President, be appointed to send resolutions of sympathy to Mr. Aiken's family, and to have the same printed in The Tech. Mr. Blake and Mr. McJennett were appointed. Mr. Meade stated that a new blackboard had been purchased, and a collection was thereupon taken to defray the expense incurred. A committee, composed of Messrs. Pechin, Nowell, and Newhouse, was appointed to canvass the class for the money to pay for the baseball picture in "Technique." The Committee on the Senior Dinner stated that its report was not ready, but would be in a few days. Mr. Dickey said that there was a report of the canvass not coming up to the requirements within a hundred men; and stated as his opinion, if such were the case, that it would be advisable to drop the Senior Dinner rather than to incur such a debt as that would mean. Any decision on this subject was deferred until the Committee should be able to report. A motion to adjourn was defeated; and the question of a Junior Promenade was broached and discussed, with no result other than to show the sentiment of a few strongly against it.

The Lounger has entered upon a new sphere of life. Having wearied of the monotonous paths, with their everyday commonplaces, he has finally broken away into the dark jungles of excitement and adventure, plunging to the depths of forbidding mysteries, and unwinding many a gory tale of gruesome terror. In short, dear friends, the Lounger has turned detective, —not the tame, gentle bloodhound of our noble city force, but a veritable sleuth, of the sleuthiest Hawkshaw stamp. No longer does he curl himself up in the big Morris chair by a crackling fire, gazing at the little red Indian clock which quietly ticks on his mantel piece. Oh, no! Alas, what is his fate? Stealthily he must plow his way through the deliquescent slush with his wary eye ever on the unrighteous.

After his first cold-blooded determination to do detective duty came upon him, your humble servant began to look about for something to discover. Oh, what weary searches for a clew! Compared to them Ali Baba's tribulations were but dreams of happiness. At last, however, success awarded his patient efforts, and he is now able to unfold to you all this thrilling story. Truly, 'tis "The Tale of a Shirt." Not the old, old tale we heard when children, but the modernized edition, as adapted to Technology.

'Twas thuswise. Many weeks ago there dwelt on the top floor of a well-known Huntington Avenue lodging house, a brave son of '95. He reigned there in supreme singleness, and was happy. But one bright day a dark shadow stole o'er his peacefulness. Some one was moving in on the first floor, and that some one proved to be no other than a Freshman. Dreadful horror! Thoughts of the bloody war, which Freshman ever wages against Soph., entered the mind of our brother of '95. His heart sank within him. Must he, so young, so tender, succumb to this relentless enemy? No, no! it was too much; much too much. He thought of his fair locks adorning the den of this terrible being, and a shudder passed o'er him as he glanced at the many trophies scattered around his own cosy little room—here a "Private Way," there a dainty sofa cushion, and what not.