The Seniors, he said, are champions of the Institute; and as the Institute is champion of New England, the deduction of the champion college class of New England is very clear. Although our start this year has not been particularly auspicious, yet with hard work we may repeat the hard-earned success of last year. Mr. Wiggin next very amiably tried to establish a place for "The Grind," and although his logic was evidently sound, his conclusion did not find universal acceptance. Mr. R. K. Sheppard gave a forcible and very earnest address on the serious purpose of our presence at Technology. Mr. Melluish then rendered a delightful piano solo, which demanded an encore.

Mr. Sadtler related entertainingly the discovery of the philosopher's stone in the chemical laboratory, and the highly original usage to which it had been put. Mr. Tillinghast then gave a very practical talk on football, which was listened to with marked attention. In responding to the toast "The Last Lap," Mr. Huxley referred to the custom, lately disregarded, of Senior Classes leaving some memorial to the Institute, and suggested that Ninety-Five leave a voting booth and all necessary apparatus for carrying on the Australian ballot system. Mr. Drake took a very practical view of "The Future," and suggested that men who fancied that they would leave all work behind them at Technology would possibly be disappointed. Especially entertaining features were the bright and witty speeches of Messrs. Ames and Sturges. After a solo by Mr. Schmitz and various popular songs, in which all joined in the chorus, one of the most enjoyable of Ninety-Five's dinners was ended.

Gastronomic.

"What did the statue eat?" asked Willie.
Uncle answered his little pet,
"Sandwiches, and some rock candy,
That is what the statuette."

A. W. J.

A Christmas Night.

"Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

OME time had passed since either had spoken. They sat before the cheerful blaze of an open fire; he, in a well-padded, comfortable-looking easy-chair, and she just opposite on a low hassock, watching with downcast eyes as the rose leaves flutter from her hand as she absently pulled them one by one from the flower she held.

Outside it was a good, old-fashioned Christmas night. The wind whistled around corners and through the naked tree tops, catching up the fast-falling snow and whirling it into the face of each unlucky traveler who chanced to be abroad. Jack Frost was sending the thermometer down, down, down, as if it, too, were trying to get in out of his chill presence.

She was the first to break the silence, and when she lifted her big brown eyes to speak, there was a timid, frightened look in them, as if she knew she were doing wrong to speak to him as she was about to speak.

"Jack," she said. He looked across to where she was sitting and there was a mournful look in his eyes, but he turned away quickly and did not interrupt her. "Jack," she went on, hurriedly, "I know it is wrong and unmaidenly in me, and all that, to tell you about it, but I can't help it. I have loved you ever since I ever saw you, I think. At first you merely amused me, and I liked to have you around to help me kill time; but I got to liking you more and more, and — well, that's all; and you, you don't care for me at all—do you, Jack?" He looked at her again; she was so picturesque, so beautiful, sitting there in the firelight and speaking in such a