In the Boston Commonwealth of November 16th may be found a thorough, detailed account of the thesis work of Messrs. G. R. Howarth, '95, and E. H. Huxley, '95, upon a locomotive of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Mr. James P. Munroe, Course III., '82, for many years Secretary of the Institute, has received much favorable comment in educational circles for his valuable book, recently published under the title of "The Educational Ideal: an Outline of Its Growth in Modern Times."

Course VII.

A youth once came to Technology,
By nature retiring and shy;
He wanted to study Biology,
And vivisect germs by and by.

One glance at the class was enough though;
He fled far beyond human ken.
He beheld in the far-stretching seat-row
About eighty-four girls and two men.

Thanksgiving.

The end of Autumn days draws near,
And southward flies the swift-winged bird;
The leaves have left forsaken boughs,
And dreary whistlings now are heard.

But ere the frigid North has sent
Its frozen fleece to fill the air,
And chilling winds with Winter’s blast
Have spread their tremblings everywhere,

There is a time that’s filled with joy
Which other of our thoughts give birth,
While Heaven itself smiles sweetly down
To grace our home upon the earth.

For when Thanksgiving Day is here,—
Most blessed of all November’s days.—
With Nature's bounty blessed, will all
Lift heart and voice in Heaven’s praise.

We hail the day when toil and care
Shall leave our lives, and, trouble free,
Our joy and mirth in thankfulness
Shall reign in their entirety.

Betting.

"’Twere better that you should not bet,”
The better said to Stephen.
The cause of this was e’en more odd,—
He knew the odds were even!

To a Picture Frame.

“My pretty girl, my witty girl,
The girl whom I adore;
My winter girl, my summer girl,
The girl I love no more.”

My pretty girl; you seem to me
The fairest ever seen,
So daintily by nature crowned
An undisputed queen.

My witty girl; thy face recalls
That choicest repartee
Which was, alas, too often aimed
At no one else but me.

“The girl whom I adore” is writ
Beneath thy winsome face;
But as thou art my “sister” now,
Be that its only place.

My winter girl; wind, snow, and ice
And sleigh bells ringing clear,
Thy picture brings again to mind,
E’en now ’tis rosy, dear.

My summer girl, a perfume rare
Of flowers you bring to me,
And words, which were, we both are glad
Heard but by moonlit sea.

“My pretty girl; you seem to me
The fairest ever seen,
So daintily by nature crowned
An undisputed queen.

My witty girl; thy face recalls
That choicest repartee
Which was, alas, too often aimed
At no one else but me.

The girl I love no more” is writ
‘Neath a space as blank as air;
May cupid hasten to erase
Each outline showing there.

To My Lady.

Thou evening star, pure and soft-shining light
Afar in depths of misty, violet sky,
Thou’rt not more softly fair, nor pure, nor high
Than is my love. Ye fragrant lilies white,
Whose perfume rare the wayward wind of night
Reluctant bears to me with plaintive sigh,
Ye’re not more fragrant where ye droop so shy,
Than are her thoughts and maiden fancies bright.
Whene’er I think of her so fragile fair,
With a quick throb of pain a prayer I breathe
That angels round her their white arms may wreathe
To keep her safe from each insidious taint
Of wickedness and every earthly snare,
And bear her onward till she’s crowned a saint.

—Wellesley Magazine.