and Tom is dead stuck,—that is the whyness for his blues, I imagine.

"Yes, idiot," was his considerate reply, adding further for my pacification, "Only a born fool would ask a question like that." I subsided meekly, and asked with skillfully concealed curiosity whether I should read the poetry.

Tom’s silence gave consent and I labored through the following:

"TO ELEANORE.

"The purple clouds are mirrored in the bay,
Which now reflects the countless tints of gold;
The lark doth thrill me with his early lay,
And Nature shows her beauties manifold.

"Amid the peace and quiet of the dawn
There comes a beam of light, a flashing ray;
The glassy sea displays a myriad hues,
And Nature blooms into another day.

"The sunbeam peeping wanton through thy blind
Doth sport upon the snowy whiteness of thy bed;
In freedom unrestrained, it lightly roves,
And heaps caresses on thy lovely head.

"Above thy hair a halo bright it forms,
Then sinks, and kisses soft thy lips and eyes;
Thou waketh to another glad bright morn,
And day is born again when thou dost rise."

I gazed at Tom with gentle reproach. "I wrote that," he apologized, "two days ago, the morning after I got home from the boiler test. I was feeling rather soft,—and the sun did shine beautifully that morning," he mused, as though the memory of it still lingered brightly with him. "What you’ve read is a copy of the verses I sent her.

He relapsed into silence, but I pursued him.
"What did Miss Payton—Eleanore—have to say for herself, after the receipt of this choice effusion?"

"Here’s what I got this morning," was his quick answer, as he wrathfully tossed me the envelope which he had been holding. It contained one of Miss Payton’s cards, on the back of which she had scribbled, "Dear Tom, Your verse is lovely, but how funny! My room is on the north side of the house, didn't you know, goosey?"

Tom looked at me, disgust on every feature.
"Pleasant mode of receiving a man’s high-born flights of poetry, isn’t it? I’ll send her a book of log tables next time, by gawd."

A New Alumni Association.

The Philadelphia Alumni Association of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was organized last night at a meeting held at the Colonnade Hotel. The meeting was followed by an elaborate banquet. The only offices filled at the business meeting were those of secretary and treasurer, to both of which Robert Johnson was elected. An executive committee consisting of Amos J. Boyden, Wilfred Lewis, S. S. Sadtlr, and Augustus B. Stoughton was chosen. One of the duties of the committee will be to annually elect a president.

Thirty covers were laid for the banquet. The toastmaster was Amos J. Boyden, and the toasts and those who responded to them were: "The Institute," Wm. Martin Aiken; "X-Rays," Clayton W. Pike; "The Alumni Association," Professor Frank W. Chandler; "The Old Grad," William R. Webster; "The Young Grad," Luther K. Yoder; "Technology’s Position Among Educational Institutions," Wilfred Lewis.

Among those present were Professor Frank W. Chandler, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Lieutenant A. W. Brown, of the Annapolis Naval Academy; William M. Aiken, Washington, D. C.; F. Belin Dupont, of Wilmington, Del. Professor Fred W. Mann, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Captain Lyle, of the United States Army, were also guests of the Association.

The first annual dinner will be on Saturday, the 7th of November, and at that time a President of the Association will probably be elected. Mr. Sadtlr writes, "All I can say is that things are booming."