guest of the M. I. T. Chess Club at 563 Massachusetts Avenue. Mr. Barry demonstrated his wonderful power of mind concentration, and fine knowledge of the game by playing eleven members of the club simultaneously. The players sat on one side of a long table with their boards in front of them. Mr. Barry walked along on the opposite side of the table from one player to another making his moves after very little hesitation. Inside of three hours he had won every game; Mr. Mathews, '98, being the last man to succumb. Mr. William T. Miller, M. I. T., '80, a member of the old Chess Club and first president of the M. I. T. A. C., was also present, and entertained the members present with stories and personal reminiscences of the great chess masters.

L'Avenir will give a play and variety performance in Huntington Hall on the 19th, for the purpose of paying off its debt. The play is part French and part English, and was written by Mr. G. L. Smith, President of the Society. It deals with a Parisian family in London and with a love affair conducted under difficulties. Rehearsals are in active progress under the direction of M. Bernard, and the cast will be definitely announced later. Among the "specialties," following the play, will be a French monologue by Mr. Winslow, a "tramp act" and dance by Messrs. Davison and Rogers, a colloquy between a Dutchman and a Scotchman by Messrs. Smith and Mason, and an original feature entitled "Technique Illustrated." The tickets for the performance will be fifty and seventy-five cents.

Freshman Themes.

It was dark, and we were all sitting around the fireplace watching the flickering light, when my little Southern friend was called upon to tell a story. "Well," she began, "in the town where I live, in Virginia, is an old house into which no one dares to go at night, for it is said to be haunted. Over the mantelpiece in the dining room is a picture of a man, life size, dressed in a colonel's uniform of long ago. Every night when the clock strikes twelve the colonel steps down from the picture and wanders over the house as in former times. One night when we young folks were having a party in the neighborhood, I was dared to go into the house and to go up to the picture just at midnight. So we decided upon a night to carry out our plans. Now, I had never believed in ghosts, so when the night arrived I was in for the fun, and was not a bit afraid. The others accompanied me as far as the front gate, and then I was to go the rest of the way by myself. I bravely walked up the path and entered the house. Then I went more slowly toward the dining room and opened the door. It seemed to me as if puffs of air met my face, but I boldly stepped in, and very, very slowly began to walk toward the picture. Oh, it was dark! and my heart was beating fast. More and more puffs of wind floated about my head, but thinking that this sensation was due to my imagination, and summoning up all my courage, I approached the mantel. Just as I reached the spot, behold! the colonel stepped down from the picture and extended his arms toward me! I shrieked and fainted, and — it was not the colonel who caught me in his arms."

B. L. B., 1900.

I was walking through the Arboretum with our Pastor one day last week, when we noticed several small urchins playing in the sand. While we stood watching them one little fellow stepped on a companion's foot. Immediately we were shocked to see the five-year-old fairly dance with anger, while oaths poured from the mouth which might have belonged to a cherub. The good Doctor was dazed for a moment, but, quickly recovering himself, began slowly and sternly, "I am afraid — I am afraid —" Here the child broke in with a contemptuous shout, "Damn it! why don't you run, then." The Doctor ran.

L. C. C., 1900.