which our grandfathers developed, and that the hardihood of our race will soon deteriorate if we do not ourselves maintain the standard of strength which they have set.

The Civil Engineering Society held its last meeting on Monday evening, December 14th. Sixty-five men were present, many of whom were under class men. This was a splendid showing, and augurs well for the future of this society. The speaker of the evening was Prof. A. E. Burton, who related the experiences of the Technology party in connection with their trip to Greenland last summer. A number of new slides were shown, and, indeed, Professor Burton seemed more in his element than on former occasions, and in his informal talk to the students was able to give them more in detail the nature and bearing of his investigations. The experiments for obtaining the value of \( g \) at different points while approaching the North Pole are certainly worthy of note, besides being of eminent value to science. Many of Professor Burton's shrewd observations on the character of the Greenlanders are instructive as well as entertaining. The natives among whom the party was thrown are extremely simple in habits and in thoughts, having had heretofore scarcely a sight of foreigners. The Danish authorities were cordial, and extended many courtesies to our "embassy," as it might be called. Professor Burton calls our attention to the fact that the Eskimos of Greenland resemble the Japanese very much in appearance, while those on the main continent and east of Hudson's Bay resemble the North American Indian.

'Tis midnight dim as o'er my task I'm bent,
While slowly slips away the sluggish time.
The light burns low. With earnest, good intent
My work began; but—yet my fallow brain
Long since refused its work. And, not content
My gaze alone upon the book to rest,
My head now there reclines, and, cares all spent,
I sleep!

SIR SLOTHFUL.

**What Todd Told at Kappa Tau Hall.**

As the members of Kappa Tau finished their evening meal at their clubhouse, they strolled in knots of two or three out of the dining room, across the hall, and gathered around the blazing fire. This was only the fulfillment of an ancient custom, for blazing hearth logs had always been essential to supreme happiness of the members of Kappa Tau, and aside from their added charm on this frosty night, were ever the chief accessory of successful story-telling behind the sacred doors of the chapter house.

"Well, boys," said the Regent, between two long wholesome pulls at his "bulldog," as they settled down before the fire, "it seems to me that we ought to be a little more ceremonious than usual to-night, as long as it's Christmas Eve; and I move you that we call upon one of our number who has never before been asked to 'spread himself' formally,—our new brother in the bonds, Wallie Todd."

A unanimous "aye" decided this motion, and a self-appointed committee of two promptly pushed the victim into the inner circle, where the firelight only increased the flush which had risen to his face.

"I'm afraid you are rather jeopardizing the enjoyment of this auspicious night in relying on one not 'tried in the fire,'" he began; but he was instantly interrupted by a voice in the outer circle, "Oh, you're all right, Wallie; you belong to the Yacht Club!" Then he spun his yarn, in substance, as follows:—

"You know I was with Ned Vane that year on the Harlequin. Morton, Bainbridge, Hale, and Stowe formed the rest of the crew. We ran her ourselves, you know, and we had a hot time from beginning to end,—loads more than the year before, when 'business was better,' and Ned had a skipper."

"We had been 'reaching' about all day in a light wind, coming round from Hyannis, and were a couple of miles east of West Island, when we ran into one of those celebrated sound fogs, and had a dirty time get.