soon reassured, as a smile came over the face of the latter and she said,—

"He feels better now, but I think he'd better rest here a while."

"A moment later Vane found his voice, and said,—

"Awfully sorry I interrupted your dance, but pray go on now; it will make me feel better if you do."

"So they began waltzing again, and we stood around Vane and the matron and looked on; but somehow they weren't half so spirited as before, and as the measure ended they gathered around us once more.

"I shouldn't think it would be much fun without men," said Vane, with a good deal of assurance, I thought, for a sick fellow.

"Now, if you'd only let us help you out—"

"But you're too weak," interfered the matron.

"Well, the other fellows ain't," suggested Vane, further; and we exchanged ecstatic glances at this exhibition of nerve.

"Well,—" said the matron, doubtfully glancing at the group of timidly expectant girls, 'I suppose I shall have to.'

"Up jumped Vane from his cushion and swung himself over the side, to bail out the dingey. A few minutes later he and Phil came back in dry clothes and joined in the sport—I tell you it was great! They were all perfect queens!

"We stayed long after the musicians went ashore. It was just like a dream, for they wouldn't tell us who they were, and we couldn't pump the skipper or his crew, and all we could find out was the name of their craft, an old coaster that they had evidently chartered and painted up, and her hailing port, New Haven.

"Well, at last we broke away, with 'many a fond good night,' and a Tech. yell, and when clear of the craft Stowe said,—

"Well, that was a most opportune capsize, Vane, my boy."

"'Yep,' said Vane, joyfully. 'I was the worst-dressed man in the gang, and water won't hurt a working suit.'

"What!" we yelled, as it dawned upon us.

"'Yep,' said Vane again, serenely. 'You fellows are good, you are; didn't you know it was all a bluff? Well, I'm glad I didn't let on—I'm afraid you wouldn't have acted so realistically. I told the old lady all about who we were when she was kneeling down by me; and when she recovered from the first shock she said she guessed she'd take the joke, but that she must tell the girls not to make themselves known,—just her way, you see.' And then we contemplated our genius in silence.

"'Hullo!' he cried, an instant later, as a feminine yell came over from the schooner.

"Do you know that yell?"

"'No. What?' said Stowe.

"'Vassar!'" — Don D.

Electrical Engineering Society.

Last Thursday and Friday afternoons a number of members of the Electrical Engineering Society visited the power station of the Boston Electric Light Co., near Atlantic Avenue, the Seniors going on the former day, and the Sophomores and Juniors on the latter. Every courtesy was shown to the men by the officers in charge of the station, the principal objects of interest being explained and questions invited on all points not understood.

Aside from the fact that it is a typical central station, supplying arc and incandescent lights and power, the place was of great interest as affording the members an opportunity of seeing machines of a number of different types and sizes.

While the Friday afternoon party was in the station, a belt driving the exciter of one of the alternators broke, and the bearings of the machine on which its load was temporarily thrown became overheated. The accident, slight as it was, gave the men a chance to see the coolness, and quickness of thought and action required in cases of emergency.