beneath. We kept on blindly for over an hour, when we came to a slight opening in the snow where we found traces of wheels, and knew we must be on the right track. We crossed the three forks of the Bridal Veil creek on arches of snow that we supposed marked the location of bridges. Soon after this the road struck off onto the side of a steep mountain, where it was easy to follow. Enormous drifts, some of which must have been twenty-five feet deep, occurred in places, but between them the ground was bare.

It was now one o'clock. We had eaten nothing since 6 A.M., and were beginning to feel faint in consequence. Our pedometer registered fourteen miles, but still we saw no signs of the great valley. Our feet were wet through and very cold. We had no overcoats with us, and the air, none too warm under the noonday sun, was now chilled by rapidly gathering clouds. We thought it almost the last straw when snowflakes began falling, increasing rapidly until we were enveloped in a blinding storm. After some discussion we decided to stop and eat our lunch. We sat shivering on a log for a few minutes, but the cold soon forced us to start on again. We finished our frugal repast afoot with the snow falling thick and fast around us.

But the worst was yet to come. We suddenly reached a divide, and the road turned off abruptly into a level, snow-clad forest. Here we again lost all traces of it, and wandered hopelessly on, not knowing which way to turn. The map did not help us, as we had long since found that it was inaccurate, and had entirely lost our location upon it. We thought, however, that the valley was probably to the northeast of us, and in that general direction we accordingly set out. We wandered on for over an hour, the snow still falling thickly about us, without seeing any signs of the road or of the valley. It was getting late. Darkness would soon overtake us, and we should be left in the boundless forests.

(To be Continued.)

Ninety-three Class Dinner.

On Saturday, April 3, the Class of '93 held its fourth graduate dinner at the Parker House, with some thirty members of the Class present. Previous to the dinner a business meeting was held, at which, aside from the election of officers and routine business, it was voted to issue the Class book annually, and to establish an assessment of $1.00 for that purpose. The Class then adjourned to the dining hall, where the regular programme was most satisfactorily discussed. It was late in the evening before the toastmaster, Mr. Richmond, finally started the speechmaking and aroused the good feeling which maintained throughout. Prof. Fred P. Emery of Dartmouth, formerly of M. I. T., and an honorary member of the Class, was the guest of the evening, and spoke forcibly on "The Strength and Weakness of a Technical Education." Among the questions discussed, that of furthering social life at the Institute, was the most prominent. One suggestion in this respect was to make a center of social life, by undergraduates, taking rooms in one house or neighborhood, and having a common reading room, etc., for all. Mr. Bemis recommended building a club house, and establishing an undergraduate club, after the plan of those at Harvard and elsewhere, to be controlled by a board of overseers.

During the progress of the dinner a Western Union Messenger in uniform delivered numerous telegrams, which were read at intervals by the toastmaster. These were congratulations and regrets at unavoidable absence, purporting to come at first from distant members of the Class, then working up through Instructors, Professors, Governor Wolcott, and ending with President McKinley. It was some time before the ruse was discovered. Every member of the Class received a copy of the long-heralded Class-book, of which announcement is made in another column. The merriment of the evening was prolonged, and it was midnight before the company finally dispersed.