An important meeting of the Senior Class will be held this afternoon, Thursday, at four. The scheme for Class-day elections presented by the Institute Committee, and published in the last number of The Tech, will be considered.

The Sanitary Engineers, through the kindness of the B. & A. R. R., took a trip to the chemical precipitation sewage disposal works of Worcester last Tuesday, and were shown around by Mr. J. W. Bugbee, the chemist of the works.

Arrangements have almost been completed for the meeting of the Senior Class on New Year's Eve, as suggested in the last Tech. It will be held at the Technology Club, and music and light refreshments will while away the time till midnight.

The presentation of the bust of President Walker will take place on Wednesday, the 5th of January, at three p. m. Exercises will be suspended for the afternoon, and it is hoped that all members of the Classes of '97, '98, '99, and '00, will be present. After a certain time, unoccupied seats will be open also to members of the Freshman Class.

The Tech is authorized to receive subscriptions for the "Life and Letters" of President Rogers, at $2.00 per copy (a reduction of fifty per cent). It is hoped that these volumes may be widely read and known by the Institute public. Every one who knows the work appreciates its unique value, not only containing the history of the early years of the Institute, but as giving an account of its formation.

The committee on the reading of plays appointed by the Walker Club, wishes to announce again that the Club is desirous of presenting, during Junior week, an original play by some Tech. student. A few plays have thus far been received, but the committee wishes to obtain several more before making a final choice. Messrs. E. W. Curtis, '98, and C. F. Gauss, '00, will give any desired information. Manuscripts should be addressed to E. W. Curtis, '98.

A Mississippi Yarn.

"Well, Gus, dis yere am de boss!"
"Dat so Luke! Look like dis yere place dun been made 'tickler for dis nigger ter warm hisself ter?" Gus seated himself comfortably on a box in the ruddy path of light which flowed across the engine room from the open door of the "nigger boiler."
"Dis yere a good boat," remarked Luke as he stuck a splinter of pine into the glowing coals, and then lighted his pipe from it.
"Dat so, Luke? Dese yere guuberment boats is mos' in gen'ally de bes' boats, 'spe-cially when dey hab de fuss-class hufficer tu run dem."
"Dis one a fuss-class boat sho," said Luke, between the puffs he took at his pipe. But she doan 'gin tu hol' a cannul tu de ole 'Gustus.' She were de fas'es an' de bestis boat dat dey were on de ribber."
"'Pears like I dun hear 'bout dat 'Gustus' afore, Luke?"
"Course! Ebbey one hear ob de 'Gus-tus!' She were de boat! De Major he brung de Missus an' de chilrens on tu her, an' eben de rats know she war de mostest cumfuirtablest boat de ware."
"How you gwine tu know dat, Luke?"
"Sho! dat easy! Dey so fon' ob her. Dey allus war fon' ob her, but dem rats at Baton Rouge, dey come de mos'. Sholy one night dey come so fas' dat we tink suthin war goin' tu happen to dose people sho."
"How dat, Luke?"
"We war a laying dere one night an' dey jus' come down de lebbee an' pile on her, Lawd! it war a caution! De watchman he grab a boat-hook an' he swope dem offer de stage-plank; but dey run ober de cable. Den he make a dibe at dem an' dey come ober de spar. When de sun riz he were plumb wore out. Yas, sah! he were plumb cerflustercated! Fo' Gord! dey were so many ob dem var-mints on her dat de ole 'Gustus' draw a fut more water! Dat are so!"
"Well pe-e-e-ople!"