executive Board. This Board, consisting of the second vice president, secretary, treasurer, and two men elected at large, will then present to the class nominations for president and first vice president. The class will be given a chance to toast their new president at the Savoy, on March 3d, at 7:30; the dinner being served at $2.00 a plate.

The following committee were appointed to select class canes and class pipes: C. W. Adams, R. L. Shepard, and J. T. Scully, Jr.

The Senior Class.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, on Friday, a system for Class-day elections was unanimously adopted, embracing that of last year, with the following additions: provision is made for the notification and resignation of men nominated for office; the Class-day Committee has been enlarged to fifteen; the second marshal is to act as treasurer of the Class-day Committee, and preside at its meetings in the absence of the first marshal, and the third marshal is to be assistant treasurer, and preside during the absence of the first and second marshals. The class then adopted a resolution, which we print below.

RESOLUTIONS.

“We are happy; we are happy; Tech. is Hell!”

WHEREAS, A certain cheer, beginning “We are happy,” has become so popular with some undergraduates as to cause them to give it on nearly all occasions where a Tech. cheer is appropriate, and

WHEREAS, Said cheer calls forth no enthusiasm for the Institute, or spirit of devotion to it, but actually the opposite, be it

Resolved, by the Class of ’99, that we do depreciate its use, and call upon all true Institute men to discountenance it.

Resolved, That this resolution be published in The Tech.

Miss Odell.

The term’s work was done, and Neil Richards and I were starting off for the holidays, which we were to spend together at his aunt’s in Cheston. I had been there several times before, and had found it a jolly place to spend the holidays. His aunt—Miss Lucretia Richards—is a funny old spinster, who lives alone in a big house. The house is queer, and so is she, but there can’t be a pleasanter place to spend Christmas. Every year she fills the old house with boys and girls, and for a week they dance, and drive, and skate to their hearts’ content. Somehow, too, she always succeeds in asking just the right people. Almost every year, strange to say, an engagement is announced a little while after the Christmas party. Neil says that Miss Lucretia always seems surprised when the news reaches her, and invariably remarks, “Another pair of fools;” but I have noticed that she is sure to be at the wedding, and, what is more, is preceded by a present that helps materially to start the fools in housekeeping.

Last year Christmas came on Saturday. An unchristian spirit possessed the Faculty, and they had decided that we could do a full week’s work before Christmas. Neil and I were to go to Cheston on the 1:50 train Friday, but something kept him,—he never was on time,—and when we tumbled onto the electric car it was twenty minutes past one. It was snowing, too, and we went slowly.

The car was crowded.

Directly in front of Neil stood a stunning girl,—at least, her back was stunning. She was dressed a little too well, perhaps, but we didn’t think of it at the time. It was evident that she was going to the station and was afraid of missing her train, for she looked at