“Nicely, sir. Miss Richards says as you are to ride up with her in the sleigh, and I'm to take your things.”

“But Miss Odell?” I asked.

“Beg pardon, sir!” James answered, with a look of surprise on his usually expressionless face.

“Where is Miss Odell going to ride?” I asked again.

“Oh!” exclaimed James, and the look of surprise deepened. “Miss Richards says as she is to ride with me, sir.”

Just then Miss Lucretia appeared with the sleigh, and my attention was distracted, so I got in with her. Without giving her time to say anything, I told her the whole adventure, and finished by making her promise not to say a word about it so that I could tell it at the dinner table and have a big laugh at Neil’s expense. We got to the house before the other team, and I went to my room and didn’t come down until dinner was ready.

At the table I told my story to what seemed a very appreciative audience. They all knew Miss Odell too. I’ll never trust Miss Lucretia with another secret.

“The last that I saw of Neil,” I said, as I finished my story, “he was picking up Miss Odell’s bag and the things that had spilled out of it. Poor Neil! He won’t be here until ten o’clock, while I had Miss Odell for company on the train. It’s a good joke on him.”

All the people at the table laughed uproariously at this. Then I happened to think it strange that Miss Odell was not at the table, and looked up. There she stood in the doorway opposite me dressed in black, with a white apron on and a tray in her hand. She was greeted with shouts of laughter. For an instant she stood there puzzled, and then catching sight of me, turned crimson and fled to the kitchen.

It was the end of my peace for that vacation. Neil came that evening and tormented me fearfully about my adventures. He told me afterwards that James confided to him that Maggie—as James calls Miss Odell—thought I was Miss Lucretia’s coachman.

But the worst of all was a certain Miss Whitney, who—“But,” as Kipling says, “that is another story.”


Reunion of the Class of ’74.

The Class of ’74 met Tuesday night at the Parker House on the occasion of their twenty-fifth anniversary since graduation.

President William E. Nickerson presided at the literary exercises following the dinner, and introduced the Hon. Walter L. Bouve as the orator of the occasion. Mr. Bouve entertained the company with a witty speech, in which he eulogized the Institute of Technology as exerting a wider influence than any school of its kind in the country.

“May he live long to pluck the fruit of the tree of knowledge for successive classes,” was the sentiment with which President Crafts of the Institute, was introduced. The president, in an unconventional way, related anecdotes of his wide scholastic experience.

Remarks largely in a reminiscent vein were made by Prof. R. H. Richards and Prof. Charles R. Cross. The speaking was interspersed with a musical programme, consisting of singing by Mrs. Charles C. R. Fish and Mr. Hay, with piano selections by Miss Alice M. Nickerson, a sister of Professor Nickerson. Mrs. Willis R. Russ read an original poem, dedicated to the class of ’74, and in response to an encore recited an original sketch entitled “A Rug Auction on Boylston Street.” A poem written for the occasion by Secretary Read was read.

Tech. Calendar.

Friday, Feb. 23.—Meeting Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs 33 R., 1 p. m. Meeting of the M. I. T. Minstrels 33 R., 5 p. m.