the management. Students are welcome to such signs after the date of the events announced have passed; they have then served their purpose and can be of no further use. Therefore we hope that students desiring to decorate their rooms at some one else’s expense will at least allow the signs to serve first their original purpose.

The Walker Club.
The Walker Club held its first monthly meeting at the Technology club, Monday evening, November 20, at a quarter before eight o’clock. Mr. H. H. Howe, with a few words of welcome, introduced Mr. James P. Munroe, ’82, who gave an hour’s pleasant talk on “The Study of a Mob.” The talk was thoroughly interesting, comprising an analytic view of “the mind of the mob,” numerous specific illustrations from affairs of today, and a powerful application and striking description of the Boston mob’s destruction of the Convent of St. Ursula. An informal talk, with refreshments, followed.

Technique, 1901.
At the last meeting of the 1901 Technique Board, held Nov. 14, at 4 p.m., Mr. W. Cornell Appleton was elected to the artistic staff of Technique. The vacancies caused by the resignation of E. Townsend Howes and Philip C. Pearson are now filled, and the Board has again assumed its normal size.
The Board is now constituted as follows: John Timothy Scully, Jr., Editor-in-Chief; Edward Hatton Davis, Ralph Plumb, Associate Editors; Warren Ira Bickford, Society Editor; Ray Murray, Athletic Editor; Newman Loring Danforth, Charles Ward Adams, Statisticians; Percy Harry Parrock, Business Manager; Leonard S. Florsheim, Assistant Business Manager; William Thurman Aldrich, Artistic Editor; Samuel Winthrop St. Clair, William Cornell Appleton, Artistic Staff.

Cinderella up to Date.
T all happened because I did not turn the corner! If I had only done that I should never have mistaken the side door for the front door, but Fate delights in using just such trivialities.

A week before I had had a letter from George Ensor, telling me of his return from Porto Rico and asking me to run up for Thanksgiving and take dinner with him, and at the same time meet his fiancée, Miss Stanley.

I reached Graceville earlier than George had expected me so started to look him up. He was not at home, but his brother told me there that he was probably at Mr. Stanley’s.

But I had never been in Graceville before, so as I have just said, I neglected to turn the corner, and it was on Mr. Stanley’s side door that I knocked; a little sign told me the bell was broken. After I had rapped two or three times the door was suddenly opened and I saw before me a little housemaid, enveloped in a huge white apron with a bit of a cap daintily perched on her head. She had the rosiest cheeks and bluest eyes I had ever seen.

“Come right in,” she said, “we’ve been almost afraid you were not coming.”

Surprised that I was expected I entered the hall and the little maid continued:

“The bells have n’t worked since this morning and Mrs. Stanley said you were to go right down in the cellar as soon as you came. We are to have a dinner party tonight, so get everything fixed as soon as you can, please.”

She mistook me for a man to fix bells, and I a Tech. grad!

But she was such a pretty little girl and she was evidently so worried about the bells, that I decided to fix them just for the joke of the thing. I knew I could look George up later, and besides it occurred to me, rather late to be sure, that it would never do to interrupt him in a tete-a-tete with his fiancée.

I said I would like a candle, so she hurried off for one and left me standing in the hall. Through the