"A Drinking Song" was then called for from P. R. Ziegler.

In answer to "Our Coefficient of Expansion and our Modulus of Elasticity —
\[ \frac{8}{0.001900 + e} = \text{The Future}, \]
M. L. Sperry took the opportunity to bring in some hits on the eccentricities of a few Course II. men.

This closed the regular toast list but a song by G. H. Mead, and "I Know but I Never Will Tell," by C. Van Merrick and stories and music whiled away an hour before midnight. Then, with cheers for 1900 and Technology the company broke up.

The Trophy Room.

At present the track team banners and those belonging to teams representing Technology are collected and are ready for hanging in the Trophy Room. Individual trophies will be collected soon, and energetic steps are being taken to this end. The Athletic Association will, in a few days, make this room its general headquarters, making with the Musical Clubs, the Technique Board, the third organization to hold desk room there. Together with the track team trophies those of the Varsity and class football elevens, the class baseball teams and others will be collected here. Photographs of the different athletic teams will be hung here and the class canes and pipes will also be on exhibition. All this is in a fair way for speedy realization. When the work of decoration is finished, as it undoubtedly will be shortly after the close of the mid-year vacation, the Trophy Room will be thrown open to the public. The organizations whose headquarters are there will hold their regular meetings in the Room, due notice of which, however, will be bulletined, or announced in The Tech. The present custodian of the Trophy Room is H. D. Jouett, '00.

A Senior's Mistake.

T was at the Technology Club. The Senior and his friend had just met and were sitting down to have a friendly cigar together. The Senior seemed under a cloud, though his friend was in the very best of spirits.

"Yes, you look first-rate," the friend was saying, "and how is everything — and by 'everything,' I mean, of course, the fair unknown you told me about last Saturday?"

"Oh, hold up," the Senior replied nervously; "don't call her 'the unknown.' What do you take me for? I did n't need a day for me to find out who she was. She's married, of course, — and she's got me into one of the most unpleasant scrapes that —

"She has!" interrupted the friend; "you must have been an idiot, or she — Tell me about it."

"Well," the other assented, "I was an idiot. Indeed, now that I come to think of it, she didn't get me into it at all. I did it all by myself; simply made a fool of myself, that's all, and am daily expecting a duel or something of that sort in consequence."

"Poor devil! you must have a tragic tale to tell. Let's hear it," said the friend, growing interested.

"Well," the other began, hesitatingly, though glad to find a sympathizer, "I had identified the lady,—it seems she is a neighbor of mine, in a way,—and had a very pleasant chat with her. The day after, I was passing her house just as she arrived home and in getting out of her carriage, she made an unfortunate stumble, and I was able to assist her to her door. That led to another nice talk—she is a most delightful little lady—and ended in my being invited to tea tomorrow night, to meet her husband."

"But there's nothing to be blue about in that," expostulated his friend, a little enviously. "It seems to me you made a mighty lucky move. What are you objecting to?"

"Oh, that's only the beginning," said the Senior resignedly. "That simply explains why I went by her house again yesterday, why I wanted to do some nice little service or other for her, and how I happened to hear her bemoaning the loss of her pet dog, which I judged had recently disappeared, and why I