Having chosen Miss Smith as my victim,—for the girls rather regarded it as a martyrdom to go anywhere with me,—about eight o'clock I started out. The evening was very cold. Several times I started to whistle, but in the middle of a tune I would stop unconsciously to repeat, "Is Miss Smith at home? Could I speak to her a moment?" At last, arriving at the house, so that no one should hear me, I crept noiselessly up the board walk to the piazza. Without making a sound, taking off my overshoes, I placed them in the corner. Once, the creak of a board was followed by a silence so profound that I could hear the quick, uncertain thumpings of my heart. Next I took off my hat and brushed it, straightened my necktie, smoothed my hair, buttoned my coat, and put the lappels of my pockets outside. Finally, feeling to see if I had a clean handkerchief, I pulled the bell. The loud startling jangle of the bell was followed by a deep silence. After a long time, which I spent in pressing my knees together to keep them from shaking and in repeating the words I was to say, the door was opened by a maid. "Is Miss Smith at home?" "No, she is not in this evening."

R. C. T.

I was sleeping with a party of forty men in the hold of a schooner. I awoke at some time in the night and began to listen. On each side of me the deep breathing of my sleeping neighbors was heard. Now and then a deep drawn sigh or a muttered expression of some dreaming sleeper broke the stillness of night. Here and there could be seen, in the faint light, silent forms of the supporting wooden posts and the heaps of wearing apparel hung on the wall. A few stars could be seen through the hatchway. Suddenly a head of some person shut off my view of the stars and then disappeared again. A few seconds later, a ghostly-looking form arose from one of the beds and floated towards the hatchway. From the same bed, the form of a man slowly raised itself to a sitting posture; stretched out one of his hands and called out in a sleepy voice, "Come back. Come back!" The only answer was the sound of a smothered laugh from somebody on deck. I heard the quick scamper of feet up above. Two forms then came quickly down the hatchway at the other end of the hold. They rushed by me and fell into an empty bed which was opposite me. A few seconds later the aroused sleeper came back down the hatchway carrying his stolen blanket. He went to bed muttering vengeance on some one.

J. B.

The Architectural Dance.

The Architectural Society gave its annual dance in the studio at the top of the Pierce Building on last Wednesday evening, Feb. 21st. The floor had been cleared and the side walls lined with booths containing couches, pillows and chairs. The whole room was gaily decorated in red and gray bunting, and vases, urns and plaster casts supplied the need of more substantial decorations.

The matrons were Mrs. Despradelle, Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Crafts and Mrs. T. H. Skinner. Professors Despradelle, Chandler and Lawrence, and Mr. T. H. Skinner represented the instructive staff of the department. The young ladies were: Miss Chandler, Miss Dimick, Miss Fenwick, Miss Gonneu, Miss Howe, Miss Marston, Miss Pigeon, Miss Robey, Miss Saxton, the Misses Small and Miss Tanner. Messrs. Allyn, Buys, Fruit, Gale, '99, Kattelle, L. M. Lawrence, C. V. Merrick, Parke, Pigeon, Puckey, St. Clair, Saylor, Sayward, Trenholme, Whittemore and Wood were the men present.

When one crosses the ocean one seldom sees an intoxicated person 'board ship, but if the passage is rough, the number of hangovers is surprising.—Ex.