overboard. As he rose some one pulled him in. Entirely unsobered by his rescue from death, he spat in the face of his rescuer and cursed him. R. C. T.

While in the Lynn Narrow Gauge station Saturday, I saw a funny occurrence. In the station, smoking a cigar, was a sportily dressed young fellow. It was not hard to see that he was drunk. He happened to drop the cigar. Picking it up, he returned it, wrong end first, to his mouth. His mouth and coat were covered with ashes. The people who had been watching him could not restrain their laughter. When he had brushed off his coat, he again raised the cigar. The ash end of the cigar was still turned towards his mouth. We all braced back for another laugh. Just as he was about to put it in his mouth, however, gracefully swinging it around between his fingers, he brought the right end to his mouth. Grinning sillily, he glanced around him. The joke was certainly on us. C. P. H.

There can be no greater pleasure to a lover of nature than to glide silently along through the deep, dark water of the river and watch the changing scenery. Here is a thick, dark wood with numberless birds flitting through the branches of its trees. You hear a slight splash, and, looking in the direction from which it comes, see a line of turtles slide hurriedly into the water, disturbed in the midst of their sunbath by your approach. A muskrat pushes out into the river, but, noticing the canoe, dives and is seen no more. The canoe slides out from the dark shade of the woods into a sunny open meadow. A flock of crows flap lazily across the landscape and off in the distance is a hawk, circling far above a farm-house nestling at the base of a hill, in search of his mid-day meal. H. S. M.

Dartmouth has added to her curriculum a new department of political science.

The Rogers Tablet.

There are many things about the Institute with whose history the ordinary Technology student is very slightly acquainted. It is the purpose of this article to deal with one object, which is familiar to all, and with which many interesting, and yet perhaps not widely known, facts are connected—the Rogers Tablet.

Professor William Barton Rogers, founder and first president of the Institute, died May 30, 1882. The circumstances which attended his death are known to all. They were singularly appropriate as he passed away surrounded by the pupils, professors and friends of the great institution which he had created. Early in the beginning of the next school year a memorial meeting was held; here it was voted that the students of the Institute should erect a tablet to the memory of Professor Rogers. The class of '82, at whose graduation exercises the death of Professor Rogers had occurred, was also to be asked to contribute to the fund required. A committee of five was chosen to take charge of the matter. They selected a sculptor, and proceeded with the collection of the money.

The total amount which they finally received was $403.20, which was perhaps considerable for those earlier days when the number of students in the Institute was small, but which, when compared to the amount raised for General Walker's Bust two years ago, is small indeed.

Mr. Truman H. Bartlett, who is still in the Architectural Department of the Institute, was chosen as the sculptor to have charge of the formation of the tablet. By the spring of 1883 he had finished the plaster model, which was then sent to Paris where the bronze cast was made by a noted caster, M. Gruet. In the autumn of the same year the finished tablet arrived in this country.

The Faculty of the Institute inspected the