W. B. Chandler, '04, and C. B. Starbird, '04, have been appointed corporals in Co. B of the Tech Battalion.

The mentions on the third sketch in Pen and Ink class have been awarded as follows: 1st, deColesmil '02; 2d, Crowell, '02; 3d, Ross, '02; 4th, Richardson, '03; 5th, Goldemberg, '02; 6th, Mason, '03.

The Technology Y. M. C. A. was addressed last Friday afternoon by Mr. J. A. Dunmet on the subject of the "World Wide Work of the Y. M. C. A." The lecture was illustrated by views as he followed the growth of the association around the world.

At a meeting of the Naval Architectural Society, last Saturday, it was voted to postpone the dinner arranged for Wednesday night until after Junior Week, and to then have a final banquet, to which men not members of the society might be invited.

While the number of undergraduate members allowed by the Technology Club was reached before the first of this month, it has been the custom of the club to make all members of the graduating class eligible to membership in the club after the first of April. At any time now applications for membership from members of the class of 1901 will be entertained.

At the last meeting of the Civil Engineering Society, Mr. A. E. Place, 1902 gave the society the results of his studies into the methods of control of mountain torrents on the continent. His remarks related to Germany and Switzerland in particular and were illustrated by remarkably fine lantern slides which were obtained through the courtesy of the Geology department at the Institute. At the next meeting, which is the last one of the year, officers for 1901-02 will be elected.

(Swarth)More Fables. [With aid from Ade.]

THE FABLE OF THE COLLEGE ORGAN; OR THE FOXY EDITOR.

There was once upon a Time a Paper, supposed to be a College Organ, but the College knew little about It. The students would Read two numbers of the Yearly Issue, and then say it was too Bum to Subscribe to. Every year Two or Three Freshmen would be inveigled into taking it, but they never Read it. Oh, No!

If, at any Time, some one got a Puff in its Pages he would Swipe a Copy from one of the Staff, and send it to his Best Girl. It was all Right to Support the Athletic Teams, and other College Organizations, but the Paper was a Dead Dog.

No matter if the Staff got in a Hole,—that was not their Funeral. The Paper deserved to be Suppressed, they said. And so it Went.

But one Day the Editor and the rest of the Crew put their Heads together, and decided to work a Bluff. They did not Publish the Paper for Two Months, and told the College that it was Defunct; said it was only a Fizzle, anyway, for the undergraduates would not support it. Before Six Weeks had passed, each Class got Together, and bound its members to Cough up their Dough. Then a Committee went to the Editor, and told him to hold a Resurrection Bee. He did, and on the Strength of the Wad the Business Manager had Frozen onto, he put out the Best paper that ever came down the Pike.

MORAL.—You never miss the Water till the Well goes Dry.

— The Swarthmore Phoenix.