L. Herbert Bigelow is assistant engineer of the Merrimac Paving Co., Lowell, Mass.

E. G. Allen is with Stone & Webster, Boston, Mass.

Frank H. Bass is teaching in the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.

W. G. Blauvelt is with the American Bell Telephone Company, Boston.

L. DuPont is draughtsman for the Pencoyd Iron Works, Pencoyd, Pa.

G. F. Fisk is engineer for the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, South Terminal Station, Boston.

L. S. Florsheim is rodman on the reconstruction of the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

M. B. Foster was married to Miss Isabell Janette Price of New York, the 5th of December, 1901.

M. W. Doyle is in the construction department of the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

C. E. Martin is with the Smead Iron Works, Jersey City, N. J.

Howard T. Chandler, II, has been in the employ of Stone & Webster since October. At present he is in Sydney, Cape Breton, where he is doing draughting work in connection with the installation of a street railway.

Institute men will regret to learn of the death of Edward North, 2d, of the Class of 1900. He died after a very short illness of pneumonia, at Ouray, Colorado, Feb. 8, 1902.

We report with regret the death of Mr. Sumner M. Milliken on the afternoon of Sunday, Jan. 19. Mr. Milliken was a graduate of Course I, '97, and was in the employ of the Boston & Maine Railway.

Miss Adams is such a winning actress that surely, when she finds just the play, she will be altogether delightful; but I cannot persuade myself that "Quality Street" is the play.

In Mr. Barrie's dramatic composition much of the charm of his novels survives; but his perception is so delicate, his effect so refined and subdued, that in dramatic action they can hardly be represented without exaggeration. "Quality Street" is a comedy of quaint, quiet English life at the time of the Napoleonic wars,—enlivened by much fun in the dialogue and a pervasive humor in the characters and situations,—a play with an infinite deal of the unobtrusive pathos of simple, commonplace fact. As long as the play keeps to presentation of this life, during the acts in which, so to speak, this pretty background is woven, the pattern is lovely, the picture very simple and real. But when, with the later acts, action and excitement become necessary, the texture of the whole seems to fray out, the figures become distorted into caricature; and the piece ravel out in confusion. We begin to forget Phoebe's charm and to question, Do such quiet lives go through such frantic crises? Could this all actually occur? The Phoebe of the first act, the Phoebe of that magnificent, passionate protest at the loss of her girlishness, completely wins our belief and sympathy; but Phoebe with peas in her shoes seems fantastic and foolish. Pleasurable as the play in questionably is, it does not quite satisfy. The earlier half promised greater scenes, and Miss Adams certainly can handle greater scenes than the piece ever provides.

Mr. Frohman promised us from Miss Adams' one performance of "As You Like It," but the presentation is, I believe, indefinitely postponed. Surely our anticipation was keen enough without any delay.

Next week, of course, is the high tide of the dramatic year. Miss Terry and Sir Henry Irving