Refreshments were served under the direction of Chairman Taylor and the other members of the committee, and a most enjoyable evening was spent, one of the features of the occasion being the singing of the quartette.

**The Society of Arts.**

The 564th regular meeting of the Society will be held at the Institute, Room 11, Rogers Building, Boylston Street, on Thursday, March 13, 1902, at 8 P.M.

Dr. Heinrich O. Hofman, professor of metallurgy at the Institute, will address the society on "Aluminum as a Reducing and a Heat Producing Agent." Illustrated with experiments and slides.

Members are requested to invite friends interested in the subject.

GEORGE V. WENDELL, Secretary.

**1905 Class Meeting.**

A meeting of the Class of 1905 was held last Saturday in Huntington Hall. The minutes were read and the treasurer's and football manager's reports were rendered. The treasurer's report was accepted, and the football coach of last fall was paid in full. The matter of having a class baseball team was discussed at length, and finally S. S. Stevens was elected manager. The class board of directors was given full charge of managing the class dinner.

The Hare and Hounds run posted for last Saturday, was called off on account of the deep snowfall. If the weather conditions are favorable there will be a run next Saturday. A special business meeting of the Club will be held in Room 26, Rogers, next Friday, at 1 P.M. The object of the meeting is to take steps looking toward a more formal organization.

**Freshman Page Themes.**

**I AND MYSELF.**

My sister solemnly informed me a little while ago that one night, just after midnight, as she was going back to her bedroom after getting a drink of water (she has a way of eating candy in bed), she saw me, clothed in nothing but my robe de nuit, bending over my desk and writing busily. After I had written for a while, I blotted the business and, after wiping the pen and covering the ink-bottle, took the written sheet and tore it up. Well, I never remembered doing such a deed, so it must have been a somnambulistic act. What then beset my brain was, what on earth could I be writing about? It couldn’t be overstudy; I had nothing preying on my mind; no stock-speculating troubles and losses. It couldn’t have been some girl, for then I would have written more than I did. It couldn’t be some supernatural thing,—oh rats, no!—and yet, on the whole, what else? It might be that I was slightly demented; but even in this case the idiot who would write letters to himself at midnight in his night-robe must be a supernatural idiot. So you see the whole business finally came down to a supernatural origin.

And then I thought of a way to find out what I wrote during my somnambulistic writing periods. I had, lying continually on my desk, some highly glazed paper, a thick, heavy-writing medium pen, and some ink that dried very slowly, such as indelible ink; and every night after my work I would lock up all my desk articles except these I have just mentioned, and, above all, I threw away the old blotter and put a fresh, unused one on the desk with the other things. Morning after morning when I arose I examined the things. No traces. I began to get discouraged, when one morning, on examining the things, I found,—just what I expected would happen. I had written on the