of which is: "We are the Future Presidents." So for Four Years this High School Hercules worried Cushing's Manual, every Now and Then announcing that a Motion to adjourn was in Order. On Graduation Day he stilts through the City Hall, carrying on high a Silken Banner with the Class Numerals. When the Chief Guy of the School Committee Blew off that it was his Pleasant Duty to tie James Russell Lowell Farmington to a Diploma, there was a Loudness resembling the Clapping of Many Hands. Was such a brilliant Life to be touched off in front of the Fizz Faucet of the Drug Store? Not on your Thumbtacks! Our Institutions of Higher Learning needed just such Men as J. R. L. Farmington.

After he had his Initials painted on the End of his Dress-suit Case, he Broke loose for the Home of Rough Houses and Crooked Pipes and Funnily Shaped Hats. After he had registered by signing his Name to several Hundred Pieces of Reading Matter, he decided to Butt in. At the first Meeting of the Class, Somebody else, by a Peculiar Oversight, was made Chairman. When the Nominations for President were being blown in, James sat in his Seat, spasmodically opening and closing his Mouth like a Fish out of Water. He was trying to nominate himself, for he saw it was his Only Chance. A motion was made to adjourn, and in the Mad Rush for the Door, our Hero found himself carried along like a Smudge on the end of a Battering Ram. Failing to arrive in the Political Field, he decided to work the Literary Gag. He was about to move himself toward the Door behind which the Office of the College Monthly nestled, to announce his Willingness to Boost the Editor. He was about to knock, when the Janitor, not knowing his Name, and that his Father kept the Feed Store, put him wise that the Lavatory was Two Flights down and to your Right. And so the Former Editor of the Popville High School Fish Farm slunked away to the Shadows. There were no Special Cases for James. He did not seem to Mitre anywhere. No one knew that this Sandy-haired Solomon had once picked a Committee and at another Time had wildly waved a Long-may-it-wave on Memorial Day in a Mad Burst of Eloquence. It was a Clear Case of a Light under a Bushel, bolted down with Iron Bars and locked up in a Safe with a forgotten Combination. Exit James from the Lime Light. Six Years later he quit, sheepishly shambling home with a Sheepskin.

Moral.—High School and College are a different Pair of Sleeves.

Civil Engineering Society.

The first meeting of the Civil Engineering Society will be held next Monday afternoon at 4.15 P.M., in Room 22, Walker Building. All men in Courses I. and XI. are requested to be present, as Professor Swain is to address the meeting, and it will surely be of interest to all men in the department, whether they have formerly been members of the Society or not. Everybody is invited. Dr. Pritchett and the Professors of the Civil Engineering Department will be present.

1905.

An urgent call is made to the members of the class of 1905 to come out for the class relay team. One-half of the old team is gone and new men must be gotten immediately. Every candidate will be given a good show. Please report to T. E. Jewett or F. B. Riley as soon as possible.

The Society of Arts.

At the 569th regular meeting of the Society of Arts, last Thursday, Dr. Duncan spoke on the subject of "Long Distance Electrical Railroading." After a review of the growth of electrical railroading up to the present time, he pointed out the failure of the various systems to meet the requirements of the subject in hand. The great difficulty is that for railroads it is impossible to use the small units of transportation run at frequent intervals as is the custom in tramway and interurban electrical service.

The subject was very interestingly and ably handled.

NOTICE.

The Technique Board for the class of 1904 calls attention to the $25 Prize offered for the best cover design for Technique 1904. Particulars may be found on the Technique Bulletin Board, Rogers Corridor.