'88. Fred R. Nichols, instructor in physics at the Chicago English High and Manual Training School, was chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the recent Convention of Physicists held at the Lewis Institute, Chicago.

'98. Paul F. Johnson, II., is superintendent of the factory of the Johnson Electric Service Co. at Milwaukee.

'94. Guy Lowell, IV., is the designer of the Johnson Memorial Gateway at the entrance to the Back Bay Fens.

'91. Miss M. E. Maltby, Ph.D., VIII., has been appointed adjunct professor of physics at Barnard College.

'90. W. B. Poland, I., has recently been appointed superintendent of the Indiana Division of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern at Cincinnati.

'02. Robert V. Brown, X., lately instructor in Freshman chemistry, left last Monday to take up a position with the Sherman Williams Co., manufacturers of paint at Cleveland, Ohio.

'02. C. A. Smith, III., holds a responsible position with a mining company in Chihuahua, Mexico.

At the decennial of the class of '92 a request for a statement of individual salaries at the end of the fifth and tenth years after graduation, brought out some interesting figures. The lowest figures for the fifth and tenth year salaries were $900 and $1,200; the highest, $4,000 and $7,500; the average, $1,669 and $3,272, respectively.

Junior week will soon be here. The pretty maidens of Chelsea, Malden and East Melrose Highlands are all preparing for the event. Ribbons long laid aside, which have reposed for months in some lavender-scented chest are carefully drawn out and ironed for the event. The Lounger's own little lady has recently acquired a most beautiful blue walking dress, and arrayed in this heavenly creation, like the little witch she is, has so cajoled and caressed the poor stupid old Lounger that he has agreed to take her to the Junior Prom—to provide two-dollar seats for himself, herself and herself's mother at the Tech Show,—to take her to the 'Tech Tea,—to give her and most of her dearest friends a dinner at the Touraine and to end up with an evening at the theatre. The Lounger is now writing on the street cars on his way to his Uncle's. From the bottom of his heart The Lounger confounds the pretty little minx's smiles and pouts,—and then—he thinks how she looked last night. "It's worth the candle, after all," he guesses.

Hush, gentle reader, do not tell the news to The Lounger's mother, it would kill the poor old lady, but let him whisper it: He wrote the Tech Show. Ah, what a deed! And from a being so young and tender, who started from his village home amid the plaudits of the gathered throng, strong in his youth, to battle with the world. Who, of all his boyhood friends will believe it of him,—of him the idol, the shining light of the town; of the boy who with his baby lisp declaimed "Barbara Frietchie" at the church concert, and who saved the minister's cat from drowning in the babbling brook; who, The Lounger repeats, could have foreseen his ultimate end? See, yonder the dim and faded future stretches its untrodden pathways. Looking down its valley The Lounger sees himself friendless, wandering, an outcast from society, unfit to do aught to please, to benefit his fellow-men; a pariah, he must fall, fall ever lower, until, sinking under the burden of his youthful fault, and unable longer to make headway against the ever deepening mire of his evil reputation, he sinks despairing and hopeless into the hands of—CHARLIE FROHMAN.