

M. Y. is *not* a vegetarian. At the Hub recently:  
What's yours?

M. Y.—O—o—o—o! Do you sell any beef tea?

"Clap in and clap out" is becoming quite popular among science students. We do not object to freshmen participating in such games, but we do object, yea, and very strongly, in the case of men with one foot in the grave and the other shoving dirt in on the top of it. Ye rosy-cheeked, bald-headed, bearded, octogenarians should learn to play these osculatory games without making a noise like a cow pulling her hoof out of the mud. Please look wise, Findlay, and get some practice.

Science students all report a very pleasant vacation. Many of them found fields for usefulness which resulted in financial returns even to the extent of twenty-five dollars a day for short engineering expeditions.

The annual Science dance will be held in Grant Hall on February 14th. While the number of guests will be kept down to three hundred and fifty, the event promises to surpass in grandeur any of the dances so far held in the hall.

There will appear in another number of the JOURNAL a photograph of Professor R. W. Brock, who, as we all know, has been appointed Acting Deputy Minister of Mines and director of the Geological Survey of Canada. Although nobody regrets more than the Science students of Queen's the loss of such an esteemed member of the faculty, yet we can congratulate Professor Brock on taking up the work of such an important office at this time when it will require the energy of a man of his stamp to carry through. That which is Queen's loss is our country's gain.

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#### COMPULSORY SCIENCE DINNER.

*To the Editor:—*

Dear Sir,—In your last number of the JOURNAL there appeared an article discussing the Science dinner, but the writer of that article omitted a few facts which I would like to bring before the students.

What does the Science student get out of the Science dinner? Recognizing the fact that what he gets to eat is scarcely worth discussion, the question is, what else does he get out of it? Perhaps he hears a few pleasing addresses, perhaps a few white-washed jokes in new disguise, perhaps some poetry or nicely worded philosophy from some arts professor, or perhaps he gets some scientific information from some of our successful engineers, but as to the last, the writer has got to find the student who ever got any real scientific information at a dinner.

Should a student go to the dinner merely for pleasure, or because of its educational value? Is it worth the price he pays for it? Some men go to the dinner because they think they will get some personal touch with the engineers, some because they want a good feed, some because of a vague sense of duty toward the Engineering Society, or some, as at our last dinner, to get glorious—