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HE gayly decorated shop windows, the eager, hurrying crowds, the mystery and expectancy pervading all about us, serve to warn us that the holiday season is again at hand. We at the Institute have been well nigh too busy to note the approach of this day, once the joyful anticipation of a more careless existence, but nevertheless will it find us prepared to enjoy with all the old time fervor its give and take delights, its sweet home festival.

In the haughty indifference of our own dear Institute for such a trivial thing as custom, we sound our "Holidays" without the final "s," it is true, yet the jolly Tech. man is ever a cheerful sufferer, and you always find him gayly accepting the situation, and perhaps extracting a month's satisfaction in a graphic picturing to some fair friend of his martyrdom. "Tis a wise man that taketh what he can get," says the Quaker in Hellyet, and we all agree.

The Tech scorns any imputation that it is accessory to the condition of things that allows another holiday prominence over the one sacred to our childhood. We would gladly to-day give the Christmas goose equal and greater attention than that which we paid his rival, the Thanksgiving turkey, only four short weeks ago, but lack of space forbids. After but little more of our editorial extra day, we hope to give our readers many lighter things to digest, and thus assuring each and everyone that though briefly, it is none the less emphatically and heartily said, we extend to all, Faculty, instructors, undergraduates, fair readers, and Freshmen, our best wishes for a joyful Christmas.

HE TECH naturally hears many complaints among the undergraduates which do not reach the authorities more nearly interested and concerned. Within the last few weeks, the close condition of the air in the new recitation rooms of Walker has occasioned much discussion, and many hard things having been said, one of the editors of The Tech set about to investigate the matter. Through the kindness of Mr. G. Russell Lincoln, who very cheerfully consented to make an analysis of the air in the several rooms mentioned, and who conducted the experiments and compiled the results with untiring energy, we are enabled to present for general consideration the following facts in the matter.

The amount of carbonic acid in the air of Rooms 26, 28, and 29, Walker, on Thursday, December 6th, 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.: Room 26—bottle placed on last row of seats near door. 7.34 parts in 10,000; bottle at exit flue, 6.90
parts; thirty-six persons present. Room 28—back of the room, 8.78 parts; at platform, 7.18; thirty-two persons present. Room 29—three windows open at top; back of room, 7.96; platform, 8.18; about the same number present as in the other rooms.

Some authorities give for the allowable percentage of carbonic acid for good air, six parts in ten thousand, but a more conservative estimate is five. The outer air contains approximately three parts. It is not to be understood that higher percentages are dangerous, however, for in crowded theaters, etc., the number of parts is often as high as thirty-four. On the other hand, as is well known, the slightest increase above the normal, decreases to a marked extent the ability of the brain to sustain continued effort, and it would seem, therefore, in view of the facts given above, and especially as the Institute lays such great stress upon proper ventilation, that there is some ground for the complaints made in the matter. Room 26 is by far the best ventilated of the three, and has the regular ventilating flues. Room 28, on the other hand, has only an entrance flue, while room 29 has but an exit, each being practically useless without the presence of the other. It appears that the old Architectural room was merely partitioned off, and the ventilation left to take care of itself. The two other rooms are, doubtless, equally bad, but air could not be taken from them as the doors had been left open. There is no cause for alarm, but much room for improvement.

This is the annual meeting of the M. I. T. Football Association. At this meeting the manager and secretary will present their reports, and the general condition of the sport as a factor of Institute life will be discussed. Besides these general topics, the subject of most importance to be considered will be the course to be pursued next year in this branch of athletics. The unsatisfactory position in which our strong team was placed this year has given rise to the idea among many that football, as an Institute sport, although so well developed in '88 and '89, has lately retrograded. On the contrary, the prospects at present are very bright, and there is no reason why we should not, with the support of the students next fall, succeed primarily in wiping out this false impression; and then, by united effort, in placing our football on the old championship basis.

Through some misunderstanding, or for some at present not generally known reasons, we were excluded during the past season from the Eastern Intercollegiate Football Association, of which league we had been a member for several years, and in which we had twice gained supremacy. This year the condition of affairs was naturally very unsatisfactory to most of the supporters of the team. To be sure, our victory over the champions of the league afforded some consolation for most of the subscribers; but should another season see us in no association whatever, it is fair to suppose that the football enthusiasts will greatly diminish in number. Therefore, it behooves the Institute at large, in order to keep alive and bright this football interest, to take steps at this approaching meeting that will signal success in this all-important branch of college athletics.

After discussing the matter with many football players, and with men who understand the question and are anxious as to our football future, we find that there is a general desire that the association appoint a committee to present a formal request for readmission to the East-
tern Intercollegiate Football Association. The members of this league have always made money by playing our team in Boston, and our demands should be acceded to if presented in the proper manner. In the case of failure to gain this point, the committee should, it is thought, be empowered to report on the situation and the advisability of forming a dual league with one of the strong teams of the New England colleges—a report from which definite plans could be adopted.

At the coming meeting it will be well to have all these matters discussed and all suggestions fully sifted, in order that the proper measures may be undertaken and that no steps shall be made that will deteriorate our prospects. Above all, let the best suited men be appointed to handle this vitally important matter.

It really seems impossible that a year has passed since '92 chose her class-day officers, but the notices of '93's nominating committee have reminded us that time flies, and that now everyone is asking everybody else, "who's elected?"

In view of the occurrences of last year, it may be well to remind '93 that she is before us for the last time, and that mistakes now made can never be remedied. The committee has presented to the class for consideration the names of men well known to the undergraduates of the Institute. These men have worked earnestly and sincerely for their class and for Tech. Their influence has been for the general good, and their places will be hard to fill. It is an honor for a man to be mentioned on their list. He should be mindful of this, and if he is defeated, should deprecate the hot words of his too eager followers, and should do his utmost to further the plans of the successful candidates. Every Senior having been careful and decided in casting his vote, should be determined now to abide by the verdict of his classmates.

There is little reason why the Institute should be disturbed by any feeling developed this year by these elections.

S was anticipated, the winter put an end to the long-drawn-out tennis tournament. Tennis at the Institute has been a mere farce this year. The majority of players have defaulted rather than accept the poor accommodations offered them. The miserable condition of the courts, and the lateness of the tournament is not due entirely to the management, but also in great measure to the members of the association. The meetings must be attended, otherwise nothing can be done; they are so few and far between that a certain fee should be forfeited by the members for absence, in order to enrich the association in one at least of the two essentials, cash and interest. If the Association cannot be properly supported and carried on, then let its members bring it to an honorable end, thereby saving the Institute the painful spectacle of its slow and weary death.

A KNOT FOR LADIES TO UNTIE.

I tied the laces of her shoe,
By bending reverently low;
Then, lest they should again undo,
I knotted hard the double bow.

'Tis this I humbly beg to know,—
Why, when another dance was through,
Another man was bending so
To tie the laces of that shoe

—Williams Weekly.
The Sophomore Dinner.

The annual dinner of the Sophomore Class took place at Young's Hotel last Friday evening, and was an occasion long to be remembered. As a proof that the class spirit is not yet dead, seventy men filed into the hall to lay out the extensive menu provided by the Executive Committee. The festive board, extending nearly around the room, was soon loaded with the substantial things of life until the well-seasoned oak groaned aloud to the tune of "Oh what a difference in the morning." It was a pleasant coincidence that the Annual Dinner of M. I. T. '75, was taking place in an adjoining room, and while the evening was yet young, the Alumni were drawn from their own board by the resounding Tech. cheers of the undergraduates, and showed their hearty fellow-feeling in a loudly cheered, delightful speech by their Vice President, Mr. B. L. Beal.

The proper, comfortable, happy state being at last attained, the President, C. F. Tillinghast, in a fitting speech, introduced the presiding officer of the evening, Mr. E. H. Huxley, who, with his usual urbanity, superintended the following list of toasts: "The Class of '95," George W. Hayden; "The Tech.," Andrew D. Fuller; "The Eleven Hundredth Student," Thomas B. Booth; "Class Spirit," Edward Leber; "Athletics," James W. Thomas; "Our Junior Year," Albert Geiger, Jr.

Mr. Huxley called upon Mr. Hayden for the first address, and in well chosen words, the former president spoke of the past career of '95, and urged the class to develop more interest in all its undertakings. Mr. Fuller then gave a short history of The Tech, and assures us that our circulation will lose none of its present rotundity through his remarks. A number of pleasing selections were then given by a quartette composed of Messrs. Schmitz, Wason, Reed and Sias. In response to "The Eleven Hundredth Student," Mr. Booth presented an interesting history of the Institute, its growth and high standing of the present day, ending by suggesting a method facilitating a more thorough co-operation of the entire student body. Mr. Leber arose apparently to roast "The Class Spirit," but, owing to the large attendance, decided to keep the roasting for the grinds, and congratulated the class on its present success.

A difficult piano solo was well rendered by Mr. Reed; and then came "Tommy's" turn, and three rousing cheers for the captain of the 'varsity team. Mr. Thomas gave the class an interesting view of its standing in athletics, and prophesied bright prospects for the future. On the vague subject of "Our Junior Year," Mr. Geiger offered his hopes and ambitions, the usual heat joke not being neglected; and as a soothing final Mr. Smetz rendered a bass solo, doing it all by himself. Then after repeated cheers, and some many encored songs by the quartette and Mr. Sias, in the choruses of which the whole assembly joined with more or less success, the curtain dropped on '95's second successful dinner, and all pursued a more or less devious course for home.

THE MISTLETOE.

Ages ago the scalds have said
Was fashioned thereof an arrow head,
And a blind old god without definite plan
Shot the same at a married man,
Who died of being too much impressed
With the feeling that some one ought to be kissed.

The connection is not altogether clear.
They hang it now to the chandelier,
And little blind gods on the berries sit,
And shoot whoever comes under it:
Nobody dies of it now as then;
They like it, even the married men.

—Yale Record.
Christmas Eve.

Late before the coals I'm staying,
Midnight's nigh,
Whilst without the winds are swaying
Branches high.
And the moon-lit shadows scurry
O'er the earth in mystic hurry,
Till they reach with frantic flurry
To the sky.

'Tis the warmth of dying embers
Makes me dream;
And the shadow's scampering members
Fairies seem,
Who, while all the world is sleeping,
Here their secret rites are keeping,
'Neath the starlight's curious peeping
O'er the teat.

And I watch their phantom meeting
All arow,
See them dance upon the sheeting
Wrought in snow;
As with willowy forms elastic
Through the noiseless steps fantastic
In and out, they lithe and plastic
Come and go.

Long ere earliest beam of morning
Lights the lawn,
Ere the faintest flush gives warning
Of the dawn,
Quick in sudden groups they're pressing,
Waving, whispering, fluttering, guessing,
Scheming for some human blessing—
Then they're gone.

For when Phoebus ope's day's portal,—
So 'tis said,—
As each weary, world-worn mortal
Dreams abed,
Swift a gnome of aspect sooty
Comes to banish care and duty,—
Comes and puts a thought of beauty
In his head.

At last the Christian Union sports a new blackboard.

H. C. Parkes, '92, is with the Pennsylvania Steel Co., at Steelton, Penn.

H. S. Webb, '92, is with the Edison General Electric Co. in Schenectady, N. Y.

How many men use Tech. stationery? The new design is worthy of your consideration.

F. T. Schneider, '92, is now of the firm of Denson & Schneider, Architects, Washington, D. C.

Pictures of the different chemistry divisions of '96 have been taken, and will soon be on sale.

Arthur G. Ranlett, '92, is superintendent of the Newton Copper mine in Jackson, Amador County, Cal.

It is estimated that the Freshman battalion will be able to appear in full uniform during the third week next May.

Eighteen of the Mechanicals have decided to take the mill option, ten the locomotive option, and eight the marine option.

Quite a number of Mr. Ross Turner's class in water color visited the exhibition of paintings at the St. Botolph Club last week.

Frank C. Shepherd, '92, is transit man with the Metropolitan Sewerage Commission, and his office is at 93 Lincoln Street, Boston.

Married, at Rochester, Pennsylvania, on Thursday, November 3d, Mr. Henry Judson Sage, M. I. T., '92, and Miss Clara Belle Fry.

The Senior Mechanicals are rejoicing over the fact that there is to be no examination in dynamo machines. They can now enjoy the course.
It is very gratifying to know that Professor Lanza expects to receive and set up his three thousand pound testing machine within a very few days.

There seems to be quite a little competition with respect to an Institute pin or button. The latest is a square lapel button, with a grey T upon a red background.

It has been suggested that the Senior Dinner occur this term, before the semi-annuals shall have given any more members of the class an opportunity to "change their course."

"Theres a noose item for you," murmured the Freshman to the Editor, as they watched some futile efforts to ensnare an old owl who had found Boylston Street an attractive thoroughfare.

The dinner of the Architectural Society will be held at the Parker House upon the evening of December 29th. It promises to be a very enjoyable affair, and all its members should take advantage of it.

Since the departure from Tech. of Mr. C. E. Lockwood, the Banjo and Guitar Club has been in the hands of Mr. Geo. F. Shepard, '95, who is doing all in his power to put it upon its former basis.

The Mechanical Engineering Society continues to follow its antiquated policy of electing officers for the year and then doing nothing. Why not follow the example of the Civil Engineering Society?

Mr. D—: "Mr. R., will you please criticize the theme whose subject is, 'Fortes fortuna adjurat.'"

Mr. R., '96: "To begin with, the subject of the theme should not be in French"!!

It is rumored that a member of '92 has been the recipient of three good positions since he left the Institute; and he has found, after a few days' trial of each, that he was not suited for work of the kind demanded. Poor fellow!

What's going to happen? Twice recently "Institute of Technology" matter has appeared under the same heading as news from Harvard, Amherst, Dartmouth, etc., in the Sunday Herald. Tech. college stock is on the rise.

Although the growing interest of '95 and '96 in gymnasium work is most encouraging, there are many upper classmen who have not visited the building since their last drill there. "Come down," '93 and '94, and "get a move on."

A new line of seats has been placed in the front of Professor Richards' lecture room, presumably for the benefit of those grinds who desire to rivet their attention even more firmly upon what is being said and done over the desk.

Ridler continues to play his same little "gag" on every student who is forced to get notes at his shop, by asking them if they don't also want covers for them. O no, Ridler! not when we can buy them at two thirds your price elsewhere.

Nearly all the mining engineers of last year's class attended the Summer School of Mines at Drifton, Penn., last June. The benefits and the successful management of these trips are much appreciated by the students.

Now is the time to arrange your grinds and hand in your contributions for "Technique." All work, sent in at any time, will be credited to the author and will count toward the prizes. Complete lists of prizes will soon be posted and published.

Mr. Swan, '91, is very popular with his large class in Marine Design. Every one in the M. E. drawing room can testify that the marine architecture men work hard. One man shaved off his beard because the wind hindered him.

Some queer things we see: Freshmen reclining on drawing room tables; Sophomores wedging themselves between doors; third-year Chemists fighting for stools; Seniors playing Yankee Doodle with a pencil on their teeth.
The heads of the M. E. department should see to it that the windows on the north and west side of the drawing room are made tighter. At present the breezes blow a young hurricane through the room on a windy day, and every one is complaining.

"No!" said the instructor in drawing in room 30, Engineering Building, "No, this is not a concert; the fourth year men are only exercising their lungs. They have to put in so much extra time in the afternoons that they must take some sort of exercise."

For the convenience of the students in third year Theoretical Electricity, Mr. Clifford has produced some very neat notes. They are lithographed from the original, a method new to third year men. Doubtless these notes will prove a boon, and tend to make a hard course easier.

Those Freshmen who received a flunk in chemistry, and from the latest reports we fear there are more than several, would do well to take the sound advice given them, and spend the prescribed number of hours a week upon it; and perhaps upon a few other subjects as well.

Professor Dewey has arranged a promising debate on bimetallism for the class in Economic Problems. The class is equally divided, references assigned, and statisticians appointed for each side. The debate will take place at the regular recitation hour, Wednesday, December 28th.

The presence of an unfastened seat in Professor Cross' lecture room caused the Seniors considerable amusement on Saturday morning. As each new victim entered and sat down in it, he was given a shaking up compared with which a trip in an elevator would be a case of stable equilibrium.

Thank heavens! At last! It is a student at cultured Wellesley who "respects Tech. men for their earnestness of purpose, and admires their college spirit, more than that of any other college, for its true manliness."

Three cheers for her, and may her opinion be propagated enormously throughout the land!

One of the Juniors seriously considers issuing a business card to this effect: "Cussing by Proxy. Satisfaction Guaranteed." What a boon for our o'ertaxed, yet scrupulous Mechanicals. Here perhaps is a relief from those "blue streaks" that now dart so frequently across the Drawing Room (30 Eng., of course.)

THE WAY WE FREEHAND DRAW.

Mr. A—ms: "W-e-l-l, I think you should put some more charcoal upon that shadow, so as to define the masses more clearly."

Mr. Cu—ing, assistant (five minutes later): "My, my! that is entirely too black. Suppose you blow some of that charcoal off. There, that's better."

The Friday matinées in Walker Building, from 4 to 5 p. m., introducing many new and interesting features of electric signaling, are very popular with all of the Course VI. men. So popular, indeed, that the Faculty have decided to give an evening performance from seven to eight, in Huntington Hall. Evening dress will be in order.

Steps are being taken to organize a Freshman dinner club, composed of from fifteen to twenty of the leading men of the class. It is the intention to make the club a permanent institution, and if the fundamental principle is carried out, it will undoubtedly be a success, and will, in its way, do considerable good. More will probably be heard of it later.

The new Faculty rule, which requires the choice of Courses to be made by the Freshmen at the end of the second term, carries with it another pleasing innovation. On Thursday last President Walker delivered an interesting and instructive lecture to the Freshmen, relative to the approaching selection. This is a new idea, and is a good one.

The presence of an unfastened seat in Professor Cross' lecture room caused the Seniors considerable amusement on Saturday morning. As each new victim entered and sat down in it, he was given a shaking up compared with which a trip in an elevator would be a case of stable equilibrium.

Thank heavens! At last! It is a student at cultured Wellesley who "respects Tech. men for their earnestness of purpose, and admires their college spirit, more than that of any other college, for its true manliness."
If we are to have drill here at all, it should be drill that is thoroughly up to the Tech. standard. As long as it is confined to the Freshman Class, it must necessarily be looked down upon to a greater or less extent,—fortunately the "less" is beginning to predominate.

The spontaneous applause which greeted the mention of the name of Mr. A. J. Purinton, in the Senior lecture in Friction the other day, testified to the esteem in which that popular instructor is still held among his former students. Mr. Purinton resigned his instructorship in Mechanism in 1891, and has since held the position of Electrical Engineer for the Brockton Street Railroad, of Brockton, Mass.

**SCENE IN THE LUNCH ROOM.**

Freshman: "How much do I owe you, Mrs. King?"
Mrs. King: "Fifty cents, please."
Sophomore: "How much do I owe?"
Mrs. K.: "Thirty cents."
Junior: "How much?"
Mrs. K.: "Twenty-five."
Senior looks at Mrs. King with a knowing wink, and walks out.

Several Tech. students have been caught lately patronizing the Oak Grove Farm Lunch Room. Doubtless it is owing to the rumor that various young ladies, from the "Misses' Boarding Schools" around the corner on Newbury Street, frequent the place. However, we trust but few will yield to this temptation (it is a strong one, we must admit), and neglect home industry. Mrs. King has not bribed us for this puff.

We learn that the receipts from the pool table at the chapel are decreasing daily. This is no McKinleyism, or Republican high tariff issue, but merely a sign that our sporting element have become aware of the fast approaching semies. [To maintain our long upheld standard of political neutrality, it is necessary to add that the above does not, on the other hand, signify or indicate any approaching reduction in duties.—Ed.]

A certain '95 man who spent his summer vacation working in a steel plant near Baltimore, Md., has learned what terrapin is. He went "to town" one pay-day night and visited several places where he saw the sign, "Terrapin and Oysters." On his return he told his roommate how the fellows had asked him to have some terrapin, but he refused, because,—"Well, I say 'buddie,' what kind of a bird is a terrapin anyway; is it anything like a canvas-back?"

Neither '94 nor '95 had a picture of its baseball team taken last spring. This is much to be regretted, for baseball at Tech., though confined to the lower classes, is a strong branch of our athletics, and should be well represented in "Technique." Unfortunately, the early date of the annual examinations prevents the maintenance of a 'varsity team, but that is all the more reason for putting our excellent baseball material on permanent exhibition in our Annual. It might be well for '94 and '95 to endeavor, even at this late hour, to collect their teams for a photograph; '94, at any rate, ought to insist upon this, if it appreciates the excellent work of its team.

The first cross-country run under the auspices of the Tech. Athletic Club was held last Saturday afternoon. Considering the fact that the points scored therein are to count for the class cup, there should have been more entries than the following: Dorman, '93, Owen, '94, Taylor, '94, Batchelder, '95, Rockwell, '96, Norris, '96. The course selected was from the gym. to Coolidge's Corner and return, a distance of about six miles. The time made was very creditable, and stands as the Institute record. At 3:10 the men were started, and in 31 min. 11 sec. Batchelder crossed the line, a good winner. Dorman, '93, was second; time, 31 min. 30 sec. Taylor, '94, third; time, 31 min. 46 sec.

A short time ago one of our Junior Civils had occasion to patronize a Chinese laundry, with a loss of four collars as a result. The
Chinaman promised to "makee a' yite," but produced only two of the missing collars, and when our Civil friend demanded all that were due him, one of the Messrs. Antipodes allowed his anger to rise, together with a flatiron that was handy. Upon this evidence of warm interest, our hero seized the light chair upon which he had been sitting, and when the flatiron came uncomfortably near, this lightweight argument completely floored the Chinaman. Immediately our Civil grabbed his collars, and took the rapid transit home. It is rumored that he will take the stump for restriction of immigration.

Last Thursday morning, at the time of the usual drill recitation, President Walker addressed the Freshmen on the matter of selection of course. In general, although he could give no absolute advice, his talk certainly tended to show that every course had its own particular advantages, and opened to its graduates the finest of positions, if they are only capable, by honest work, to gain a place at the front which their training deserves. This choice of course, said the President, must certainly be made by the end of the present term, inasmuch as the regular work in the separate departments will be commenced at that time, instead of at the beginning of the second year, as heretofore. If, however, at the first of that year, a student of high standing finds that, for some important reason, it would be better for him to take some other course, he will be allowed to make the change.

Ninety-four held a class meeting last Friday in Room II, R. B., Mr. Meade presiding. It was voted that, owing to the present bankrupt state of the class and the proximity of the Semies, the Annual Class Dinner should come off during the first three weeks of the second term. Messrs. Pechin, Baldwin, and Greenleaf were appointed as a Dinner Committee. The affair may partake somewhat of the nature of a "Supper," in hopes of making it a more general social event, as a larger number of the class would probably attend, on account of a slight decrease in the expense. The class then voted to pay its share of the Senior Dinner Committee's deficit, amounting to some twenty-five dollars. The question of another Senior Dinner was brought up, and, upon motion of Mr. Price, a temporary committee of three was appointed to consider all sides of the matter, it being understood that the final committee should be backed by the class, thus removing any possibility of an individual financial loss, besides the necessary loss of time. The chair appointed Messrs. Davies, F. Holden, and Bliss. Next, the recommendations of the Executive Committee of '93 were considered. Mr. R. B. Price and Mr. C. W. Dickey were chosen to act with Mr. Meade as '94's members of the "Institute Committee." Ninety-four, as indeed all classes must do, heartily favors the inauguration of this committee, whose duties are to "promote the welfare of Technology both at home at abroad." After a few words by Mr. Price upon the past attitude of '94 toward The Tech, and their present duty to it, since they are so soon to be responsible for its support, the meeting adjourned.

Under the Rose.

Under the rose is the happiest phrase,
Leading us back through the shadowy haze
That veils dull Now from the Long Ago,
To the time when young blood in a rollicking flow
Went galloping on through an endless maze.

Oh! for the hours we stole from the days
Of a careless youth that no sign obeys,
Save the lips that kiss and the cheeks that glow
Under the rose.

Fate leads us on through her devious ways,
Birds may warble their lightest lays,
Echoing blithely the thoughts that grow
Faster than Pain when Death is slow;
But the lightest thought is the one that strays
Under the rose.

F. H. H.
The Class-day Election.

Last it is decided who shall officiate, and the successful candidates can begin work on their several "parts." On the whole there are not many surprises, and the election was reduced, in most cases, to practically a sure thing as soon as the lightness of the vote was seen. The men who will represent Ninety-three on Class-day are as follows:

- Chief Marshal: Charles Wilson Taintor.
- Second Marshal: Frederick Nathan Dillon.
- Third Marshal: Marvine Gorham.
- Orator: Edmund Enos Blake.
- Poet: Harold Anthony Richmond.
- Statistician: Percy Holbrook Thomas.
- Prophet: Henry Adams Morss.

The election for Marshals is most satisfactory. Messrs. Taintor and Dillon are both athletic men. Neither belongs to any fraternity or society. They are both most representative men. Nor should less be said of Mr. Gorham, who has always been closely identified with his class, and at one time was its secretary. Mr. Gorham is a member of Delti Psi and Hammer and Tongs. No second-rate man is "Mary" Blake, and a good oration is assured. Mr. Blake is a member of D. K. E., and was president of Ninety-three in the Sophmore year. He was Society Editor on last year's "Technique." The successful candidates for Historian and Statistician are, as yet, untried men in literary work. Mr. Houck is now secretary of the Class, and has held office in the Civil Engineering Society. Mr. Thomas is Honor-man of the Class, and has played on the 'varsity football team. Neither are society men. Mr. Rich-

(Continued on page 112.)

MERRY CHRISTMAS, comrades! Merry Christmas to all of you, even the Freshman who has afforded mirth and jollity by his gay antics, as set forth below. No small meed of praise should we yield him for his earnest efforts to afford us holiday amusement. That they have been fully appreciated is the least the Lounger can say for him.

To the rest of you, the Lounger offers the wish that may lie closest to your yearning heart. May the fingers that slyly pin the mistletoe above the door, choose a dark passageway. May the Christmas goose lie gently in its grave, and forbear to snatch revenge for undeserved treatment.

And, as you gather round the Christmas feast, be it sumptuous or humble, think gently of the Lounger, and choose this for a toast:

"Mid the clink of tinkling goblets, and the sparkle of amber wine, Let us fill a royal measure to memories half divine! Let fancy and recollection come smiling, hand in hand, And bear us across the waters to the light of another land, Where together, in storm and sunshine, our wandering steps have been, And joy and hope lent color to each enchanting scene.

As in some old cathedral,—a sepulchre of kings, Around the dusky altar the sacred incense clings, From each dear form and feature Mem'ry her mantle weaves, And holy Friendship's signet its blessed impress leaves. From many a land soft voices are calling to us to-night, And the phantoms of smiles and blushes shall bathe in our wine cup's light. Then fill a royal measure,—a measure of amber wine, And drink to gone-by pleasure, and memories halfdivine!"

It has never been the Lounger's policy to laugh at the luckless and inexperienced individual, but when in his wanderings he stumbles upon a man absolutely so new that he casts a pea-green shadow, it is contrary to all the conservative ideas which the
Negligee Shirts,

The Lounger

The Famous Freshman

Coachmen's

At

G. Iot

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The Famous Freshman

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of freshness as the Lounger has heard tell of for a long time. When he became one of us, he decided that a fraternity pin would add luster to his toilet arrangements, and immediately set about, according to his most approved and interesting methods, to "look the matter up." After giving much thought and consideration to the subject he found that it was impossible to obtain any blanks for membership from either the Bursar or President. He decided to wait a little while; perhaps kind fate would give him the means of fulfilling his fondest hopes. He stayed in his room evenings, and waited for some one to call to administer the secret rites to him; he always tried to edge his way into the center of any group of students with the hope that he would obtain a cue to the all powerful spell. He watched and waited, and questioned all the Freshmen of his caliber about their views and projects on the subject, notably the one who had advertised for a chum.

Finally his reward came; on a bright, sunny day (at which time his true color seemed most noticeable) he received a letter. The letter simply stated that the D. F. Chapter of A. S. S. fraternity considered him a most worthy and suitable man for membership, and that, if he would like to become one of them he must wear the enclosed green ribbon in his buttonhole for a week, and meet some of the members of the fraternity on the "clover field" on a certain evening later. Did our hero falter, thinking himself perchance imposed upon? Not he. He wore the green ribbon, and even went so far as to cut the red sealing wax off the back of the letter and paste it on the end of the ribbon. With a proud air he strutted about his daily duties, and he scarcely found the time to exchange his customary pleasantries with the restaurant girl. The gates of his college paradise seemed to stand ajar, and the path thither seemed quite short as he gazed at the open sesame on his breast. First of all he wrote a letter home, telling the "folks" of his good fortune, and enclosed in his letter a long column of possible expenditures he would have to make in his new life. Fifty dollars, he calculated, would buy him a fine pin set around with diamonds, and a heavy gold chain attached. Then he might also want cuff buttons and studs to match. It was a neat little sum he finally added up, and he chuckled with delight as he saw himself arrayed in his elegant finery.

Hours seemed days to him as the eventful evening drew near, and when he started for the "clover field" his excitement had reached the highest pitch. He came, he saw, he——; he found his friends (as he had slyly termed them to himself when thinking of this evening), and right gladly did they welcome him. Was ever a Freshman so popular he thought to himself; and his friends playfully tell the story, now, that they all heard his hat band crack as he grasped them one after another by the hand, and various grips and odd signs were explained to him. As the friends had on masks, he was scarcely able to see the convulsions and fits of hysterics they were undergoing.

But the end came all ere long. He was told he must be left in silent meditation for some minutes, in order that he might collect his mystified senses, and think over the solemnity of the occasion, as well as rehearse the various signs and passwords they had taught him. Thus they left him, standing blindfolded in the center of the field, with both legs tied together, his hands lashed behind him, and a muzzle over his mouth. Yes, he waited for them. The minutes grew to hours, and still he waited. At first he swayed back and forth restlessly; then he moaned in his muffler as a feeling of numbness stole over him; he peregrinated about on two solidified extremities, until he finally fell to the ground a helpless mass of conceit and freshness. And thus he was found by a good Samaritan in the early dawn.

And the sequel is in full conformity with the events that precede it, for fellow Freshmen still approach him in the Mechanical Drawing Room, and congratulate him on his rise, he receiving them with suave urbanity, and a spirit unassailed by any suspicion that of all "unholy roasts" his is the most devilishly good one.
(Class-day Election—Continued.)

mond, for Poet, needs no word of praise. As Editor on Tech his record speaks for itself. He is a member of Delta Phi, an officer of Hammer and Tongs, and was formerly an editor on the Tale Courant. Mr. Morss will make a good Prophet. He is a Theta Xi and Hammer and Tongs man, and was an editor on the ’93 “Technique.” The Cap and Gown vote resulted: Yes, 60; No, 63. This vote is not decisive.

AN UNHAPPY EXCEPTION.
The world is full of changes; there’s nothing here abiding.
All things are evanescent, fleeting, transitory, gliding;
The earth, the sea, the sky, the stars,—where’er the fancy ranges,
The tooth of time forever mars—all life is full of changes.
Like sands upon the ocean’s shore that are forever drifting,
So all the fading scenes of earth incessantly are shifting.
Change rules the mighty universe; there is no power to block it.
There’s change in everything, alas! except a fellow’s pocket.

—Williams’ Lit.

You may curse most anybody
For grasping after worth,
But you cannot blame the seasick man
Even though he wants the earth.

—Occident.

MY CONSTITUTION,
Name, immaterial; Object, fun;
Officers, numerous; membership one;
Meetings, continuous;
Voting, unanimous;
Treasury, emptiness—thus doth it run.

—The Syracusan.

She bought some gowns, expecting that
In Europe she would roam;
But when her husband paid for them
They had to stay at home.—Ex.

AN AUTUMN MEMORY.
With hazy gleam, o’er woods and stream,
The sun is moving down the sky;
Through cloudy rifts the glory sifts,
And tints the fields with changing dye.

In curving lines the river shines
Between the hills that guard its way;
In stately ranks, along its banks,
Tall elm trees watch the ripples play.

Deep silence fills the circling hills;
In quiet hours the leaves float down;
Like fading hopes the maple slopes
Have changed their hues to sober brown.

From vale to steep the shadows creep,
The landscape softly fades away;
Beneath the heights the village lights
Call home the wanderers of the day.


THE WEDGE.
The football half back pays his bills,
And laughs with infinite glee;
For he sees how much easier now than before
It is to break a "V."

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