THE TECH.

'84.

There was a general stampede on last Wednesday afternoon, many of the members of the class leaving the city for Thanksgiving.

The class has five representatives on the football team this year.

The Civils are occasionally seen shouldering their theodolites and setting out for parts well known.

We extend our most sincere sympathy to the members of '85, who are deep in the mysteries of a Freshman ball.

The miners are rapidly making way with their salts and minerals.

A young chemist was heard to request a piece of "indignation" tubing a few days since.

Six of the commissioned officers this year are from '84.

It is the sincere request of the editors that all students contribute to the columns of this paper.

"A new broom sweeps clean." Thanks to Mr. W. B. Lindsay, the present director of the first and second year laboratories. The two sulphured hydrogen generators, which for the last sixteen years have been the bane of the mining and chemical students, have been replaced by four constant streams of gas from the fourth year laboratory.

We are about to publish a "pony" of the "German Principia," Part II. We clip from the advance sheets the following selection from the life of Demosthenes: "At other times took he little pebbles in the mouth, ran then with un-speakable diligence a hill up, and delivered while running an oration, whereby he himself accustomed every syllable plainly out to speak."

A new member of the 2 G excused himself from work the other day on the ground of not having any "apparati."

What are those strange sounds which proceed from the architects' drawing room every noon? It sounds as if they were "not well."

'85.

We are fast finding out that the geometry is solid.

The Annual Freshman Ball has become to be regarded as one of the sacred festivals of the Institute. There will therefore be "a sound of revelry by night," in Odd Fellows' Hall, Dec. 22, with '85 as host. We pride ourselves on forming the largest class that has ever entered the school. It behooves us, therefore, to do our best to make this ball an improvement on all that have preceded. Subscription lists are in the hands of the committee; walk up, '85.

The Tech needs an infusion of the young blood of '85. Any contributions—of ideas, not blood—or communications on matters of class or school interest will be gladly received by the editors.

According to an '85 man, the only difference between an apple and an army is that the core of one contains the seed, while that of the other contains the colonel.

Dr. Johnson—no relation, we believe—has said: "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." He might have added, "or confectionery store"; so, for the benefit of '85, let us recommend Dooling's from half past twelve to one.

Familiarity breeds contempt. Especially is this true of sulphured hydrogen.

The near approach to Christmas calls to mind Charles Lamb's remark that "Presents often endear Absents."

Song of the Freshman.

Drill, drill, drill,
With the double step to start;
And drill, drill, drill,
Till you reek in every part;
While hanging round the door
The Chauncy-Hall youth grin,
And call their friends to see the grind
The Tech Freshmen are in.