THERE is one feature of life at the Institute common in a greater or less degree to all scientific and industrial schools, in proportion as they purport to fit students more or less completely for their future occupation in life. It is a feeling, not conspicuous, though none the less real, which generally confines itself to afflicting those who, not having a strong predilection for any particular line of work, have allowed themselves to drift into the course where such slight preferences as they may have, or the nature of the credits obtained at the close of the first year, may take them. Students who, on the contrary, have always been especially interested in one branch, or have had cherished “hobbies” which could be conveniently developed into life professions, are not troubled by a malady which consists in a morbid fear that the chosen course is not the right one and that the student would find a more congenial pursuit by following some other. This feeling is particularly lively when its victim is wrestling with some of the characteristic difficulties of his chosen study, or has made a failure in an important branch of his course. If he then sees students in other courses whom he considers inferior to himself in general ability or industry, and of whose special aptitude he knows nothing, apparently getting smoothly along with a good share of H’s and C’s, he is often inclined to wonder if he has not made some radical error in his choice of work. He may have once hesitated a long time between two courses equally attractive, and have been finally influenced in his selection by the lack of a single relatively unimportant but theoretically necessary credit. In such a case doubts with regard to the wisdom of his choice become still more plausible.

There certainly can be nothing more disheartening than to feel one’s self thus handicapped,—struggling along for life in a line to which we are not adapted. When we consider the modern theory that every man should follow his natural instincts in the choice of an occupation, if he wishes to make a success in life, and then turn to the position of a youth of seventeen or eighteen, who has perhaps never made any careful study of his capabilities, but is called upon to make arbitrarily a decision which will often determine whether his future career is to be a success or failure,—in such cases we can but wonder that this aspect of elective scientific instruction has not attracted more thorough and careful investigation.

We regret to announce the resignation of Mr. John G. Howard, ’86, from the board of editors. Mr. Howard felt that it was impossible to continue upon the board and at the same time do justice to his school work, and so was reluctantly compelled to resign. Mr. Howard’s valuable services have been of great assistance to The Tech, and in him it suffers a great loss.

Members of the Junior Class are invited to hand in contributions as soon as possible, to compete for the vacancy on the editorial board.

The First Day in the Rockies.

Our traveller in search of the promised land whose very rocks are golden, had left Pueblo on the preceding evening by a train bound south. When he awoke in the morning he found the train running through a desert apparently bounded on all sides by high snow-covered peaks. By the time he had gathered his scattered possessions together, the train stopped at his station. On leaving the cars he found himself in a foreign land.

The city, so called, consisted of a straggling army of unpainted wooden buildings, with ugly square fronts and wide board awnings. Scattered among these at irregular intervals were the brown adobe buildings of the first settlers, their low thick walls, small windows, and flat roofs contrasting with the tall, flimsy buildings of the new-comers. Lounging around the railroad station, stretched out on the platform or leaning against the building, staring indifferently at the strangers, were groups of idlers whose