trouble by suppressing all games. This would be a misfortune to the whole Institute, as it would shut us off from the only field in which we can at present compete with anything like success.

The recent communication concerning the adoption of class colors has The TECH's most hearty support. Class colors are greatly desired at the Institute, and the lack of them is sorely felt, especially on such occasions as the recent Sophomore-Freshman foot-ball game. It is unfortunate that we are open to the charge of copying Harvard, in adopting four class colors to be passed from the graduating class to the entering one; but this charge cannot be avoided if we choose such a method. As our correspondent suggested, it would undoubtedly end to make class feeling stronger to have the colors, and, as can be plainly seen, this is a thing greatly to be desired for the improvement of Institute athletics. This matter should be well considered by the four classes, and some definite arrangement arrived at soon. If the classes are to have colors, it would be well to have them in time for the class tug-of-war contests.

The much-talked-of Sophomore-Freshman game has at last been played, and the Freshmen won in a hard-fought struggle. We extend our heartiest congratulations to '90. It is indeed a matter of congratulation for the whole Institute, as it shows us what good material there is in the Freshman class to choose men for the regular Tech team. On the Sophomore team were seven men who have played, on the "Varsity" at various times this year, whilst there were not more than four on the Freshman team. This shows what good material there is at the Tech, which only needs to be brought out in some manner. We hope that next year there will be a regular series of class games early in the term, as then there will be a large field for the choice of men, and the "Varsity" should be greatly improved thereby.

She Says Good-bye.
She says good-bye, and moves away,
Then, smiling, turns, again to say
Good-bye. The words come to my ear
As from a distance, though so near,
And meaning only half convey.
Brave girl! As though her heart were gay,
As though she did but say good-day,
With neither sigh nor falling tear,
She says good-bye!
And can she hide a heart's dismay
While I each feeling must betray,
When we are parting for a year!
And what to me seems yet more queer,
Why is it, when I fain would stay,
She says good-bye!
(And moves away!)

G. K.

Some Experiences with Haschisch.
"Passing like a wild cloud through the distance of his mind"—Dombey and Son.