After cooling and varnishing, the rubbers are then packed for the market.

The last impressions which my mind received were from the tones of a colored vocalizer, who shouted, "Cars for Boston on the second track!"

**The Cheerful Grinder.**

Oh! in genius I don't believe;
'Tis grind that makes the man:
I would not for the world deceive,
And so confess my plan,
As simply grind, grind, grind.

Let others try to make a dash
In athletics, or in letters,
'Tis but a meteoric flash,
And leaves them still in fetters
To the men who grind, grind, grind.

No star, or rout, or revel
Shall tip me off my level;
My mid-night oil I'll burn,
And dryest science learn,
With cheerful grind, grind, grind.

Then when the awful Semmies come,
I will not fear to know my doom;
A glorious row of happy C—s
Will fill my anxious heart with ease,
Yet still I'll grind, grind, grind.

The last number of *The Tuftonian* is much above the average in its general make-up. It has revived the plan of holding a convention of New England college editors, which was so favorably considered last year, in a short editorial. *The Tech* will heartily co-operate with *The Tuftonian* in bringing about such a convention, and thinks the time and place proposed very appropriate.

When the Bowdoin *Orient* gives up its unpleasant discussions with the Colby *Echo*, it will be much more readable. Four of its editorials in the last number are largely re-prints from the Colby organ, making that issue more of an echo than a college paper.

The pages of the Cornell *Era* are as interesting and instructive as ever. The editorial department is very ably conducted, abounding in short, spicy articles, readable and to the point. The literary department is, perhaps, a trifle heavy, and its college news short.

The *Journal of the Franklin Institute* is what we expect the Technology Quarterly to be,—deep, strong, scientific, and able.

The Williams *Fortnight* is certainly in every way one of the best college exchanges on our table. At present, it and the Amherst *Student*, of which we have an equally high opinion, are soiling their otherwise attractive pages in a most disgraceful wrangle, which originated in the disputed foot-ball game. We earnestly trust that both these esteemed exchanges will at once cease this squabble, so unworthy of them both, and settle down to the good journalistic work of which they are both well capable.

The Dartmouth *Literary Monthly* is second to none of its kind. It is calculated to interest everybody. The opening article, on An Universal Language, is worthy of special notice. In a short editorial it deplores the lack of college spirit at the Tech.

The last number of the *Troy Polytechnic* is a particularly good one. Its editorials are well written and to the point, and its literary articles not quite so dry and scientific as usual. A communication, replying to certain adverse criticisms made on the *Transit*, is particularly interesting, and very much to the point.

The inaccuracy we mentioned as belonging to the Dartmouth, seems to have disappeared in the last issue, and its reports of foot-ball games, giving the scores, are correct. It contains a very good editorial replying to certain adverse criticisms on foot-ball and athletics in general, which were made by the *Tuftonian* a little while ago.