siners seem to take delight in any evidence of frailty among ministers. It is a human failing—the old story of the fox and the grapes. But since the subject of college athletics has now been thoroughly worked for its humorous points, and all the talk is, besides, entirely wrong in its intimations, let the press, for the sake of truth, as well as for the sake of originality, take up something else.

Several men have recently come up to us and said that they would like very much to try and draw something for THE TECH, but they had no idea what to begin on, as they had no subject to illustrate. We would like to say to all of these and to every one else in the Institute who can draw, that initial letters, such as the initial letter of our first editorial, are always welcome. Our stock of these is low, and we would like very much to have more. The letters which are most useful are T, I, O, W, and S. In making initial letters, it is important that the letter in the picture should be very close to the right hand upper corner of the cut, so that there will not be any considerable space between the first letter and the rest of the word. We should also be pleased to receive new designs for headings of certain columns, such as the Locals, College World, Clippings, Alumni Notes, and Exchange. There is considerable chance for originality in making these headings, and we should be very much pleased to receive any designs which can take the place of some of the headings which have done their duty for a long while, and almost outlived their usefulness.

It is one of the Faculty rules, we believe, that classes shall be dismissed five minutes before the hour is up, so that the students can arrive in time for the next recitation in another room. In spite of this there are some professors who seem to studiously ignore this rule. This keeping a class over time is certainly only forgetfulness of the swiftness of time, and may be considered, perhaps, as a compliment to the class, in that the professor is so much interested in them and his subject that he forgets all else. This latter view is certainly consoling, but one is not apt to think of it in that way when he arrives late at his next recitation, or perhaps finds himself locked out. If a little more careful lookout was kept, there would be none of this trouble.

A Memory.

When the sun, with orb of crimson,
Sank into the glowing west,
Draped about with mists of evening,
Like a monarch to his rest;
And the gathering tints of twilight
Crept up over the eastern sky,
One by one the stars came twinkling
From their bivouacs far on high.

One there was that shone the brightest
Of that wondrous, starry host,—
Venus, goddess of the evening,
Venus, star I love the most!
As I watched her radiant beauty,
With its warm and peaceful gleam,
Thoughts came to me like the shadow
Of some long forgotten dream;
And once more I felt my pulses
Throbbing with a quicker beat,
As I leaned against the railing
Of that quaint old rustic seat,—
As again I heard her whisper,
(Sweetest music to my ear),
"There's plenty of room for two, Jack;
I think we can both sit here."

To-night came my chum with a letter,
And waving it wildly o'erhead,
"Congratulate me, dear old fellow;
Grace loves me!" was all that he said.
But the walls whirl round me in fury,
The ceiling now rises, now lowers;
And dimly I hear through the blackness,
"Why, Jack, she's an old flame of yours!"

Verlassen.

Walking hurriedly up Tremont Row late one Tuesday night in February, I overtook a white-haired old man. Beside him walked a young woman, dressed in a long plaid cloak, which hid her figure, but showed above it