When the day came they all handed in their papers. Little Johnny Smith, Jeremiah's brother, seemed to be very happy, so I read his first. It almost finished me, but I managed to get through it; here it is:

ROCKETS!

Rockets are not stars but they want to be. They are all light except what is noise. They go up in a hurry and *** they come down. They burst. *** There was once a frog that wanted to be an ox, and he arose and laid himself open to remark. He was a rocket. ***

Little boys like rockets and kites and red balloons, but rockets are best. *** When little Susan wants to play cat's-cradle and there is another cradle in the house, her mother makes her rock it. Fourth of July is better than Thanksgiving if you've a barrel that is hollow, because that's easier to fill than some appetites. If you see a squirrel on a fence, or a bird on a bough, or a cloud in the horizon, why, rock it!

I'd rather be a little boy that's got his match than one that hasn't. Ah-O-Seek-it-rocket. Ideas are sometimes fireworks. They go up to the clouds. Then they come down. They burst. ***

What do you think of that, isn't it a stunner? That last sentence nearly finished me, that is just what my ideas used to do. Well, I gave him an H and have not had them write any more compositions since, I could not stand the pressure.

I thought you were going to have a nine at the Tech. Why don't you brace up, if you get one up let me know and I will send down fifty cents to help support it? By the way, we have got a nine in Wayback, and we are dandys, wouldn't you like to play us? Give my love to all the boys and also to "she." If you want to play us, address yours,

J. SNIGGINS, '90,
Business Manager and Captain, W. B. B. C.

Noticeable Articles.

VACATION is so near that vacation subjects are in order. "Study or experiment," says Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, in the Contemporary for April, "to some rare natures, are the unbroken pastime of a life;" but he thinks common folks need play, and even more than play—they need excitement and adventure to give them a sense of life. "Play," he says, "in its wide sense, as the artificial induction of sensation, including all games and all arts, will, indeed, go far to keep him conscious of himself;" and a little spice of even dangerous adventure is better than "lying in a box with cotton, safe, but immeasurably dull." He thinks that if Mr. Mallock had been in the habit of being shot at by his neighbors, or if, on his way to his publisher's, he had had to run the risk of being pinned to the wall with javelins, it never would have occurred to him to write his famous paper, "Is Life Worth Living?" We hope there is no need of such extreme measures, but it is safe to say that all of us, instructors and pupils alike, after eight months of solid grind, would be glad of a little of what Mr. Stevenson denominates "the aleatory." Mr. Stevenson cannot write ill on any subject, but we do not think his speculations on politics are half so good as his stories; and we recommend all our readers to equip themselves for vacation by investing two dimes in the number of the Franklin Square Library which contains three of his best, "Kidnapped," "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which was a very weird and strange case indeed, and moreover is a true parable, and, above all, "Treasure Island."

Even nonsense is in order in vacation—and vacation is coming! So we recommend the article in The Spectator for April 9th on "Word-Twisting and Nonsense." We are very partial to nonsense, provided it is good, unadulterated nonsense. We admire—as who does not?—"Alice in Wonderland," and are very proud of having once lived in England next door to its author's five sisters; though we never could reconcile it with the fitness of things that its author should, of all things in the world, be a mathematician. And Edward Lear's "Book of Nonsense" holds an honored place on our shelves. It is quite as good in its way as his beautiful Italian sketches, and he was a true artist. His nonsense-botany is capital vacation botany. It reminds us of the young lady who said she never could learn botany on account of the hard names. The only two she could remember were aurora-borealis and delirium tremens. We never saw the "History of the Four Little Children Who Went Round the World," and we are sure the readers of The Tech will be glad to see the extract the Spectator man makes from their adventures among the Happy Blue-Bottle-Flies: "At this time an elderly fly said it was the hour for the evening-song to be sung; and on a signal being given, all the Blue-Bottle-Flies began to buzz at once, in a sumptuous and sonorous manner, the melodious and mucilaginous sounds echoing all