views. Its founders launched it with the intention that within its covers should be gathered the best efforts of a purely literary character that student ability could furnish. It was expected that each class would contribute, and that its pages would act as a sort of mental stimulus in another direction, after the hard, dry study of the entirely scientific.

Looked at correctly, The Tech is the means to no uncertain end, and is as much a branch of study as any other in the curriculum. Here it is possible to form style, expression, strength, and all the qualities that go to make up good writing. The student may say, "I am not here to get a newspaper or magazine degree, or to qualify for either of these professions." True; but if in his after life he should desire to communicate his ideas, either verbally or in writing, he will find that the small amount of time employed in training his wandering ideas into form and order, was not lost.

It is also the means of communication between the student and his classmates, carrying news and good cheer even after college life is done, and stern reality begun.

Harvard has four literary papers,—one a daily; Yale, three; Dartmouth, two; Princeton, three,—and in the larger ones, the matter is progressively better.

There should be an esprit de corps among us that would not necessitate so many statements of this nature.

LAST year a good deal was said on the subject of class colors, and it was proposed that each class should choose its colors, and that these colors should be perpetuated at the Institute, by the graduating class handing over its colors to the incoming class. Although each class last year chose its colors, nothing was done by all to insure the carrying out of this plan. We think that this plan of class colors is an excellent one, and would propose that the freshmen choose colors for themselves as soon as possible, and that then a mass meeting should be called to finally settle this question. Or perhaps it would be better for the officers of each class to meet and discuss the matter, and then present it separately to each of the classes. By either of these methods the matter would be definitely settled in a short time, and we think it well worth while that something should be done about it.

In regard to the cheering at the foot-ball games, there remains much to be desired. There are no recognized leaders, but whoever takes it into his head at the moment to start a cheer, does so. This is something which we should remedy immediately; and either some of the more prominent Institute men should lead the cheering of their own accord, or the classes should each appoint some one. Let each one of these men appear with a flag or some distinctive badge of Institute colors on his cane, and we are sure that our cheering did to that of Dartmouth last week.

In speaking of the cheering, we wish to say to all the Techs., that it is the best policy for them to refrain from cheering just as our center-rush is about to snap the ball back to the quarter. The men are unable to distinguish the quarter-back's signals, as they are lost in the cheering, and so do not know what to do. If you are so anxious to cheer, wait till a time when you will interfere with no signals, or until the opposing center-rush is about to snap the ball back.

Coy Maiden.

He kissed me, and I know 'twas wrong,
For he was neither kith nor kin:
Need one do penance very long
For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand; that wasn't right.
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It wasn't for a minute, quite,
But in it there were days and days.

There's mischief in the moon, I know;
I'm positive I saw her wink
When I requested him to go,—
I meant it, too, I almost think.

But, after all, I'm not to blame;
He took the kiss,—I do think men
Are quite without a sense of shame,—
I wonder when he'll come again?

Karl Ernst.