mission, but if it would bring about less tardiness, there would in the end be a gain in the actual time spent in work. If need be, the doors could be locked, for all tardiness would surely be the result of carelessness. The gongs in the halls could sound on the hour, when the classes would be promptly dismissed, and, again, a quarter of an hour later, when the doors would be closed and the work begun immediately. Instead of having the intermission thus, it might begin a quarter before the hour, and then all the lectures, etc., would start on the hour. This is a question worth thinking over, and the Faculty might do worse than give the matter their consideration.

Has it ever occurred to the large body of young men attending the Institute, that in one particular they stand singularly alone, as compared with the great seminaries of learning? Second to none in curriculum, faculty, and all that should be embraced in a college of standing, yet as far as esprit de corps among the students themselves is concerned, they rank far below the pettiest Western academy. In Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and schools of this type, there runs an electric feeling that pervades each classman, from the most grave and reverend Senior down to the freshest Fresh. Alma Mater is a realism to them, and the rallying point for one and all, and not simply a name signifying nothing. Each member is a sort of missionary for the spread of the song and story that chronicles the glory of their literary mother, thus endeavoring to win proselytes, and advance the fame of the one which has carefully guarded their tottering steps from weakness to strength.

This has struck us forcibly in looking over a copy of late college songs, in which all of the institutions we have mentioned have a place, and have so expressed themselves in air and words that time has but enhanced their value. The veriest schoolboy can pick out Harvard’s song from that of Yale, and to the college man it is a sort of Marseillaise, that musters within his bosom all the warmth of feeling that made it in France, for so many years, a criminal offense to sing that song.

Who has not heard of “Coch a chelunk,” “It’s the way we do at old Harvard,” “Bingo,” “Eli Yale,” and a host of others that space forbids us mentioning, but which will readily suggest themselves to the reader?

The Institute stands alone and voiceless in this matter; not from want of material, or talent, but simply this lack of esprit de corps of which we have already spoken. We would suggest that the musical members of the M. I. T. have a meeting for the discussion of this matter, and form a sort of ways and means committee, whose duty it shall be to offer a prize for the best college song. This once obtained, a second prize can be offered for a popular air to which it can be set,—something that the veriest novice in matters musical can take part in. Such an action, we think, will receive the cordial support of every student, financially as well as otherwise, and will redound to the credit of every classman from ’88 to ’91.

The unusually large size of this Tech is intended to make up for the rather small number we issued during the examinations, and not as a precedent for those to come. It would be much more to our taste if the size of The Tech could be maintained about the same throughout the entire year. But as editors are mortals like the rest of the students, and as a good mark in an examination is just as important to them as to any one else, they could not afford to publish the usual number of pages at the expense of too low marks in their examinations. During the rest of the term we shall expect to publish the ordinary sixteen pages. In order to do this, without the utmost work on our part, some outside assistance will be necessary. Let, then, our subscribers turn to, and in place of grumbling at our shortcomings, do a little writing themselves. The Tech is their mouth-piece, but if they remain silent, it can but poorly voice their sentiments.