few generous fellows, and of the one or two who came forward and paid for their uniforms, the committee was enabled to meet its obligations; but this does not lessen the meanness of the men of whom we have spoken.

We note with pleasure the arrival at the Institute of the monthly publication entitled, "Congress: a Monthly Journal Devoted to the Arts of Civilization."

It is published by Messrs. Rowan W. Stevens and Harold O. Binney. Congress contains an article upon the Pension Office, several poems, and readable articles of prose, and an interesting editorial upon the United States Navy, and some Historical correspondence.

Mr. Binney's well-known form, though no more seen in the "Halls of Science," is still well remembered by his many friends here, who wish him every success in his new undertaking.

GOOD deal of dissatisfaction has been felt and expressed in reference to the work done by the Varsity football team of late. And we therefore feel called upon to make a few criticisms with a view to explaining our defeats as well as to improvement in the future. In team work there is an inexcusable slowness—both in lining up and in putting the ball in play. The rushline is very light, and to win we have to depend entirely upon our agility. It is therefore foolhardy to attempt to break through a line heavier than our own. There should be more passing—long passing—and running around the ends; almost every attempt of this kind made this year has been successful. A mistake in giving or receiving a signal is very excusable, but mistakes of this sort have occurred frequently of late.

Then when one man is tackled his only idea seems to be to hang on to the ball; he never attempts to pass it to another.

And we wish to add that in practicing, the men of the rushline can employ their time to better advantage in almost any other line of football practice than in kicking goals. Let the team bear these remarks in mind in the games to come, and we feel sure that whether victorious or otherwise, satisfaction will prevail among the members of the college they represent.

Requiescat.

In September, when we parted,
Such loving glances darted
From her eyes so large, and brown, and tender, and so true,
And she swore (the fickle miss),
And then sealed it with a kiss,
To really, truly, write to me in a day or two.

As November's latest week
Will soon get up and sneak,
And the howling blasts of winter o'er the country reign,
My hopes are well nigh dead,
And my heart is turned to lead,
"For the letter that he longed for never came."

Miss Way.

I.

GIRL seriously occupied with arranging ferns, now and then holding off a bunch at arm's length and regarding it with a critical, sidewise glance. Her companion, reclining against a gnarled pine stump, his hands behind his head, watching her mostly in silence. She was perched upon a huge moss-covered tree-trunk, full four feet through, that had fallen right across the way, and had heaped her ferns beside her. For a background, as he looked up at her, there were the upper branches of the pines along the logging road; the road, cut years ago to an ambitious width, had grown up with young shoots of birch and maple, and thicker tangles of bush and brake, and all the narrow footway was overgrown with moist brilliant mosses, running vines of snowberry, and strange, bright-tinted fungi. In this depth of the old pine forest the August morning was