HAT there is somewhat of a prejudice against doubles since the advent of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde we are well aware, and it is with diffidence that we enter even the borders of this tragic land. We therefore do not present the present number of The Tech to its readers under the cognomen of a double, but the more pleasing one of twin. Yes, here you have the lovely infants of December and January, Xmas and the glad New Year, both happily entwined between the lids of the same cover.

We cannot promise to be so prolific very often, as it is quite a strain, but such as we have give we unto thee. And so, with Tiny Tim, we say, "God bless us every one," and make our holiday bow.

The triumph of the grind is close at hand. The man who has not seen a football game, or been to the theatres, or had his hour of exercise in the gym two or three times a week, but has jack-knifed himself over his desk every night till the clock began to strike the small numbers, will now reap his hard-earned reward. He knows what he ought to get, and confidently expects it.

On the other hand, the poor wight who has dared to make a small attempt at enjoying some of this world's pleasures; who has, by his voice and presence on the football field, helped to cheer his team to victory; who has taken in some of the good things at the theatre, and who has used the pulley-weights once in a while, is now quaking with fear, and his heart sinks within him as the Semies draw