Eighty-Nine wishes to thank the three lower classes for the very pressing offer to tender her a Senior Ball, but feels that she must decline the honor.

A careful census has been taken of the class; and while but one man thought "he'd like to be in on the racket," the rest, without exception, "positively hadn't time to go."

The Seniors are a hard-working crowd. But to come down to cold facts: last year '89, seeing the way in which each year the committee came out behind, and taking into account the fact that the Seniors were principally noticeable, at the Ball, for their absence,—thought it advisable to send a committee to confer with the Class of '88, and get her opinion on the advisability of giving up the custom. Much to the surprise of the three lower classes, '88 got up on a high horse and felt quite insulted at the idea. She refused to be comforted, and the result was that the Ball was again given, and with the usual financial loss.

Soon after that '89 expressed her opinion in such a marked manner that she thought the matter would be dropped. She was therefore very much surprised to hear that the scheme was again to be started; and though '89 feels deeply the interest that naturally the other classes should have in her, and fully appreciates the honor which she is offered, she thinks if her wishes are to be carried out, the custom will be given up.

It has been proposed by some men that the Institute follow Amherst in giving a minstrel performance in aid of the Football Association. Imitation is the sincerest flattery, and Amherst should be given credit for a good idea. Could not some of the prominent musical men take this matter in hand and get up a first-class show? It seems as though all must be more or less interested in the game that has been so successfully played here for the past three years, and doubtless if such a performance were to be given, it would find the ready support of the students.

Now that the semies are over, it is time to resurrect some of the outside interests of our student life which died with the approach of our first examination. Look into "Technique," which became smothered with textbooks during the late unpleasantness, and see if you are not in a club or a society that needs a waking up. With the exception of the Sophomores none of us have been to a Class Society dinner for months, while after the annual election of officers most of our other organizations have lapsed into a state of undisturbed rest.

We all wish to do our week's work every week, and our day's work every day. We all returned from the vacation resolved to pitch in and "make 'em up" in May, but we all wish and need some outside pleasures. Pull your Class Society together and have a dinner! Go to the Cotillion Hall dances, and if you have no fair partner, you can easily secure three or four dances from the friends of the obliging managers. Arrange some sort of an affair where you can talk to your classmates without asking them what results they obtained to their examples, and where you will not have to speak across a desk or an engine. Have a laugh once in a while, and your work will be easier.

The prospects of having suitable football grounds next season are not very encouraging. The building of the State armory will, of course, prevent the laying out of a full-sized field on the Union Grounds, although there will probably be enough room after the grand stand is taken down for practice games. For championship games the Boston Baseball Grounds are the only ones available, and it remains to be seen whether they can be hired for anything like a reasonable sum. There are only two championship games to be played in Boston, and we can probably arrange for them, as the attendance is usually very large. The Football management should bestir itself, and make some definite arrangements before the end of the present term.