UR brothers of Eighty-nine seem to have decided to leave the Institute with all possible properness. They have given up the Senior Ball, whose subscription friends have worried under-classmen for years past; they have elected a large, and we hope thoroughly efficient, Class-day Committee, and from all indications seem bent on “doing their duty, as usual.” With over two months to make their preparations, this committee should surely give us something out of the ordinary run of such affairs at the Institute. To be sure, ’87 and ’88 both improved on Class days of the past, and really had very enjoyable affairs. What we hope to see ’89 accomplish, however, is something that will not only live to following classes in “Technique,” but will live as a marvel and a pattern to all succeeding graduations. It is very nice to be a Senior, and look extremely wise and important; but it would be very unfortunate, as it will be very improbable, to have the Freshman Class impressed on one’s Class day with the conviction that they could do it better themselves. Eighty-nine surely will not allow anything of this kind to take place; and ’89 will probably give us something really worth staying in town a week after the examinations to attend.

It must be understood by the powers that be, that the editing of a college paper means a considerable expenditure of time and energy. Now why is it, that since the Editorial Board spends this time, and does the necessary work to publish the journal, that their efforts are not recognized by the Faculty? There can possibly be no production of any educational institution that gives it more prominence than the periodical published by the students.

Our office cat boarded the train last night for New York, and taking his seat in the sleeper, sank into a reverie upon the eternal unfitness of things. At that instant he heard a chuckle, and looking over the shoulder of the man sitting in front of him,—what did he see? Why, nothing more or less than a copy of THE TECH. Then our feline associate once more dropped into his reverie, and revolved in his mind what an excellent training for a journalistic life the work on his paper was. Many men have a certain sneaking liking for journalism in their make up, and would, if it were not that the Faculty sit down on any man connected with outside work with such peculiar emphasis, enter into it.