to join with representatives from '89 in making a presentation of this kind in the name of the four classes now attending the Tech. The amount mentioned in the above may or may not be enough to cover the expense of such a painting and frame as would be suitable; but that is for the committee to decide. It is too much for a member of the Senior Class to undertake this duty, as his final work here is of confining nature. So let some one in the Class of '90 or '91 put his shoulder to the wheel and carry this idea on to consummation.

ALTHOUGH much has been said of the energetic work done by the Athletic Club, an increase in membership would be much more gratifying to the officials than mere words of praise. The Athletic Club is one of the oldest organizations in the Institute, having been founded in 1879, and after a hard struggle of two or three years, gradually commenced its steady growth in members and popularity. The popularity still grows, but the membership does not. Why is it that here, in an institution of a thousand students, one of its most successful clubs has only a membership of forty? The membership fee is but a dollar and a half. Each member is entitled to free entrance to all the meetings, and has a vote in the annual elections. Many of the students may be ignorant of these facts, or the classes may not have been properly canvassed for members. Whatever the cause of the small membership, it certainly should be speedily removed, for the Athletic Club, of all things, should be a representative institution.

PEACE AND LOVE.

At Love scoffed I, who'd never felt his dart,
And said: "I'll live a life from fancy free:
No maid shall take possession of my heart;
Mine Peace shall be.

But when I'd seen her only half an hour,
So deep in love I fell, to Peace I said:
"Go, if ye will; I yield to this new power;
Come, Love, instead!"

—Brunonian.

Comorre; or, A French Bluebeard.

QUITE a long while before the Revolution, it is said that Vannes was larger and more beautiful than now, and that in place of Monsieur the Prefet there was a king who was master of everything. Those who have recounted to me the things which I now repeat to you have never told me his name, but it seems that he was a man who feared God, and of whom no one in the country had ever spoken ill. He had been a widower for a long while, and lived happily with his daughter, who passed for the most beautiful creature in the whole world. She was called Triphyna. Those who knew her have asserted that she reached her majority without ever having committed a mortal sin! Thus the king her father would have preferred to lose his horses, chateaux, and all his farms rather than see Triphyna discontented with her life.

However, it happened one day that some ambassadors from Cornovaille were announced. They came from Comorre, a powerful prince of that time, who reigned over the country of the Black Wheat, as Triphyna's father reigned over the country of the White Wheat. After having offered to this last some honey, some thread, and three little pigs, they disclosed to him that their master had gone to the last fair at Vannes disguised as a soldier; that he had seen the young princess, and had fallen so violently in love with her that he was determined to marry her however much it might cost him. This demand made the king and Triphyna very sorrowful, for the Count of Comorre was a giant, who passed for the wickedest man God had created since Cain. Very young he had accustomed himself to find his pleasure in evil, and such was his malice that when he went out of the chateau his mother herself ran to pull the belfry cord, to warn people of their danger. Later, when he had become sole master, his cruelty had only increased. It was recounted that going out one morning he met a little child leading a colt