The Tech.

VOL. IX. BOSTON, OCTOBER 10, 1889. NO. 1.

The Tech.
Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

BOARD OF EDITORS
JOHN LANGDON BATCHELDER, JR., '90.
HENRY MATSON WAITE, '90.
HERBERT EMERSON HATHAWAY, '91.
ELISHA BROWN BIRD, '92.
ALLEN FRENCH, '92.

ALLEN FRENCH, Secretary.

Subscription, $2.00 per year, in advance. Single copies, 15 cts. each.

Frank Wood, Printer, 352 Washington Street, Boston.

In the midst of hand-shakings and the general commotion attendant upon the opening of an Institute year, Vol. IX. of The Tech sends out its initial number to the student world. For what The Tech has been in the past, praise or pardon us as you deem proper; and for what of merit we hope to attain in the future, deal kindly with us to-day.

Because of various reasons our editorial staff is at present small, so let this fact cover up our present faults in the hope of better things to come.

We, the students, for whom Technology lives, and to whom she owes much of her success to-day, as we rejoice at the general fitness of things are apt to forget those particular obligations due our college organ. In order that this paper be representative it must have a large Board of Editors, and be contributed to by the students in general. Therefore, men of the Institute, favor us with your pens as you do with your purses, and help us to attain that excellence in the future which has been our ideal in the past.

To those of you to whom we are indebted for contributions heretofore, we return many thanks; and to you who have denied us such favors we look for better things in the time to come. And to you, O Freshmen, whose embryonic muse has not been stirred to deeds of horror by our wild appeals, bear with us as have your predecessors, and contribute to our columns. The lot of an Editor of The Tech is far from unpleasant, and has been judged in days gone by as enviable and lucrative, and to-day this honor is awaiting him among you who shows enough of literary ability to win it. Because this subject seems of pressing importance we have placed it thus conspicuously. Should you not find it of sufficient interest, we trust that elsewhere in our columns there may be things more readable.

President Harrison and the members of his Cabinet have returned to Washington, the retail dry goods clerk feels poor after his two weeks' vacation, the society people of the Back Bay have left their cottages at Lenox for their city dwellings on the “Avenue,” the policeman on our beat has exchanged his gray helmet for a black one, and the electric lights begin to twinkle earlier than they did two months ago.

All the above occurrences, together with a crowd of sun-burned students gathered in the corridor of old Rogers, tell us that summer has waned, that autumn and the football season are here, and that winter is not far distant. The majority of us, either just from home or our summer's work, are full of good resolutions as to the studying to be done this