of Williams; and Treasurer, J. A. Dekoit, of Stevens. The championship was given to Dartmouth. The chair decided that the protest of Amherst against the referee’s decision of the Tech.—Amherst game was unconstitutional. Amherst moved that that clause of the constitution be suspended, which motion was passed, three to two; Amherst, Williams, and Stevens voting in favor, Tech. and Dartmouth against. This majority subsequently gave Amherst the game.

The Boston Athletic Association gave a cross-country run on Saturday, December 21st, open to the Institute. The course was from Faneuil Hall, Brighton, to the Club House on Exeter Street. From the Institute, A. R. Robertson, ’91, and E. Shaw, ’92, entered, and Webster, ’93, Peters, Allan, and Haywood, from the Athletic Association. By a misunderstanding as to the time of starting, Robertson and Shaw were not at the start, and the race was run without them. The order and time was as follows: Peters, 32 min. 16 sec.; Allan, 32 min. 44 sec.; Haywood, 33 min., and Webster, 35 min. 45 sec.

On February 15th the Boston Athletic Association give a large amateur meeting, open to all amateur athletic associations. It is to be held in Mechanics’ building. They have made a special event in tug-of-war, and it is to be hoped that we can get up a creditable team, and make a good showing. Besides tug-of-war, there will be 50-yards run, 1-mile run, 440-yards run, 880-yards run, 220-yards run, over 2 feet 6 inches hurdles, 1-mile walk, pole vault, running high jump, putting 16 lbs. shot, 220-yards run, throwing 56 lb. weight, tug-of-war 650 lbs.; four men, two substitutes allowed. The track will be about thirteen laps. Rules governing the meeting will be those of the Amateur Athletic Union. It is to be hoped that all our athletes will closely examine these events and enter. For any further particulars address Secretary of the Athletic Club, care of Letter Rack.

Christmas has departed, with the other joys of life, at the advent of the Semies. We have all had our surprises and disappointments in the way of presents, and are back again in harness until the end of the term. The universal gift bestowed on the Technology world by hearty old Santa Claus, is that latest combination of the ills that flesh is heir to, equally well known as the influenza, or the grippe. There is as yet no limit to the list of victims. Sporter has it, and for the first time in his life complains of a feeling in his head upon which soda-water has not the slightest effect. He sits disconsolate before his fire, attempting to answer a half-dozen billet-doux, and growling at fate because he cannot attend the silky affairs to which they invite him. Grinder, who is his roommate this year, tells him that it is a good opportunity to plug for the exams.; but then, Grinder has it also, and knows very well he is talking sarcasm. Grinder, fortunately, cannot see himself as he makes the remark, and he is too absorbed in his woes to care whether he can or not. His customary deep, intellectual look is caricatured by a swelled nose; and the locks of his full, flowing hair, through which his finger-tips have chased many an elusive thought, wave in mingled confusion over his feverish brow. He is a pitiable object as he tries in vain to deduce a formula of consolation.

Among other notables on the list of victims is the worthy chief of The Tech, whose beauty is impaired by the folds of a muffler that he trusts in to protect him from the outer world as he shakes the leaves of the exchanges with a sympathetic chill, at the same time furtively exploring the desks of his colleagues for more quinine.

The business manager, also, received a good big dose in his Christmas stocking; and in spite of the password and a peace offering, the Lounger has not been able to get at the finances. The sporting