The benefit of this change is apparent. We leave behind the cut-and-dried part of literature. The advantage is evident of dropping from consideration those third-rate authors whose business is but to imitate and copy. Greater time is given to the consideration of the more famous; and in this connection is discussed their influence upon contemporaneous history, and its effect upon them,—a light upon their writings too often neglected. And, also, the good derived from the acquaintance with the writings of these authors should not be underrated. Not mere extracts are used, but the larger works,—but be it enough to say that the English Literature Class this year has taken hold of its work with more interest and vigor than has any previous class.

We need not further enter into the details of this system, or uphold its merits; after almost a whole year's trial it declares itself successful. But that the change comes from our present instructor in second-year English Literature, we wish to impress upon our readers, in giving honor where honor is due. We thank him for this improvement, and in doing it thus publicly we hope to secure to him the credit which is his of right, but which future changes in the administration of the board of English instruction might divert into improper channels.

If a person of an antiquarian turn of mind should look over the files of The Tech for the past year or so, he would find sundry prizes offered for a song which could be adopted as distinctively belonging to the Institute. These offers were various and frequent; they were repeated many times, until they became so classical as to be tabooed, still no result followed, and so the subject was dropped.

This was long ago, but as yet no song has appeared to startle the crowd that centres around that part of the Hub known as Boylston Street. So far no one has been unfaithful to the goddess of science long enough to permit of the successful wooing of the muse. But there is no reason for the continuation of this state of affairs. Spring is at hand,—some are incorrigible grinds, some are occupied with baseball and running, yet the great majority have some leisure; and is there no one of these with wit enough to write verses? It seems not; it is unfortunate; but it only adds one more fact to the mass of evidence that goes to prove the onesidedness of Institute life.

Years ago the agitation for a lunch room was begun; now we have one in successful operation. This leads us to hope that future generations of Tech. men will some day have a song worthy of themselves and the Institute. Perhaps this expectation is too sanguine, yet at times it even seems possible that this generation may live to see it fulfilled. Our hopes may be realized to-morrow if some energetic man can be found who will for a few moments stop chasing phantom honors and elusive baseballs, and devote his energies to the pursuit of the muse.

On Saturday mornings in the midst of the confusion that prevails in our combination armory and gymnasium, where the clang of arms is heard, mingled with the roll of the drum and the bugle's blast, and the Freshmen disport themselves in accordance with the Articles of War, we are glad to notice the presence of a fairer element. The graceful uniform of our battalion has become the cynosure of the South End, and the gallant bearing of its wearers has won them admiration of a tender sort. Graced by the smiles of lovely woman, the manual of arms becomes a drudgery divine, and dress parade a pleasure and a pastime. Salute the day that has dawned when fair women and brave men, and all things martial and poetic shall make our barracks their headquarters, with general admiration as the officer of the day.