I know I rather enjoyed being a fag, for I was able to peep into my master's books and trophies while sweeping out his study, and the only times I ever got near a fire during my first year were those when I was making toast for his benefit.

I am afraid to say that most boys do not learn much during their first three years at a public school. Three quarters of the time is taken up studying dates and Greek, most of which is forgotten in after life. The last two years, however, a boy usually gets a spurt on. A good proportion pass the Oxford and Cambridge schools examinations; some, again, compete for the cadetships offered in the army and marines, or appointments in the civil service, while others take special courses in chemistry or natural science. Many schools have now established a "modern side," in which French and German largely take the place of Latin and Greek. But it is not entirely for book-learning that a boy goes to a public school. He goes to learn how to behave himself like a man; to have courage, pluck, and endurance put into him by the games; to have a genial and kindly disposition sown in him by constant contact with other boys; and, above all, to have honorable principles and a fear of God implanted in his heart by the teachings of the head master and his tutor.

R. W.

Serenity.

All day, within the sunlight's golden glow,  
The pines beyond my window murmur low,  
Their soft arms gently tossing to and fro.

Anon the north wind rudely beats and bends  
The outstretched limbs and sturdy trunks, but sends  
No quiver to the hearts of these, my friends.

They but endure this treatment from the air,  
And when the sun goes down, all quiet, fair,  
They shine and glow, flame-litten altars there.

And through the moonless night that sometimes lies  
'Twixt day and day, they point to starry skies,  
Through dusky gloom, and croon their melodies.

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**Communications.**

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

To the Editor of The Tech:

I think all the students are only too well aware how slow and generally unsatisfactory is the present system of distributing mail and faculty notices by means of the letter-rack. It has also struck me as a noticeable fact, that so few letters are displayed here for delivery, in comparison with the total number which the nine hundred and fifty men now studying here must receive. It is safe to say that if an improved, more efficient, and quicker method of distribution be devised and put in successful operation, much more mail would be directed here, and students would be pleased and accommodated. To suggest such a scheme is the object of this letter.

I have at hand a plan for a post office submitted by John McLane, who is a thoroughly reliable man, and whose plan is as follows: The present cage is ten feet five inches by eight feet; by extending the front wall five feet nearer the main entrance, three hundred and forty lock-boxes can be placed on the side and one hundred call-boxes on the end, leaving an opening slightly larger than the present one. The joinery work will be handsomely done in either solid oak or quartered oak, with a polished oil finish. The lock-boxes have solid bronze doors with plate-glass windows in them. The especial feature of this style of box is, that they have wire bottoms to prevent the collection of dust in the box, and dust-pockets below. A full description with cuts will be given in the next issue, which we hope will be brought to the notice of every student, as we wish to get the sentiment of the Institute regarding this matter. Previous classes have left lasting mementoes of themselves to their Alma Mater. Will the Senior class interest themselves in this matter, carry it successfully through, and record their class on the page of history as the lasting benefactor to the faculty and students of the future?

L. C. Wason, ’91.

* "Man thinks he's great, the way he talks,"  
  A fly was heard to mutter.  
  "He only stands two feet, in socks,  
  But I'm a real six-footer."  
  —Brunonian.