WHAT can be more pleasing or more interesting than the anticipation of an exciting contest? The anticipation of and the final contest itself are the more pleasing the more closely we may be related to the respective combatants. At the Institute we are, of course, unable to cope with the students of other colleges as extensively as we might desire on the athletic fields. The only time of year when we pretend to meet the representatives of other colleges is during the football season. This comes in that period when we are best able to devote a part of our time to outside work, and to take an interest in the success of our teams.

In contrast to this period, we find the second term almost devoid of any intercollegiate interest. An Institute baseball nine has already been tried, and found impracticable. We do not wish to advocate another trial towards the possession of a "Varsity" nine; but why is it not possible for the athletic authorities to arrange for an annual game between our Freshmen and the Harvard Freshmen? and perhaps, also, between the respective Sophomore teams? Surely, here is a possibility for widening our field and extending our external interest, and with no increased exertions on our part. The extra time needed for those involved would be nominally nothing, and there seems every reason for establishing such a custom. For the last three years, at least, the Freshman teams have played together, and our team has not proved itself unworthy. The score this year was a tie; so we may expect no objection to the suggestion from the standpoint of inequality.

We are sure that the anticipation of such a game, or such games, would give a greater stimulus to baseball in our Sophomore and Freshman Classes. It would, also, tend to open up that bridge which has never yet been free to the passage of a healthy intimacy between our institution of rapid growth and the ancient one beyond the Charles.

A MAN may spend four years here at the Institute, be popular in his class, stand well in his studies, and graduate with honor, and yet have missed one of his best opportunities—the chance of a personal friendship with his professors.

The necessity of exercising strict control over the irresponsible men in the lower classes, gives the average fellow an idea that his instructors are a set of conspirators, having no other object in life than to make him work and it takes the whole of his Junior and half of his Senior year to find out that the most of them are gentlemen in the best sense of the word, and that they, personally, will form one of the best recollections that each alumnus carries away with his sheepskin.

It is one of the things in which we are not a college, that our Faculty does not consider itself obliged in any way to train our minds by personal association; and yet, underclassmen, we assure you that if you look for friends among your teachers here you will not be disappointed, either in what you discover, or in the future return for the trouble you now expend.

A Senior's Lament.

This year, I know, will be my last.—
Oblivion approaches fast;
The Institute will soon be past
For '91.

But though in all a change I see,
Though all else cease to care for me,
The Rogers Building still will be
491.

That is, until the Board of Aldermen remember
Boynton Street again.

The late P. T. Barnum has left $40,000 to Tufts College, to found a Barnum Museum of Natural History.

Out of forty-six graduates of Carlisle Indian School, living at Pine Ridge Agency, only six joined the hostiles in the recent outbreak.