If the Executive Committee succeeds in getting the tournament started, we are inclined to predict Winslow, Howland, and Horton as possible winners.

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**His Senior Reverie.**

In his study the fire burned slowly away;  
As he gazed far back in the bed of coals  
His thoughts flew far from the cares of to-day,  
And he mused on the future of tempest-tossed souls.

He saw gleam before him a brilliant career,  
Wealth, fame, and great honor, with all the good cheer  
Of life’s thousand pleasures of comfort and ease,  
And all of the follies to mortals so dear.

As he sat and considered just how he should feel,  
A far different picture loomed up in the grate,—  
He saw stand before him an old crippled man,  
A poor, shattered wreck ’neath the hard hand of Fate.

"Is this what we come to? Does it always end thus?"  
He said, as he drew in a long breath, and sighed,—  
Then, suddenly jumping as if he’d been shot,  
He hoarsely whispered, "To-morrow’s Applied!"

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**"Down on the Farm."**

On an old, black, horse-hair sofa  
That in the corner stood,  
They sat in the flickering fire-light—  
So-fa, so good.

No peering eyes, too curious;  
No eager ears to bother;  
Two shadows blend in the dimness—  
So-fa, then—Father!!!

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**To a Summer Girl.**

You are the flower of them all;  
A rose that hangs aloft the wall.  
Are you not giddy up so high?  
You are a rose, a daisy I.

One who’s so fly must sure have wings;  
You are a bird that flies and sings.  
Its little song through all the day,—  
You are a lark, and I’m a jay.

I follow you, love, to and fro;  
I’m hanging on where’er you go;  
Where’er you press your little boot,—  
So you’re a tree, and I’m a fruit.

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First snow Friday, October 23d.  
Tech. vs. Amherst next Saturday.  
The lectures in Course IX. Climatology have begun.

Edward Cunningham, ’91, is engaged to Miss Perkins.

The second-year Civils began regular field work last week.

Tech. beat Tufts by a score of 12-6, Saturday, October 24th.

Warner J. Steel, ’91, of Philadelphia, was in Boston recently.

The Architectural sketch class has resumed operations in Room 23.

Ninety-three’s running team, will shortly sit for a group picture for "Technique."

Four prizes in six events entered is our record for Wednesday’s open handicap meeting.

Lord, ’93, ran a very plucky race in the team contest, as he had a “mighty rocky” foot.

Professor Niles, who has been quite ill, is “with us again,” looking pale, but as genial as ever.

Payne, ’93, got another of those third prizes at the B. A. A. games on Irvington Oval, October 17th.


Professor Chandler speaks of getting up an exhibition of vacation work in the Architectural Department shortly.

Buchholz must have “had ’em” Tuesday, when he marked off the track on the South End Grounds backwards.