Avoid drinking an excess of water, and eat what is healthy and good. Do not adopt some foolish, blundering system of your own for training, but get the advice of some one who understands thoroughly what should be done.

Adopt his advice and carry it out in a systematic way, giving up a portion of each day or every other day to it. A great deal is gained by gymnasium work, as it strengthens the muscles all around, and it all counts in the last few yards sprint you will have to make to win your race.

When the tracks are in such a condition that they may be used, get out doors for your work. Don't sprint yourself lame the first week, but take it easy. Even if you are training for nothing but dashes, begin your work slow and keep this up for a week or so, and even then but little sprinting should be done each day. A fifth of a second makes a big difference in a 100-yard dash, and you can easily throw yourself back this much by careless training, such as too much sprinting at first, etc.

There will be at least one outdoor meeting each week held in Boston, and these will afford every chance for good racing, to say nothing of encouragement for those thinking of going into training.

In the departure of Mr. Noblit from the Institute we suffer a loss that is keenly felt by all. Always at the head of every movement to advance the interests of his Alma Mater, Mr. Noblit was a true representative of all that is progressive in college life. His inability to finish his course illustrates once again that irony of fate which, in far too many cases, declares that the man who would succeed here from a scholarship standpoint must be content to crowd aside any natural impulse that bids him associate with his fellows in that communion which has made college life what it is familiarly recognized to be.

His universal popularity renders it needless to enumerate Mr. Noblit's many achievements in his large field of action; it only remains for us to add to the many others our heartiest wishes for Mr. Noblit's future success, and to record a deep-seated regret that he was unable to finish his course with his class.

Tennyson up to Date.

Half a year, half a year,  
Half a year onward,  
All on the homeward run  
Rush the ten hundred.  

"Semies," for days the cry,  
Now bid a glad good-bye;  
Into the wildest of fun  
Rush the ten hundred.  

All bent on fun supreme,  
Care not what two "F's" mean,  
Not though some can't but feel  
They may have blundered.  

Their's not to question why,  
Their's but to make reply,  
Their's but to do or die.  
Into the struggle for life  
Plunged the ten hundred.

Faculty to right of them,  
Faculty to left of them,  
Faculty in front of them,  
Testing ten hundred.  

Stormed at with questions ten,  
Boldly each shoved his pen,  
Into some senseless trash,—  
Into conclusions rash,  
Jumped the ten hundred.  

Flashed all their swords of "lead,"—  
Flashed, as each scratched his head,  
Seeking some thought long fled,  
Praying a "credit," while  
The Faculty wondered.  

Shattered with "F" and "L,"  
While grind and student fell,  
They that had bluffed so well,  
Came through that awful test,  
Back from a short-lived rest,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of ten hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
Oh, the cold bluff they made!  
They themselves wondered.  
Honor the crib essayed;  
Honor to all who stayed,  
Prudent —— hundred.