The letter boxes in Rogers Corridor, so thoughtfully placed there by the Class of '91, are surely deserving of much more appreciation than they have hitherto received. For the insignificant sum of seventy-five cents a man can obtain a key to one of these boxes, and thus insure the quick and certain receipt of his mail. It would seem as if there could not be boxes enough, but, on the contrary, very few indeed are taken yearly by the students. The majority of the men who have any mail come to the Institute, seem to prefer to annoy Miss Bassett incessantly with their clamorings, and when gall—to use modern English—fails, to crowd up to the brass door at the end of the rack and vainly peer for a possibility of mail. And all to save seventy-five cents a year,—about one third of a cent a day; verily, there are queer people in existence. Come, upper classmen, give Miss Bassett and the letter rack a rest, and show that class memorials, even though they be of a convenient and substantial nature, are appreciated. Come, men of '96, show us that you had comforts before you came to Technology, and do not intend to ignore them utterly now that you are with us.

Lieutenant Hawthorne is certainly progressive. The drill once more is to undergo a change. This time the West Point style is to be adopted, as far as possible,—gray cutaway coat, the rank to be indicated entirely by chevrons; gray trousers with black stripe, and visor cap to match, complete the uniform. The various candidates for major will be somewhat disappointed to learn that Lieut. Hawthorne will fill that position. No quartermaster and no drum corps complete the list of unavailable “snaps.” What will the poor Sophs do who have drill jackets “just as good as new” for sale? Pity the athletes; no chance to carry the bass drum.

“Are you with us?” '96.

The Freshmen continue to ask Seniors if they belong to '96.

The café at the Tech. dormitory is giving general satisfaction.


Is the M. E. Society dead? If so, let its friends give it a decent burial.

The present Freshman class is the largest that has ever entered the Institute.

A. B. Shepard, '94, has left Technology, we understand, “to go into business.”

Tech. men are experiencing considerable difficulty in securing registration in Boston.

F. M. Southard, M. I. T. '93, has returned, to finish his course after a lapse of a year in business.

Boyd, '93, has found railroading exceedingly profitable in Maine. He won't be with us this year.

General Walker delivered the annual address to the Freshmen last Thursday, in Huntington Hall.

There were only two '92 Mechanicals held over this year to show the '93 men when and how to laugh at his jokes.

Mr. H-rr-ck (to Freshman): “Give an example of good use.”

Freshman: “The dictionary.”

Professors Dewey, Allen, and Burton, also Dr. Noyes and Messrs. Clifford, Laws, and Collins, have spent the summer abroad.