slightest effort to maintain a proud position so
valiantly won, and long so valiantly defended? A
hardy band of two score men is fighting as
grand a fight as can be fought, to plant again
the gray and crimson where they have hereto-
fore always waved,—above a body of men who
were glad to give all that was in them for an
honest cause. Are a thousand others who can
assert their privilege so to prove themselves, to
stand aside and see their colors dragged in
the dust? Are there no men among us all to
step forward and claim that privilege as a
right!
Come! Show that Technology still num-
bbers among her sons some who have the stuff
within them that goes to make a man; for we
say that there is no excuse in reason that could
permit the shameful, shameless lack of col-
lege spirit that seems to pervade the very souls
of most of us.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opini-
ons expressed by correspondents.

OCTOBER 4, 1892.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE TECH:

I want to bring up once more the same old
grievance; namely, the distribution of the morning
mail at the Institute. For the last three mornings the
mail has not been given to Miss Bassett from the
office until a few minutes before nine, and then it is
clearly impossible for her to sort it, and attend to the
checking besides.

Cannot (1) either the mail be given her earlier, so
that she could distribute it before the rush begins? or
else (2), if this is impossible, somebody be found to help
her? Institute men ought to be able to secure their
mail from the boxes by ten minutes of nine at latest,
and not be obliged to wait until one o'clock before
obtaining their “morning correspondence.”

Yours truly,

R. W., ’93.

“Who mentioned theses?” The Special.
The Freshmen are still buying umbrellas at the
cage.
It is officially stated that Mr. C. G. Wil-
liams, ’95, is still with us.
The Seniors are beginning to seek their
heads of departments on the subject of theses.
Mr. W., ’93 (shaking hands with the pro-
fessor of history): “Am glad to see you, sir.”
Professor: “What! you back!”
Hammer and Tongs held its first regular
meeting and dinner of the year at the Parker
House, last Saturday evening.
J. W. Tarbox, ’94, has left Technology to
enter Harvard, ’95. We believe that no com-
ment upon his action is necessary.
The hale old Freshman joke is still enjoy-
ing vigorous health, and gives promise of a
large and flourishing offspring before the close
of the term.
The M. E. Society has not as yet made any
effort to collect its scattered members, but as
the president is back, they will probably be
heard from before long.
The inclemency of the weather delayed the
opening of the tennis courts last week. Par-
ticulars of the tournament to be begun next
Saturday, will be found posted in Rogers
corridor.
Ninety-five has begun to organize their
team in dead earnest. Leber, Coburn, Fuller,
Clapp, Logan, Rockwell, Gilman, and Geiger
were on the field several afternoons this week,
and practice will put them in a position to
play a good game.