First Soph.: "What a crusty fellow Taylor is."
Second Soph.: "Yes; but no wonder, since he's always on a loaf."

All of the Freshmen who have not bought $25 worth of books this year had better make application to the secretary for a scholarship. It will be expensive to see them through.

The ignorant Sophs. in Course I. soon found out what "Top. Drawing" meant on the schedule after they had wearily dragged themselves up the 114 steps to 51 Engineering.

Mr. B—: "'Mein Bruder hat heuter einen Stock verloren und einen Ring gefunden—' Translate, please."

Soph. (confidently): "My brother has lost to-day a sock and found a garter."

Mr. Bernard: "Study carefully for the next lesson 's'asseoir' and 'boire.' I want you to become very familiar with these." Hilarious Freshman laughter, which it is unnecessary to say was not understood by the instructor.

Sophomore in the lunch room: "There's no butter."

Mrs. King: "Butter flies a day like this."
Sophomore (tentatively): "No co-coons about."

Our readers will please not trouble about the entomology of this joke, and suggestions that colored waiters might be an improvement, in one respect, are also uncalled for. "Live and let live."

Beers, '96, was elected Captain of the Freshman Football Team, but resigned for lack of the time necessary to do justice to the position. Newell is Captain of '95's team, as Thomas is occupied with the Varsity.

Some few '93 men have decided already to "quit the game," and are arranging tabular views which include "heat"; we might add that '94 had better begin and work on this subject. It flunks more men than any other study in the Junior year.

The Republican parade is coming about the last of October or first of November! Every Tech. man, of whatever party, should lay aside a dollar or two for a uniform. You will never regret this money expended on the fun of a lifetime. March, all of you, and let people know Tech is stirring!

Look out, Sophomores, or '96 will carry off the honors this year! The Freshmen have athletes among them of no mean order, and ought to put up a strong football team. Not much is known about their baseball material, but some of their track athletes will be heard from in a way to surprise people. As for class spirit, '96 has started out well, and ought to stick to their cane in close order. Wait, and see.

The Lounger's "warranted-to-tick" clock seems to be out on tick those mornings when it greets us at 9 A.M. with the score of twenty minutes to twelve. However, as soon as it becomes accustomed to the clock-like machinery of the Institute it will probably keep up to time, thus sparing itself the wrath of some sleepy Sophomore who has been dozing away the time in a sunny corner of Rogers steps.

Mr. George Guppy, formerly of '93, has been heard from, from Middletown, N. Y., where he has a remunerative position on the Ontario and Western R. R. "It is only those of us Mr. Guppy writes, referring to The Tech, "who are struggling in the cold world for a crust of bread, who really appreciate that higher class of literature which is, I believe, to be disseminated weekly this year. I shall look forward to my Tech each week with great interest."

Saturday, October 8th, '94 managed to gather a quorum for its first class meeting of this year. After appointing a committee to draw up resolutions concerning the death of James Merlin Mead, of Chicago, who died during the summer, the "Technique" Board was empowered to engage a photographer to take