T., '87, of Steelton, Penn. Among the ushers was Mr. T. W. Sprague, also an Institute man and graduate of eighty-seven.

Last week’s tennis scores are as follows:

Preliminary round: Shepard beat Moore, 6-3, 6-1; Dickey beat Goodwin, 6-1, 6-1; Reed beat Sweet, 6-4, 6-0; Franklin beat Dana, 6-3, 6-0; Foster beat Powers, 7-5, 6-4; McAlpine beat Rice by default. First round: Shepard beat Dickey, 6-0, 6-2; Lothrop beat Taylor, 6-3, 6-2.

The date of the Sophomore-Freshmen game has been fixed for Monday, November 7th, at the South End Grounds. At first the Freshmen were very much opposed to this early date, but have at last concluded to follow the precedents of former years. As usual, the cane rush will immediately follow the game. Each of the two classes desires a full representation.

General Walker has been forced to decline his appointment as a United States delegate to the International Monetary Conference, and President Andrews, of Brown University, has been selected in his place. President Andrews is also a recognized authority on political economy and kindred questions, and has made a special study of monetary questions.

A new organization to be known as the Twentieth Century Club, has been formed in Boston. Its founders are possibly not aware that the name they have chosen has already been pre-empted at the Institute. However, our society seems dead beyond possible resuscitation, and we should be thankful that the name at least has possibly come to serve some useful purpose.

Some of the '94 men are becoming quite expert in prompting and proof reading as laid down and expounded by one of the Professors in a most abstruse subject. They are to be congratulated, for if they did not learn that, they would never be able to take their places as Seniors, and make correct government reports of tests on columns, riveted joints, and steam engines.

"Bronco" has left us, and like "Monkey" of "Technique" fame, he, too, has left his monument behind him. He no longer brightens the dark passageways of the corridors; but it is well understood that the art of cribbing as taught by himself has proved fruitful, and his goodly store of "cribs" fill many a foolish Freshman’s desk. Don’t do it, boys, or you, too, may have to suffer.

The roster of the two companies from '93 to march in the parade to-night is as follows:


A Junior of good reputation is spreading the report that one of the Professors in the mechanical department is contemplating publishing a pamphlet entitled, "Pickings from Dynamics." He affirms that this book will meet with a ready sale, judging from the hilarity he hears in Room 33, and thinks it will meet with as popular reception as pickings from other humorous books and periodicals, with which we are more familiar.

A '96 man, by accident, heard one of the Professors speaking quite recently about the "Spartan days" of the Institute, when, as the Professor expressed it, an instructor scarcely knew whether he would live through the day. He did not add that he was well satisfied that these days are over, but the Freshman heaved a sigh, and moved on. He was going into a chemistry examination. (The results attained by one of our salaried poets in working up this theme will be found in another column.)

First Soph. (at breakfast): "Is a dyne bigger than a gramme, or is it smaller?"

Second Soph.: "Why, I guess it’s smaller."