This year in the course, some very interesting researches in the heat of combustion. Mr. George Wendell, of last year's class, has charge of the laboratory. The same old flag gag was worked by the Freshmen, out at the South End grounds. This time, however, instead of greasing the pole, it was wrapped with barbed wire, which even more effectively put a stop to all the high aspirations of their slow rivals.

Professor: "I have now subtracted the logarithms and divided the remainder by the tabular difference. What shall I do with the figure I have obtained?"
Voice: "Annex it to the number."
Professor: "No; next."

Ninety-six new red and black sweaters looked very fine in their brand.

"What have we done? What have we done? Ninety five fourteen, Ninety six none."
This was the cry indulged in by the '95 eleven, on their way from the field of battle.

Although a second vote for President of '96 has been cast, there still seems to be some doubt as to the result of the election. A rumor is afloat that the ballots have in some way disappeared, so that no official count can be made, and thus the class bids fair to go on for some time longer with no one to serve in the presidential capacity.

Owing to the miserable weather, the tennis tournament has progressed very slowly. The following additional scores have, however, been made. First round: Wadsworth beat Jackson 6-2, 7-5; Horton beat Chapman 6-1, 6-3. Second round: Horton beat Reed 6-1, 6-3. Preliminary round: Du Pont and Howland beat McAlpine and Rice by default; Doubles: Du Pont and Howland beat McAlpine and Rice by default; Wadsworth and Horton beat Davis and Barton by default.

"Now fifty looked very fine in their brand-new red and black sweaters."

The title of the new Harvard quarterly is, The Harvard Graduates' Magazine. The mistake made in the first editorial of the last number of THE TECH where the word 'Stu-dents' was unintentionally inserted, may unfortunately have led to some misconception of the meaning of that article. How the mistake occurred, and was passed over, is a mystery, but they will happen.

On Thursday the Freshmen assembled in Huntington Hall for their weekly lecture in Military Drill. The big clock marked ten minutes after nine, but yet no appearance of Lieut. Hawthorne. At 9:20, a few of the rashier spirits left the room, but it was fully thirty minutes after the hour before the last of the military enthusiasts reluctantly left the room. 'Tis thus we recognize the Freshman, even in disguise.

Mr. F. V. Stias, '95, has the design of a proposed Technology pin which he will be glad to show to all those interested in the matter. The pin is similar to one which has been designed for Harvard, Yale, and other colleges, and will sell for the moderate price of one dollar and fifty cents. Mr. Stias will also take the names of all who might care to invest in such an article, in order to determine the feasibility of the project.

A large number of the tennis matches are being defaulted on account of the miserable condition of the courts. Men who are accustomed to play at the game on these hubbly grounds of ours, cannot be blamed for not caring to waste the time to play at the game on such unholy lawns. Moreover, our really good players do not relish at all the inevitable ex-

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