record of 5 feet 4 inches two years ago, this being his first and last attempt at high jumping. Sturgis will win the rope climbing, and Gilman will show up well in the standing broad jump. Parker will be placed in the shot putting, and he may win. In the other events, the fence vault and potato race, it is difficult to predict the probable winners,—the fence vault, because it is handicapped by reach; and the potato race, because this is the first time for many years that it has been an event at a Technology meeting. The struggle for points for the Class cup, will be hotter than ever before.

Do not forget it,—the M. I. T. Class Championship will be contested December 10th, in the gym.

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**LISTEN, YOUNG MAN.**

He that courts and goes away
May live to court another day;
But he that weds and courts girls still
May get to court against his will.

—Ex.

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**Verses to Order.**

(Written before the Springfield Game.)

Come, boys, and fill a jovial cup,
   We'll paint the sleepy town!
To-night victorious { Crimson's } up,
   { Blue is } down.
And vanquished { Blue is }
   { Crimson's }
The { Eli's }
   { Harvard's } thought their team would win,
   And vowed we'd melt like foam;
They'll have to hock their coats for tin,
   Or count the sleepers home.

So let { the Cambridge } bells be rung,
   { New Haven's } And light the festive fire,
   And let a rousing song be sung,
   As rise our spirits higher.
And drink one brimming bumper more
To { Harvard's valiant } brave;
   { Yale's unconquered }
Long may the dear old color o'er
   Our every rival wave!

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**March of the Tech. Brigade.**

Half a league, half a league,
   Half a league onward,
All along Boylston Street
   Strode the six hundred.
"Forward the Tech. Brigade!"
   Forward the big parade!"
Into the avenue
   Strode the six hundred.
"Forward the Tech. Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
   Not though the students knew
Johnson had blundered.
Their not to reason why,
   Theirs but to cheer M. I.
T. till their throats were dry.
   Up into Dover Street
Strode the six hundred.
Puddles to right of them,
   Puddles to left of them,
   Puddles in front of them.
   Spattered unnumbered;
   Cheered at by beau and belle,
   Boldly they marched and well.
   Down into Adams Square
Strode the six hundred.
   Flashing all their torches bare,
   Flashing as they turned in air,
Smashing the Harvards there,
   Charging a thousand while
   All the Micks wondered.
   Stormed at by cops that yell,
   While clubs and brickbats fell,
   They that had marched so well
   Strode back from Adams Square,
   Out of the mouth of hell,
   All that was left of them,
   Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
   Oh, what a noise they made!
   All the Micks wondered.
Honor the big parade!
   Honor the Tech. Brigade!
Noble six hundred!

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**SOUVENIR.**

Johnnie 'smacked' Susie
   There by the rose;
The rose was a bud,
   And so was Su dear,
   But a bit of the rouge
On the top of his nose
Staid there with Johnnie,
   As a nice sou-veneer.

—Brunonian.