The fencing class has begun operations under the supervision of Sergeant Ross. He takes great interest in his class, and there is a good chance for all of the men to learn the graceful art.

Most Institute men doubtless remember that at the meeting of the Football Association, last year, the suggestion of the captain of the team, to wit, that Technology withdraw from the League, was most emphatically voted down.

Professor C—— (explaining gravitation): “Instead of using a guinea, to show that gold drops no faster than a feather, I will use a piece of brass. This is one of the cases where brass is as good as gold.” [This is now in its twelfth edition.”—Ed.]

The classes have assembled for another year under the supervision of Instructor Whitehouse. His method of training may be all right in the long run, but the men all seem to start out very poorly, with the exception of those who have had lessons before.

The Electricals have begun their 5 to 6 o'clock lectures in Railroad signals. It is rumored that the faculty will soon inaugurate a recitation hour in Thermobody, from 9 to 10 P. M., in conjunction with the midnight boiler test that the Course VI. men run.

Instructor Whitehouse should take much better care of the way he trains men for the hurdle, and running on the hard board floor of the gym. If the same foolish method is employed as was used last year, most of the sprinters will be cripples before long.

Mr. B——: “What is the imperfect of ‘finden?’”
F——, “Findet.”
Mr. B——: “Yes, very imperfect I should say; what is ‘findest’ then?”
F——, “Third person singular.”
Mr. B——: “Ah! that’s very singular too; please open the window, Mr. Bigelow, this is getting too hot for me.”

It is to be regretted that a paper usually so meritorious as the Blue and White should stoop to an act of plagiarism. The last issue contains a poem signed “Cynic,” which appeared in the first copy of Tech this fall, and for which no credit whatever is given.

A mass meeting of the students was called for Wednesday, the 16th inst., to discuss football matters. The well-known spirit of the Institute was manifested, and but forty men assembled. Nothing could be done, of course, but some suggestions worth considering were aired. They will be brought up at the annual meeting of the Football Association, which occurs soon.

A well attended meeting of the class of ’93 was held at noon on Friday last, to consider Class Day. It was decided to hold two elections; the first for the important officers, on Wednesday, December 21, and the second, for Class Day committee on the first Wednesday in the second term. A ratio of delegates from the different Courses to the nominating committee was adopted, and it was voted to use the Australian system of balloting. The Class Day officers will consist of Orator, Poet, Statistician, Prophet, Historian, and three Marshals. The committee will be composed of ten men in addition to the Marshals. The class voted to present a framed photograph of itself to THE TECH. After sundry other business, including the election of a Photograph Committee, consisting of Messrs. Dorman, Parks, and Fowle, the meeting adjourned.

Course X. ’94 surely ought to have a seed cake! Although numbering thirteen, they hang together like jail birds. “Birds of a feather flock together” is undoubtedly true, but the converse need not hold—in fact it doesn’t in this case, for though they flock together they are not “of a feather”; McJ-nn-tt is a Democrat! Otherwise they are one—march in the Republican parade, every man of them, and even “cut” in a body.

A meeting of the Sophomore Executive Committee, to discuss the Annual Dinner,