If we are to have drill here at all, it should be drill that is thoroughly up to the Tech. standard. As long as it is confined to the Freshman Class, it must necessarily be looked down upon to a greater or less extent,—fortunately the "less" is beginning to predominate.

The spontaneous applause which greeted the mention of the name of Mr. A. J. Purinton, in the Senior lecture in Friction the other day, testified to the esteem in which that popular instructor is still held among his former students. Mr. Purinton resigned his instructorship in Mechanism in 1891, and has since held the position of Electrical Engineer for the Brockton Street Railroad, of Brockton, Mass.

**SCENE IN THE LUNCH ROOM.**

Freshman: "How much do I owe you, Mrs. King?"

Mrs. King: "Fifty cents, please."

Sophomore: "How much do I owe?"

Mrs. K.: "Thirty cents."

Junior: "How much?"

Mrs. K.: "Twenty-five."

Senior looks at Mrs. King with a knowing wink, and walks out.

Several Tech. students have been caught lately patronizing the Oak Grove Farm Lunch Room. Doubtless it is owing to the rumor that various young ladies, from the "Misses' Boarding Schools" around the corner on Newbury Street, frequent the place. However, we trust but few will yield to this temptation (it is a strong one, we must admit), and neglect home industry. Mrs. King has not bribed us for this puff.

We learn that the receipts from the pool table at the chapel are decreasing daily. This is no McKinleyism, or Republican high tariff issue, but merely a sign that our sporting element have become aware of the fast approaching semies. [To maintain our long upheld standard of political neutrality, it is necessary to add that the above does not, on the other hand, signify or indicate any approaching reduction in duties.—Ed.]

A certain '95 man who spent his summer vacation working in a steel plant near Baltimore, Md., has learned what terrapin is. He went "to town" one pay-day night and visited several places where he saw the sign, "Terrapin and Oysters." On his return he told his roommate how the fellows had asked him to have some terrapin, but he refused, because,—"Well, I say 'buddie,' what kind of a bird is a terrapin anyway; is it anything like a canvass-back?"

Neither '94 nor '95 had a picture of its baseball team taken last spring. This is much to be regretted, for baseball at Tech., though confined to the lower classes, is a strong branch of our athletics, and should be well represented in "Technique." Unfortunately, the early date of the annual examinations prevents the maintenance of a 'varsity team, but that is all the more reason for putting our excellent baseball material on permanent exhibition in our Annual. It might be well for '94 and '95 to endeavor, even at this late hour, to collect their teams for a photograph; '94, at any rate, ought to insist upon this, if it appreciates the excellent work of its team.

The first cross-country run under the auspices of the Tech. Athletic Club was held last Saturday afternoon. Considering the fact that the points scored therein are to count for the class cup, there should have been more entries than the following: Dorman, '93, Owen, '94, Taylor, '94, Batchelder, '95, Rockwell, '96, Norris, '96. The course selected was from the gym. to Coolidge's Corner and return, a distance of about six miles. The time made was very creditable, and stands as the Institute record. At 3:10 the men were started, and in 31 min. 11 sec. Batchelder crossed the line, a good winner. Dorman, '93, was second; time, 31 min. 30 sec. Taylor, '94, third; time, 31 min. 46 sec.

A short time ago one of our Junior Civils had occasion to patronize a Chinese laundry, with a loss of four collars as a result. The