summer. All those who have any interest in tennis should endeavor to attend the next meeting of the Association. The poor attendance at the meetings has done much to lessen the zeal of the officers.

C. W. Dickey.

[The above communication is an able résumé of tennis at Technology. But it should go further. It neglects to take notice of the many difficulties that confront, at every turn, those who have in turn endeavored to prolong for periods that are ever becoming briefer, the precarious condition of what Technology suffers to fill the place of a tennis association. And our correspondent is mistaken in saying that dirt courts are comparatively inexpensive; the reverse is true, and we can never hope to see any such improvement until Tech men stir up some spirit, and resolve to support tennis as it certainly should and can be supported. This is an opportunity for the newly formed Institute Committee.—Ed.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE TECH:

I was very glad to learn from the last Tech that the Lounger has been pondering over a subject which has been troubling me for some time past—the Senior Dinner. Unfortunately for me, I was on the committee for the last Senior Ball, which was, from the very nature of it, such an utter failure that it was later deemed advisable to substitute for that worn-out custom a farewell dinner to the Seniors. The first two of these dinners were grand successes, but the last one resulted in a considerable financial loss, which one public-spirited man—then a Junior—bore rather than let the bill run. This is a sad state of affairs, for the Senior Dinner unites the various classes in a manner that hardly anything else could do, and aids materially in preserving that affection for, and interest in, Technology which every alumnus should have. It remains for each class to make of this occasion the great success it deserves to be. Let every class back up its representatives on the Committee as '94 has generously voted to do. Then may every loyal Tech man feel it his duty to aid this parting tribute to the Seniors, and the result will take care of itself.

Walter B. Trowbridge, '91.

"I'm on to you," the Drop of Ink
Unto the Blotter said:
"O dry up," quoth the Blotter, and
The Paper Weight fell dead.
—Williams Weekly.

There's nothing like applause.—Crosby.

Mr. Vogel: "Mr. B. you may translate."
Mr. B. (sleepily): "I can't open it."

In Mech. Drawing Lecture (hitting the wrong nail). Prof. F.: "All those not present will please report at the end of the hour."

At the last meeting of Hammer and Tongs, held at the Thorndike, February 18th, Messrs. B. Holden and Rogers, '94, were initiated as members.

Owing to the use of Huntington Hall for another purpose on Tuesday of last week, the large class in Political History went over to the B. Y. M. C. A. building for their lecture.

One lonely, weather-beaten, penny-in-the-slot machine, hugging the shelter of a neighboring elm, registered the fall of snow in the Common for two days at twelve and one-half pounds.

Those who understand the situation will appreciate the following bit of conversation:
First Junior: "Are you going to take a short course in hydraulics?"
Second Junior: "Yes; and I expect to get a P. on it, too."

French recitation. Prof. V. D.: "The irrigation in Holland is carried on mostly by means of windmills."
R., '96: "What would happen if the wind should give out?"
"Probably the windmills would stop."

The new Tech pin has been productive of curious remarks. One man, evidently knowing the condition of many of the students, interpreted the "M. I. T." as "men in trouble"; another fellow thought it was a