candidates for the nine are not very numerous, but the old players may soon materialize. The Highland brothers, upon whom Harvard places her dependence in the pitching department, are getting many valuable points from Keefe, who spends most of his time in the Carey cage.

Yale athletes are also doing some good work in their palatial gymnasium, and the indoor athletes are training hard for the annual indoor meeting, which takes place on March 14th. The baseball teams and crews are all progressing nicely, and are taking advantage of the spacious quarters afforded by the new "gym."

Columbia has started a subscription to maintain a 'varsity eleven, and efforts are being made to secure Gill, captain of Yale's football team of 1890, as coach for next fall.

**Quite Breezy.**

A Boston wind was blowing;  
And she was such a flirt  
That I turned 'round, unknowing,  
And my hat lay in the dirt.  
And then she smiled so brightly  
My pulses almost stopped,—  
But lo! soon after, lightly  
Resounded: "Something dropped."

When the University of the City of New York removes from its present location on Washington Square, the old building will be taken down piece by piece, and rebuilt on the new site, in order to preserve the object of years of traditions and associations.

The last Junior Prom. at Amherst, February 8th, was by far the most enjoyable and successful yet given there. It was as pretty a party as one could wish to see. There is no reason in the world why Technology should not be able to do equally well in that line. Let us try, with the aid of the Institute Committee.

**FOOTPRINTS on the sand remind us of many things; but they could not possibly call up the thoughts and memories that are always in a student's mind when he ponders over the hieroglyphics scratched, cut, or gouged into the desks in many of our lecture rooms. One is reminded of the mysterious writings on the old Egyptian monuments when he tries to decipher the names, words, and even whole sentences which have found their way into the sanctums of many of the professors. Although many of them have not had to stand the test of ages, chronologically speaking, yet they have seen the revolution of many epochs of student life. The question of the survival of the fittest seems to be an interesting one to these chirographers. Every here and there upon many desks in one room you are reminded of the benevolence of some man in stating in hard lines that a certain individual will be flunked. The pessimist of this class of writing went even so far in one case as to cut the names of five men in unmistakable characters, and stated that they would flunk, because their professor was on record as saying so.

Now and then one sees the epitaph of some noted man who fell by the wayside,—the simple inscription of his name and class, with the date of the carving added. How sad it makes one feel to look over this cemetery of departed hopes! Whole desks are given up to these names of former classes. In reading one of such desks full of inscriptions, one is reminded of the roll call after a great battle. Here and there one runs across a name of recent date, and perhaps the hero is still with us; but more often his face is recalled as a pleasant memory; and in many cases we are of too young a generation to feel an inspiration on reading names that once thrilled our predecessors with a feeling of joy and pride.

Many of the inscriptions partake more of the memorial character, and we run across an expression of sentiment that calls up anything but pleasant re-