To the Editors of The Tech:

There were published in the last issue of The Tech some criticisms upon a communication of mine in a previous issue in regard to tipping hats to the professors. The writers seem to think that I am not ready to give the professors the respect due them. I consider this inference unfair. I criticized the salute, not because it was given to professors, but because it was given only to professors. If it were given by every honorable man to every other honorable man, my objection would be merely that it was unnecessary, not that it was harmful. But as long as it is conferred upon the members of but a single occupation, I think it is to be condemned. A member of the Faculty advocates this practice, not as a mark of respect to the professor as an individual, but as a tribute to the idea which he represents,—the idea of learning. “The question of the individual professor has, of course, nothing to do with this.” Then why not salute every representative of this idea? Every student, every bookstore, every library, and every schoolhouse represents it.

The gentleman’s whole argument seems to be based upon the idea that “learning alone is God, and the college professor is his prophet.” Now, I think we may find other ideas worthy of our respect. Every soldier represents an idea,—an idea which has thrilled the hearts of men from Leonidas to Webster; an idea without which learning would languish and decay, the idea of patriotism. Is not the representative of this idea to be respected as well as the college professor? Moreover, the ideas of honor, honesty, and purity, are worthy ones. Why not lift the hat to the representatives of these? In short, every honest man is worthy, and represents an idea which is worthy of our sincere respect.

The gentleman refers to the Scripture method of giving honor to whom honor is due. That is precisely what I wish, and not that system of giving honor in one place where it is due and withholding in all others; a system which the gentleman practically upholds. Many a college professor’s education has been paid by a father who has been forced to practice rigid economy in order to give his son the advantages of which he himself was deprived. Is not this pure, unselfish sacrifice quite as worthy of our respect as that devotion of the beneficent professor which the gentleman has described in such glowing terms?

However, I think men should be respected for what they are, and not for what they represent. What has given learning, patriotism, and honor their eminence and luster, if not efforts and sacrifices of individuals? Then why not give our respect to the workman as well as to the work, whether the workman be professor, soldier, or merchant?

The gentleman asks whether I have “considered the difference between an occupation which is mere self-seeking, and one which is worthy of honor,” etc.? All that I care to say in answer to this is, that experience has convinced me that the college professor is as mindful of his compensation as the average mortal.

The editors of The Tech think we should be respectful to our elders, and they are right. But if they think that only such of our elders as are college professors deserve our respect, I beg leave to disagree. This salute of respect, then, should be given to every honest man or to none, and the unjust discrimination in favor of professors should be abandoned.

C.

The Architects’ Bohemian Supper.

Although the examinations were only a week off, the Architectural Society had twenty-five members at their Bohemian supper, which occurred last Friday night. This evening was a repetition of the suppers of last year, and that means a success.

The entertainment began with college songs, which were immediately followed by a description of a very interesting building, by Mr. W. R. Hill. Mr. Ross Turner, who arrived about this time, gave an excellent and interesting description of Bohemian life, and especially of their suppers. His remarks called forth much applause from his pupils. Speeches, stories, and music were continued throughout the supper, which was served in a truly Bohemian style. As the supper proceeded, each member was supplied with an old-fashioned, long-stemmed Dutch pipe, some tobacco, and a match. Short-armed members, however, were obliged to get a light from the gas jet, on account of the length of the pipe stems.

As the smoke thickened the spirits rose. Mr. G. A. Nichols sang a comical song, and Mr. B. S. Harrison read a paper on the