at this time, and thus assist in reducing the deficit in the treasury.

Points obtained at this meet will count toward the class championship cup. The wrestling matches are to be divided into two classes, light and heavy, the dividing weight being one hundred and forty pounds.

There is some promising material in the Freshman Class, and it is hoped that this meet will prove to be of considerable advantage in bringing it out. The athletes are showing interest in the meet, and are training hard.

Harrington, '96, is doing good work in wrestling, and Bakenhus, '96, in rope climbing. Green, '96, and Lootz, '96, are training for the shot put. Green seems to be doing the best work. He won the individual championship last year, and is likely to win points in a number of events. He is one of the best all around athletes in Boston.

The hurdle race bids fair to be an excellent contest, with Sumner, '97, Stebbins, '97, Burcher, '98, Copp, '97, Allen, '97, Grosvenor, '98, and Ferguson, '99, entered. They are all in excellent form and fast. Sumner ran well at Worcester last year and Ferguson was the champion of the Interscholastic League. Both should win points.


Ja Wohl.

Life is real, life is earnest,
But it might be much more fun
If the distance t'wixt our lectures
Didn't keep us on the run.  

A. W. J.

To M——

Mia Bella, lady fair, let me sing of thee;
Let me tell of waving tresses,
Let me sigh for thy caresses;
Sweet my dream shall be.

Mia Bella, lady fair, thine are eyes of night;
Stars are they of Love's own lighting,
Though they gleam for mine heart's blighting;
Gleam with wond'rous might.

Mia Bella, lady fair, roses thy lips be;
Use them 'stead of bow, Dan Cupid.
Hark ye! wound not other, stupid!
Shoot but only me!

Mia Bella, lady fair, queenly is thy mien;
Aphrodite's self thou'ret masking
In the smile of her thou'ret basking,
Conquering and serene.

Mia Bella, lady fair, thus I sing of thee;
Sweet, cause not my heart's undoing!
Sweet, now yield thee to my wooing;
Give thy heart to me!

W. S. R.

My Dream.

I dreamed I woke on Christmas Eve, and saw before me laid
The morrow's gifts, which Santa Claus to me had kindly made,
A molecule, some atoms, and a nice fresh profile plane;
A brand-new Avogadro's Law, a Ninety-eight class cane;
A dew-point, and a turning-point, and, lest both these might pall,
A joke of one of my old Profs. which had no point at all;
A dyne of electricity, a quart of energy;
And then my last five-weeks' report, I never hoped to see;
And, though you'll doubt it, yet I saw, as well as I was able,
That all these things were laid out on a logarithmic table.

Kaw.

Technology Minstrels.

Saturday evening last saw a representative gathering of Technology men and Technology maidens assembled in Huntington Hall to witness the initial performance of the Minstrels. The interlocutor and end men were decidedly in the spirit of the occasion, and their songs and hits on the traditionally notorious Technology institutions and individuals were irresistible, while the songs by Messrs. Tucker and Howland were equally well appreciated and enthusiastically encored.