students had only just awakened to a knowledge of the treasures at their disposal in this magnificent library? Evidently they had, for a look of eagerness and suppressed excitement was visible on all faces. Instead of mounting the marble steps, however, they turned to the right and entered the court, where they were found standing in rapt contemplation before the statue of the Bacchante! Truly, "Dux femina facti."

RECENT events make it necessary to remind a certain class of Tech. men, luckily small, that the college and school exchanges placed in the general library of Rogers Building are for public, and not private use. Several exchanges have been missed lately; so many, in fact, that the loss of them can hardly be due to accident, and there is little doubt that some men are acting on the "help yourself" principle. A sign was placed over the Exchange shelves with the hope that further purloining might be avoided, but the papers still disappear. If this continues as at present the editors will be obliged to keep all exchanges in the office, where personal application will be required to obtain their use.

One Thanksgiving Night.

The pride of his college and the glory of his class was Jack Loring. Captain of the varsity Football team, and a prominent athlete, with his six feet of thoroughly congenial humanity, it was no wonder that he was a favorite. The Thanksgiving holidays were on, and Jack was not going home; and this all on account of a certain eccentric professor, just at a time when home was particularly attractive.

O yes, there was a girl in the question, and to be cut off from it all just at the last moment was really too hard.

On this Thanksgiving evening Jack was on the way to his club, where he and a few friends were to have a sort of consolation dinner.

Walking through Copley Square he soon came to "Old Rogers," and cast a look, almost of affection, up at the old familiar steps, and then passed on into the older part of the city.

The streets were almost deserted, except for the occasional pedestrian, and the chance cab, which rattled noisily over the pavements.

As he walked along, holding his head bent slightly forward against the frosty night wind of late November, thinking of the perverseness of fate and of the probability of the awfully dull Thanksgiving in store, for him, his thoughts turned homeward, and he pictured his father at the head of the table looking over the faces of the family, gathered for the feast of Thanksgiving.

And then, as though the pendulum must swing as far in the opposite direction, he shuddered as he thought of the cold, cheerless city, and muttered, "What a Thanksgiving!

Just then, from a sheltering doorstep near by, there came a faint, plaintive cry of "Please, Mister, buy some matches." Looking down, Jack saw the face of a child upturned to his own.

It might have been the face of one of Raphael's cherubs, as they look up to the face of the Madonna, except that this face upturned to his own was woefully emaciated.

Buy some matches! Would a few pennies gained for matches restore to its natural plumpness the face of the child? Would the same pennies buy clothing to keep the wintry blasts from the little form, which was even now trembling with cold?

In an instant the better part of the man was flowing into the heart of Jack Loring as it never had before.

Picking the child up tenderly in his arms he carefully wrapped the cape of his great-

THE TECH 67