It was voted that the sense of the meeting was in favor of such a board. A discussion of the advisability of sending a team to the relay races at Philadelphia followed, and a committee of the President, Vice President, and Treasurer, was elected to inquire into the expense of sending the team. Messrs. Hurd, Strickland, and Lansingh also spoke. The meeting then adjourned.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

To the Editors of the Tech:

I wish to denounce the action of the peevish malcontent who used these columns last week to make a malicious and personal attack upon one of the speakers of the Junior Class Dinner. The writer conceitedly avers that he speaks "in the name of many;" this is plainly an exaggeration, but if it be true, I shudder at the possible number of intolerant, aggressive, and egoistic spirits in the Class of '98. He asserts also, in referring to the speaker, that he "cannot comprehend how a man...can be so hidebound," etc., and then makes an awkward and painful attempt to twist the speaker's words into various uncanny and glaring absurdities, which not only show a pitiable state of mind, but also the lengths to which the writer will go to satisfy a personal spite. It is lamentable that such people as our friend exist, but we cannot close our eyes to the melancholy fact.

The speaker referred to did not directly discountenance the higher education of women. He objected only to education in those branches which do not properly lie in woman's sphere, and which would crush out true womanly spirit and transform our homes into bare wastes of unsentimental, non-domestic, and unartistic dreariness. It certainly seems as if the speaker were justified in repeating a generally accepted opinion—an opinion that denounces any attempt to drag gentle woman down to man's moral level.

The writer of the whimsical lampoon closes by hinting that the "refining influence" of the Co-eds was lost on the speaker. As it is a very mournful fact that very few of us have the fortune to know many of the fairer students of the Institute, it is hard to see how our lives can be thrilled and swayed by their influence. If our friend is an example of what the Co-eds of Tech can do, we must needs hang our heads with shame, and fill our hearts with boundless pity.

A Foe to Calumny.

Types of Freshmen.

There are many types of Freshmen. Perhaps the most common as well as the most amusing of them all is the assertive Freshman. He generally carries a cane, and his defiant bearing is calculated to cow the Sophs. He has a habit of talking loudly in the corridors about the cane rush, class honor, and kindred subjects. He is proud of being a Freshman, and lets everyone see it.

In direct contrast to him is another common type of Freshman. He wears a light felt hat, smokes cigarettes violently, and tries in numerous other ways to pass for an upper classman. His calm air of superiority stamps him—so he thinks—as one deeply versed in the treacherous paths of the Institute. He is generally to be found before the third-year bulletin board, which he affects to study attentively, much to the awe of his simpler classmates.

On Wednesdays still another type of Freshman is prominent; namely, he who struts proudly about arrayed in full uniform, with officer's stripes gleaming on his sleeves. He is so proud of these insignia of power that he improves every opportunity of displaying them to his admiring fellow-students, sometimes even coming to recitations without an overcoat during the coldest weather. Nay, it is even rumored that one misguided youth traveled for two days in his uniform, so as to appear before his admiring relatives a full-fledged soldier.

E. N.

The "Grind."

The "Grind" is he who o'er his books Doth tarry far too long. He never takes an evening off; To "flunk" he thinks quite wrong. His pallid cheek would fain relate How midnight oil he burned. The mark he gets is always C; His lesson's always learned. But when the class has been dismissed, Why tarries he behind? Oh, now, he "jollies up" the Prof.; An axe, it is, he'll grind.