or even the learned experts themselves, as it doesn't take any great medical skill to judge of the effect of a layer of tobacco soot on the sensitive membranes of the lung cells.

In the outcome of the Cane-rush difficulty all Tech. men have cause for rejoicing. The Cane Rush has now become a firmly established custom of the college as a whole; not as an event which involves only the two lower classes. 1900 has taken this broader stand, although she had greater temptations and greater difficulties to withstand than any preceding class. To many Sophomores it seemed unreasonable to give the proceeds of the rush to the Institute when the needs of the class seemed as great as those of the Football Association. The class deserves the thanks of the Institute for their loyalty. Now that the present crisis has been successfully tided over, let us hope that every Tech. man will come to the rush and that the Freshmen and Sophomores will make a contest worthy of the occasion.

In another column we publish a letter from Professor Woodbridge, in regard to the subject of the ventilation of Walker. The figures he gives show a much better state of affairs than one's feelings indicate; and we agree with him in saying that a great part of the trouble must be with the temperature of the room. This matter of temperature is being investigated now, and should results warrant it such changes as are necessary will be made. The question of what is a proper temperature for a lecture room is a hard one to answer, and The Tech will be glad to receive correspondence in regard to the matter.

The Story of a Unique Tomb.

The widening of one of this city's streets has necessitated the removal of several old tombs in a burying ground that borders it. Among them was one about which an old man, who was somewhat of an authority as an antiquarian, once told me a story which has never found its way into print, I believe. The tomb itself, as I remember it, had nothing peculiar about it, but the inscription—it could not be called an epitaph—must have impressed itself on the minds of the few who took the trouble to study it out. I am sorry that I cannot give it exactly, but this is something like it,—

"Here lies the body of Simon North. Born May 19, 1728. Died Nov. 29, 1756. This tomb is erected by his brother, at whose hands he died. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Once a year, as surely as the evening before Thanksgiving came around, in the early dusk a man would take his place on the flag walk, opposite this strange tomb. He was always bareheaded, and held in his hands a document, which he read with quivering voice to the little group of people that was sure to collect about the strange figure. That document may still be seen in the collection of the friend who told me this story. It reads: "I, Anthony North, in the presence of the people here assembled, and standing before the grave of my deceased brother, Simon North, do hereby declare and publicly confess that he, Simon North, my brother, did meet his death at my hands. It being, therefore, the—th anniversary of his death, and in token of my sincere repentance of the crime I unwittingly com-