a hopeless "grind," there is nothing at Technology beyond his reach. A man just entering college fails to appreciate this. As a result, he wastes much time before he realizes that the various calls for candidates for the musical clubs, the Class teams, and the like are meant for his ear as well as for his classmates. They are appeals to each man to do some little for the credit of Technology.

And now a word in regard to THE TECH. None are more welcome on the Board of Editors than men from the Freshman Class. Any one who can write verse, stories, or any of the paragraphs that go to make up THE TECH are asked to try for the staff. Moreover, it should be remarked that while there are many men who can write, it is only those who do write who succeed. Copy should be left at THE TECH Office, Mondays, before 9 A.M. Let each man do something each week for the college paper, and he will soon find he has not worked in vain.

HERE was a curious and interesting display of barbarism on Soldiers' Field last Saturday, the date being that of the football game between Harvard and Carlisle. It might not be thought strange that something of this nature should be displayed, when one remembers that many of the men of the Carlisle eleven are but one generation removed from savages, nomadic in manner of life, and utterly uncivilized in manner of warfare. Contrasted with the sons of generations of men of the highest culture a long-civilized nation can give, it might naturally enough be expected that certain things in the conduct of the sons of Aborigines might be qualified, fairly enough by a captious critic, as a display of latent barbaric feelings. As such, they would not have been sufficiently curious or interesting to have aroused any especial comment from the college neighbors of the contestants. But when the display of barbarism happens to come from the sons of gentlemen, and not the sons of Aborigines, the situation shows elements of the unique. It is to be supposed that the Indian students have a certain sensitiveness on the subject of the savage ancestry that lies so closely behind them. It is to be supposed that they share, in common with men of all degrees of civilization, that respect for their fathers that demands respectful treatment of those fathers, from all who would be their friends. These things being granted, the probable feelings of the visiting eleven of Carlisle School may be imagined when, in the ten-minute rest between the halves of the game, there pranced on to the football field three figures, in burlesque Indian attire,—Indians of Comic Opera, with bed-quilt blankets and pasteboard tomahawks, who proceeded to execute a vaudeville war-dance with comedy yells. And the men whose ancestry was thus publicly held up to ridicule by the college whose guests they were, and on whose ground they stood, looked on in stoic silence. It was a curious and suggestive study of the manners of civilization versus those of savagery.

It is no excuse to say, as was doubtless the fact, that the burlesquers of their guests were men pushed to this atrocious abuse of the simplest laws of hospitality by the commands of some society to which they were seeking admission. Such an exhibition, under the circumstances, making it a gross affront to the men who were the college's guests, was a display of rudeness happily with few parallels in college history.

Freshman: "Where on earth did you get that class yell? It's the greatest I ever heard in my life." Sophomore: "I got two big dogs to fighting in my room the other night, and then set a phonograph going."