come you as much as you become green. Let us hear from you again, but for heaven's sake don't come near the office.

"A great question has been troubling me for the last four or five years and I cannot rest until I have your advice and counsel on it. Why did I ever come to Tech?"

We do not know.

"I am a co-ed. at Tech and intend to take part in a masquerade ball of the Coal-handlers' Union. Could you suggest a suitable costume?"

You might appear as a policeman at a fight. Your principal duty would be to keep out of sight, and everybody would be satisfied. If you attended in every-day costume you would make a fine representation of an executioner in Henry V.'s time.

"Will you please give me a good complekshun beaufitfire?"

From your spelling we take it you are a co-ed., dear girl, and so we prescribe accordingly. Go to the nearest wholesale drugstore. Into a concentrated solution of sulphuric acid have the chemist dissolve three hods of coal and a pinch of fertilizer as big as a barn. Filter through an iron grating and boil. Apply with the broom. If the broom can stand it, you can.

A PHYSICS PHANTASY.

Oh, poets have often of tragedies sung,
Of murder and similar games,
And many a poem has ended in tears
That should have been ended in flames.

If you gather around me, my children so dear,
Such a poem I'll sing of the 'Stute,
Of what never would happen in physical class
If poetical license were mute.

* * * * *

The class on that terrible, terrible day
Had assembled their Charlie to hear;
They were quite unaware of their horrible fate,
And had nothing apparent to fear.

"If a man near the window," said Charlie the First,
"Will pull down the shade P. D. Q.,
I'll endeavor to show, with the aid of a screen,
How red is developed from blue."

Then out went the lights of the physics class room,
Thus leaving it inkily dark,
Excepting in Charlie's stereopticon box
A brilliant electrical spark.

He threw on the curtain a spectrum so bright
That it 'most burned a hole in the sheet,—
A bright-colored band that was noisy enough
To drown any band in the street.

In syllables lengthy he rambled along,
Discussing the nature of light,
Forgetting, perhaps, that the darkness intense
Would bring on the slumbers of night.

Nor dust, nor sand, nor anything else
More thoroughly dry could be
Than his screen and his devilish mixtures of light,
His magic lantern and he.

In the dark of the room he talked and talked,
Discussing the subject at length,
Till the only thing to be wondered at
Was the wonderful source of his strength.

At last when the lecture was killed by him,
And all his eloquence gone,
He said in a voice that was weak from use,
"Mr. Cady, please turn the lights on."

For a moment each ear was on the alert
To hear the familia' click
Which would prove our infallible Cady to be
Absolutely on time to the tick.

But alas and alack! On that terrible day
The room stayed as gloomy as pitch;
The students and Charlie were frightened to death,
"Twas Cady "asleep at the switch."

The following appointments and promotions have been made in the Cadet Battalion: To be sergeant major, First Sergt. F. W. McConnell; to be quartermaster sergeant, First Sergt. G. E. Dunham; to be first sergeants: Company E, R. P Stebbins; Company F, Le. E. Gilmore; to be corporals: Company E, R. N. Turner; Company B, H. M. Nebstedt.

THE TECH for next week will be Junior Week Number. A new cover design, a review of The Tech Show, a criticism of this year's TECHNIQUE, a full page of cartoons, and a special Lounger will be a few of the numerous good things that will make this number a "corker." Out Wednesday at 12.30 Prl.