Professor Allen Umpired.

By way of recuperation after the varied excesses of Junior Week, the '03 civil engineers indulged in an afternoon at the national game on Thursday, May 1. The basis of division was the manner of seating in the drawing-room, and after due consideration of the compass the east and west sides of said room were pitted against each other. Messrs. Howes and Drake acted as self-appointed captains of the nines respectively. Professor Allen, upon invitation, consented to perform the functions of umpire, and immediately telephoned down town for a rule book. In the days of his scintillation on the diamond the base-runner was "put out" by graciously hitting him with a thrown ball. The game was played at Franklin Field, called — any old time. As most of the fellows had not played ball for several years, and practice was prohibited, some phenomenal playing resulted. The scorer attempted to keep account of errors, but as he is not yet a finished candidate for suicide he wisely abandoned this plan and contented himself with recording runs. The playing was so universally remarkable that it is difficult to pick stars. Davis, however, gained immortal fame in his position in left field. Strange to relate, the decisions of the umpire stood without dispute — the pupils recognized the master and dared not question his knowledge of curves. It is due the umpire, however, to state that, with all other considerations demurely seated in the back pew, his decisions were entirely just and beyond the questioning of the noisy rabble (not Rubble — he didn't play). The victorious nine, the East Siders, being already in the lead, did not take their turn at the bat in the sixth inning.

Track Athletics.

The track men have been putting in their final work this week, before the meet. The work on the whole, when compared to that reported from Brown and Dartmouth, does not seem so very discouraging. Brown has entered a small team, but they are mostly unknown men, so that it is somewhat difficult to predict their chances. They seem to think they will win the bicycle race, and also do something worth counting in the sprints and distance runs.

Dartmouth has a large team entered, and will come down prepared to sweep everything before her. Maybe she will, but Tech has a few men entered, too. When they see H. S. Baker walking away with the half and the mile under his arm, Riley and Worchester carrying the two mile together, R. V. Brown and Boggs tearing up the sprints, Curtis going clear up to the clouds in the pole vault, and Winchester in the weights, well, maybe they'll sweep everything, but they will have some pretty good brooms to do it with.

The Freshman Band will attend the meet, and fill in when Tech isn't cheering.

Every Tech man should bring his flag, and cheer his team until he is hoarse; he won't have any team to be ashamed of this year.

On account of an injury to his leg, it is possible that Captain Baker will be unable to run next Saturday.