A Chapter from Sherlock Combs.

BY OLEOMARGARINE W. GLUCONE.

"Are you listening, Watson?"

Sherlock Combs languidly arose from the step-ladder upon which he had been reclining, and stepped to the little cabinet in a corner of the room, which was circular in shape. As he took out his hypodermic syringe, I could see on his face that same old sharp expression which always denoted that he was on the edge of another mystery which would have baffled any ordinary jack-ass. After delicately adjusting the apparatus, he jabbed it into his left arm, and injected about a pound of axle-grease. I could now account for the extraordinary nerve-force of this wonderful man, and why it was that everything ran so smoothly with him. It was undoubtedly the axle-grease.

"I am," said I, well knowing that if I said too much, and did not give Sherlock Combs the chance to do all the detecting, Dr. A. Conan Doyle would not for a minute give me a place in the book.

Sherlock Combs looked at me for the first time. "Ah!" said he, "I see you shaved this week." Amazed at his wonderful perspicuity, I remained silent. "There is a nick in your razor five-sixteenths of an inch from the end," continued he. "How do you know," said I, remembering that I had myself put the nick in that very place to see if he would find it out. The powers of discernment of Sherlock Combs were developed almost to a point of supernaturalness. "How do you know," repeated I, still more perplexed. At this the great detective calmly walked up to me, and pulling the solitary whisker from my chin, remarked:

"This whisker is five-sixteenths of an inch from the corner of your lip, and it is reasonable to suppose that the end of your razor was at the corner of your lip when you shaved."

I was about to speak, when the author placed his hand over my mouth.

"You see," resumed Combs, "the nick came at the same place as the hair, and therefore did not cut it. And besides," said he, as his face lighted up, "I borrowed the razor and saw the nick."

I could see that all these facts and questions were only preliminary to his telling me the details of a new mystery, more difficult than all that had gone before. But Dr. Doyle had not yet paid me for sitting in the last chapter and listening to Combs, so I left the room.

McConnell, '05, who has been ill with typhoid fever, has returned to his work at the Institute.

J. R. Jones defeated A. H. Langley in the finals of the Tennis Tournament with a score of 6,4 — 1,6 — 6,4 — 0,6 — 6,4.

Mr. Truman Bartlett is back in Boston for the winter, and is preparing for his courses in modelling and art analytics.

Mr. P. H. Hogan, chief engineer at M.I.T., is giving a series of lectures on "The Steam Engine," at Lawrence, Mass.

The new office of the Y. M. C. A. in Engineering B is another sign of the renewed energy infused into this society at Tech.

The men in charge of the Tech Show have selected a piece, and negotiations are under way to make the play equal those of former years.

The Tech Fencing Association have secured the services of Prof. Lucien Fournon to instruct them in fencing, and it is expected that a very good team will be the result.

The Institute students residing at the Technology Chambers will give a faculty reception Monday afternoon, Nov. 10, from 4:30 until 6, at the Technology Chambers, Irvington and St. Botolph Streets. The matrons will be Mrs. Henry S. Pritchett and Mrs. Francis W. Chandler.

Football practice in the two lower classes goes well. Mr. Harry Ball has been retained as coach by '06, and Messrs. E. R. Perry and L. B. Smith have been secured by '05. Mr. Ball was a half-back on Brown Varsity. Mr. Perry captained Harvard Law last year and Northwestern for two years.