

Three American amateur swimming records were broken at the Brookline Swimming Club's meeting last week. H. Le Moyne swam fifty yards in 27 1-5 seconds, breaking the American record of 28 seconds; C. M. Daniels took 4 1-5 seconds off the American record in the 440-yard race, which he won in 6 minutes 5 4-5 seconds; and A. M. McCormack added 2 feet 7 inches to the record in the plunge for distance, going 65 feet 7 inches.

Saturday Night Dinner.

About forty men were present at the Saturday evening dinner at the Union. Mr. Litchfield, '85, and Mr. Bullard were present and helped to make the evening very enjoyable. Mr. Litchfield, who is the author of "Take Me Back to Tech," spoke of the circumstances under which the song was written. He explained the work of the Northwestern Association, and of the Tech spirit which is growing with time. As a finale to his interesting remarks, he submitted some verses for a new song.

Mr. Bullard had some new verses apropos of the recent Harvard-Tech episode and these were sung. It is hoped that at the future dinners, alumni of the Institute will be present to help make the dinners memorable.

"Mens et Manus."

(Air, "America.")

Technology, with thee,
Our hearts shall ever be.
To thee we come;
We love thy honored name,
We praise thy lustrous fame,
Let mind and hand proclaim
Each worthy son.

Thy heritage shall be,
Dear old Technology,
Our loyal best;
No matter what befall,
We hear thy heartening call,
And naught can us appall,
Whom thou hast blest.

I. W. LITCHFIELD, '85.



THE LOUNGER feels that he ought to offer some explanation for his recent absence from the 'Stute. He is only going to tell this to you in strictest confidence, for if the managers of the Brunswick were to hear of it they might sue him for the damages to their trade caused by his absence. It happened this way. THE LOUNGER is almost positive you won't believe the account, for he prides himself on being known as the student's criterion of propriety. To be told that he was a party to such an occurrence is almost as horrifying as to suspect the Faculty of meditating an extra holiday in Junior Week or Prof. Cross of discovering an experiment that is not fussy. To resume: The evening before the Freshman Algebra exam. last mid-year's, THE LOUNGER went to have a lounge with a friend — THE LOUNGER has some — and here met a young fellow studying Algebra with the friend's Freshman roommate. The next day his Royal Indolence was roused from the mental rub-down with which he had been soothing his weary brain in the inner sanctum, third floor, Rogers. What was the racket? THE LOUNGER's investigating mind required knowledge. He glided down into the mob in Roger's Corridor. Imagine his indignation! They were only Freshmen who had interrupted the intensity of his mental vacuum discharge! Out of sheer goodness of heart THE LOUNGER forgave his protégés and turned sadly away. As he went down the steps he saw his acquaintance of the evening before and resolved to appear solicitous for his welfare. So THE LOUNGER asked how the acquaintance had hit the Algebra exam. The acquaintance replied, "I didn't take it."

"Oh, weren't you studying at Hutsohn's room yesterday evening?"

"Yes, I was tutoring him."

"Ah! a fourth year man?"

"No, I am an Instructor in the drawing rooms over in Eng. A." It may take courage to face an armor-piercing dynamite shell, but —