

THE TECH

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Wednesday, April 8, 1908.

CHALLENGE.

The Tech baseball team hereby challenges the Technique 1909 baseball team for the Technology press championship, game to be started on Tech Field, Brookline, Wednesday morning, April the 22nd, at 10.30 of the clock, with the further condition that neither board shall engage in previous practice.

UNREASONABLE.

In a recent issue of The Tech appeared a communication from Technique 1909 urging better support from the student body. It seems unreasonable that Technique, one of the worthiest of Institute activities, one on the success or failure of which may depend in part the Institute's reputation, should need to ask for support. Every one connected with the Institute should feel it his duty to give his heartiest support to his own annual, certainly to the extent of subscribing for a copy.

The present Technique board is to be congratulated upon the way in which it has emerged from the deluge of adverse circumstances of which it has been the victim. During the summer three members of the board elected in the spring disappeared, never to be heard from, and at present but seven of the original board of fifteen remains. Much difficulty has also been encountered in those getting advertisements, because of the recent financial depression.

Despite all this the board has now on the eve of publication a Technique of at least eighty pages, more than Technique 1908, and one which, it is believed, reaches the highest standard of perfection in illustrations, binding, and literary work.

The editors have done their work; it is now up to every one to help make Technique 1909 a financial success by signing for his subscription.

THE DEMON DRINK.

Ah! but the Musical Clubs are about to do a great stroke of business. Verily the degeneracy in song is about to die. We should, however, pause before plunging the breweries of Milwaukee and the stein factories of Weehawken to destruction. For will not this be brought about by the stamping into oblivion of the good old Stein Song by the limping feet of more virtuous stanzas?

We are forced to crawl away, with our wounded pride in the dust, from the stand taken some months ago in these columns. For in one issue, when the editors secured a leave in order to become acquainted in the proper spirit with that rollicking, heart-stirring hymn by Hovey and Bullard, the office-boy, left in charge of the forms, did write an editorial fraught with evil intent, committing us to a reform.

We have read this editorial and would fain say that it meant nothing; but pause at these words, "the Tech does not agree with those who called standing for it worshipping the sacred bottle, but does feel it inappropriate to present to the world at large as representative

of the Tech man's highest standards." Which "it" is meant is hard to say, the bottle or the song. If the office boy had been nearer the song and further from the "bottle" there would be a chance for an ethical criticism, but we have to drop to trivialities and folly for vindication.

Let us first hear what the debauched have to say, if their words are worthy of notice. The bacchanalian architects have registered their disapproval, apparently, by pleading that the "Star Spangled Banner" be not tampered with or hurtled. As if the national anthem had anything to do with it.

A low-moraled sophomore has said, "We do love a good stein of beer, but do we love Technology?" We will not pause to chide this fellow but leave him to his foreordained and just retribution.

Before giving commendation to that virtuous hydra-human graphophone, the Musical Clubs, we venture a word of pity for our friend Arlo Bates. Although we have besmirched the pure fountain of English many the times, we weep upon imagining his reading of the suggestive verse printed on March 19 last below the clubs' magnificent offer of ten bones. The busted meter and unholy rhymes must have given the exponent of higher English a spasm. Truly if tomorrow the honored English professor is forced to read and judge such verse as the suggestion, we feel sorry, even, as we have said, would weep, and dread a deep loss in our midst from apoplexy or worse.

But let us away from scenes of sadness and at the original theme. It seems that long association stands no more for aught. The bounding hopes of youth are no longer to be promulgated in the words of the beer trust, according to this new movement. The Congregational Society of Newtonville or some other place in the wild wilderness righteously rose in wrath last year and banned the Stein Song from the cars of the incipient. Was this the starting of the crusade on our beloved?

Once we had a president who stood for what the Germans sit-beer at the Kommerz-in the face of a clerical and Christian Endeavor word storm. Would that we had his courage. In fear we hold our tongue and hands whilst the straight-laced wantonly rive our sentimentalities, "Tear our tattered ensign down, expose Paul Revere, put the 'Star Spangled Banner' in cold storage, and expurgate the word beer from the bright lexicon of youth, even if the traffic in high balls flourishes.

Many the times have we stood in our good old Union, grasping the good old stein full of good old two-percent. Union beer in our good old right, and goodly belov'd the good old sentiments of the good old Stein Song until the New Haven trains were silenced and the janitor awoke. But alas, no more! Back to the Tech dirges by Tech odists, whose stanzas loose our lachrymal glands and give us choking thirst! To these the Musical Clubs with their filthy lucre would lead us.

All ye unrighteous but sentimental may curse strong but it will be without effect, for virtue is in the land, abstinence of the alcoholic in word and song stalks, and the Musical Clubs proud like the pointer pigeon waxeth virtuous.

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