

The Tech.

VOL. X.

BOSTON, APRIL 23, 1891.

NO. 14.

THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the college year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

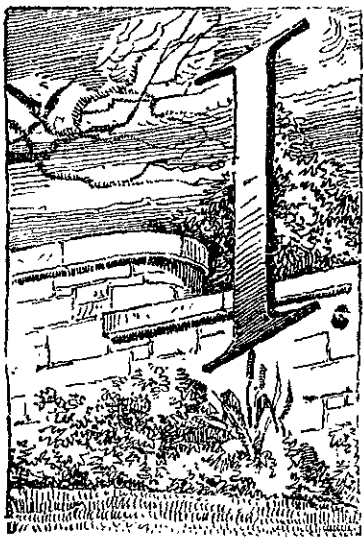
FREDERICK HOPPIN HOWLAND, '92, *Editor-in-Chief*.
HERBERT EMERSON HATHAWAY, '91.
THEODORE SPENCER, '91.
FREDERICK TITCOMB SNYDER, '91.
ALLEN FRENCH, '92.
ALBERT FARWELL BEMIS, '93.
ROY HAMILTON BEATTIE, '93.
FREDERIC WAIT LORD, '93.
ARTHUR JAY FARNSWORTH, '94.

ALLEN FRENCH, *Secretary*.

HARRY NYE WILLIAMS, '92, *Business Manager*.
CHANNING MCGREGORY WELLS, '92, *Ass't Business Manager*.

Subscription, \$2.00 per year, in advance. Single copies, 15 cts. each.

FRANK WOOD, PRINTER, 352 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.



It is indeed gratifying to note the interest that the two lower classes are taking in baseball. The insurmountable difficulties in the way of a 'varsity nine were long ago recognized and bowed down to, but there is nothing to prevent the advancing of Technology's fame in the baseball arena by our Sophomores and Freshmen.

The scores of the few games already played prove to us that we can hope for a great deal in this direction, and we may feel amply justified in counting upon further improvement, and more victories.

Let the good work go on, '93 and '94, and assure yourselves of the hearty approbation of your fellow-students.

But don't feel bound to restrict yourselves to baseball. Next Saturday comes the Spring Outdoor Meeting, which we have every reason

to hope will be the most successful one yet held; and it only remains for every Tech. man to turn up at Beacon Park with all the friends he can muster, and show a real and enthusiastic appreciation of the efforts of the Athletic Club, and of the active participants in the events.

AS the time draws near when each student must bid adieu to an eventful era in his life (for every year at the Institute is an eventful one), let him think how he may best utilize the short time from now to the end. After another week the whole Institute will be draining to the last drop its stock of brains, working and grinding, trying to make up what should have been done weeks ago. But let this one week, before we thoroughly settle down to work, be used in a way that shall be pleasing to all.

Without reference to the winding up of our numerous social affairs, time will surely be well spent in seeing this year's athletics to a successful termination. So let us see as many men as possible at the Sophomore-Freshmen game on next week Friday. This will probably be the last time when '93 and '94 compete together as Sophomores and Freshmen, and undoubtedly the game will draw large crowds from both classes. On the Saturday following, the Outdoor Athletic Meeting takes place, the last and most interesting meeting of the year.

It is not, of course, our present intention to say our farewell to the members of the Senior Class, and to all those who do not expect to be with us next year. But undoubtedly the close of the year is not a pleasant time for all, and one cannot but feel the influence which that occasion exerts, even before the parting occurs.

WHAT can be more pleasing or more interesting than the anticipation of an exciting contest? The anticipation of and the final contest itself are the more pleasing the more closely we may be related to the respective combatants. At the Institute we are, of course, unable to cope with the students of other colleges as extensively as we might desire on the athletic fields. The only time of year when we pretend to meet the representatives of other colleges is during the football season. This comes in that period when we are best able to devote a part of our time to outside work, and to take an interest in the success of our teams.

In contrast to this period, we find the second term almost devoid of any intercollegiate interest. An Institute baseball nine has already been tried, and found impracticable. We do not wish to advocate another trial towards the possession of a "Varsity" nine; but why is it not possible for the athletic authorities to arrange for an annual game between our Freshmen and the Harvard Freshmen? and perhaps, also, between the respective Sophomore teams? Surely, here is a possibility for widening our field and extending our external interest, and with no increased exertions on our part. The extra time needed for those involved would be nominally nothing, and there seems every reason for establishing such a custom. For the last three years, at least, the Freshman teams have played together, and our team has not proved itself unworthy. The score this year was a tie; so we may expect no objection to the suggestion from the standpoint of inequality.

We are sure that the anticipation of such a game, or such games, would give a greater stimulus to baseball in our Sophomore and Freshman Classes. It would, also, tend to open up that bridge which has never yet been free to the passage of a healthy intimacy between our institution of rapid growth and the ancient one beyond the Charles.

A MAN may spend four years here at the Institute, be popular in his class, stand well in his studies, and graduate with honor, and yet have missed one of his best opportunities,—the chance of a personal friendship with his professors.

The necessity of exercising strict control over the irresponsible men in the lower classes, gives the average fellow an idea that his instructors are a set of conspirators, having no other object in life than to make him work and it takes the whole of his Junior and half of his Senior year to find out that the most of them are gentlemen in the best sense of the word, and that they, personally, will form one of the best recollections that each alumnus carries away with his sheepskin.

It is one of the things in which we are not a college, that our Faculty does not consider itself obliged in any way to train our minds by personal association; and yet, underclassmen, we assure you that if you look for friends among your teachers here you will not be disappointed, either in what you discover, or in the future return for the trouble you now expend.

A Senior's Lament.

This year, I know, will be my last,—
Oblivion approaches fast;
The Institute will soon be past
For '91.

But though in all a change I see,
Though all else cease to care for me,
The Rogers Building still will be
491.

That is, until the Board of Aldermen remember
Boylston Street again.

The late P. T. Barnum has left \$40,000 to Tufts College, to found a Barnum Museum of Natural History.

Out of forty-six graduates of Carlisle Indian School, living at Pine Ridge Agency, only six joined the hostiles in the recent outbreak.

All on a Summer's Eve.

"I DO hope and pray that that Eustis man will get so completely raveled up over some girl that he won't be able to breathe away from her, and that she will then throw him over in the most pronounced manner. Nothing would cause me more joy—true, intoxicating joy—Nell, than to see that happen. A more thoroughly conceited and self-satisfied fool I never in my life set eyes upon."

And with a spiteful stamp of her little russet shoe, the speaker threw from her the remains of a marguerite she had been reducing to white and yellow atoms, and looked up appealingly from under the broad-brimmed hat that shaded as expressive a pair of brown eyes as one could ask to look into.

But there was not much sympathy in the soft laugh that greeted this outburst, and Bessie Carleton wearily dropped her hands upon the arms of the straw chair she was sitting in, and gazed pensively out over the blue Atlantic, that, almost motionless save for the occasional passing of a lazy swell, lay peacefully glimmering under the rays of the hot August sun.

Bessie Carleton and her cousin Nell were the two prettiest girls at N—— that summer, and every fellow had been more or less "smitten" with one or the other. But for reasons which we will leave for you, kind reader, to decide, none had been particularly favored, and none could honestly feel that he was a shade more acceptable than the rest to either of the two girls. The rule of first come, first served, had been strictly observed in the matter of walks, drives, sailing parties, and the thousand and one ways of whiling away the long summer days and evenings, and these fellows were fast becoming discouraged.

Bert Eustis and Harry Tilton, old school-fellows and college chums, had come from New York to spend a month or so at N——, and at the time we refer to had been there about two weeks. By the exercise of some

skillful diplomacy they had met Nell and Bessie Carleton soon after their arrival, and had agreed between themselves that "they were mighty nice girls, and decidedly worth cultivating." In pursuance of this idea, Eustis had managed to spend the greater portion of the time that the young people were together, with Bessie Carleton. And yet he received no assistance whatever from her, and only succeeded in making himself her escort by carefully watching his opportunities to be the first in the field.

But the other men were unaware of the true state of affairs. They wouldn't for worlds have acknowledged that Eustis had been quicker than they, and after a great many of them had received from Miss Carleton as an answer to a request for her company in a walk, dance, or what not, "I have promised Mr. Eustis, thank you," it began to be generally accepted that Eustis was the favored one. In consequence, his way was made much easier, and he was correspondingly jubilant.

But Miss Carleton was quick to see the turn affairs had taken, and, although she had liked Mr. Eustis as well as any of the others, she hadn't the slightest intention of exchanging their homage for his, and forthwith took particular pains to show him that she considered him in no way superior to any one else. But Eustis was a determined sort of fellow, and he hadn't any idea of retiring from the position he had worked so hard to attain.

And this was how things stood on the day when the two cousins were sitting together on the veranda of their pretty summer villa, and Bessie was relieving her mind in the words set down at the beginning of this record.

"I must say, Bess," answered her cousin, "I don't see why you are so hard on Mr. Eustis. He is an especially agreeable fellow, he is one of the most popular men in his class at college, and he has been particularly kind and attentive to you. I'm sure I shouldn't blame him if he refused to have anything fur-

ther to do with you, you have been so extremely rude to him lately."

"I wish to goodness he would refuse to have anything further to do with me, and leave me in peace," replied the exasperated Bessie. "Now, the idea of his asking me to give him *five* dances at the hop to-night! And he seemed so perfectly confident that I should comply with his modest request, too! The reliance a man places in his powers of obtaining anything he chooses to ask of a girl, no matter how limited the period of their acquaintance, is really amusing."

"For my part, I certainly think he is entitled to a little extra consideration after sending you those beautiful roses for this evening, and I can't see how you can call your acquaintance such a very short one after the attention he has paid you ever since he got here;" and Nell Carleton rose and moved towards the door.

"Nell, you're awfully unsatisfactory;" and Bessie relapsed into dignified silence.

She remained for several minutes looking off into space, and then, following her cousin's example, went to her room to dress for the dance. There on the table, in a vase of water, stood a glorious bouquet of roses,—red "Jacks," only just opening from the bud; and Bessie stood for a moment looking down at them, toying with the card lying beside the vase,—"Mr. Herbert Kent Eustis." But Bessie's thoughts, whatever they might have been, were unexpressed.

Half an hour later the two girls were again sitting out on the veranda, waiting for dinner to be announced. They were both dressed becomingly—they always were dressed becomingly; that was one of their chief charms—in light, summery gowns, simple, but most wonderful in effect, and well calculated to inspire awe in the masculine mind. Nell was reading the last number of *Life*, while Bessie was aimlessly smoothing the soft petals of one of her "Jacks." She was clearly disinclined to talk, and even had she wished to say any-

thing, it is probable that she might as well have addressed the empty air.

Eustis and Tilton were to take them to the Casino after tea, and until they came there was nothing especially interesting to do.

And so let us leave them for a time, and transfer our attention to the two fellows, who certainly had every reason to consider themselves fortunate. We won't interrupt them at their meal, as the particularities connected with their methods of eating or their tastes would hardly interest us. And so we find them seated on the rail of the hotel piazza, smoking their cigars,—forming a picture of lazy content.

"Harry," said Eustis, after he had watched the blue clouds of smoke roll hither and thither in the light breeze for a while, "Bessie Carleton worries me. Until a day or two ago she was awfully pleasant and agreeable, but lately she's changed completely, and acts as if she thought me the most objectionable creature she could very well be thrown into contact with. Of course, a girl has a perfect right to like a man or not, as she pleases. What puzzles me is, what I've done to bring about this change. I know she isn't particularly interested in anybody else—she never seems to have any preferences at all, for that matter—and yet she is certainly tired of me. What do you think about it?"

"Bert, my boy, girls are peculiar," answered his companion, knocking the ashes off his cigar. "There's no more use in trying to gauge their reasons for doing things than there is in inquiring into the moral principles that govern the actions of that June bug. One reason for this change which you say has taken place in Miss Carleton's bearing towards you, may be that she doesn't intend that anyone shall have reason to think she cares a whit more for you, or any other particular person, than for other persons in general. Pretty girls are very cunning about those things, you know; they realize that the granting of exceptional favors to one fortunate

admirer means a loss of a good deal of attention from the crowd, and they act accordingly.

But I haven't the slightest idea that that's the true reason," he added.

"I don't know. I shouldn't wonder if you were right," answered his companion. "Pretty girls are selfish from the word go, as a rule. But Bessie Carleton is a deuced pretty girl, she's extremely hard to manage, and I believe I'm in love with her,—though never having been attacked before, I don't know that I'm in a position to judge."

"Oh, yes, you're in love," replied the philosophical Tilton; "and you've been in love ever since we met those two girls a fortnight ago. However, I don't blame you; I'm in love with the other one myself, and, what's more, she's the better of the two, by long odds."

"I'm glad you think so. There's some consolation in knowing that we haven't got to fight about it, as we usually have done. But come along; we might as well go up now, even if it is a little early. Those girls never do spend much time in eating, which is a great point in their favor." And the two men started off in the direction of the Carletons' cottage.

Arriving there they found the two girls much as we left them; and after a half-hour's or so conversation, which failed to develop anything satisfactory to Eustis, the girls procured their wraps, and the four started for the Casino.

Bessie Carleton had barely, and in the most formal manner, thanked Eustis for his flowers; but the latter was resigned, and hardly expected more. Nevertheless, he was a little disappointed. This act of ingratitude, however, was nothing compared with his companion's subsequent conduct. She apparently went out of her way to annoy her escort, and by the time they reached their destination the latter was in a state of perplexity bordering upon despair.

In answer to his request, so distastefully referred to by Bessie in her conversation with

her cousin, for a few dances more than the prescribed number, and which he, knowing the suspense in which he had awaited her reply, would have called anything but a demand, he had obtained a half-hearted promise of two, and with this he was forced to be content.

When the orchestra struck up the first strains of the first of these, he made his way through the crowd of promenaders towards Bessie's seat, where he had been watching her since she had seated herself there with her partner, and looking down into those brown eyes of hers, which were mainly responsible for his present state, he said, "This is our dance, is it not, Miss Carleton?" And Bessie, over whose face, as he approached, had come a most bored expression, raised her eyes, which were anything but reassuring, and answered, "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Eustis, but Mr. Thompson reminds me that I promised to dance this with him." So saying she rose, and was soon in the whirl with the other dancers, on the arm of the happy Thompson, in whose eyes Eustis had not failed to note an amused twinkle.

And Eustis, I am sorry to say, forgot himself at this, and said, under his breath fortunately, "D—— Thompson!"

He knew perfectly well that Bessie had promised him this dance before she had seen Thompson, who had only arrived the day before, but there was no help for it, and he walked out of the ballroom into the garden, lit a cigarette, and gave himself up to some very gloomy reflections.

But, as has been pointed out before, determination was one of Bert Eustis' characteristics, and he re-entered the ballroom in time for the second dance Miss Carleton had promised him. He caught sight of her presently, again with the hated Thompson. He approached her, and with a very humble expression, and this time avoiding the girl's eyes, and gazing sadly upon the one rose that remained of the once gorgeous bouquet—he

noticed another in Thompson's buttonhole—said, "May I have this waltz?" And Bessie, looking up as if he were the last person she had expected to see, replied, "Oh, yes; I believe I did promise you this waltz, Mr. Eustis," and turning to her partner, she added sweetly, "Will you excuse me, Mr. Thompson?"

When a man's in love it doesn't take much to satisfy him, provided that the favors come from the one who is responsible for the flame that burns within him, and Eustis had almost forgiven Miss Carleton her heartlessness in the happiness he now experienced as he guided her through the crowd of dancers, waltzing as he had never waltzed before, to the inspiring strains of Strauss' "Beautiful Blue Danube."

Now Eustis was an excellent dancer, and Bessie was forced to acknowledge that she enjoyed this waltz more than she had any of the dances that had preceded it. And so she gave herself up to the pleasure of the moment, and forgot for the time being that this was the man above all others whom she would never have confessed as being able to please her.

And yet, after all, what right had she to dislike him so? He had been most kind to her, and he could hardly be blamed for wishing to see as much of her as he could. And as he looked down into her face—Eustis had told his friend Tilton that he couldn't help looking into her eyes, they were so beautiful, and made him long so to have them turn to his with that expression of tenderness that he knew they must be capable of—she could not but acknowledge that he was very good-looking. But no; he was too conceited.

And then a quick, sharp pang shot through her ankle, and she clutched Eustis' arm for support. He stopped dancing immediately, and asked anxiously what troubled her.

"I'm afraid I've sprained my ankle. Please take me to a seat," she said quickly; and at the sight of her pale face and drawn lips, Eustis raised her from her feet, and carried

her from the room. Telling those who hurried up to him that Miss Carleton had hurt her foot, and that he would see her safely home, he called out to Tilton to throw him a coat, and, tenderly wrapping it about the girl, hurried out of the Casino towards the Carletons' cottage.

It wasn't a great distance off, but Eustis was breathless by the time he reached it. He laid his burden gently upon a sofa, and quietly ordered the bewildered servants to get him some hot water. Then, taking out his knife, he quickly but carefully ripped off Bessie's shoe and stocking, and bathed the poor swollen foot, while he asked her if the pain was very hard to bear.

"That's much better. Thank you—so much—for all—this—trouble," and her head dropped back upon the cushions.

Eustis thought she had fainted, and went on gently bathing the injured ankle, while he awaited the arrival of the doctor whom Tilton had gone for. But Bessie presently opened her eyes, and looked down at the handsome fellow at her feet. And then she realized all at once how unkind she had been to him, and how little she deserved this treatment at his hands, and the hot tears came into her eyes, strive as she would to keep them back.

Then the doctor came to take Eustis' place, and she was carried upstairs to her room and put to bed, with her foot wrapped up in bandages steeped in arnica. The pain soon wore off, and she finally dropped asleep.

Eustis left the house in anything but a peaceful frame of mind, and cursed his luck as he realized that there was little chance of his seeing Miss Carleton again before he returned to the city.

Cursed his luck! Can Fortune be blamed for inconstancy after ingratitude such as this?

For three weeks poor Bessie lay in her room unable to move her foot, while her friends did the proper thing, and sent up the customary messages of sympathy and condolence. They were all very kind, but what caused her more

secret joy than any of these more or less sincere tokens of regard, was the daily bunch of roses that was sent up to her room, with no card, to be sure, but whose sender she hadn't much doubt about.

At last she was told that the next day she might walk down stairs with the assistance of a cane.

Of course it was natural that she should be pleased, but nobody but herself knew that the mere fact of her being able to leave her room was by no means the main cause of her pleasure. She could now hope to thank Mr. Eustis in person for his kindness, and then she thought that perhaps she might apologize to him for various little acts of rudeness. That depended upon his conduct, however. And so she told Nell to say to Mr. Eustis that she would be very pleased to have him call, and she waited anxiously until her cousin returned to luncheon.

"Well, did you see him?" she inquired, rather eagerly than otherwise.

"No;" answered her cousin. "He has been in his room all morning packing. He and Mr. Tilton leave to-morrow, you know. But I saw Mr. Tilton, and he promised to deliver your message."

All that afternoon Bessie lay in the hammock, whence she could see the gate without turning her head, and pretended to read a novel. But the novel must have been very dull, as her eyes never remained on the page for any length of time, and the slightest sound without caused her to raise them towards the gate.

The long afternoon hours stole by, but no Mr. Eustis. And at tea they all wondered what made Bessie so especially quiet and inattentive. She left the table before any of the others, and, throwing on a shawl, walked out onto the veranda, and sat down on the steps. "I really wonder if he doesn't mean to come," thought innocent Bessie, and the reader will perceive from this that she was a very inexperienced maiden. She acknowledged to

herself, though most unwillingly, that Mr. Eustis certainly had good reason to keep away.

If one could only have read Bessie Carleton's thoughts during the next few minutes, one would certainly have been afforded a striking example of the wayward character of womankind. Here was this girl, who hardly three weeks ago had been doing her very best to keep out of a certain person's way, now anxiously awaiting the appearance of this same person, in accordance with an earnest request from her.

But a step on the gravel put to flight these thoughts, and out through the twilight she saw the tall figure of Mr. Eustis. And thereat a blush stole over her face, which she was very glad to know Mr. Eustis would be unable to perceive in the dim light.

"Good evening, Miss Carleton," said the latter, lifting his hat. "I'm awfully glad to see you out again. Your ankle doesn't give you any further trouble, does it?"

"Oh, no, thank you! it's quite well; only a little weak." Then: "Mr. Eustis, I want to thank you for your kindness that evening,—and—I also feel that I owe you an apology for my rudeness to you. Will you accept a great, great many?"

"Rudeness! Nonsense, Miss Carleton; I know I must have given you a great deal of annoyance. You see it's an unfortunate way I have of always thrusting myself upon people whom I like, whether they like me or not. Of course it was very foolish of me to think for a moment that you could care anything for me, and I am sure I owe you an apology for such presumption." Mr. Eustis said this in a methodical sort of fashion, and Bessie's heart sank.

"But I don't want you to call it presumption. No one could help being grateful to you for all you did for me, and—and liking you—a little," she hastened to add, as Eustis looked up quickly into her eyes.

And he must have seen a great deal there, for—

"Bessie," said he, taking her hand, "Do you honestly like me a little?"

"Yes; I'm afraid I do," she answered softly; "but only a very, very little."

"And if I were to be very grasping and ask you to love me a very, very little, do you think you could do that?"

"I don't know. I might try, perhaps."

And then they settled the matter, after the usual fashion, in the fairest way possible.

"But tell me, Bert," said Bessie, a little later, "why did you ask me for that second dance? You hadn't any business to, you know, after my having refused you the first."

"Bessie; what a question! Didn't I tell you I was head over ears in love with you long before that dance?"

And now, kind reader, remembering the old saying about third persons, we will step around the corner. We have seen far too much already.

M. I. T., '93, 5; Boston University, 4.

ON Saturday, the 18th, '93's ball team played a very close and exciting game with the Boston University Nine, at the South End grounds. The weather was perfect, the game was excellent, and the hundred spectators, among whom were many ladies, showed their appreciation by occasional cheering.

Up to the ninth inning both teams put up an equally strong game, but in this inning they went to pieces terribly. Aided by two errors by Ruevesky, and a clean two-base hit by Jackson, '93 succeeded in winning the game by one run. The batting of '93's team, on the whole, showed a marked improvement over the exhibition they gave against the Harvard team.

The features of the game were the fielding of Palmer and Jackson, and the batting of Jackson and Emery. For the University team E. Warren and Sullivan did the best work.

Nickerson, the first man at the bat for Boston University, reached first on a misjudgment

by Ashton, stole second and third, and scored on a sacrifice by A. Warren. Sullivan struck out, and Warren and Hazelton were retired at first.

For '93, Dolan got his base on balls, reached second on a neat single by Jackson, and scored on an error by Ruevesky. Jackson reached first on his safe hit, got second and third on Ruevesky's error, but was put out at the plate. Burke took first on Jackson's out, stole second, and came home on Emery's single. Ashton struck out; and Calkin's closed the inning with a weak grounder to the pitcher.

In the second inning, E. Warren reached first on called balls, and stole second. Ruevesky knocked a fly to Dolan, who threw to Jackson in time to make a neat double play, by catching Warren off the base. Millard got as far as third base in this inning, but was caught napping by Burke, who threw well to Palmer.

Ninety-three failed to score in their half of this inning; Brockunier, Belden, and Dolan being retired in order.

On an error by Dolan, and a hit by Sullivan, Vahey succeeded in scoring for Boston University in the third.

In this inning Jackson led off with a clean single over second base; reached second and third, and came home on a passed ball. Ashton and Emery were easily retired at first.

No more runs were made by either team until the ninth inning.

Hazelton got his base on balls in the ninth; stole second, and reached home on a wild pitch by Dolan, who now became very erratic. The next man, however, he succeeded in retiring on strikes. Ninety-three now fielded miserably, and they failed to retire the side until after Millard had succeeded in crossing the plate, making the University men one run ahead.

For Tech., Brockunier reached first on an error, but was put out on trying to steal second. Palmer and Dolan got bases on errors. Amid deafening cheers by the enthusiastic

members of '93, Jackson came to the bat and knocked a two bagger, bringing in Palmer and Dolan with the winning runs. Following is the tabulated score :—

M. I. T., '93.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dolan, p.,	4	2	0	0	0	1	10	2
Jackson, s.s.,	5	1	3	4	0	2	3	1
Burke, c.,	4	1	1	1	0	4	6	0
Ashton, c.f., 2 b.,	4	0	0	0	1	4	2	2
Emery, l.f.,	3	0	2	2	0	1	0	0
Calkins, 2 b., l.f., r.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	1	1	0
Brockunier, 1 b., r.f., l.f.	3	0	0	0	0	6	0	0
Belden, r.f.,	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
Palmer, 3 b.,	4	1	1	1	0	4	2	0
Whiting, 1 b.,	3	0	0	0	0	4	0	0
Totals,	35	5	8	9	1	27	24	5

BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Nickerson, 1 b.,	4	1	0	0	1	10	2	1
Sullivan, c.,	3	0	1	2	0	10	2	1
A. Warren, 3 b.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	1	1
Hazelton, s.s.,	3	1	1	1	1	0	0	0
E. Warren, p.,	2	0	0	0	0	0	14	1
Millard, r.f.,	3	1	1	1	0	1	0	0
Ruevesky, 2 b.,	4	0	0	0	0	3	3	3
Drury, c.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	1
Vahey, l.f.,	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	30	4	4	5	2	25	22	8

H. U., '91, 4; M. I. T., '93, 2.

NINETY-THREE'S baseball team played their first game of the season on April 11th, with Harvard, '91. On account of the rainy weather the grounds were in a very poor condition, which rendered good batting and sharp fielding impossible. The superior batting abilities of the Harvard men won them the game, which was very close and exciting throughout.

In the first inning Brockunier reached first on a safe hit, stole second, and came home on a good single by Emery. Harvard scored two runs in this inning, on hits by McKean and Crosby, a base on balls, and a wild throw by Burke. In the second inning the Seniors scored one run more, on a three-base hit by Guerring, and a sacrifice by Cumming.

Ninety-three made their last run in the fourth inning, on a base on balls, a stolen base, and an error by Wood.

The last run of the game was made by Harvard in the fifth, on a base on balls, an error by Burke, and a single by Wood.

At the end of the seventh inning the game was called, on account of the rain.

The features of the game for '93 were the fielding of Palmer and Belden, and the general inability of the team to hit the ball safely at critical points.

For H. U., '91, the battery did the best work in the field and at the bat. The score :

H. U., '91.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
McKean, 1 b.,	2	2	1	1	0	5	1	0
Wood, 2 b.,	3	1	1	1	0	3	1	1
Corning, 3 b.,	2	0	1	1	0	2	2	1
Burr, s.s.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	1	1
Crosby, l.f.,	3	0	1	1	0	1	0	0
Washburn, c.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Babbitt, r.f.,	3	0	1	1	0	1	0	0
Guerring, c.,	2	1	1	3	0	5	2	0
Cumming, p.,	3	0	2	3	1	2	5	1
Totals,	24	4	8	11	1	21	12	4

M. I. T., '93.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dolan, p.,	4	0	2	2	0	0	9	0
Burke, c.,	3	0	0	0	0	10	2	2
Brockunier, 1 b.,	3	1	1	1	0	2	1	1
Emery, l.f.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
Ashton, c.f.,	2	1	0	0	0	1	1	0
Calkins, 2 b.,	3	0	0	0	0	3	0	0
Belden, r.f.,	2	0	0	0	0	2	1	0
Wardsworth, s.s.,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Palmer, 3 b.,	3	0	1	2	0	3	2	0
Totals,	25	2	5	6	0	21	16	3

The Princeton Lawrenceville Club has offered an annual prize of \$25, to be given to the Lawrenceville School graduate passing the best entrance examination.

Henry G. Kluk, Jr., the champion mile walker of the world, made a world's record in the half-mile walk at Mobile, Ala., recently, by covering the distance in 2 minutes 55 seconds.

The Twentieth Century Club.

THE last meeting of the Twentieth Century Club for this term took place Monday, April 13th. Mr. Mathews took the chair, and the subject, the "Single Tax" question, was debated by Messrs. Ripley and Coggin, affirmative, and Messrs. Waterman and Clogher, negative.

Mr. Ripley met arguments against single tax, rather than advanced any arguments of his own in favor of it. He based his speech mainly upon the justice of the matter, and held that land is a God-given right, and that no man has a right to hold land more than another. He argued that landed property owed its increasing value to the growth of the community, and therefore the community should own this unearned increment.

Mr. Waterman, on the other hand, claimed that a tax to be just must be universal and equal, and that the single tax violated both these conditions. He said that railroads and railroad stock also owed its increase in value to the growth of the community, and that the single tax did not affect it in the least. If farmers have to pay larger taxes, they will go more or less into trade with the result that wages will be lowered and food prices raised. It also bears hard upon the poorer classes and tenement lodgers, whose principal expense is rent. If the taxation on property is increased, their rent is necessarily also increased.

The other speakers followed practically these lines, and then the discussion was thrown open to the house, and lasted till after six o'clock. Throughout the debate considerable confusion was caused by the different ideas the speakers had of single tax, and nearly every speaker succeeded in giving a definition differing from the ones that had gone before.

The meeting adjourned till next fall, when it is to be hoped the Club will do as good work as it has done thus far.

More than \$300,000 has been bequeathed to Cornell this year.



The Hare and Hounds Run given by the Athletic Club on Saturday afternoon, April 11th, was very successful. Chapman and Cogswell scattered the scent, while Kales, Robertson, Wells, Harvey, Leeming, Davis, Andrews, Kendall, Stanwood, and Hall followed it up. The hares ran a very stiff race, but the hounds were a little too much for them, Leeming finishing one minute and twelve seconds within the time allowed, bringing in the hounds in advance of the hares, and winning for himself first prize. Kales and Andrews followed closely, and received second and third prizes respectively.

The spring games of the M. I. T. A. C. will be held at Beacon Park, Allston, on Saturday afternoon, May 2d, at two o'clock. Everything points to an unusually successful meeting. Athletics in general, and track athletics in particular, are being rapidly developed at the Institute, and several of our records are sure to go. This is rendered doubly certain by the lively interest which is now felt, and by the fact that the track on which the games are to be held is one of the fastest in the country. It will be remembered that Beacon Park was the site of Wendell Baker's great performances. Most of the contestants will be very evenly matched, and as there is much new material in '93 and '94, all of the races promise to be very exciting.

Beacon Park is easily reached, both by the electric cars and by the Boston and Albany R. R. It takes half an hour to reach the grounds by the Allston cars,—which go directly to the Park,—and eight minutes by the train, which leaves Columbus Avenue Station

at 1.33 P. M. The only thing needed to make the success of the meeting assured, is to have a large number of spectators. The surest way of accomplishing this is to have everybody in Tech. tell his friends about the games, and insist on their company.

The Boston Athletic Association will give two handicap meetings, which are open to all amateurs. The meeting will be held on Irvington Oval, and the events will be called at 4 P. M. Entries, which must be made out on the B. A. A. entry blank, close April 20th. Blanks are obtainable at the office of the B. A. A., and twenty-five cents must be paid for each event. The events are as follows:— April 23d, 100-yards dash, 16-lb. hammer (7-foot run), and 1-mile run. April 30th, 100-yards run, 3-mile walk, and $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile run.

That New Fad.

"I'm weary of this life of ease."
My cousin Ella said;
"I'd like to go to work somewhere.
And earn my daily bread.

"I'd go to work at anything,
I'd work for bread and meat;
If I couldn't find another job,
I'd even sweep the street."

I met her on the street to-day,
'Twas e'en as she had said.
Her gown it swept the sidewalk clean—
But not to earn her bread.

And smilingly I spoke to her,
"Ah there!" I said, "fair coz,
You've got your avocation now,
For you're a *balayeuse*."

Something Original.

Chollie: "I wakened up the other night,
and——"

Frankie: "Well, what did you do?"

Chollie: "I did not do anything."

Frankie: "What did you say?"

Chollie: "We'll have the daylight, please."

THE CLEVER SENIOR;

or,

The Roasting of the Junior.

A Drama in 3 Acts.

Dramatis Personæ:—

W. C. D-RT, '91, *The Clever Senior.*

JUNIOR.

SENIORS, JUNIORS, SOPHOMORES, FRESHMEN, OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, SLAVES, BIRD, etc., etc. *Scene, ROGERS CORRIDOR.*

ACT I., SCENE I. *Time, about 5 P. M. Enter CLEVER SENIOR, with chalk and eraser. Walks up to '91's bulletin board, and writes: "The Class of '91 (if so disposed) may aid the statistition by filling out their blanks and returning them to him at once."* [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Enter JUNIOR (looking for trouble). Reads notice on '91's blackboard several times. [Exit hurriedly.]*

SCENE III. *Enter JUNIOR (consulting dictionary). Compares word in dictionary with word on board. [Exit hurriedly.]*

SCENE IV. *Enter JUNIOR, with chalk and eraser. Walks up to '92's bulletin board, and writes: "Will the statistician please learn how to spell." [Exit.]*

ACT II., SCENE I. *Time, 7.30 next morning. Enter CLEVER SENIOR (anxious; cause, cares of office). Reads notice on '92's bulletin board. [Exit hurriedly.]*

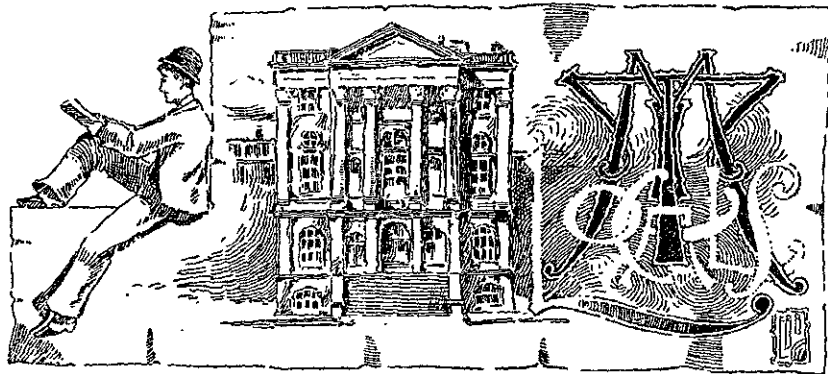
SCENE II. *Enter CLEVER SENIOR (consulting dictionary.) Compares word in dictionary with word on '91's board. [Exit.]*

SCENE III. *Enter CLEVER SENIOR, with chalk and eraser. Corrects statistition. [Exit smiling.]*

ACT III. *Time, 8.55 A. M. (C.) Crowd of FRESHMEN, SOPHOMORES, JUNIORS, and SENIORS discovered struggling to obtain view of two bulletin boards.*

(R.) CLEVER SENIOR (*pleased expression*).

CURTAIN.



The posters for the spring games have been out for several days.

'93 was defeated by a score of 5 to 1 at Andover, on April 22d.

The tennis courts have been reopened, and are in active use daily.

Up to the present time, about sixty entries have been received for the outdoor games.

'91 reports that the Institute post office will be completed before Class Day.

Friday, May 1st, is announced as the date for the Sophomore-Freshman baseball game.

The '94 baseball team has a date with the Roxbury Latin School for Saturday, April 25th.

Only about ten men so far have availed themselves of the opportunity to use Irvington Oval.

The Glee, Mandolin, etc., gave a concert in Salem last week before a small but select audience.

The Junior and Senior Civils have had several lectures lately on the subject of "Highway Engineering."

M. L. Johnston, '94, who won the tennis tournament last fall, is getting into form for this season's play.

'94 defeated the English High School by a score of 9 to 8 at the West Chester Park grounds, April 22d.

About a dozen Tech. men went into the open handicap games given by the B. A. A., on April 23d and 30th.

"General's" brother may be seen daily on the banks of the Charles, watching with much interest the Harvard crews practicing.

All go to the spring games at Beacon Park on Saturday, May 2d.

Student, translating: "The wine cellar, where the beer is good."

Professor Van D—— (with feeling): "Yes."

W. B. Trowbridge, '91, has accepted a position with the Pennsylvania Steel Co., and expects to leave for Sparrow Point at any moment.

A good number of entries have already been made for the outdoor games. All entries must be made before Wednesday the 29th.

The Students' Monday Prayer Meeting will be held, hereafter, from 1.55 to 2.10 P. M. It is hoped that this hour may prove convenient for all.

The '93 baseball manager has made the following dates for games: April 25th, the Marions, at Brookline; April 29th, Harvard, '94, at Harvard.

W. H. Graves, '93, J. Ramsay Speer, '93, and F. T. Towne, '93, were initiated into the Hammer and Tongs at the Vendome, Saturday, the 18th inst.

The Civil Engineering Society held a regular meeting Thursday evening, April 16th. Papers were read by Pinto, '91, on "Brazil," and Dana, '92, on "Tunneling."

Harvard, '91, and Tech. '93, met on the baseball field at Harvard on Saturday, April 11th. Seven innings only were played, the game being at all times a very interesting one.

The appearance of the recitation and drawing rooms of the Engineering Building has been much improved by the addition of some excellent photographs of locomotives, bridges, etc.

Professor -ll-n (lecturing on Highways): "This *adobe* is mixed with straw, the natives using for the purpose hose, or feet without hose." And still it is claimed our lectures are dull.

We should like to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in our columns of

some relative of the late Professor Atkinson, who would like a copy of the photograph described, taken by some present or former student at the Institute.

The average price paid for lunch in the basement of Rogers is $22\frac{1}{2}$ cents, ranging from a maximum of 40 cents to a minimum of 5 cents. The average number of "mealers" per day is 200.

The Senior Electricals have been given extra work in the Engineering Laboratories, as no work is to be done during the last two weeks of the term. The extra time will be occupied by dynamo testing.

There was a meeting of the Electric Club Wednesday evening, April 15th. H. C. Spaulding, '84, lectured on "Electric Transmission of power in Mining Work." L. B. Dixon was admitted to membership.

The Mechanical Engineering Society held a regular meeting last Thursday evening, in Room 11 Rogers. The lecturer was Jas. E. Howard, who described "The Watertown Arsenal Testing Machine, and What It Has Done."

Last Saturday the Freshman Nine played the Cambridge High School at Cambridge. The first half of the game was well played by both sides, and very close. In the latter half '94 worked in some good batting, and won 8 to 2.

The opening of the tennis courts was nearly attended by serious results. The man engaged in driving over the grounds the horses attached to the heavy roller was thrown from his seat by the breaking of the shafts, and narrowly escaped being crushed.

The posts supporting the nets between the sets of courts on the tennis grounds were lately painted by the authorities, who unfortunately neglected to display the customary warning sign. "It's an ill wind," etc., and the good in this case has been traced to a dealer in cast-off clothing, and a tailor.

The Civil Engineering Society will hold its

last regular meeting of the year on Thursday evening, April 30th. At this meeting the officers for next year will be elected. A paper will be read by W. G. Curtis, '91, on "Recent Methods of Water Purification and Sewage Disposal."

After the annual meeting of the Co-operative Society, the directors held a meeting and elected the following officers for the coming year: President, F. H. Meserve, '92; Vice-President, A. F. Bemis, '93; Secretary, J. C. Hawley, '93; Treasurer, A. E. Fowle, '93. The new tickets and lists of affiliated tradesmen have been on sale at Maclachlan's since the first of the month.

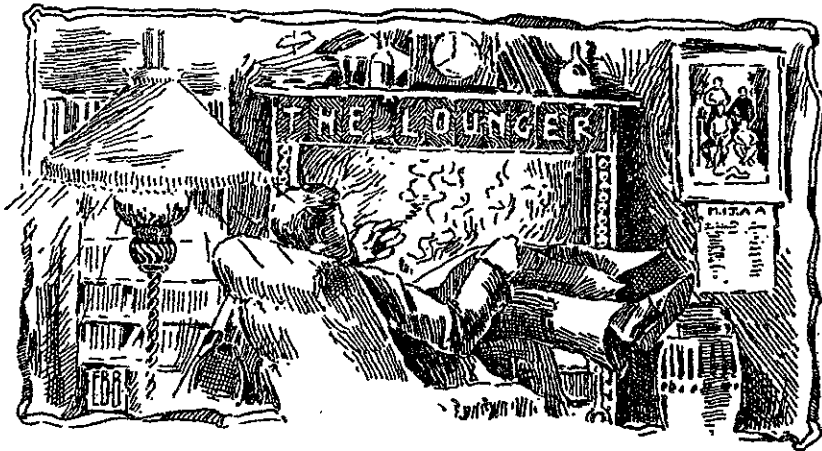
The regular meeting of the K₂S was held at Young's Hotel, Friday evening, April 17th. The annual election of officers resulted in the following choice: President, H. R. Moody; Vice-President, G. H. May; Treasurer, G. H. May; Secretary, W. H. Wooffindale; Executive Committee, Messrs. Moody, Eldredge, and Church.

The annual meeting of the Co-operative Society occurred on the first Saturday in the month. It cannot be said that the meeting was a very largely attended one, but it served its purpose very well. A report was given by the outgoing Secretary, and approved. President Blanchard gave an informal report in the absence of the Treasurer. Three scholarships have been given this year, and there is at present about \$400 in the treasury.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 15th, '94's baseball team played Harvard, '94, on Norton's Field. Although the game resulted in a tie, the playing was not without error on both sides. The fielding was the weakest point with both nines. The score by innings:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Harvard	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	2-8
Technology	0	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	1-8

Umpire,—J. Corbett, Harvard, '94; Batteries,—Harvard, Sinfield and H. Cabot; Tech.—Mink and Rogers. The last inning was played in the dark.



THE Lounger hardly knows what to say this week. Nothing wonderful has happened that has not already been discussed to a threadbare condition. The Lounger is also oppressed with "that tired feeling" peculiar to this season of the year. Ah! that is the point; the Lounger will proceed to discuss spring,—beautiful spring.

Spring, the mother of all that is beautiful in nature, is here at last, and with it come thoughts of home, dreamy love fancies, flowers, spring suits, and last of all the approach of the examinations. Alas, that this one drawback should mar the exquisite pleasure spring imparts to each and every Tech. man. Did the Lounger say one drawback? He mistook; there are others which fall on some lightly, scarcely perceptibly, and on others with the sickening weight of despair; for it is at this season that our bursars, tailors, and mince-meat makers all conspire to make life seem a horrible reality instead of a pleasant dream, as it was before these fiends commenced their direful work on bills.

Among other things, spring almost always produces the characteristic feeling mentioned above. Some people call this *ennui*, and the Lounger thinks it is a very good name indeed. He used to hear it called by another name when he was a boy,—a disagreeable kind of a name that he got very tired of. He used to suffer from *ennui* quite often. In fact it had become almost an incurable chronic disease, and the Lounger was fast becoming very thin. This leanness, however, was only an indirect result of the *ennui*, caused by his breakfast being postponed to his usual dinner hour every time he had one of these attacks,—for they always commenced just as the breakfast bell rang.

At last the Lounger resolved that his case was desperate, and that he would make one mighty attack at the root of the disease. The coachman was ordered to pull the clothes violently off the bed every morning at 6 A. M. The scheme worked splendidly, and the Lounger fast regained his lost flesh.

One day an old friend of the family, an aristocratic Southerner, made his appearance for a week's visit. He was exceedingly stiff and formal, and made it an especial point to be punctual in all his engagements. The morning after his arrival the Lounger came down stairs somewhat earlier than usual, and, much to his surprise, found the colonel, faultlessly dressed as ever, taking a stroll in the garden. Pleasant courtesies were exchanged, the colonel remarking how beautiful it was to rise thus early and hear the birds singing, and to see the flowers opening. Then the Lounger "caught on." He had given the colonel his room the night before, and forgotten to warn the man. The colonel was probably peacefully dreaming, when Roberts aroused him in what must have seemed a most unceremonious manner.

The Lounger has mentioned the terrible ordeal that is so rapidly approaching, and which is incident to spring or early summer,—the annual exams. Upon the result of a few days depends our lifelong happiness or our eternity of despair and regret. It gives the Lounger a cold shiver to think of it, and that he may not be here next year to carry on this one-sided conversation once a fortnight, or that he may necessarily have to be such a "grind" as to be unable to do so.

But let us not dwell longer on this doleful subject. Let us look at the good things spring brings us, or is soon to bring us. First, rest, and utter forgetfulness of the terrible feline serenades that so many of us have been involuntary listeners to, almost every night, during the last few weeks. Second, the pleasant anticipations of returning home to relatives, friends, sisters, and other fellows' sisters. And third, no more eating of hash and darning of stockings. Buttons will again be discovered and used, and the Lounger can smoke his pipe and read his paper without a care for the morrow.

Thus endeth the chapter on Spring.

Warm weather was never meant as a cure for weary brains. Yet the warmest weather of the academic year, coupled with the hardest work, must now be endured by our most weary minds, until about the first of June, when we may hope to leave our business and take a rest. Surely this is rather a doleful time of year. Everyone grinds harder every day. Every day increases the length and decreases the width of the faces of all our worthy contemporaries. Lastly, all our worthy contemporaries, day by day, linger less and

less on the steps and in the hallways of these our more or less beloved buildings.

It is indeed a very sad thing to think how much of this work is to prove itself so unnecessary. Do not imagine, however, that there is here any insinuation of F. F.'s. No, of course; all that was meant was merely a little sermon. As is often the case with sermons, the deed is condemned after it has been executed, and cannot be undone.

This is the time when preachers are most numerous. Thus the Lounger would say (and from experience, too), keep up with your work; in other words, "make hay while the sun shines." By the way, this well-known proverb was first uttered by the Lounger. It was of course many long years ago, when you, my readers, were all unhatched, or very young at most. In this period Boston town was much nearer the sea, and we then boasted of a scientific course in the making of hay.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Over five thousand brand new physicians are turned out by the medical colleges of this country every year.

Columbia is the only college in the Inter-collegiate A. A. that has won one or more firsts in every championship meeting since the inception of the league.

The average expenses of the Yale Class of '88 was \$1,000 yearly.

Football in any form has been strictly prohibited by the authorities of the University of Heidelberg, Germany.

The Manhattan Athletic Club will establish a five mile bicycle race for the championship of New York this spring.

Thompson, the coxswain of last year's Yale Crew, will coxswain the Manhattan A. C. Crew this year.

We are told that the students at the college for the blind, Worcester, Mass., play cricket splendidly. A bell is placed within the ball.

The roof of the new Yale gymnasium is to be entirely of glass. It will be the second largest roof of the kind in the country.

Bowdoin College has voted to have an advisory athletic board control its athletics.

The students at Tufts College had a mass meeting, at which they passed resolutions on Barnum's death.

Sixteen women graduated from the Law Department of the University of the City of New York recently.

Harvard expends \$16,000 annually on her library, Columbia, \$20,000, Cornell, \$8,000, Yale, \$7,500, and Princeton about \$4,000.

In a recent report of the Town of Andover, the land of the Trustees of Phillips Academy is valued at about \$300,000.

Harvard has had two Presidents and three Vice-Presidents of the United States among her graduates.

Out of a total of 365 colleges in the United States, 271 are denominational.

Pamona College, California, has inaugurated a College Senate on Amherst's plan.

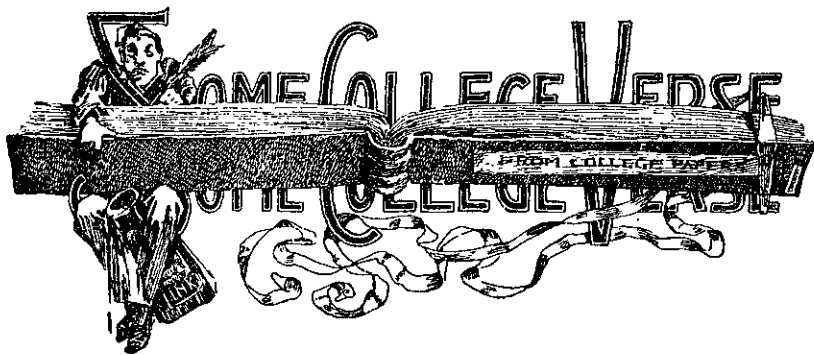
The \$150,000 lately given by Mr. Fayerweather to Wesleyan, will be devoted to a new gymnasium.

At the University of Pennsylvania four crews are in training. There is a movement on foot to raise \$10,000 for an equipment of the representative team.

The Trustees of Columbia at their last meeting, created two new departments in International Law and Biology.

Of Yale's athletes, sixty-four per cent have attained to distinguished grades of scholarship; and so far from lowering the average, or making no impression one way or the other upon it, they raise the whole standard of the University.

The Yale University crew has been photographed in the shell by Hearment, of New York, that the picture might be placed upon the souvenir programmes of the second annual spring games of the Berkeley Athletic Club, to be held on the Berkeley Oval, on May 16th.



TRYING FOR THE TEAM.

I watch its blaze in mute complaining;
The fire can smoke—but I'm in training.
—*Trinity Tablet.*

A COLLEGE OWED.

She stopped me on the street,
And her eyes were filled with tears;
She hailed me as a friend
Whom she hadn't seen for years.



I wondered what she had to say,
Her face—I knew it not,
But still it seemed not strange to me;
I did know—but forgot.

Her lips were quivering painfully—
At last I heard her speak:
"You owe me five for washing, sir—
I've been after it for a week."

—*The Tiger.*

A TRIOLET.

O. Bridget worked for hire,
For she did cook quite well;
We took her in to try her,
But she poured oil on the fire—

Now she either plays the lyre, 
Or groaneth sore in— 

Yes, Bridget worked for hire,
For she did cook quite well.

—*Adelbert.*

PUG-NACITY.

Dude on street
Leading pug;
Looks like him
Form and mug.

Crowd of boys
Laugh at sight.
Dude turns 'round—
Angry quite.

"Heah you boys—
Quit youah twicks!
Undahstawnd
My k9 6."

—*Lafayette.*

THE FAT WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

I went to buy some shoes, you' know,
At Smith and Johnson's, up the street;
I'd heard they sold their goods so low
That they by no one could be beat.
But if they'll give me half their store
I will not trade there any more.
The sun had scorched me most to death
And I was warm and out of breath
From my long walk up that steep rise,
And as I gasped he says, "What sighs!"

—*Brunonian.*

TWO TO ONE.

We played at cards in early fall.
The trump was hearts. She held them all.
We played at cards.
She won.

We played at love one day in June,
One long-remembered afternoon.
We played at love.
I won.

He played at church—the organist—
A bride was rapturously kissed.

He played at church.

We're one.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

AN ECONOMIC SITUATION.

On the sofa sat the maiden;
By her side the blushing youth,
Who, financially embarrassed,
Hardly dared to speak the truth.

The increased supply of fervor
More than equaled the demand;
For as she moved farther from him,
Closer still he pressed her hand.

"Naught care I for your devotions;
All your vows of love I spurn.
You may henceforth gauge your visits
By diminishing return."

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

JACQUEMINOTS.

I sent Babette some Jacqueminots
(They cost, I own, a "V"),
Enclosed therewith a bit of verse,
Which breathed fidelity.

Babette returned my Jacqueminots
(I seemed out just a "V");
She scorned my dainty bit of verse,
And sent back both to me.

I sent the verse to an editor
(And Fate smiled tranquilly);
His check just paid for the Jacqueminots,—
He sent me back a "V."

—*Trinity Tablet.*