



FAC

THE

XMAS

Vol. 11.

1874

E.B. 1874

J. C. LITTLEFIELD,
TAILOR and OUTFITTER,

UNDER HOTEL BELLEVUE, 21 AND 23 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

Exclusive Styles for Young Men. Dress Suits a Specialty.

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

ONLY \$3 TO NEW YORK (For first-class limited tickets) **Via Fall River Line.**
Reduction to all points beyond New York. Steamers **PILGRIM** and **PROVIDENCE** in commission.
Pullman vestibuled Express Trains, composed of parlor cars and regular passenger coaches, leave Park Sq. station
Boston, week days at 6, Sundays, 7 P. M., running through to steamer at Fall River in eighty minutes. Due New York, 7:30 A. M.
Annex Boat connection between Pier 23, N. R., and Jersey City and Brooklyn on arrival.
SELENIUM ORCHESTRA ON EACH STEAMER. Baggage checked from hotel or residence in Boston to destination. Tickets
Caterooms and berths secured at **3 Old State House, cor. Washington and State Streets,** and at **Park Square Station**
Old Colony Railroad. **J. R. KENDRICK, General Manager.** **GEO. L. CONNOR, General Passenger Agent.**
L. H. PALMER, Agent, 3 OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

C. F. HOVEY & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

33 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.

THOMSON-HOUSTON ELECTRIC CO.

LEADING MANUFACTURERS OF

Apparatus and Supplies for Electric Lights and Electric Power.

620 ATLANTIC AVENUE,

BOSTON,

MASS.

CHAS A. SMITH & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

18 and 20 School St., Boston, Mass.

Our Special Importations for the coming season have been received, and are ready for inspection. Early orders solicited.

Gentlemen will find our stock larger and more complete than ever, and no efforts will be spared to give entire satisfaction.

The Tech.

VOL. XI.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1891.

NO. 1.

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*.
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.



THE four months' dusting, cleaning, and general repairing having been duly completed, the Rogers Building on Boylston Street presents its usual cheerful and animated appearance on the

occasion of the commencement of the year of '91-'92. Ninety-one, fully equipped for the great battle of life, has been sent into the world, and to us others Technology presents the class of '95.

The corridors have rung with greetings and good cheer, students and "profs." alike participating. The upper classmen have exchanged reminiscences and romances of the summer, while the fast-subsiding Sophomores have eyed with contempt our little friends in '95, and have listened with disgust to the already free and familiar manner in which they speak of "Rids," the "Co-eds," the "chapel," etc.

All leads us to feel that we have started out on a most prosperous year.

Let us hope so indeed: let us hope that the year will be one of triumph and victory; one of good feeling and friendship; one of record-breaking and pleasant, successful innovations. Let us work in unison, shoulder to shoulder, for the fame of Technology, as we have so gloriously done in former years, with energy and intelligence, with the vigor and the strength to make it such. Here's to our success! Here's a welcome to '92, '93, and '94! Here's hope in '95!

THE Athletic Club will hold an open handicap meeting on the South End baseball grounds Wednesday, October 21st, at 3 o'clock.

This is the first time such an idea has been undertaken at Tech., and if expectations are realized, a very interesting meeting will be held. The team race, which is one of the features of the day, is open only to Institute men, and will have as contestants teams representing our four classes. Class rivalry is sure to make this a very exciting event, and much cheering will doubtless be heard, spurring the representatives of the different classes on to victory. Every man who has any interest in his class should be present, even if it is only to witness this one event.

Second in interest to the team race will be the goal-kicking contest. This is the first time such an event has ever been held in New England, and some very pretty exhibitions of football kicking are expected.

The whole list of events is as follows: 100-yard run, 440-yard run, 880-yard run, 1-mile run, 120-yard hurdle, team race (open only to M. I. T.), running high jump, goal-kicking contest.

In the goal-kicking contest each man will have one place kick and one drop kick from the 20, 30, and 40 yard mark; goals to count 1, 2, and 3 points respectively from each position.

The prizes are silver cups, and are unusually handsome. In the team race, first prizes only will be given, but in all the other events, first and second prizes are offered. In the goal-kicking contest, three cups for first, second, and third places will be given.

An entrance fee of 50 cents for each event will be charged, entries closing Wednesday, October 14th, with F. W. Lord, Secretary of the Athletic Club, or they may be left at the cage. No entry will be accepted unless accompanied by the entry fee.

FIVE Technology men, Spencer, '91, Crane, '92, French, '92, Heywood, '93, and Lord, '93, entered in the championship games of New England last June, and secured three first prizes, besides a second and a third.

This serves to indicate still more the increased interest and development of track athletics at the Institute, which has been so marked during the last two years. If a team consisting of but five men can win five prizes in a championship meeting, it is reasonable to suppose that a larger team representing M. I. T. would make a creditable showing at the New England Intercollegiate contests.

Our records are continually improving, and as track athletics seem peculiarly adapted to our abilities, would it not be feasible to organize a team for this purpose, and have it compete in the games next spring?

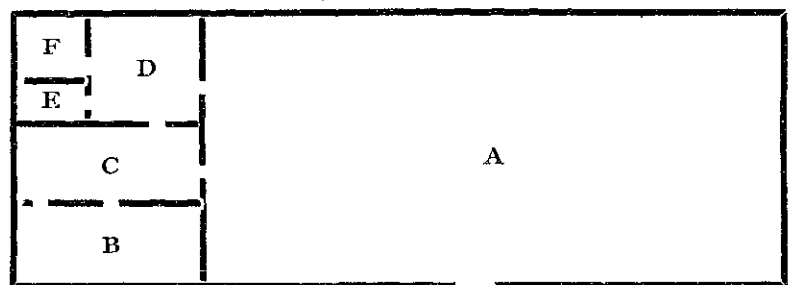
If it appears advisable to carry out this idea, action should be taken as soon as possible, as application for admission into the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association must be made, and various details considered which are sure to cause more or less delay.

THE finishing touches are just being put on the gymnasium extension, and much improvement has been made over the structure as it was last year.

The bathing facilities are very much better than those we formerly had, and the dressing room is likewise much superior to the old one. An increased number of lockers will be appreciated by all, though the new size is not nearly so generous as the old.

The main hall is now about twenty feet longer than it was. This is a great advantage to the battalion for drilling purposes, while the running track will consequently have a less number of laps to the mile. By going diagonally across the hall, there will probably be room for a forty-yard dash.

Below is a plan of the gymnasium as it now stands.



A. Main hall, 152 by 48 feet.

B. Bath room and toilet apparatus, 25 by 17 feet.

C. Dressing room, 25 by 14 feet, heated separately from the main hall.

D. Battalion's headquarters, large enough for sparring, etc., being 15 by 17 feet.

E. Storage room, for drums, etc., 10 by 5 feet.

F. Janitor's room, 10 by 12 feet.

There are, in all, 312 lockers, which are distributed as follows: 120 in D, 108 at the end of the main hall, and 84 at the sides.

The gymnasium, as it now stands, is certainly better adapted to our needs than it ever was before, and THE TECH wishes to express its gratitude to President Walker for the trouble and expense that has been taken in our behalf.

IN publishing what follows, the Editors of THE TECH are fully conscious of departing somewhat from traditional college custom. The Freshman, as a class, is always left to become familiar with his surroundings unaided by hints or suggestions from his fellow-students; he is given to understand that he is a very small atom indeed in the college world, and he earns his experience under difficulties.

That he is a mere atom in most respects no one denies, least of all THE TECH. But atoms grow. It is a now familiar law of nature that the lower in the animal kingdom a creature is, the sooner it attains its full development. And what development is more wonderful than that of the Freshman, in space as in swiftness? There is little time in which to sow good seed, and so, with no apology, which we feel unnecessary, THE TECH devotes an article to the Freshmen.

To begin with, Freshmen, you have very wrong ideas of what sort of a place Tech. is; that is, unless you're vastly different from all other Freshmen who have grown to Seniors, which possibility, being so utterly improbable, we shall take the liberty to ignore.

You have been told you must work, and work hard, which is true; but you don't need to work half so hard as some have done and as others will do.

The idea of our Faculty is to send out into the world men who *know how* to work, and from experience; men whose minds have been trained by what they have studied, whether or not they remember it all, and who are ready to undertake anything that may be presented them with the intention of succeeding, and with the ability to carry this intention to its proper end by the proper methods.

To do this the curriculum of the Institute trains the mind, and that is all. The only fault that anybody has ever justly found with the Institute is that the body, which has to bear so great a share of the work, is left to take care of itself, and with very little time allowed.

And that is where our Athletic Association, our Tennis Association, our Football Association, and all and everything connected with athletics, play their very important part. We haven't the opportunities to make big records, or to train big teams, but we have the opportunities to devote ourselves to a great deal of healthful exercise and sport; and it is very necessary, in accordance with the old story of the dullness of the boy Jack, to make the most of these opportunities, or Tech. will do us little good, and a great deal of harm.

Again, between now and your Senior year, you will hear a great deal about a creature called the "grind," and you will hear much more than you will see; first, on account of his habits, and secondly, on account of his lack of anything material upon which the eye can fasten. Solemnly, and with a mighty emphasis, THE TECH warns you not to be a "grind."

Work honestly and conscientiously, but don't work foolishly. You have come here to train your mind, not to cram it full of useless formulæ, that crowd out everything that is there already, and prevent anything else from getting in.

So go about and make friends; interest yourself in everything connected with this college life you have just begun, and yell yourself hoarse at the football games, which it is your solemn duty to attend; your presence there will go further than anything else to make your reputation.

The eyes of a multitude are upon you, '95; see to it that you do yourselves and Technology justice, and win for yourselves a name, that you may honorably and deservedly wear the colors that have descended to you from '91.

A BRACING REPLY.

I entered the store this morning;
Said the clerk, with smiling face,
When asked to show suspenders,
"You'd better take a brace."

—Brunonian.

On the Back Bay.

SPOONER walked up the Avenue in an exceedingly dejected frame of mind. After a very brief afternoon call he had had a dispute with Her—a dispute followed by a quarrel, by a fiery, defiant farewell, and by repentance as soon as the front door was closed. He was now busily engaged in blackguarding himself.

“A kik-kik-conceited, obstinate ass! And a fool into the bib-bargain! Did-damn it! To kik-quarrel with Her, the only girl I ever cared a sis-snap for! And all mim-my fault! Wh-what a fool I am!”

He was dejected. In his abstraction he cut Miss Pinckney dead, which caused him, at the next party, five minutes of the most apologetic self-abasement before she would forgive him. Miss Brimmer and Miss Vernon remarked to each other that his bow to them was “Very queer. Almost rude. How very strange!” Poor Spooner! Impressed by the fact that he was very abstracted and was likely to do something wrong, he turned down to Beacon Street, when he reached Chester Park, and walked out over the Milldam. It was lonely enough there to satisfy him. The few houses in process of construction had been discontinued at the near approach of winter. Snow had not yet fallen, so there was no sleighing, and the bleak prospect attracted few carriages and fewer pedestrians.

He cheered up a bit at the cheerless prospect. Raising his head, he noticed a solitary pair on the walk a little distance in front of him. They were a man and a very small boy, both raggedly dressed, the man engaged in vigorously cuffing the child's ears. The boy took it in silence, warding off what blows he could. Spooner looked listlessly.

“Sis-sis-serve the little beggar right, pip-probably,” he said.

It was the same old thing; poverty, drunkenness, and the rest. But the cuffing proceeded with greater vigor.

“H-hold on!” said Spooner, with awakening interest; “that's rir-rather hard.”

The two were standing by one of the bridges that span the outlets from the Back Bay fens into the Charles. Suddenly the man took up the boy by the slack of his jacket, lifted him bodily, and dropped him over the fence that separated the sidewalk from the river. Next the fence there was a steep declivity, and then the sea wall, which would have prevented the boy from going into the water, but the child was either dazed with fright or numb with cold. Almost without effort to save himself, he rolled like a bundle of clothes down the bank and into the river.

The man was startled and thoroughly scared. Losing all presence of mind he turned to flee, and ran straight towards a young man in a silk hat, who, muttering “You did-did-dirty villain!” drove at him with fury. Spooner's light cane was hardly made for assault and battery. It accomplished the purpose, however. It broke with the blow, but rolled the man over into the gutter.

Spooner was over the fence and down on the sea wall in an instant. The boy, roused by the shock, was clinging to a piece of driftwood, and with white face, watched the attempt at his rescue. Spooner took off his long muffler and threw the end to the boy. “Here! Kik-catch hold!”

But the muffler was too short. It reached barely half way to the boy, who did not dare loose his hold. The log was slowly floating away with the tide. There was but one thing to do. Spooner regretfully threw off his coat and hat, and muttering half apologetically to himself, “I'm used to kik-kik-cold baths,” plunged into the river.

Those who came running to the spot helped him out with his half-frozen burden, and they were quickly assisted up the banking and over the fence. With surprising suddenness a small crowd had already collected, consisting of three or four carriages, as many foot passengers, among them a newspaper reporter and a policeman, who had already secured

the still dazed victim of Spooner's cane, and who at once collared the boy.

"Nin-nin-never mind my name, sir," said Spooner to the reporter, with as much dignity as his condition would permit. "Officer, I gig-gig-give that man in charge. Tit-take off his coat, and put it on the boy. I'll appear against him to-morrow. Tit-tit-take the boy to the station house, and I'll pip-pip-pay anything you have to spend on him. Wh-where's my coat? Thanks."

The driver of an empty hack offered Spooner his services. He jumped into the carriage, and gave the man his address. "Did-drive quick," he cried; and away they rattled just as the patrol wagon from the Back Bay station came clanging up.

Spooner sat in his room in a far from happy state of mind. "Taking kik-kik-quinine by the quart is not the bib-best of fun. Did-damn that little beggar! I know I'll be sis-sick jy-just on his account. And then that call I made! Kik-confound the luck!"

His servant entered. "A note for you, sir," he said, and went out again after laying a letter upon the table by his master's chair. Spooner gazed upon it for some time without its rousing any interest.

"Who's gig-giving a party now?" he said, at last. "Gig-gig-guess it's not a party; did-did-doesn't look like a bid. Oh, dear!" and, groaning at having to disturb himself, he reached out and took the letter, only to start up upon looking at it. Was that *Her* writing?

"He-here, Spooner," he expostulated with himself, somewhat ashamed, "gig-go slow; did-did-don't excite yourself."

Nevertheless he opened the letter with some quickness to look at the signature. It *was* from Her.

"Dear Mr. Spooner," the note ran, "after you left this afternoon I drove out, not feeling amiable enough to receive any others that might call. Passing out over Beacon Street, I happened to be a witness of an incident that you may be able to recall to mind. I wish to apologize for having been unkind to one whose actions are so noble. I

repent most deeply my conduct of this afternoon, and ask your forgiveness. I hope that you will experience no ill effects from your wetting, and will come to see me as soon as you are able."

Spooner looked up. "Kik-confound it! Sis-she apologize? Tit-tit-to me? Why, it was mim-my fault."

Nevertheless he did not seem greatly distressed over her mistake as he rang for his man.

"Thomas," he said, as he waved his hand towards the table, "kik-clear away those supper things, and then help me dress. I'm gig-going out."

The man protested: "But, sir, the doctor said ——"

Spooner interrupted with dignity: "Nin-nin-never mind the doctor. I'm gig-going out."

Co-Education.

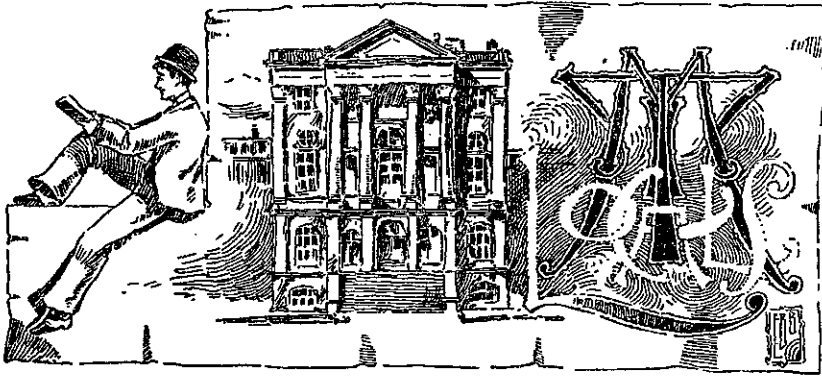
We take the following from the *Williams Weekly*:—

Dr. Bashford's remarks, made at the opening of the term, in which he urged upon the young ladies and gentlemen the necessity of using more discretion about walking together on the streets for pleasure, should be heeded by every socially inclined student during the coming months.—*Ohio Wesleyan*.

Dr. Stetson, President of Des Moines (co-educational), has announced that students who fall in love with each other during the term are violating one of the college rules, and are liable to severe discipline.—*The Delphic*.

If these difficulties are customary, it seems as though the success of co-education must, at least, be considered doubtful.

In another paper, after announcing the elopement of a couple of students, the editors go on to say that the president of the university is authorized to solemnize marriages, and that he requests all students having any such intentions to come to him rather than go out of town. Evidently Cupid is no respecter of places, and is as mischievous amid the supposed studiousness of college halls as anywhere.



Professor Lanza spent his summer traveling in Europe.

The football team has a date with Andover, October 7th.

A. B. Payne, Jr., of '92 fame, is with us again, and now swells the ranks of '93.

Professor Burton and Mrs. Burton have been spending the summer traveling abroad.

'Ninety-five, a hearty welcome to you, and may good luck crown all your good intentions.

J. P. Buckley, formerly of '92, is with the Crescent Brass and Iron Works Co., of Detroit.

As nearly as can at present be estimated, the Class of '95 is a little smaller than '94.

President Walker on Tuesday delivered the usual address to the incoming class.

A great many of us were "fooled" by that change in the tabular view from $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$.

Five Tech. men met in the catacombs under Paris this summer. The world is small,—Tech. is large.

Technology opened the football season with a game with Brown University, Thursday afternoon.

Several Tech. men are training at the Charlesbank Gymnasium, under the efficient care of Mr. Graham.

A flattering article on the Institute, written by Mr. Tyler, our late Secretary, appeared in last month's *Forum*.

News has been received of the death of A. E. Woodwell, '88, in Montana, in the latter part of September.

Several of the football team advantageously spent part of the week before Tech. opened in practicing at Exeter.

J. Crane, Jr., '92, has gone to St. Louis to compete in the championship games to be held there October 3d.

A. P. Hall, '92, has seen much of G. W. Vaillant, '92, this vacation. Mr. Hall will continue his studies at Tech. with Course III. in company with Mr. Vaillant.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery arrived in Paris on September 4th, after a most pleasant tramping trip through Switzerland. Mr. Emery begins his advanced studies in that city immediately.

The Tennis Association held a special meeting Tuesday noon, to elect officers in place of Stebbins and Johnston, who have both left Tech. A full report of the meeting will be found elsewhere.

J. C. Noblit, '93, one of our best football players, has been injured so seriously while practicing, that it is feared he will be unable to play any more this season. His loss will be greatly felt by the team.

W. B. Trowbridge, unable to exist in another atmosphere than that of Boston, has returned with the rest of us. Mr. Trowbridge will say that his return is accounted for by an injured hand, and sends us the explanation we print below. We accept his apology.

W. B. Trowbridge, ex-'91, while at the Sparrow's Point Iron Works last summer, sustained a severe injury to his hand, which has temporarily incapacitated him from further work. He will return to the Institute, and finish his course with '92.

A. B. Payne, Jr., '93, won third prize in the 600-yard run at the Boston Athletic Club games, Saturday, Sept. 26th. This was Mr. Payne's first attempt at running, and we hail him as a coming athlete, in spite of the fact that only three men finished in the above-mentioned event.

J. A. Highlands, '92, does not intend to be at Tech. this year, going to Harvard instead. Highlands is one of the best rush-line men Tech.'s football team ever had, and will be

missed accordingly. He will doubtless be seen this fall wearing the red H, instead of Technology's initial letter.

W. J. Batchelder, who enters the Institute this fall, will be welcomed as one of the coming Tech. athletes. At the Interscholastic meeting last spring he won the half mile in $2.7\frac{4}{5}$,—a record within one second of the best Institute time. He has also won several other races, and will doubtless figure conspicuously in our outdoor games. Mr. Batchelder is a brother of J. L. Batchelder, '90.

The three main buildings are now to be seen at their best in new coats of paint and varnish. There are but few changes in arrangement this year. The Biological Laboratory has been fitted up with an office in the center. It was found necessary to call in Hercules to cleanse the Stables, commonly known as the "Freshman Drawing Room." They are now ready for the Class of '95.

The greatest change to be seen in the Institute buildings is that which has been effected in the Gym. The lockers and janitor's room, formerly in the north end, have been removed. An extension has been added to the south end, and has been fitted up with lockers, dressing rooms, and a complete system of all the necessary water works. The change gives a much longer main floor and better facilities in every way, especially for bathing. The new floor, which was expected, has not, however, been put down.

Ninety-one and the World.

BELOW will be found a list, as complete as possible, of last year's Seniors, their courses, and present situations. The names of all '91 graduates are included, whether or not their present occupations have been ascertained.

C. W. AIKEN, II.

R. S. BALL, II.

J. S. BARRI, I.: With F. L. Fuller, C. E., 12 Pearl Street, Boston.

W. H. BASSETT, V.: With the Pope's Island Manufacturing Corporation, New Bedford, Mass.

ADELAIDE BIRD, VII.

J. H. BIRKS, II.: With Henry Birks & Co., Montreal, Canada.

ETHEL B. BLACKWELL, VII.: Postgraduate student at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania.

F. C. BLANCHARD, II.: With E. A. Buss, Civil and Mill Engineer, 85 Water Street, Boston.

T. V. BOLAN, A. B., VI.: With the F. H. E. Co., Lynn, Mass.

H. G. BRADLEE, VI.: With the Mass. Electrical Engineering Co., Boston.

H. C. BRADLEY, I.: With E. A. Buss, C. E., 85 Water Street, Boston.

W. C. BRAINERD, VI.

H. L. BRAND, II.: Draughtsman at the Chicago Iron Works, Chicago, Ill.

D. L. BRYANT, XII.

W. P. BRYANT, X.

G. W. BRYDEN, II.

F. H. BURTON, II.: Draughtsman with the Corliss Steam Engine Co., Providence, R. I.

G. A. CAMPBELL, I.: Graduate student Harvard University, Cambridge.

B. CAPEN, JR., VI.

E. S. CHILDS, II.: Draughtsman with the Silver Springs Bleaching and Dyeing Co., Providence, R. I.

H. B. CLEMENT, Ph.B., IV.: Draughtsman in office of G. J. Metzger, Archt., Buffalo, N. Y.

A. L. CLOUGH, VI.: Student, Manchester, N. H.

F. A. COLE, II.: Assistant at M. I. T.

H. I. COLE, II.

R. B. COLLINS, I.: Engineering Corps B. & A. R. R.

R. W. CONANT, VI.

E. CUNNINGHAM, X.: With Sam. Cabot, Manufacturing Chemist, Milton, Mass.

H. C. DAGGETT, I.: Assistant Engineer in office of Locks and Canals, Lowell, Mass.

H. A. DILL, I.

E. W. DONN, JR., IV.

F. H. DORR, VI.: Expert Department, Thomson-Houston Electric Co.

L. A. DUNHAM, I.: Rodman, with Aspinwall & Lincoln, C. Es., 12 Pearl Street, Boston.

P. W. ENGLAND, VI.

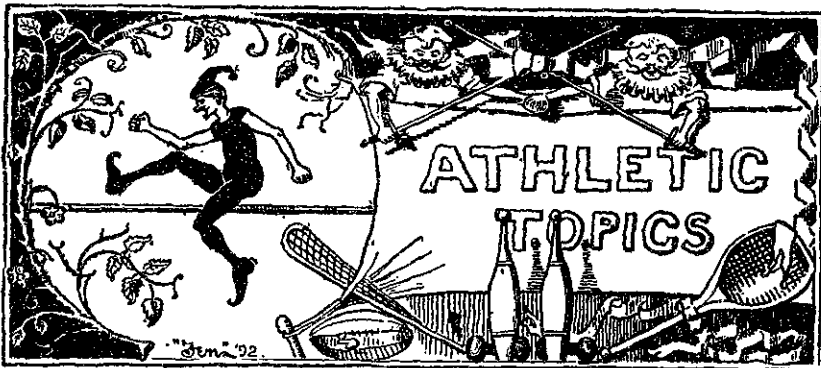
H. H. ENSWORTH, VI.

G. W. FAVOR, III.

H. A. FISKE, X.: Graduate student, M. I. T.

- H. C. FORBES, X. : Graduate student, M. I. T.
 L. G. FRENCH, II. : Draughtsman with Cranston Printing Press Co., Norwich, Conn.
 F. W. FUGER, II. : 2d Lieutenant 13th U. S. Infantry, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.
 CHAS. GARRISON, VI. : Student, Harvard, '92.
 M. W. GREER, VI. : Graduate student at the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Cal.
 E. L. HAMILTON, III. : With the Marinette & Menominee Paper Co., Marinette, Wis.
 C. F. HAMMOND, I. : Student, Harvard Law School, Cambridge.
 WM. HASKINS, III.
 A. E. HATCH, I.
 H. E. HATHAWAY, V. : With the Silver Springs Bleaching and Dyeing Co., Providence, R. I.
 E. A. HERSAM, V. : Assistant in Sanitary Chemistry, M. I. T.
 L. C. HEYWOOD, I. : Chief Engineer, Interstate Street Railway, at Pawtucket, R. I.
 G. A. HOLMES, X.
 W. E. HOPTON, II. : Assistant in Mechanical Drawing, M. I. T.
 H. W. JORDAN, V.
 M. H. KAUFFMAN, V. : Chemist, with Chas. Pope Glucose Co., Venice, Ill.
 T. M. KEENE, I. : With McClintock and Woodfall, C. Engs., Boston.
 H. S. KIMBALL, X. : Assistant to the Supt. Howland Falls Pulp Co., Howland, Me.
 MORRIS KNOWLES, 2d, I. : Plan Department Associated Factory Mutual Insurance Co., Lawrence, Mass.
 W. H. LAWRENCE, IV.
 W. LEEMING, IV. : Draughtsman Architects' Office, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 W. E. LELAND, II. : Draughtsman with B. T. Sturtevant Co., Boston.
 MARGARET E. MALTBY, A. B., VIII. : Teacher, Wellesley College.
 A. N. MANSFIELD, VIII. : Assistant in Physics, M. I. T.
 C. MARCH, I.
 P. MARQUAND, A. B., I.
 A. G. MCKENNA, V.
 J. A. MEYER, JR., IV. : Graduate Student, M. I. T.
 G. E. MITCHELL, II. : Motive Department, B. & M. R. R.
 F. C. MOORE, II.
 F. F. MOORE, I. : With Boston Water Works, Additional Supply.
- A. W. MOSELEY, II. : With Illinois Steel Co., South Chicago, Ill.
 WM. MOSSMAN, VI. : Asst. Supt. Mattapan Mills, The Tileston & Hollingsworth Co., Mattapan, Mass.
 F. E. NORTON, II.
 G. H. K. OXFORD, VI. : Asst. Electrician, 18 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City.
 W. I. PALMER, VI.
 A. RAMSEY, VII.
 CARLETON A. READ, II. : Asst. in Mechanical Engineering, M. I. T.
 W. C. RICHARDSON, II.
 C. W. RICKER, VI. : With the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., N. Y.
 W. J. ROBERTS, A. B., I.
 W. H. ROOTS, IX. : With the Title Guarantee and Trust Co., Portland, Me.
 F. H. ROSE, II.
 A. F. SHATTUCK.
 F. T. SNYDER, VI.
 T. SPENCER, VI. : With the American Bell Telephone Co., Boston.
 G. H. SPOONER, VI. : Bernstein Electric Co., Boston.
 S. H. STIX, IV.
 A. B. STODDARD, V. : With Matthiessen & Hegeler Zinc Co., La Salle, Ill.
 J. SWAN, II. : Asst. in Mechanical Engineering, M. I. T.
 H. H. SYKES, Ph.B., VI.
 H. B. TAYLOR, V.
 H. A. THOMPSON, VIII. : With H. G. Fearing & Co., Manufacturers of Straw Hats, Amherst.
 C. M. TYLER, II.
 L. F. VERGES, I. : Asst. in Civil Engineering, M. I. T.
 F. S. VIELE, A. B., VI.
 H. H. WAIT, VI. : With the Economic Electric Manufacturing Co., Brockton, Mass.
 G. M. WARNER, VI.
 L. C. WASON, VI. : Traveler.
 H. T. WEED, V. : Asst. in Chemistry at the Western University of Penn., Allegheny, Penn.
 W. H. WESTON, III.
 C. P. WETHERBEE, II. : Assistant, M. I. T.
 ANNE E. WHITE, V.
 SALMON W. WILDER, JR., X. : With the Russell Paper Co., Lawrence, Penn.
 T. A. WILSON, II. : With Lockwood, Greene & Co., Mill Engineers, Boston.
 C. H. WOOD, II.

Exeter opened this year with 282 students.



At the championship games of New England last June, J. Crane, Jr., '92, cleared 10 feet $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches in the pole vault. This surpasses the previous Tech. record, held by himself, by over eight inches. Technology is now third in rank for this event in the list of American college records, as given in the '92 "Technique."

Below is given a partial list of the performances of Tech. men in athletics during the summer:—

Boston Athletic Association.—Open handicap at Irvington Oval, May 26th, F. S. Vielé second in the 100-yard dash.

N. E. A. A. U.—Championship games at Worcester, June 13th, T. Spencer first in the half-mile run—time, 2 min. 1 sec. J. Crane, Jr., '92, first in the pole vault; height cleared, 10 ft. 3 in. Also second in 120-yard high hurdle race. C. D. Heywood, '93, first in the running high jump; height jumped, 9 ft. 7 in. A. French, '92, third in the 220-yard dash.

T. A. C.—Open handicap, July 4th, F. W. Lord, '93, first in the 220-yard hurdle race.

W. B. H.—Open handicap, August 8th, F. W. Lord, '93, first in the 440-yard run, and second in the half-mile run.

Manhattan Athletic Club.—Open handicap, September 19th, J. Crane, Jr., '92, first in the pole vault; A. French, '92, second in 120-yard dash; F. A. Sargent third in the mile run.

Rhode Island State Fair.—Open handicap, September 22d, A. French, '92, second in 100-yard dash.

B. A. A.—Open handicap, September 26th, F. W. Lord, '93, second in 120-yard hurdle

race. A. B. Payne, Jr., '93, third in 600-yard run.

The Tennis Association held a special meeting in Room 11, Rogers, Tuesday afternoon, for the purpose of electing officers in place of E. W. Stebbins, '93, President, and M. L. Johnston, '94, Vice-President, both these gentlemen having been forced to resign on account of leaving the Institute.

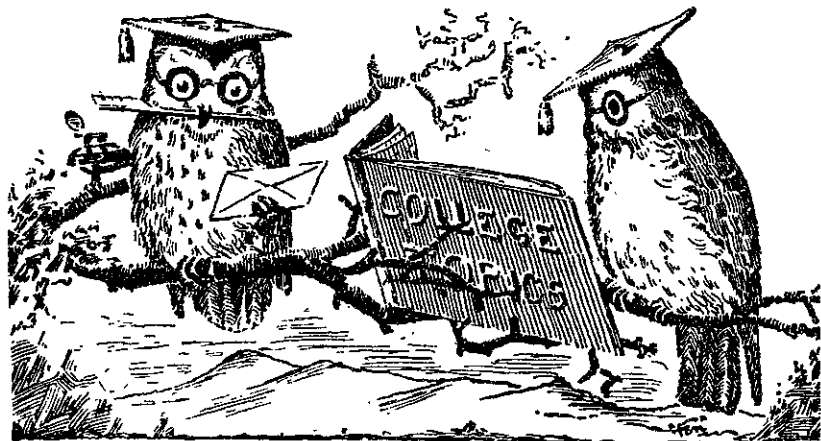
The meeting was called to order by F. H. Howland, '92, Acting Chairman, and proceeded at once to the business of filling the vacant offices. F. H. Howland, '92, was elected President, and E. S. Foster, '95, Vice-President. Horton, '94, was elected to fill the office on the Executive Committee, left vacant by the election of Howland as President. It was further decided to open the courts at once, and to hold the usual fall tournament, the date to be fixed by the Executive Committee.

The meeting then adjourned.

Early in the summer Bowdoin chartered a schooner and sent out a well-equipped expedition, mainly composed of past and present students, for the thorough exploration of Labrador. It has already made many discoveries of value.

The academic year at Yale University opened at New Haven on the 24th ult., and the number of men attending was very much augmented. The total number of students in all departments of the university will not, according to a member of the Faculty, fall much below 1,800. Last year the total was 1,645.

In an interview published in the *Boston Sunday Globe*, Dr. Sargent says it is not true that the Harvard athletes are athletes because they do not smoke, but that they do not smoke because they are athletes. He adds that although many of the men smoke when out of training, those get into training more easily who do not smoke at all.



Last year Harvard's class orator was a negro—this year it is a Japanese.

Exeter has the poorest attendance this year that it has had for a long time.

Andover opened with about three hundred and eighty-five students.

There are about sixty candidates for the Princeton football team.

Princeton has 63 professors this year,—7 more than last year.

Hereafter the professors of Harvard will receive \$4,500 a year, and the assistants \$3,000.

Brown is to have a building for the use of the religious organizations of the University.

The Princeton Freshmen class this year numbers 325.

The number of books in the college libraries of the United States has been estimated at 3,000,000.

Thurston, captain of Trinity's football team last year, is a candidate for the Harvard 'Varsity eleven.

Of 389 colleges in the United States, 237 are co-educational.

Hale, the prominent Harvard walker, will enter Cornell this fall.

The University Track Athletic Cup annually striven for by Yale and Harvard is a trophy worth \$500, purchased by an alumni fund.

Williams College opened Thursday with 351 students, the largest number ever registered there. The Freshman class numbers 114.

Luther Cary, M.A.C., in the English championship games, won the 100 and 220 yard dashes. At Paris all the events were captured by Americans.

The Russian government appropriated \$15,400,000 for educational purposes last year.

The University of Pennsylvania has one of the finest collections of American archæology extant.

The Manhattan Athletic Club has an innovation in a quarter-mile track, which they claim will be very fast.

A sad death was that of Herbert Mapes, of Columbia, who was drowned at Fire Island. He had a record for the 120-yard hurdles of 16½ seconds.

The Williams Freshman class numbers over a hundred, Princeton over three hundred, and Harvard four hundred.

An infirmary will be built at Princeton with accommodations for sixteen students, at a cost of about \$30,000.

Dean, of Harvard, has been playing on the B. A. A. football team during the summer.

Aaron L. Chapin has presented to Beloit College a magnificent dormitory worth \$25,000. The furnishing is in the best of style, yet the charges are but fifty cents a week.

A Japanese woman at Bryn Mawr College is raising a fund to educate women in the United States for teaching in Japan.

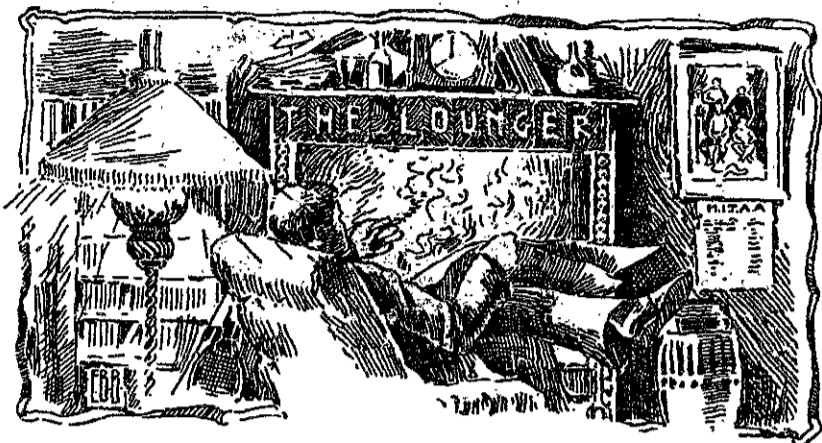
The increase in the number of colleges in the United States is estimated to be fifteen every year.

“Will you walk a little faster?” said an athlete to his legs;
“There is some one right behind us who is nimble on his
pegs.

He is double socket jointed, with an India rubber spine,
And if you do not hurry he'll be first to breast the line.
Will you; won't you; say, why don't you; can't you strike
a faster pace?

If we do not toddle quicker, we will surely lose the race.”

—*The Red and Blue.*



PERHAPS our readers are tired of summer vacations. Perhaps they long for work, and return with gusto to their study. Then, again, perhaps not. The Lounger thinks, however, that there exists in everybody's mind that well-known something that enables one to enjoy a rest, and to go slowly and reluctantly to work after the long, luxurious "loaf."

Why should we look lovingly upon anything like books, those weary companions of so many night hours?

We have had a glorious time this summer, free as we have been to follow the lazy suggestions of our relaxed faculties. Even those unfortunate ambitious ones who, restless and ill at ease when unemployed, still insist on "grinding," have had it all made easy for them; they have only had to pronounce those magic words,

"I'm one of those students from M. I. T.; I'm just 'horsing' for work for these summer months three," to receive such splendid offers, and so many, that some of them never return.

But now we fortunate ones return to do as we are bid by the ruling powers.

To some of us, especially the lower classmen, this may seem an easy task. But for the Lounger it means the beginning of another fruitless year; fruitless, that is, as concerns H's, C's, or even P's. Nobody ever studied longer at Tech. than the Lounger, nor harder; nobody has been more anxious to please. For ten long years has he striven for that degree—not exactly because he wanted it, but because he heard the voice of Duty sternly calling on him to strive; and yet always the enchantment of his corner in the TECH office has proved irresistible, and the Senior class has marked the limit of traversable ground.

He has sampled all the courses; each refuses to allow him to escape the FF.

But on the whole he is satisfied, realizing that his mission is, not to pluck honors from the reluctant

hand of—Fate, shall we call it? but rather to stick to that corner and preside over the affairs of TECH, in company with that all-patient Editor-in-chief. He loves the Institute in spite of—perhaps because of—its funny ways. He is the devoted friend of all the students, though they may not all know it, and he may not know them all; while below and at the bottom of all other feelings lies his anxiety for the honor and good fame of Technology.

And yet he does not work, you say? Ah! then you don't know him. And, again, if you don't know him, you must be a Freshman, possibly a Soph. It has never happened that any Tech. man who has passed beyond the second year has been unknown to him. He has worked as hard as any man, but unfortunately not in the Prof.-pleasing line. He doesn't know why the professors aren't pleased, exactly. Perhaps he is too anxious. Perhaps his brain is not of the right caliber. Perhaps he looks out too much for other people's business. Ah! that is it; he has always been more anxious for the good advancement of his fellow-beings than for his own. Old comrades of former classes, will you not uphold him in this statement? Why, yes, of course you will.

Without boasting, he is sure he is looked up to by all the students as a sort of a guardian angel, having been here so long, and knowing all the ins and outs as he does.

So, Freshmen especially, and also Sophs, pray come to him as do the rest of Tech.; come to him with your sorrows and with your joys, and, knowing the ropes, he will cheerfully put the right one within your grasp. If you are bold, see him. If you are timid, write him. But whether you are bold or timid, read what he has to say. He is always to be found in THE TECH, if not in the office, then between the leaves. According to custom, he will hold a public reception on Wednesday next at one o'clock, and on Saturday next at noon, at which times an opportunity will be given for arranging future conferences. A cordial invitation is thus informally extended to all.

Now that he must close, he feels it right to say that, knowing the importance of a true college paper, he cannot too strongly recommend to you as such THE TECH. The following is an adaptation of the closing lines of Pope's "Essay on Man," and refers to all Institute men and matters:—

And, spite of pride in erring reason's check,
One truth is clear,—whatever is, is found in "TECH"



TO MY PIPE.

Soft clouds of smoke rise from you, meerschaum bowl,
Where lies the stuff that binds the soul to soul;
And never shall I send thee whence thou came,
Till earth, and moon, and stars no longer roll.

For memories of the long and dreamy past,
Those times so quick receding, gone too fast,
And memories of my own in earlier day,—
Thou givest these, thou givest all thou hast.

And when the sadness of the present day
Hides out the joy that long has passed away,
Your lips to mine in ecstasy I bring:
Oh! thee I'll keep until I turn to clay.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE GERMAN.

As an infant a hobbyhorse he rode;
As a youth a sawhorse gay he strode;
In college a Bohn-y horse was his slave;
And a horse will carry him to his grave.

—*Rutgers Targum.*

THE BOSTON GIRL.

Yes, was engaged to a Dr.,
But all of his studies quite Shr.
Said she, "They are low,
And improper, you know."
At which the Chicago Girl Mr.

—*Brunonian.*

ÆNEID, BOOK V.

A gold-wrought scarf—
Inwoven there the princely boy,
Along the wooded hills of Troy,
Is following on the flying deer,
With eager foot and lifted spear,
So keen his pants are almost heard.

—*Madisonensis.*

IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE.

I murmured, "Ma chere, je t'aime!"
To a prep maid, shy and meek.
'Twas a flash from a hidden flame,—
My murmured, "Ma chere, je t'aime."
The answer, soft-syllabled, came
With a swift flush, "I don't take Greek."
I murmured, "Ma chere, je t'aime!"
To a prep maid, shy and meek.

—*Unit.*

TENDERNESS.

A tender note I send Marie,—
I've managed to offend her;
I write to win her back to me,
And so 'tis very tender.

A tender note I also send—
He's dared his bill to render!—
To Mr. C., my tailor friend,—
But this is legal tender.

—*Yale Record.*

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

I tried to smoke rings,
But I tried all in vain.
They are beautiful things,—
These airy smoke rings,—
But the pleasure it brings
Does not pay for the pain.
I tried to smoke rings,
But I tried all in vain.

—*Unit.*

WHILE DRESSING.

I go down on my knees,
But it's not to say prayers.
With a volley of D's
I go down on my knees
When my shirt button flees
Under bureaus and chairs.
I go down on my knees,
But 'tis not to say prayers.

—*Brunonian.*

A VERSE.

In vain with sonnets to the maid
The poet to win her heart essayed.
A verse she liked, but—woman's whim—
She still appeared a verse to him.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

TO A PHOTOGRAPH.

I sit and vainly try to grind,
Some sense in Lotze try to find,
And Schopenhauer.
Alas! no use! my mind will stray,
For there on mantle-piece all day
And hour by hour,

A photograph looks down at me
With calmest, smiling scrutiny
Most fascinating.
Those clear gray eyes, that light brown hair
Brushed back from brow with careless care,
Are captivating.

Oh, fair young flower! Shall I then tell
Why is it that I love so well,
Am so enraptured?

Mine is that smiling photograph,
Mine is the likeness—please don't laugh—
Which Pach has captured.

—*Lampoon.*