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THE TECH.

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HAT "coming events cast their shadows before" is very true of our examination system, and every man at the Institute now feels himself well within the penumbra of the approaching ordeal. In less than a week,

we shall all be attempting to demonstrate our knowledge of each and every subject in papers from which our instructors will deduce our ignorance. It is a gloomy subject, but it is an all important one. The examination is the very keystone of our educational system. There is everything to be said in its disfavor; there is but one argument to advance in its support; and this one, the bare fact that nothing can take its place, is invincible. In lecture courses it is inevitable, and even when daily recitations have been the rule, the examination does give an insight into the student's work not to be gained in any other manner. But

while nothing, therefore, can be said as to any abandonment of the system, much might be advanced relative to its use and misuse. An examination cannot be an absolute gauge of a student's knowledge, and making it so is the greatest evil of the system. A Professor of first year mathematics in the Institute was asked by one of his students—a man who had secured a mark of above 90 per cent. in his daily work—whether, if he fell slightly below 70 in the examination, his class work would help to give him the necessary Credit. The Professor answered,—“No; if you get 70, you will receive a Credit; if 69, a Pass.” It is nonsense to suppose that any paper of ten questions or less can be made out which shall, on some particular day, determine each student's exact knowledge of the subject in question, and give results of such value as to completely overshadow the class work evidence of each daily assignment faithfully performed. We have many professors and instructors, we are glad to say, who labor conscientiously to avoid this mistake; who esteem the examination for just what it is worth; and who, by taking all factors into account, and marking on the average of the class, attain results which are unquestioned for fairness. To the others we would only say,—“Go thou and do likewise.”

To the Seniors we wish success. You are on the home stretch now, and you will get there by degrees. The Juniors and Sophomores are only to repeat once more a sad experience, and have our commiseration. To the Freshmen a word of warning. Be not deceived at the easiness of your entrance examinations; they are so for reasons known alone to the Faculty; these which are coming are not so, and except by hard and continuous work in cramming many of you are destined

to lag behind. To one and all, from the man who only began work with his New Year's resolutions to the one who has practiced the most patient course of self-denial (grinds not included in this), we extend our most hearty wishes for good marks and a pleasant vacation. Our teachers have our sincere sympathy. We know the hard and tedious work which this season brings to you. We are well aware that these examinations which cause us only hours of agony cause you days. We hope that not once, however, will your interest flag or your sympathies fail to be moved to action when you find that some poor unfortunate, unfortunate through headache, nervousness, *la grippe*, or the ever-present element of chance, has fallen only an infinitesimal fraction below the standard expected.

THE suggestion of the nominating committee to have an address to the class instead of the customary class poem, is feeble in some ways and looks queer. If it is the desire of the class to leave out the class poem, all well and good; but to make up something to put in its place is ridiculous. If the president of the class makes an address and the orator delivers his oration, it would be depressingly tedious to hear another talk from a sort of Technology valedictorian. The idea of a valedictory is entirely foreign to Tech., and is against the system of work here. The poem was omitted because it might be tiresome; don't aggravate the fault by adding an "address" which from its very nature is sure to be "prosy."

YET another cause for thankfulness—the customary public drill of the Freshmen in Winslow's Rink is to be omitted this year.

It is our sincerest hope that it never will be reinstated upon the list of Institute events. It was always a farce, giving restless Sophomores a chance to make fools of themselves,

and consequently of the Institute, imparting an immense amount of emotion into perhaps ten of the youthful soldiers, and pulling the Institute down to, and even below, the level of the various preparatory schools of the neighborhood. And worse than anything else, the two annual exhibitions have always drawn together about as low an element of the community as one could find in an elaborate, exhaustive search throughout South Boston, so that Institute drills have been sought for by the same class which characterizes those "social" gatherings patronized indirectly by the City Government, while the unfortunate inexperienced Freshman is naturally shocked and mortified on having his mother or sisters brought face to face with such depraved specimens of humanity. And if no method can be found to regulate the distribution of the tickets for these occasions, let us by all means be spared this periodical exhibition, which had become the one blot upon Institute life.

TECHNOLOGY has long been in need of a special room to be used for committee meetings, and in which our trophies might be placed. That such a room is very necessary no one will gainsay. For years the executive committees of the Football Association, Athletic Club, Tennis Association, and various others, not to speak of the "Technique" Board, have had to go through the tedious formality of petitioning the Faculty for the use of a room in which to meet. We think that if a certain room were set apart for this purpose much trouble would be saved, and everybody greatly inconvenienced.

If the corporation decided that a room could be spared for this purpose, such a room would also be used for trophies already belonging to the Institute. As a beginning, we already have the football banner awarded to Tech. for the championships of 1887 and 1888, the large class championship athletic cup, about a dozen pictures of Tech.'s victorious teams in

football and tug of war, and other trophies such as footballs, baseballs, etc.

If a place like this were assigned as a trophy room, it would be sure to get well stocked before long. Doubtless our record holders would loan their record cups, and hereafter emblems or banners commemorating Sophomore-Freshmen games would be placed on exhibition. Pictures of our best athletes would be very interesting, and they should be put where we all could have the opportunity of seeing them. The same is done in many other colleges.

An excellent method of showing records in different athletic events consists in having wooden panels fastened to the wall, on which are inscribed the names of record breakers and their performances. This has been very successfully tried in many trophy rooms, and forms a striking addition to the general aspect. It would help materially in making a trophy room look as it should, in case one were started at Tech.

Room 20, Rogers Building, seems to be the most appropriate. It remains with the Faculty to decide whether it is available. The situation of it,—the middle front room up one flight of stairs,—and its suitable size, make it very desirable. But small expense would be necessary to remove the benches, and have some show cases put up, and a “long-felt want” would be satisfied.

THE Glee Club concert calls to mind the fame of the class which had the honor of organizing the club; viz., the Class of '87. There must have been more class and Institute spirit in one course in those days than exists at the present day in the entire college; for we hear of a great many things which are looked upon now as every-day affairs, but which were inaugurated by this same enterprising Class of '87. For example, the Co-operative Society was founded through the efforts of an '87 man, and has flourished and

grown ever since its organization. “Technique,” also, first made its appearance through the efforts of this same body of men. If one converses with an '87 man, he will learn of many more enterprises of more or less note that first came from '87.

Either all the essentials for a college life at Tech. have been supplied, or there is a great decrease in Institute spirit within a very few years.

A NEW opportunity is offered for the Course VII. men to show their skill and advanced learning. The causes of drunkenness and the results which follow have been studied for centuries,—ever since “The Elephant shook his trunk, and Adam, he got drunk” man, when under the influence of alcohol, has continued to lower himself in the eyes of his fellow men. It is needless to remind our readers that alcohol is found in many and divers forms, and that it is not necessary to go to the haunts of the gambler and drunkard to find it in some of its best-known garbs. But the Biologist can supply all necessary information on this point and we hope that he will profit by the knowledge he will gain from what follows and dig deep into the root of this new evil. Our Prohibitionist friends will also learn this forthcoming news with regret and astonishment, for who could expect to find a *serpent* in sheep's clothing?

To come to the point, we are grieved to hear that it is now the fad for cows to get drunk. The case in question happened in Connecticut, and, what was worst of all, the cows belonged to a Prohibitionist,—a leading man of that State. Contrary to the usual custom, the cows did not go up to a bar and ask for a drink; judging from the fact that they were drunk, one would have supposed they were educated and could easily have accomplished this feat. But the cows preferred eating half-rotten apples in such quantities that the effect was even worse than some effects we have seen, which were

brought about by paying for a soda and rapping three times on the counter. When the cows were well "jagged" (so to speak), they had a merry time trying to play some new game of their own. Finally one of the herd took to herself too large a leap and the result was a broken leg; this necessitated her being killed. But the worst effect cropped out at a most unfortunate time. The Prohibitionistic owner of the cows is, as the story goes, a great lover of milk, and delights to address his friends, as they sit around the festive board, on the subject of pure milk *versus* alcohol. But he addressed them once too often, for after a most eloquent discourse and a bowl or two of milk, which had come from his intemperate cows, he had to be helped away from the scene of action and *put* to bed.

All staunch Prohibitionists should, in the future, leave off drinking milk, lest they too should be similarly affected. What would be more disgusting than to see a man, who had all his life long abstained from strong drink, suddenly become intoxicated on a simple glass of milk. Doubtless freethinkers will immediately take to this beverage in the hopes that the cow has eaten decayed apples. And the Biologist will do nothing, as usual.

A GREAT deal of time and annoyance would be saved in the chemical laboratories if students after using the chemicals on the shelves would place them back on the particular shelves and places from which they were taken, and not on the floor or in the first convenient spot. Oftentimes students are seen hunting high and low for chemicals which some careless chemists have taken off to their desks and left there. A place has been designated for each and every chemical, and here it should be returned after use.

Then again there is entirely too much loud talking and obstreperous noise from Chemists, who, inflated with the idea that their wit is keen and their remarks, heard from one end

of the laboratories to the other, overflowing with brilliancy, force their unseemly jokes upon the entire laboratory. A little joking and good humor helps the work along and makes the Chemists' hours pass more pleasantly and their tasks easier, and so is a good thing, but there is a limit to it.

We deem it hardly necessary to inform the majority of the Chemists that such noisy horseplay and confusion do not belong to the laboratories, but it does seem that the information is necessary for individuals. Such actions not only ill become the men but afford a very bad example for lower classmen. Not only is this childishness and horseplay seen and heard in the laboratories, but even in the various drawing rooms more or less of it takes place, though moderated by the presence of instructors, who necessarily spend most of their time in the rooms. In the laboratories students are left more on their own responsibility,—confusion and noise are the results.

We hope that the various instructors of these departments will moderate this play and that work in the future may be conducted amidst less confusion and noise and in a manner more becoming our position and dignity.

Ninety-four's Class Supper.

THE annual class supper of the Class of '94 was held Friday December 18th, at the Parker House. For '94, there was an extraordinarily large number present. The *menus* were particularly pretty and well gotten up, but owing to some mistake, '93's colors did not appear. A hand-painted monogram of M. I. T. '94 was attached to the *menus* with the class colors. The monogram also was in the colors of the class. After the feast of good things had been disposed of, Mr. Meade, the president of the class, introduced as toastmaster Mr. W. C. Peet. Mr. Peet's novel, and, we take it, original idea of delivering his speech and introductions in poetry, was exceedingly pleasing, and though the lines may

not have been artistic in the extreme, they were, to say the least, admirably suited to the occasion, and well received by all.

The first speaker introduced was Mr. C. W. Dickey, whose toast was "The Institute." He, strange to say, began his address with a story, and after a most excellent speech and some extremely good advice, resigned to the next speaker of the evening.

Mr. L. R. Nash on the Class of '94 did admirably, and spoke in excellent style of the many good qualities of the class. He was followed by Mr. E. D. Clarke, who spoke on Football. Mr. Clarke touched lightly on the class's success in football,—as lightly as he consistently could, considering the size of the success. He took the liberty of overstepping the bounds of football and reprimanded the class on its lack of interest in general athletics. Mr. F. H. Murkland followed Mr. Clarke, and spoke of '94's baseball career; its brilliant beginning and more brilliant prospects for a magnificent termination.

The toastmaster next called upon Mr. Ross, who favored the assembled multitude with a short story finely rendered in broken French.

Mr. Reed's toast to the ladies was also worthy of mention.

Mr. F. H. Holden was the next speaker to be introduced, and gave the class a flow of wit upon the Grind.

To enumerate the list of speakers to its full extent would be too laborious, and we only hope that those not mentioned will not feel slighted, but will realize that the class appreciates their efforts fully as much as those of the more favored ones.

The supper was, on the whole, a most stupendous success, and the committee, Messrs. Spalding, Stevens, and B. E. Holden, deserve great credit for their exertions, and the results achieved.

Warren has been re-elected captain of Princeton's football team.

A Desperate Conspiracy.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Schuyler Standish Spooner was a rich young fellow, and what the *Saturday Evening Gazette* called "one of Boston's exclusive set"—for he claimed descent from the first settlers of both Plymouth and New York—he was, like just a common, unaristocratic young American, in business. Unlike many others, however, he was one of the firm, and it was with more than ordinary satisfaction that he thought upon the fact as he settled himself for a long journey in the cars. For it was summer, and the fact that he was of consequence in the firm lengthened his vacation from three weeks to six, a source of self-gratulation, since he was bound for the mountains, to spend his time at the Maple Hill House, where she was. She was Miss Ellen Brewster, of Boston, and with her he had recently become quite intimate. His interest in her was of that sudden kind which we often feel when some circumstance unexpectedly puts an acquaintance in an entirely new light. Spooner had known her for years, and had liked her, in an impersonal sort of way, as a very clever girl, different from most, being somewhat independent, yet on the whole very pleasant. It had needed a quarrel with her, a fall from grace, followed by a sudden rise again, as has been elsewhere related, to rouse in Spooner a lively interest in Miss Brewster. He had to admit to himself, ruefully, that the same conjunction of circumstances did not rouse a similar interest on her part. Yet such appeared to be the fact, for she treated him exactly as before, when he had been but a casual caller.

Still, they had reached a perfectly free and easy footing, as one could have seen by watching them as they sat together under the trees, one afternoon a few days after his arrival at the mountains. She was doing fancywork, he was playing with her scissors, and blunting them by cutting grass and twigs; they talked as much or as little as they chose, and she paid as much or as little apparent attention to

him as suited her fancy. Still, that she paid some attention to his wishes could be seen from her remark, after a few minutes' vacant silence on the part of both:

"If you are tired of staying here, Mr. Spooner, we can go to the tennis court."

He was sprawled out at her feet in a comfortable position, gazing out upon the valley, and only turned his head to look at her as he answered, while she was taken up with her work, in that preoccupation which is most provoking when one wishes to get an occasional glance as well as a few sentences from a girl.

"Why, Mim-Miss Brewster," he expostulated slowly, "you kik-can by no means have either of our interests at heart. Sis-sis-such a thing would make us unpopular forever. There are jij-just four men there, and a fifth would spoil their game. And if y-you were to go and sis-sit in the tent with the other girls, they couldn't discuss the latest gig-gossip about you and me, and would hate you accordingly."

She smiled; "Your reasoning is powerful. Well, we will stay here."

She straightened up to thread a needle, while he idly stabbed a piece of bark. There was another silence, but not at all an awkward one. With them there was no need to speak unless one wished, for she was not a girl of many words, and Spooner had talked so much in his society career, as he said, that he had "kik-kik-come to understand the value of silence."

"Have you noticed," said she after a moment, "the remarkable gathering of gossips that we have here," and she indicated a group at a little distance. "The fine weather has brought them all out. There are Mrs. Von Blenkinsopp, and Mrs. Norman, and Mrs. North, and Miss Baynes,—and Mrs. Stevens has come over from the Cottage. With all the others to keep the ball rolling they must be having a lively time. Just hear their chatter!"

Spooner raised himself a little. "I'm afraid, Mim-Miss Brewster," he said, "that you miss the chief significance of that group. O-observe that solitary man—how he fif-fidgets on his chair—how his mirth rir-rings hollow. Did-did-do you suppose that my Uncle George would join such a kik-crowd unless he had some purpose to nin-nerve him to the deed? Remember, he goes to-morrow."

Miss Brewster started. "What!" she cried, while she smiled with pleasure. "Do you really suppose that is it?"

"I did-did-don't know," said Spooner. "But I know that jij-just now he's racking his brains to mim-make some plan to get Miss Ware away from the rest. I did-don't know if he would kik-come to the point, even supposing he got the chance. I'm only sure I wish he would. Bib-bib-but I'm afraid he won't get the chance."

"There's this evening," said Miss Brewster. "Oh, how I wish he would!"

Spooner laughed. "It would be pleasant, would it not?" he said. "Bib-but don't you see,—there's that old folks kik-kik-card party to-night, and he hasn't got the skill to get her away from the crowd, any more than at present."

She dropped her work in her lap, and watched the other group for awhile, while Spooner, beside her, did the same. "I declare," she cried at length, "I think it's a shame!"

"It is, surely," assented Spooner. "Bib-but I can't help being amused," he said with his slow chuckle, "to see the old bib-bib-boy sitting there on the edge of his chair, and just kik-kik-crazy to get her off by herself. Poor Uncle George, he's all out of pip-practice. Now a younger man, I for instance, or Kik-Crook, or Kik-Keene, could cut a girl out from a group like that in three mim-mim-minutes, if she would help. But *he* can't; and she nin-knows what he wants, but *she* can't, and so"—

They watched the others once more. "Do

you suppose," she said after awhile, "that it ever will come to anything?"

"I know this," said he, rousing himself to less lazy attitude, "if it did-did-doesn't ever do so now, it nin-never will. He will go back to Boston, and sh-she will go back to Philadelphia, and he will gig-get into his bachelor ways again, and she will bib-be an old maid once more, and this time for good. And that would be a sh-shame. Just think, Miss Brewster, what a nin-nin-nice little aunt she'd make."

"You say they used to know each other, years ago?" she asked, pursuing her own train of thought, as was her way.

"Yes, they met abroad, when sh-she was twenty, and he about thirty. H-he was much taken, mother says—sis-saw a good deal of her, I suppose. Bib-but nothing came of it—they did-did-drifted apart, and haven't met for tit-ten years before this summer. He must be forty-three now, and she thirty-three or so." He paused. "I wish w-we could help them."

"Yes," she said absently, still looking at the others; but then suddenly, as the idea struck her, she cried, "Why can't we?"

"How?" he asked.

"Why, this way. You go and take your uncle for a walk; then I'll get Miss Ware, and we'll go for a walk. And then, accidentally, we will meet at the Mingling of the Brooks, and you and I can wander away, absent-mindedly, you know. Then if your uncle doesn't improve his chance, why, he never will."

"Bib-by Jove," cried Spooner, starting up, "A capital idea! I sis-say, Miss Brewster, you're a star. Let's do it!"

They were persons of action. She gathered up her fancywork, and put it in her narrow red box, and tied a big handkerchief around it. Then she got up, smiling, her eyes sparkling in delighted anticipation, and made Spooner a little formal courtesy. "I am very sorry to have to ask you to excuse me, Mr. Spooner," she said, "I am going in the house

to put away my fancywork. I shall hope to see you after supper."

"I hope so," he replied, taking off his hat, and smiling himself at the anticipation of the coming developments,—"Then, if not before. Gig-good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," she said. And then she ran away laughing. Spooner, after watching her a moment, walked over to the other group.

"Kik-come, Uncle George," he said, after successfully performing the difficult feat of including the whole group in one salutation. "Kik-come, let's take a walk. It's your lil-last day here, and we ought to have one more good time together."

His uncle came at once, almost with a sigh of relief. He had been sitting a long time without the slightest hope of attaining his end, and was already calling himself a fool, and wishing to find a way of escaping from the old ladies, even if he went alone. So he welcomed with delight his nephew's proposition; yet it was not without a backward glance that he went down the hill, and somewhat moodily he listened to his nephew's talk during their walk to the spot in the valley where the two brooks met.

They sat down on the rustic seat, and Spooner had just roused his uncle into an appearance of vivacity, when his expectant ear caught the sound of voices as some one came down the path. His uncle heard too, and turned to look. A few glimpses could be caught of the newcomers as the path wound in and out among the trees. The older man turned to his nephew with a face of complete astonishment, but, with almost boyish openness, breaking into a smile of pleasure. "Why—" he began.

"Ssh!" said Spooner, "sis-say nothing," and at the moment Miss Ware and Miss Brewster came out into the little clearing. Miss Brewster feigned surprise with great success; Miss Ware's astonishment was genuine, while in her face one could see, though more faintly,

the counterpart of her lover's pleasure. She was a timid, hesitating little body, and hung back somewhat as the others came forward to meet them.

Miss Brewster lost no time. "Come," she said, as they stood in the slight embarrassment of the meeting, "Mr. Spooner, suppose we go and gather bunchberries. I was going to do it with Miss Ware, but I'm afraid she will not care to walk so far." And then this arch-conspirator coolly walked away down another path.

Spooner edged behind his uncle, and whispered in his ear: "Now's your tit-tit-time, Uncle," he said. "Kik-keep your spirits up! Nin-never say die! Gig-go in and win!"

His uncle made a wild but effectual clutch at the young man's vanishing blazer. "Hold on," he cried; "I say——"

"Th-that's all right," said Spooner, disengaging himself. "Nin-now or never, Uncle," he whispered again; "'fif-faint heart,' you know,"—and off he went down the path, to find Miss Brewster seated on a fallen tree, weak with laughter, her handkerchief pressed against her mouth.

"Well," she said, when she was able to speak, "it's a success. Did you see his face when we appeared?"

"Did-did I?" he cried. "And did-did you notice hers? It is a success, indeed!"

Spooner and Miss Brewster gave the others all the time they conscientiously could; but they had to go back to them at last, and did so after preliminary whistlings and laughter. It had been a success, as could be plainly seen by the faces of the two middle-aged lovers. Nothing was said; but Spooner and his uncle put a new meaning in their hand-clasp, and Miss Brewster took little Miss Ware in her arms and kissed her with as full an understanding of what had passed as if it had all been told in words.

"And now, Uncle," said Spooner, breaking

the contented silence that fell on them all, "it-it's supper time, and you must go home with me. Kik-come on!"

"Why, no, Schuyler," said his uncle, able now to assert himself; "you go on with Miss Brewster, and Miss Ware and I will follow."

"Uncle George," said his nephew, severely, "I'm ashamed of you. Wh-what are you thinking of? As sure as I sis-stand here, Mim-Mrs. Von Blenkinsopp and Mrs. Nin-Nin-Norman are this moment on the pip-piazza looking for their natural food, and the whole thing will be the talk of the hotel. Nin-nin-no, sir! we go back as we came. Mim-Miss Ware and Miss Brewster, of course you know you haven't sis-sis-seen us this afternoon. We have bib-bib-been to the Stairs. You must excuse our leaving you, but we must return from that direction, and it's rir-rather a roundabout way. Kik-come on, Uncle George. Gig-gig-good-bye," and away he went, dragging his unwilling yet happy uncle.

Ten Little Tech. Men.

Ten would-be Tech. men coming in a line;
 One flunks entrance algebra, and so there are but nine.
 Nine full-fledged Freshmen studying very late;
 One studies much too hard, so there are but eight.
 Of the eight Freshmen, one plays on the 'leven;
 He, of course, fails everything, and so there are but seven.
 One among these Tech. men is quite too fond of tricks;
 He gets spotted at the semies, and so there are but six.
 Six sturdy Freshmen at the annuals strive;
 One gets FF in Chemistry, so there are but five.
 Five hearty students come to Tech. once more,
 One takes the Five-Year Course, so there are but four.
 Four tough Sophomores steal letters M. I. T.;
 A "cop." collars on to one, and so there are but three.
 Three valiant Tech. men, Juniors tried and true;
 One gets stuck on Calculus, and so there are but two.
 Two haughty Seniors, their S.B.'s almost won;
 A thesis is rejected, so there graduates but one.
 This happy graduate goes in for social fun;
 Alas! he marries the lunch-room belle, and now there are
 none.

The Benefit Concert.

THE great event of last week, or indeed of the term, in a musical way, was the concert given in Huntington Hall on Wednesday evening for the benefit of the Football Association. The performance was a great success, both financially and musically.

The programme which follows was exceptionally well rendered, with but a few exceptions, and fully justified the pride which the true-spirited men of the Institute who were present feel in these organizations of ours.

PART I.

1. Dance Eccossaise (Baker), encore, Banjo Club. 2. We Meet Again To-night (Carm. Yale), encore, Glee Club. 3. Waltz Medley (Arranged by Cushing), encore, Mandolin Club. 4. Church in the Wildwood, Glee Club. 5. Mrs. Craigin's Daughter (Arranged by Clarke), Glee Club. 6. Waltz (Armstrong), Banjo Club. 7. Beware (Williams), Glee Club.

PART II.

1. La Tipica (Romero), Estudiantina (encore), Mandolin Club. 2. M. I. T. Waltz (Arranged by Clarke), Mr. Pechin, Mr. Whitman, and Club; Susie Brown (encore), Mr. Sias and Club. 3. March (Porter), Banjo Club. 4. The Jolly Old Crow (Decker), The Pope (encore), Glee Club. 5. Fairly Caught (Decker), Glee Club. 6. Sueno d'Amor (Romero), Mandolin Club, encored. 7. Soldier's Joy (Newman), Glee Club.

As Mr. Bates was not present, it was necessary to omit "The Boogie Man," which was well replaced by the "Church in the Wildwood." "Mrs. Craigin's Daughter" followed as the fifth number on the programme, but as rendered, decidedly lacked the spirit and life to make it a success.

In the second part the Mandolin Club rendered "La Tipica" in a very pleasing manner, and as an encore gave "Estudiantina." Mr. Whitman, Mr. Pechin, and the Glee Club then gave the M. I. T. waltz, and were loudly applauded. As an encore Mr. Sias, aided by the Club, gave some personal experiences entitled "Susie Brown," which elicited another encore.

The Banjo Club rendered "Porter's March" very effectively, and were loudly clapped, but did not respond. "The Jolly Old Crow"

went very well, as did also the rendering of "Sueno d'Amor" by the Mandolin Club.

What the Glee Club could do without Mr. Whitman, '92, leader, it is very hard to say. He has a superb voice and leads in a manner very hard to equal. Both the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs show a great deal of faithful work and represent the best talent in the Institute. There were about four hundred present at the concert, and the receipts for the evening were about three hundred dollars.

The attendance by the students, while not what it might have been, is to be highly commended, and it is to be hoped that the funds obtained from the concert are sufficient to pay off the indebtedness of the Football Association. The clubs have another concert in view for the first of next term, and the idea, after this creditable performance, cannot be too strongly approved.

The Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs are organized as follows:—

GLEE CLUB.

Willis Clarke, Musical Director; Edward Payson Whitman, Leader. *First Tenors*—Edward Payson Whitman, '92, Frank Vail Sias, '95, John Anderson Holwill, '95, Robert Sydney Wason, '95. *Second Tenors*—George Henry May, '93, Clarence Crouch Culver, '95, Dudley Chase Chaffee, '94, Thomas McKnight Sharpe, '94. *First Bass*—Harry Reyborn Bates, '94, Francis Wright Fabyan, '93, John Shelly Pechin, '94, William Somer Witherspoon, '95, John Aiken, '94. *Second Bass*—Walter Herbert Vorce, '93, Albert Sweetser Moulton, '93, Frank Curtiss Schmitz, '95, John Edward Wray, '94.

BANJO CLUB.

Harry Nelson Latey, Leader. *Banjourines*—Harry Nelson Latey, '93, Frank Snow, '94, Charles Eastman Lockwood, '94, John Chase Walier, '95. *Banjoes*—Marvine Gorham, '93, Thomas Irvine Chapman, '93. *Guitars*—Austin Sperry, '94, Winthrop Tracy Chase, '94, William Somer Witherspoon, '95, Frank Vail Sias, '95.

MANDOLIN CLUB.

Robert Delano Cushing, Leader. *Mandolins*—Robert Delano Cushing, '92, Joseph McArthur Vance, '92, Harry Milo Phillips, '93, William Henry Lawrence, '91. *Guitars*—Robert Nye Cutter, '91, Frank Vail Sias, '95.

A. F. Copeland, the famous hurdler, has announced his retirement from athletics.

The Sparring and Wrestling Meeting.

THE Sparring and Wrestling Meeting, held in the gymnasium Saturday afternoon, December 19th, was fairly successful. Although no money was made by the Athletic Club, on account of no admission being charged, not much was lost, as a subscription was collected. The entries were few in number, yet those who did compete furnished some good sport to spectators present.

The first event contested, was the heavy-weight sparring, in which J. Doe, F. H. Harvey and S. Sutton competed. Sutton drew the bye and Harvey proceeded to knock out Doe. This he failed to do, but came sufficiently near it to get the decision. In the finals, Sutton and Harvey sparred for the M. I. T. championship. The Judges evidently enjoyed the bout, for they ordered an extra round of two minutes. Sutton displayed more science and was declared the winner.

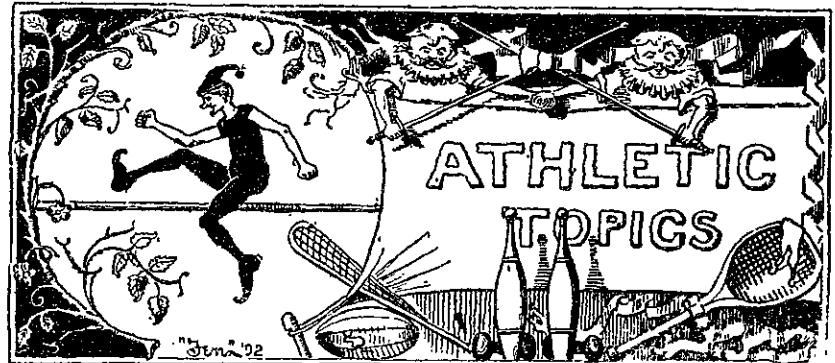
W. J. Batchelder and R. Sturgis, 2d, now appeared, to battle for honors in the light weight class. Batchelder was fully fifteen pounds heavier than Sturgis, and was awarded first cup, after three rounds. Sturgis was in poor shape, but went from 126-pound class to the 140, in order to make an event, and he deserves much credit for doing as well as he did. Many of the spectators thought that if he had been better trained, Batchelder would have been forced to work a good deal harder than he did to win.

The light-weight wrestling was now contested. J. Thomas and H. D. Shute were drawn in the first bout, which Thomas won. J. R. Speer easily threw F. A. Sargent in the second bout. The final bout was very exciting. Speer did very well, but Thomas' previous experience told, and he was declared the winner after 2½ minutes of hard work.

The last event was the heavy-weight wrestling, and L. B. Manley, J. Crane, Jr., E. H. Roberts and W. R. Kales contested. In the first trial Crane threw Manley, although the latter was thirty pounds heavier than the B.

A. A. man. The bout lasted 4½ minutes, the longest of any in the afternoon. Kales succeeded in getting the fall with Roberts. The final bout between Kales and Crane was very interesting. Kales was considerably heavier than his opponent, thus having some advantage; but he also showed more acquaintance with the game, and won the event in about two minutes.

There were a good many B. A. A. and Harvard men present. The following gentlemen officiated: Referee of Wrestling, S. Paine, B. A. A.; Referee of Sparring, W. Austin, B. A. A.; Judges, D. W. Shea and J. L. Dodge, both of Harvard; Timer, John Graham, Supt. of Charlesbank Gymnasium.



FIXTURES.

- January 23.—First Regiment Athletic Club. Open Handicap Indoor Games in Armory on Irvington Street.
 January 23.—First Annual Championship Indoor Athletic Meeting of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U. at Madison Square Garden, New York.
 February 13.—Boston Athletic Association. Annual Indoor Meeting at Mechanics Building.
 February 22.—Melrose Athletic Club. Open Handicap Cross Country Run.
 March 5.—M. I. T. A. C. Fourteenth Annual Open Meeting in Winslow Rink. Scratch Games.
 March 14.—Bradford Boat Club. Sparring and Wrestling Meeting.
 March 17.—Trimount Athletic Club. Open Handicap Indoor Games. Winslow Rink.
 March 19.—Fifth Annual Gymnastic Championships of the A. A. U. Berkeley Lyceum, New York.
 March 22 and 26.—Annual Fencing Championships of the A. A. U. at the Manhattan Athletic Club Clubhouse.

POLO SCHEDULE.

- December 22.—B. A. A. vs. First Regiment, 0-1.
 December 24.—T. A. C. vs. M. I. T., 1-4.
 December 29.—B. A. A. vs. M. I. T., 1-2.

December 31.—First Regiment vs. T. A. C., 1-7.
 January 5.—First Regiment vs. B. A. A.
 January 7.—B. A. A. vs. T. A. C.
 January 12.—T. A. C. vs. First Regiment.
 January 14.—First Regiment vs. B. A. A.
 January 19.—T. A. C. vs. B. A. A.
 January 21.—T. A. C. vs. First Regiment.
 January 26.—B. A. A. vs. M. I. T.
 January 28.—First Regiment vs. M. I. T.
 February 2.—B. A. A. vs. First Regiment.
 February 4.—T. A. C. vs. M. I. T.
 February 9.—B. A. A. vs. M. I. T.
 February 11.—T. A. C. vs. M. I. T.
 February 16.—First Regiment vs. M. I. T.
 February 18.—B. A. A. vs. T. A. C.
 February 23.—First Regiment vs. M. I. T.
 February 25.—T. A. C. vs. M. I. T.
 March 1.—T. A. C. vs. First Regiment.
 March 3.—B. A. A. vs. M. I. T.
 March 8.—B. A. A. vs. T. A. C.
 March 10.—First Regiment vs. M. I. T.

Standing of the Clubs up to last Thursday.

	M. I. T.	B. A. A.	1ST REG'T.	T. A. C.	WON.	LOST.
M. I. T.,	—	1	—	1	2	0
B. A. A.,	—	—	—	—	0	2
First Regiment,	—	1	—	—	1	1
T. A. C.,	—	—	1	—	1	1

The Polo League is well under way, and very good audiences have thus far been present. Considering the amount of interest manifested at this early part of the season, there are bright prospects for the remainder of it, inasmuch as the interest will be sure to increase towards the finish.

The first game, which was contested by the B. A. A. and First Regiment teams, was close, and hotly contested. The First Regiment finally won by one goal to none.

In the second championship game, the teams representing Technology and the Trimount Athletic Club made their *debut*. The Trimount Five was considered, before the game, as being the strongest in the League; consequently when our team easily beat them, by a score of 4 to 1, there was wild excitement in the M. I. T. contingent. Our boys played a lively, snappy game, and won on their merits.

The make-up of the teams is given: Technology—rushers, Parker, Jones; center, Boyd; half back, Simonds; goal, Shepherd.

Trimount Athletic Club—rushers, Powers, Lamson; center, Macdonald; half back, Cook; goal, Kelly.

There was much slugging on both sides, but Tech played by far the most scientific game.

Technology played her second game December 29th with Boston Athletic Association, and won by a score of two goals to one. The excitement was intense, and whenever Tech. made a good play, the long Institute cheer rang out from the gallery, where most of our supporters had gone to witness the fray. The short cheer was also given with good effect at every brilliant individual play. B. A. A. scored the first goal in about five minutes, but Tech., nothing daunted, went to work, and in three minutes more play tied the score. Neither side was successful in caging the ball during the rest of the half.

In the second half, Tech. scored in six minutes, and as this was all the scoring done, in the last twenty minutes, M. I. T. was declared the winner, 2 to 1.

Neither side played such a fast game as in their previous games, but this was due to the fact that the rink was very hot and close.

The Trimount Athletic Club played First Regiment December 31st and easily beat them in a game which was played very fast. The score was 7-1. This leaves Tech. with a good lead, which is advantageous, as we do not play again till January 28th.

POLO NOTES.

F. P. Simonds, '93, captain of the Polo Team, has the grip, and was unable to play against B. A. A. on December 29th. As Tech. doesn't play again till the end of the month, he will probably be on hand again in time for our first game with First Regiment.

All the papers are loud in their praise of Tech.'s scientific game, and all the members of the team have received much individual complimentary criticism.

Several of Princeton's last year's football team witnessed the game with B. A. A.

Boyd has made wonderful improvement, and bids fair to become one of the "stars."

Although it is very early in the season to venture any opinions regarding the winner of the polo championship, many, besides Tech. men, think we have more than a good show of attaining that end.

Some dispute arose over the fact that Tech. had rubber rollers on their skates, but the feeling was caused more through the fact that the other teams realized that they had lacked the foresight of buying the same kind themselves.

A well-known authority on polo said that with six weeks' training, Tech.'s team would be able to beat any team in the country.

The total number of points scored for the Class Cup is as follows:—

	'92	'93	'94	'95
Team Race	3	5	—	—
Running High Kick	3	8	—	—
Thirty-five Yard Dash	—	4	—	5
Thirty-five Yard Hurdle	—	8	—	1
Running High Jump	—	6	—	3
Putting Shot	5	—	3	1
Standing High Jump	—	6	—	3
Rope Climbing	—	1	3	5
Fence Vault	5	—	—	4
Heavy-weight Wrestling	8	—	—	—
Light-weight Sparring	—	—	3	5
Light-weight Wrestling	—	3	—	5
Heavy-weight Sparring	8	—	—	—
Special-weight Wrestling	—	5	—	—
Special-weight Sparring	—	—	5	—
Total	32	46	14	32

At a meeting of the M. I. T. A. C. the score for Class Championship Cup, as given above, was adopted. It was decided not to count thuds in wrestling or sparring, as there was no way of telling who was entitled to the point, inasmuch as those defeated in the preliminary rounds do not meet. It was also decided not to give record cups or to count additional points for breaking previous Tech. records in those events which were not recognized as standard events. Carrier, '95, consequently scores only five points for his first in the rope climbing.

The date for Open Spring Indoor Meeting was settled as March 5th. The games will begin at 7.30, instead of 2.30 as formerly. All the events will be open to any amateur in good standing.

Following is the list of events:—Fifty-yard dash, fifty-yard hurdle (four flights, three feet six inches high), one-mile run, running high jump, running high kick, standing broad jump, pole vault, putting 16-lb. shot, and one-mile walk.

If a permit can be obtained there will be sparring also. The weights will be announced later.

On January 30th the Boston Athletic Association will give a special boxing tournament at which prizes will be offered in the following classes: For men who have never won a prize in an open boxing competition, 115, 135, and 158 pounds.

This is done with the intention of bringing out some of the local boxers who might not like to enter against the champions. Entries for this class will close on January 5th, and the prizes will not be given unless there are four entries in each class. The entries are closed early in order that it may be known whether the classes will fill or not. Address all communications and make entries to H. S. Cornish, Exeter Street, Boston, Mass.

Because you have been successful so far, boys, be careful that your hats do not become too small. For if they do, you will surely get beaten, and you will probably be spoken of very "unfeelingly." However, we do not anticipate such a catastrophe, as we do not think that you are that kind.

The Tennis Association held a special meeting in Room 11 last Saturday noon to discuss several matters of importance. Considering previous attempts, the number present was a very satisfactory one. It was decided to open the courts and to hold the annual tournament next spring. This in itself is an encouraging sign of interest. No spring dues are to be collected, but a small entrance fee will be

charged for various good reasons. Mr. Dickey tendered the Club his resignation as treasurer, which was accepted, Mr. Rice being appointed to succeed him until the next regular election.

Expert Testimony.

Moony, moony, shine on me,
Make me spoony as I can be.
Sea wind, sea wind, lightly sent,
Soothe us with blind sentiment.
Girly, girly,—best of all—
Let me early share your shawl.
Billow, billow, only sigh,—
Breast a pillow—lullaby.
Cupid, Cupid, poise your wings.
Oh! what stupid mundane things!
Halo, halo,—mellow moon,—
Such joys fail,—ah! all too soon.

Moony, moony, wax and wane;
All youths have it just the same.
Billow, billow, roar away;
They outgrow it in their day.

A BILLET DOUX.

A letter comes to me by mail to-day,
Within an envelope of lightest hue,
Upon the back of which are stamped in blue
Initials, but of whom I cannot say.

The post mark, it is plain, is of the town;
So many friends I have here, 'tis not strange
That one of them should seek to interchange
A note or two with me. Why should I frown?

Why is it that I do not tear apart
This envelope that keeps its treasure hid?
Why not myself of all this trouble rid?
Relieve the pressure bearing on my heart?

No sooner thought than done. My fingers quick
Have opened up the note; what's this I see?
Two coats, a vest, and pairs of trousers three!
That dainty note was but a tradesman's trick!

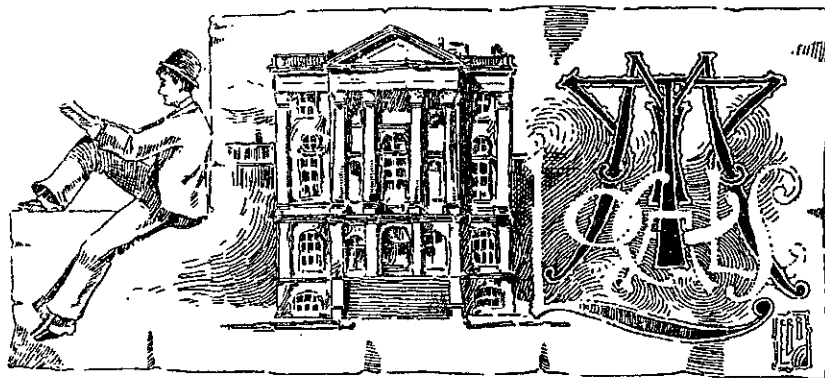
—*Trinity Tablet.*

HER THANKS.

She thanked them all for everything,
From Christmas card to diamond ring;
And as her gifts she gaily flaunted,
She told her friends, "Just what I wanted."

But I, who had no cash to blow,
Just kissed her 'neath the mistletoe.
She blushed a bit, yet, never daunted,
Repeated low, "Just what I wanted."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*



Who is Derr, '92?

What's your thesis?

A chased character—a chippy.

A joke of antiquity—The swallow that
Jonah'd the whale.

The fourth-year men have begun gathering
data for their theses.

Mr. John W. Tarbox has been elected man-
ager of '94's baseball team.

The Catalogue and the President's Report
will be out about January 10th.

G. E. Chapin, '92, intends to leave Tech.,
and to enter the Sophomore Class at Cornell.

What's the matter with our polo team?
Somebody said, "Absolutely flyless." And
we agree.

Mr. E. B. Bird, '89, drew the cover design
for the Christmas number of the *Harvard
Lampoon.*

W. F. Spalding, '94, has risen from a
Sophomore to a broker. The change oc-
curred last week.

The Banjo Club have had very hard luck
having their photograph taken. The third
time even didn't succeed.

On Saturday, December 26th, three gradu-
ate classes held their annual dinner at Young's,
—the Classes of '74, '81, and '84.

It's out. But we understand that, contrary
to custom, it does not give general satisfaction.
However, perhaps they'll change it.

Thomas, '95, showed clearly that he knew
how to use his knowledge of wrestling to good
advantage when he has a man down.

"Look," said beautiful Miss Malaprop to her partner, a Tech. man, at a german, "aren't those men good to pioneer."

Ninety-three has 232 members, the President's report tells us, including 92 specials. Isn't this anticipating things a little?

The committee of arrangements for '93's dinner consisted of the following men: Taintor, chairman; Gorham, Boyd, Wason, and Simonds.

The constitution of the new University Club, of this city, now in active process of formation, will provide for the admission of graduates of the Institute.

We are in receipt of another number in the "International Modern Language Series" edited under the direction of Professors Bôcher and Van Daell.

Mr.—, '94: "Will you please decline 'lager'."

Mr. H-ll-r (*absent mindedly*): "What! decline *lager*? Never!!"

One day last week all the professors and instructors of the Mining Department were laid up with *la grippe*. The Miners had to work just the same, however.

Almost all the matter for "Technique" is now in the hands of the publishers, and the proofs will be ready shortly for reviewing. Save your money for "Technique."

The Fourth-year Miners were highly entertained during their noon hour last Thursday. The bantam weights had a bout in the pit. Draw. The "ruddle" flowed freely.

Died, Monday, Dec. 21, 1891, C. W. Scudder, at the age of 72 years. Mr. Scudder was for two years bursar of the Institute and most popular with the Faculty and students.

Two old balances, long past their usefulness, have been taken from the Analytical Laboratory and put on the high bookcase in the Margaret Cheney Reading Room. Watch their arms!

Mr. Manley's trainer had not taught him the "Half-Nelson" grip in preparing him for the wrestling, or he wouldn't have sat on Mr. Crane's back and given him a punch to see if he was alive.

The Senior Mechanicals are on their annual hunt for trouble around the big boiler in Rogers. It is merely a question of time in the minds of some of us before that boiler carries the cream of Course II. heavenward.

On the Sunday after the Yale-Harvard football game in Springfield, one minister of that city, who, as it happened, was an old Yale man, took as the subject for his sermon "Thankfulness." It was a broad field.

A reception to the Senior Class was given Wednesday afternoon, December 23d, in the Margaret Cheney Reading Room, by Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Richards, assisted by the young women studying at the Institute.

Experience continually warns men to keep out of all athletic events unless in the best of training. The condition of one of the contestants last Saturday at the sparring meeting caused a little excitement in the audience.

A. M. Moody, '93, who was elected captain of the Technology Polo Team, resigned on account of his work at the Institute. E. P. Simonds, '93, was elected in his stead. Mr. Moody, however, hopes to be able to play occasionally.

Mr. Vaillant's large party and reception, which took place a few nights before Christmas, was a great success. All of the invited guests left with a feeling of rare satisfaction, after having been treated to one of their host's delicious Welsh rarebits.

The fifth annual banquet of the Northwestern Association of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will be held in Chicago, January 30, 1892. All undergraduates desiring to attend may send their names to Solomon Sturges, Secretary, 563 "The Rookery," Chicago.

The Post-Office Coat Room desires to hereby express its cordial thanks to the Class of '94, which, in the person of Mr. W. L. Clarke, put so handsome a bit of cuttle fish between its wires at 5 P. M., December 24th, thus offsetting its steady regimen of *green* parsley.

If the heavy-weight men who sparred at our little *seance* on December 19th, had only had a little more ginger and life in them they might have made their part of the performance very interesting, for they certainly had the strength and the size to make a Slavin-Sullivan set-to.

Technology plays the "Soldiers" at polo on Thursday evening, January 14th, at nine o'clock, in Winslow's, and B. A. A. on the 21st. Don't fail to be there, and help the team to a couple more of victories, by your cheering. You'll see lots of Tech. men, and more excitement.

Professor (to student in Mechanism): "Give the demonstration for the movement of the Cross-head."

Student: "I don't quite remember it, but from observation in the lunch room I should say that it is especially violent when π is brought into consideration.

The doctor who presided at the games at the Tech. gym. on December 19th was a good specimen of the physician who loses his head at the very time when his skill should be most relied upon. When a man fainted he hesitated as to what he ought to do, while one of the bystanders loosened the man's vest and shirt.

The struggle for priority among the anxious would-be employers of Tech. Seniors has already begun. H. R. Moody, '92, has been sought out by one Eastman, manufacturer of a camera known as the Kodak, who desires his assistance as chemist in the film department at Rochester. Mr. Moody has the matter under consideration.

From reports that have reached us through the term, it would almost seem advisable for us to give to Institute students from "removed"

sections of the country such homely advice as "Don't Blow Out the Gas," "Avoid sleeping with open mouth," etc. But readers of THE TECH have too much sense to need any such admonition, which would thus be useless.

The '92 election for Class Day officers last Friday resulted as follows:—Orator, Louis Derr; Prophet, Gayle T. Forbush; Statistician, William Esty; Historian, Murray Warner; First Marshall, George V. Wendell; Second Marshall, William P. Gray; Third Marshall, J. Scott Parrish. The staff as a whole is a good one, and the Seniors may look forward to a successful Class Day.

All the sporting men in Tech. were very much surprised and disappointed at the outcome of the light-weight sparring contest at our last athletic meeting. From the way Mr. Sturgis sparred last spring everyone fully expected that he would even do better at this time than he had done at his first appearance. But he had been under the weather for a few days and was not in condition for the match.

Now that Campbell, '94, has left the Institute, we regret to say that the single-stick contest has only one representative at Tech. As Mr. Campbell was in town the day of our meeting it was a pity he did not drop in and entertain us with a bout with his old standby, Mr. Beattie. The lack of grace in the heavy-weight sparring would not have been so very apparent, if we could only have had a little of the ease and grace of these well-known contestants.

A Tech. man recently overheard the following in a piano store. The patient clerk was expatiating on the various virtues of two instruments,—one of celebrated make in an ebony case, the other inferior, but resplendent in a beautiful mahogany finish. The clerk said, pointing to the ebony, "You see, madam, that this piano has much the better tone, the price is but a trifle more, and it is altogether just the instrument you want"; and the woman answered, looking meanwhile at the mahog-

any, "Well, you see, I don't care so much about the tone, but I do want a pretty case."

G. D. Chapman, '90, formerly a popular instructor in Descriptive Geometry, and much interested in athletics, has founded an athletic club at his home, Fitchburg. The membership is forty. Mr. Chapman is President.

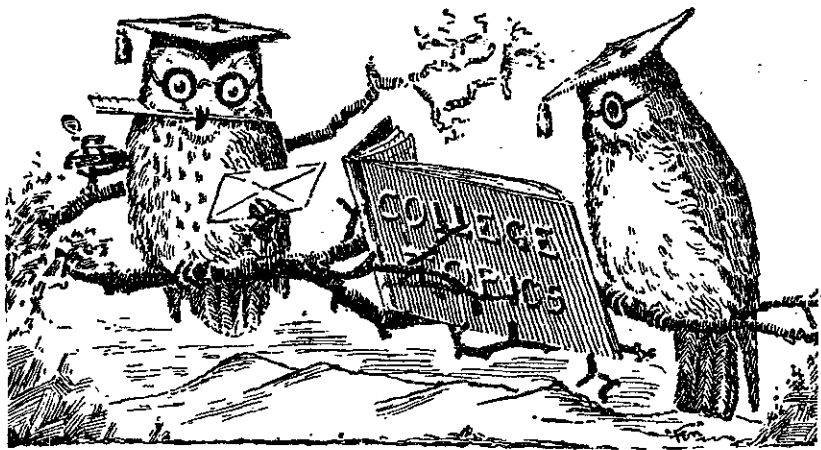
Apropos of Mr. Chapman, a "roast" has reached us. At a recent appearance of Dockstader's minstrels in Fitchburg, "Lew" advanced to the foot-lights and, in his inimitable tone of modesty, thus addressed his audience:—"I feel among friends to-night; I met Chappy outside, and he introduced me to the Four Hundred." The effect upon the house and upon "Chappy" was what might have been expected.

Wednesday, December 30th, the Seniors held a class meeting. The minutes of the meetings of the Nominating Committee were read and approved, as much as the "quorum-lacking" assembly of thirty-eight (a disgracefully small number at such an important meeting) could approve. It was voted that a plurality was sufficient for a choice in the Class-day election, and that in case of a tie there be another balloting till a plurality is obtained. The report of the Class-photograph Committee, though ready, was not read on account of the miserably small number present. No action was taken on the suggestion of the Nominating Committee to have a "tail-piece," to be dubbed "The Address to the Class." The report of this Committee awaits the approval of the Class.

The Alumni Association held its annual meeting on Monday December, 28th, at Young's. Preceding the dinner there was a short business meeting, in which various committees reported and the officers for the ensuing year were elected. The most interesting report of the evening was given by Mr. J. R. Freeman, '76. The following officers were elected. President, Henry M. Howe, '71; Vice Presi-

dent, James P. Munroe, '82; Secretary and Treasurer, Harry W. Tyler, '84; Executive Committee, The President, Vice President and Secretary, H. C. Spaulding, '87, and W. B. Snow, '82. There were eight members of the Glee Club present, and the members of the Association appreciated their worthy efforts in the musical line. Interesting speeches were delivered by the following gentlemen: Lieut. Spencer of the Thomson-Houston Co. (an invited guest), Dr. Williams, Capt. D. A. Lyle, '84, A. T. Bradlee, '88, and Dr. Drown.

A good story is going the rounds concerning a '93 Chemist. It seems that he recently took apartments in a Columbus Avenue hotel with a roommate, a man very fond of a good joke. An electric button just inside the door of the room connected with the gas, so that by one pressure it was lit and by a second put out. Another by the roommate's bed was for the same purpose, but of the existence of this D-ll-n was not aware. One night the Chemist arose from bed and pressed the button by the door. What was his surprise when the light flashed up and immediately went out. He pressed again,—again a flash followed by darkness. He now changed tactics and approached his finger gradually to the button, and, wonderful to relate! before he touched it the light flared up. Putting it out, he tried again with equal success. Why, this was magic! Hastening to the bedside of his feignedly asleep friend he awoke him, as he thought, and communicated the wonderful news of his having been suddenly endowed with magic power. "Just see me do it," he cried. And then followed a strange series of contortions and passes, for D-ll-n wasn't going to do any magic without the proper accompaniments, each attempt ending in the most complete success—the gas blazed up or was extinguished at the word of command. At last, flushed by his success and wellnigh exhausted, the would-be magician paused, the roommate went off into convulsions of laughter, and the joke was out.



Yale holds three hare and hound hunts weekly as long as good weather lasts.

The Columbia Athletic Union limits its membership to students who have paid in five dollars or more.

A member of the Junior Class at Columbia has translated into Hebrew the Declaration of Independence and published it in book form.

Cigarettes are becoming unpopular at Yale, because of the crusade against them in the interest of athletics.

An attempt is being made for a chess union between Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia.

An estate valued at \$25,000, adjoining the Amherst campus, has been presented to the college, which is also the recipient of \$30,000 by a late will.

Fifty-eight men have reported themselves as trying for the position of coxswain of the varsity crew at Cornell.

Brown University supports a missionary in Africa, on the Congo.

The Manhattan Athletic Club of New York reports a membership of 3,000 and its net profits for the year \$30,000.

Deficiency in Freshman gymnasium work will be counted as a condition at Williams, and the delinquents will be required to do extra work next term.

A movement has been on foot at Columbia to give up athletics altogether, owing to lack of interest and the class debts of \$2,834. An attempt will be made, however, to raise

enough money to cover this sum, and also to make a last effort to revive the former enthusiasm for athletics.

The Faculty of Wooster University have denied the petition of the students, and made permanent the rule which debars the school from any participation in intercollegiate athletics.

We are glad to hear from "*The Phi-Rhonian*, an amateur journal published monthly by the Phi Rho Society, devoted to the interests of the Bath High School and Society."

The increase in the number of colleges in the United State every year averages about fifteen.

The fraternities of the University of Michigan are jointly publishing a weekly periodical called the *Yellow and Blue*.

Football has been prohibited at the University of Heidelberg, Germany.

Amherst is to add a new field of twelve acres to her grounds.

The University of Michigan will erect a Grecian temple as her contribution to the World's Fair at Chicago.

One thousand seven hundred and forty-two students have graduated from Yale Law School since its founding in 1824.

Ann Arbor gave an elective course in photography last year, and it proved so successful that it is required in one department this year.

Schoff, end rush, has been awarded the watch offered to the member of the University of Penn. eleven doing the best work.

The Soldier's Field at Harvard is soon to be leveled off, a new boathouse built, two grand stands and a running track constructed.

The Sophomores at Cornell have objected to the regulations made by the upper classmen in regard to a substitute for the cane rush. These regulations provided for a football and a baseball game and winter meeting.

The new Yale gymnasium will cost \$200,000, and will probably be completed by April 1, 1892.

The new chemical laboratory at Princeton, just completed, is claimed to be the most convenient in the country.

Five hundred students of the University at Kief, Russia, were recently arrested by the government for revolutionary actions.

At the new Chicago University four quarters, each composed of two terms of six weeks, will cover the entire year; for vacation a student may choose any two terms.

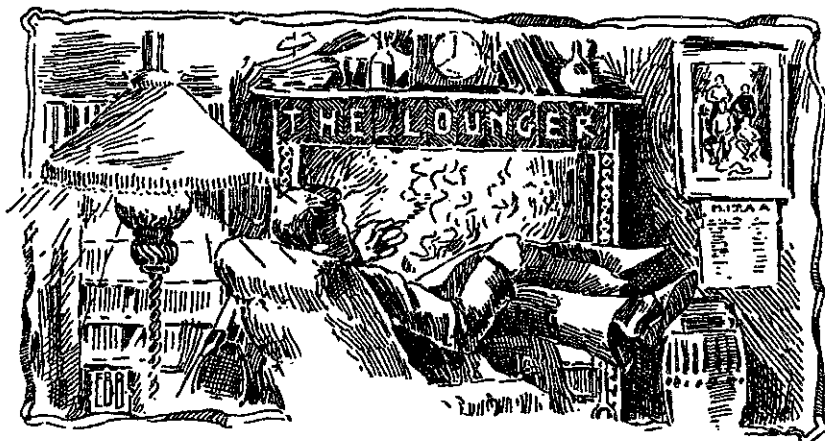
The Senate of Cambridge University by a vote of 525 to 185, has rejected the proposition to dispense with the study of Greek.

At Harvard two prizes of \$60 and \$40 are offered to members of the Junior and Sophomore classes, for the most profitable course of reading pursued during the year. The judges who decide the award are instructed to give due weight to the considerations of health in the case of competitors for the prizes.

The bisection of Greece by a canal connecting the Gulfs of Athens and Corinth is nearly accomplished. The cutting is a straight and level one, 96 wide and 36 deep. It has no locks. A railroad bridge spans it at the Corinth end, but at such a height, 164 feet, as to afford no hindrance to vessels passing through. It is estimated that at least 1,200 of these, averaging 1,500 tons each, will annually use this new and shorter passage.

It is said that Mrs. Leland Stanford has purchased one hundred and fifty handsomely bound Bibles, to be placed in the students' rooms at the Stanford University. The same authority states there were a thousand more applicants at that place than could be accommodated.

During the summer of 1891 there were 28,625 students enrolled in the twenty-two German universities, about 600 less than during the winter term, and nearly 800 less than during the summer of '90.



"VAIN pomp and glory of this world, I hate you." The Lounger uses this quotation to show how he feels toward all of the vain follies and great customs of the world in general. Christmas has passed now these two weeks; and yet he can only have a feeling of deep sorrow and pain when he thinks of that day of all the year, which should make every one feel happy and contented. Yes! Christmas was a failure this year with The Lounger. Perhaps Santa Claus was not very well impressed with the Lounger's behavior for the past year, and had neglected him for this reason. But surely this could not be the case; why, the Lounger's one thought is self-abasement and the welfare of his fellow-students! In the year just passed he cannot think of a single case when he has not thought of others and allowed the moths and rust to collect on many things which he holds most near and dear.

No matter what the reason; the fact still remains, The Lounger's Christmas was not a happy one, and fearing lest some of his friends may also have spent a miserable holiday, he thinks it his duty to inform the TECH-reading world of his misfortune, with the hope that perhaps some may have spent a more unfortunate day.

It is only necessary as a preliminary statement to refer our readers to the last issue of TECH, in which The Lounger mentions the fact that he is a creation of the genus—man, and species—boarding-houseman. With this fact borne well in mind the reader cannot but begin to read with a feeling of pity for any one whose lot is cast in such a place at this time of the year, when every one should be so jolly and glad.

On Christmas eve The Lounger noticed, to his horror, that a cloud of discontent and unrest was settling down, like the forerunners of an impending storm, on the faces of all of his fellow-boarders. It was at the dinner table that this terrible thought first came to him, and he decided that it was his first duty to try and dispel the dark glances and angry looks of his

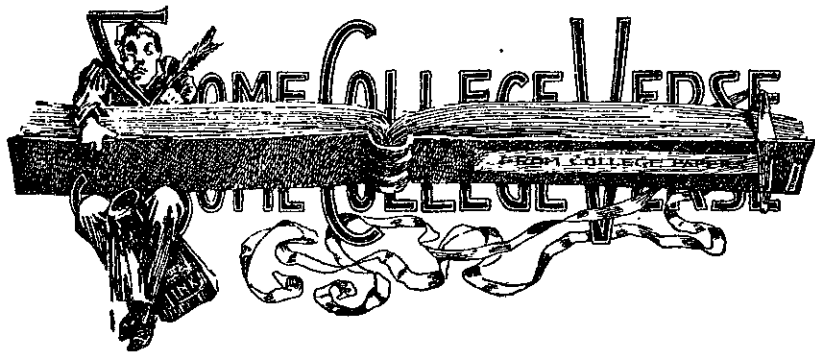
landlady, for he had an intuition that she was the cause to a great extent of any disaster which might occur in the near future. To be sure, the griddle cakes were a trifle heavier than the U. S. post offices admit as second-class matter, but they never had been light enough for a two-cent stamp, and were usually dispatched by the pound. Yet The Lounger could not satisfy himself as to the first cause of the present uneasiness. Just when he was thinking in his latest approved fashion, he reached across the table for a biscuit. It was a masterly attempt, as the boarders the next day told him; but the biscuit was a trifle heavy, and when he had almost gotten it safely landed on his plate, with a wavering motion like a 40,000-lbs.-capacity crane with a 50,000-lb. load, he unfortunately let it slide out of his grasp and over the edge of the table. A noise like the sound of thunder behind the stage and a grease spot. The biscuit had simply fallen on the pet cat of the household, and it is needless to add that the cat had resigned in favor of the grease spot, which will remain until the end of time, The Lounger thinks, as a warning to boarding-house cats who persist in "coming to table," and also a warning to young wives who happen to think that their biscuits are just as good as mamma's. From force of circumstances the Lounger was completely crushed, and his only attempt the rest of the meal was not to be heard. Thus all of his good intentions were nipped in the bud, and when he arose to leave the table, the glance that he cast around convinced him that matters had not changed for the best.

While searching the nooks and corners of his wide experience for available Loungerisms, the Lounger came across a little adventure which befell him during his extensive travels. Adventure is perhaps too strong a word, as this incident does not savor of hair-breadth escapes, or even hardship or danger, but such as it is, he begs to present it to his readers.

It was in Jacksonville, where he had just arrived alone and a perfect stranger, having come from Tampa via the St. Johns River and St. Augustine, and it was the year after the yellow-fever epidemic. A new police force was on, and very jealous indeed were they in the performance of their duty, as we shall see. The Lounger was walking down the business street of the city, and stopped to ask a direction of a police sergeant whom he met. The officer gave the information, eyeing the Lounger closely meanwhile, and remarked, "It seems to me I have seen you before; will you tell me your name?" The Lounger modestly

gave his well-known cognomen, stated that he was a stranger in the city, and mentioned incidentally, as the officer walked along beside him, that he had come up from Tampa. At last the sergeant drew him into a stairway, and said solemnly that all further concealment was useless. This remarkable statement not producing the result possibly expected, the officer went on to say that the Lounger answered the description of a man they were looking for, and that unless he could produce satisfactory evidence of identity, he must "come along" to headquarters. The Lounger, much surprised, pulled out various papers, bills and letters bearing his name, among them a letter of introduction to a prominent gentleman in the city, all of which the sharp officer unhesitatingly denominated "trash and probably stolen," and so the Lounger meekly followed to the station, not even being accorded the dignity of a patrol wagon. After remaining locked up for a while, the Lounger was brought before the chief, who with the sergeant conducted a careful examination. It now transpired that he was supposed to be the perpetrator of a robbery of five hundred dollars from a bank in Tampa, answered the description to a T, and had arrived in Jacksonville on the day expected.

Search was made for the \$500—it was not found. Probably no stranger was ever *leaving* Florida with such an amount. Nothing will ever equal in brilliancy this examination, which left the Lounger in the condition of the drunken man who was heard to mutter—"Am I am I, if I'm not am I, who in the d—l am I?" Great are the intellects of the police. Among other things, the Lounger's past history, infancy, and ancestry were solemnly inquired into; his habits, travels, politics, and health discussed; the letter of introduction upon which his hopes rested first termed a forgery and then a theft; and then, when no further theorizing was possible, the bright idea was hit upon of sending it for inspection to the gentleman to whom it was addressed. The reply asserting its genuineness, Lounger was placed under surveillance and allowed to present the letter in person. This settled the matter, which, after all, should have been a very simple one, and the rest of a short stay in the city was very pleasant, for the *denouement* was not till later, when, the Lounger being far on his way North, bank officials arrived in Tampa and accused the friend in need, himself a director in the institution, with having through credulity assisted in the escape of a rascal. When later on the real thief was arrested in Tennessee, it is needless to say that apologies were immediate and profuse.



HE REFERRED A CONTRAST.

Her cheeks are like a red, red rose,
Her lips are like a cherry.
From cheeks and lips, alas! her nose
In color does not vary.—*Trinity Tablet.*

A DIFFERENCE IN TERMS.

I wrote a verse to Mary Ann,
Also some lines to Cora,
Later, an ode to Margaret,
And then a rhyme to Nora.
Alas! the girls as old school chums
Compared notes with agility;
Said my lines showed base fickleness.
I call it versatility.—*Oberlin Review.*

AND ABSOLUTELY PURE.

That advertising woodcut
In our comic journal,
Of the urchin with his eyes shut,
Undergoing scrub diurnal,
Proves the maxim's lasting truth,
"Where there's life, there's soap" for youth.
—*Trinity Tablet.*

A PARTING.

'Twas time to end my call
And homeward hie,
She came into the hall
To say good-bye.
Well, chide me if you list,
Such life who could resist?
Not I, who rashly kissed
Her on the sly.
But then, a swift regret.
Alas for me
If naught but frowns I met!
I turned to flee.
I feared that all was o'er,
Her smile I'd win no more.
She calmly locked the door
And hid the key.

—*Yale Record.*

ONE MORE ON THE HUB.

"How alike are my darlings!" the fond mother cries,
As o'er the twins' cradle she tenderly leans.
"Yes, indeed," says her cultured Bostonian friend,
"They resemble each other as much as two beans."
—*Brunonian.*

A QUERY.

Though this is not an "Aggies'" school,
Where farmers till the soil,
But college, where the men are found
Who otherwise do toil;
Why is it in our building here,
Though it was built for men,
In every section that we go
We find a college hen?

—*Trinity Tablet.*

RONDEAU.

(From the French of Voiture.)

"Ma foi, c'est fait de moi, car Isabeau."

By Jove, I'm done for now, for Isabeau
Has conjured me to write her a rondeau.
This renders my embarrassment extreme;
What! thirteen lines to rhyme with *eau* or *eme*!
'Twere easier to build a boat, I know.
And now but five are done, a modest show.
The writing of a rondeau must be slow.
Now seven, now eight, add to complete the scheme;
By Jove, I'm done!

Again five verses must be writ in row,
Each verse in rhyme and metre so-and-so;
Eleven are done, and now I really seem
Near finished. Adding one more rhyme, say *deem*,
To close, I simply have to write below,
By Jove, I'm done!

—*Trinity Tablet.*

THE BIBLIOPHILE.

I sometimes wish that I could be
A very bookish man,
And read old authors lovingly,
As only bookworms can.
To sit curled up before one's fire,
A pipe between one's lips,
Absorbed in Herrick, Gay, or Prior,
The while old wine one sips,
Seems such a very perfect life,
The kind one reads about,
Where sorrow, envy, care, and strife
Have all been trundled out.
I dream that I'm a bibliophile
And run to first editions,
To bindings rare in every style—
Illusory cognitions!
I try to read,—but as a rule
Soon rest in silent sleep;
My tastes,—just cigarettes and pool,—
Are very low and cheap.

It's very nice to dream such dreams,
To fancy this and that,
But when one retrospects, it seems
One's thinking through one's hat.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*