

The Tech.

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THE TECH.

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ANOTHER batch of the flunked contingent is desperately seeking excuses to send home with the reports of last term, while the powers that be take advantage of their worried condition, and remorselessly pile on the work in even more of a hurry than usual. That was a

heartless deed of Secretary Tyler's, to have the Tabular Views of the second term out before the last exam. was over, and it took away much from the unalloyed enjoyment of the vacation, but we can forgive that in admiring his zeal.

For the Senior the vacation proper is a thing of the happy past; he must now solve original problems for the successful wheedling of a close-fisted employer into granting two weeks of the summer, when, buoyed up by the feel-

ing that it is a vacation, he will occupy himself in the usual summer quest fully as busily as he ever did behind the glove counter, and with little variation, if he has not forgotten the instincts of his Junior year.

There will be the usual exceptions to this rule,—the man who doesn't have to begin the bread and butter grind immediately on securing his degree; but he is hardly numerous enough to warrant even this brief mention.

No; the average Tech. man secures the advantages of his education only after years of "hustling," at about the time when he begins to con, with various recollections and emotions, the periodical records of his own son and heir.

As for us, we intend to marry money, according to the advice of our esteemed friend the Lounger, as a reward for our moralizing in THE TECH, and we therefore continue to moralize, with deep sympathy for those born under a less auspicious star, repeating the advice of the above-mentioned authority, whose reflections, we assure the serious reader, are most worthy and persuasive ones, no matter what the subject.

To the Senior we wish success with his thesis, his present most exacting lady love, while we feel that the Junior, even though he be a '93 man, will, without the stimulus of our pen, make hay according to the traditions of his forefathers, and in turn smooth the way for the unfinished and unsophisticated Soph. and Freshman.

AS a large number of post-office boxes in the cage is still vacant, we wish once again to urge students to avail themselves of this excellent local post-office system left them by the Class of '91. The advantages of the

boxes have been urged before in *THE TECH*, and we deem a repetition of them unnecessary, though a great many have failed to rent boxes contrary to their better judgment which prompts them to do so. The vacation rather forcibly illustrated the practical usefulness of the boxes to students, who, failing to rent them, were unable to obtain their mail except during certain stated hours.

We cannot believe that it is a question of dollars and cents with the average student, —that so long as they can obtain their mail in the old, antiquated way, to them the boxes are a nuisance and not to be considered of any practical use, or that their energy is too greatly needed in other directions for them to make the tiresome trip into the bursar's office, laboriously count out the amount of the rent and obtain a key.

It is a disgrace to us and a marked lack of appreciation for a useful monument left us, that these boxes are vacant, and students should delay no longer in procuring them.

THE time has come once more for the Sophomore Class to elect a "Technique" Board of Editors, and perhaps a little advice will be read if not heeded. The old method of electing the editors has many points in its favor but it has also points in its disfavor. At a class meeting, held for the purpose, a large number of men have been merely nominated, and later from this list of nominations, has been elected a "'Technique' Electoral Committee" of about twenty-five. This Committee then has a meeting, and elects the Board of Editors.

The Electoral Committee usually, though not necessarily, contains by far the majority of the future Board, thus showing how this Board has been chosen by a gradual weeding out of those members of the class who are considered as unsuitable, or by a concentration of those who are thought to be more fitted than others to do the work. By this means

considerable thought and deliberation are undoubtedly brought to bear on the subject, by the very slowness of the process, and thus it would seem as if the best results would be obtained. But the method is a most tedious and slow one and really not productive of better results than might be obtained in an easier and quite as thorough way. For instance, a committee might be elected by the different courses, one man being sent up for every eight or ten and remaining fraction of eight or ten. This committee might be an electoral committee or a nominating committee, as the Class Day Nominating Committee, who shall nominate men for each necessary position, the "Technique" Board then being elected by a general ballot of the class. At all events, it would seem that some better method might be used by '94 than has heretofore been in use.

It has been a custom, peculiar to the Institute, to bring "Technique" out before Christmas in the Junior Year. The men must have feared they would not be back the second term to finish their work, or why should we bring out an annual in one college year which contains scarcely more than the events of the previous year? Why should not "Technique" be brought out about the end of April and contain all the events for the current year? At least follow the example of '93 and make no attempt to produce the book during the first term. There will then be no excuse for hurriedly throwing the book together, or for making mistakes in any of its statistics—the most lasting and most important part of "Technique."

A PROPER criticism of the result of the election of the Class-Day Committee was impossible at the time of our last issue, and we were forced to postpone a statement of our opinion of the action of the electors until now.

In noting the choice of candidates we cannot but confess to a feeling of disappointment.

Two of the offices, those of orator and statistician, were conferred upon graduates of another college, who entered '92 in the Sophomore year, thereby disqualifying themselves, both by the certain and natural lack of class feeling and by the loss of opportunities to render their services to the class during its most critical period, for the positions refused to Mr. Carvalho and Mr. Burrage, both of whom had, on innumerable occasions, proved themselves possessed to a marked degree of the talents called for.

That the qualifications of these latter were noted and acknowledged was shown by the action of the nominating committee; that they were refused the recognition due them shows a lamentable lack of gratitude for their active interest in their class, and an equally lamentable deficiency in good judgment.

Our conviction that '92 would do itself credit in its choice of Class-Day officers was most satisfactorily verified in the majority of cases, which serves to eliminate any excuse for the two remaining ones.

We have spoken of a loss of opportunities suffered by the two successful candidates in question. What advantage have they taken of the opportunities that were given them to prove, if possible, their superiority over the two gentlemen whom we have named?

We cannot refuse to hope that the orator and statistician as elected will give satisfaction, but we miss that appreciation of college spirit so often shown by the Class of '92, especially of late. While we are confident that the performance of the greater part of the committee's duties will amply justify the hopes of the college as well as of the class, as regards the two offices referred to there cannot but be more or less anxiety among us until '92 has adjourned for the last time, and the last criticism of its actions been recorded.

A special train will be run from New York for the athletes coming to the B. A. A. handicap meeting Feb. 13th.

WITH the opening of the new term, we wish once again to remind the students that communications and contributions of all kinds are desired for THE TECH. It has been and is our object to represent in frank and unbiased speech the voice of the students, and to promote the welfare of the Institute and that of its students. THE TECH will be greatly aided in this direction by contributions from its subscribers and readers. Poems and "locals" are especially urged. The author's name should be signed to all contributions, though not necessarily for publication, and should be sent in not later than the Friday preceding each issue of THE TECH.

WE heartily indorse the communication, which appears elsewhere in THE TECH, in regard to baseball practice in the gymnasium. Other colleges are allowed this privilege in their gymnasiums, which though more elaborate are certainly no larger, and we see no plausible reason why our baseball teams should not enjoy the same privilege. Any little damage that may be done would gladly be repaired with baseball funds. There would be no interference with other athletics, and athletes or classes in training, as this work is confined to one side of the gymnasium, and would cause them not the least inconvenience. The benefits of the indoor practice for the batteries are clear to all.

We trust that the matter may be brought to the notice of the Faculty, and that permission for ball throwing will be given.

SINCE Dr. Tyler has once more resumed the duties of Secretary, many old customs seem to have given way to new and better arrangements. Whether the changes have been first suggested by Dr. Tyler or by the Assistant Secretary or by somebody else is not of great importance to the student. But it

is certainly a pleasure to all of us to know that this department is wide awake.

The time of those occupied in the Secretary's office is no longer taken up by a continuous stream of students requesting catalogues or for something else newly arrived. The scheme of bringing out the Tabular Views at the end of the first term, and the new system for attendance cards has made it possible to set a thousand men to work within a day instead of three or four days, as was formerly the case. Of course it is not quite so pleasant for the student who is looking for an extra day or two of vacation, but nevertheless it must appeal to us as being more systematic. The new arrangement of bulletin boards is also to be commended, and we trust a systematic method of removing old notices accompanies them.

THE date of the open scratch games of the M. I. T. A. C. has been changed from March 5th to a week later—March 12th. They will be held, as usual, in Winslow Rink, but not, as heretofore, in the afternoon, but in the evening. This was to enable many people (both contestants and spectators) to be present, who could not otherwise attend.

These sports probably will be the best ever held by M. I. T. as interest in athletics is now at fever heat, and the games, this year, are open to all recognized amateurs. In previous years the meetings have been open only to M. I. T., B. A. A. and Harvard.

Another feature will be that there are three cups offered to those who are placed in their events. This will be sure to draw a large list of entries.

There are games in Boston or vicinity every week or two, so there is every inducement for our men to get and keep in training.

The Brown *Daily Herald* which has lately appeared is the fifth college daily in the country.

THERE is a number of men at the Institute most actively interested in track athletics who belong to the Boston Athletic Association, and who always enter open competitions as B. A. A., and not as M. I. T.

To those who do not understand why this is done, it would appear as though the athletes in question did not have a sufficient regard for their *Alma Mater*, preferring to give the credit of possible victories to the B. A. A. rather than to the Institute. But this is not the case.

There is a rule of the Amateur Athletic Union, that athletes belonging to it shall not be allowed to compete as entering from more than one organization in the A. A. U., and that, furthermore, they shall not be allowed to change from one club to another more often than once in three months. Hence it is seen that our men cannot compete both as M. I. T. and B. A. A.

With Harvard the case is different, inasmuch as the H. A. A. is not a member of the A. A. U., and consequently their representatives may enter both as H. A. A. and B. A. A.

But why do not our men enter the various meetings simply as belonging to Technology? The answer to this question is, in every case which has come under our observation, that Tech. men who belong to the M. I. T. A. C. and B. A. A. enter as members of the latter organization purely on motives of economy. As members of the B. A. A. they have their traveling and training expenses paid for them, besides uniforms, entrance fees, etc.

It is well known that the M. I. T. A. C. is not in the position to bear any additional burdens such as these. It takes more than a little work of its executive committee in order to prevent the club falling into debt.

Members of the Boston Athletic Association have to pay annual dues; and consequently if those men who belong to the M. I. T. A. C. and B. A. A. can save money by competing as B. A. A., we think, though regretting such to be the case, they should not be blamed for so doing.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

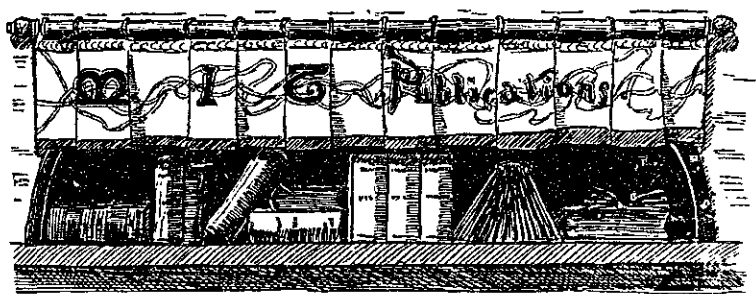
BASEBALL PRACTICE IN THE GYMNASIUM.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE TECH:—

WHY is it the baseball teams are not allowed to practice in the gymnasium? Anyone reading the rules which are posted on the walls of the building will see that "ball playing other than tennis will not be permitted."

The 'varsity and class teams could get a great deal of practice in battery and field work, if permitted to do so. Allowing for five clubs each club could have the floor for a stated time as do the Harvard teams in the Cary building. Wire netting could be bought very cheaply and stretched across the windows. Another strip could be placed on the new lockers and dressing-room doors (allowing space to go in and out). Of course no outfielding could be had, but the room is long enough to give very good practice in throwing down to second and over to first. Dartmouth has a cage and it is probable that Amherst and Williams have them also. If Tech. is in the league with these colleges, as much practice as these colleges have, if not more, will be needed and it should be had even at the expense of a little money spent in wire.

NINETY-FIVE.



AN edition of "La Famille de Germandre" by George Sand and edited by Augusta C. Kimball, has appeared in stiff covers in the International Modern Language Series. The edition is quite as neat in appearance as the other productions in the Series, and contains a most excellent biographical sketch of George Sand by Miss Kimball. [Ginn & Co., Publishers.]

The Catalogue and the President's Report are out and may be had upon application at the Secretary's office. There are no marked changes worthy of mention here, except as noticed in a previous number of TECH.

A True Tale.

SETTING FORTH THE BASE MANNER WHEREIN UNSUSPECTING FOREIGNERS ARE OFTENTIMES MALICIOUSLY MALTREATED BY SHOPKEEPERS OF PARIS; ALSO, A MEANS OF OBTAINING REDRESS.

["I learn upon most excellent authority that the French word *cochon*, the equivalent of our English 'pig,' is to be carefully avoided in conversation with the Parisian. Indeed, I am even told that if one should apply this word to a Parisian, or address him by this title, were he the meanest and poorest inhabitant, bloodshed would surely result.

"It is hard to comprehend such a thing; but in all the category of epithets such as one hears in Billingsgate, or even in Chelsea in America, we have none to compare with this simple word *cochon*.

"For the pig is looked upon by the French as the most miserable and contemptible of God's creatures; and to call a human being here by that name will produce results awful in their effect."—*Diary of a Cosmopolitan.*]

IT WAS on a balmy day in June, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one, and after a heavy rain flurry, that our friend Q., citizen of Boston in this glorious Republic of the United States of North America, stepped across the threshold of a small government branch cigar shop on the Boulevard des Capucines in Paris.

Q. had come ashore from "La Touraine" at Havre the day before, and had only been in Paris a few hours. He was fond of a good cigar, and having exhausted the stock which he brought aboard with him at New York, he had taken the first opportunity to replenish it.

He had prepared himself for the search by a careful study of Baedeker and by the commitment to memory of sundry passages in "What to Say," an able compendium of useful information, gathered together by a former sufferer from an inexhaustible field of experience.

Armed with these, and a trusted and faithful umbrella, he had, as we have said, crossed the above-mentioned threshold.

Q.'s stock of French, it might be well to state here, was by no means comparable to the fund of experience of the author of "What to Say." But being from Boston, Q. had plenty of nerve to fall back on.

Apologizing for the digression, we will continue.

Having once entered the shop, Q. found

plenty of time to examine and speculate upon the various brands of cigars displayed in neat packages of six beneath glass counters, before a seedy-looking clerk with an anxious expression of haggard malignity in his eye approached him and said something in French.

Q. guessed it was a request as to what he wanted, and mentioned the names of several favorite brands of cigars. The clerk had them all, and led Q. about the shop to show him where they were kept. Q. selected an inviting half dozen of Henry Clays, laid down his umbrella, drew forth a napoleon and offered it in payment. He was signaled to proceed to the cashier's counter across the shop, and went, leaving his umbrella standing against the Henry Clay counter. Pocketing the change, minus five francs for the cashier's personal profit (Q. found this out later), he stepped forth upon the boulevard once more, and missed the umbrella. Turning, he re-entered the shop, and walked up to the Henry Clays. The umbrella had vanished,—an exhaustive search failed to reveal where.

The clerks were all busy, and Q. didn't know much French. After another fruitless search, however, Q. furtively examined the pages of "What to Say," then timidly approached the cashier and pronounced gently the words, "*Parapluie,—j'ai perdu mon parapluie.*"

The cashier answered, quite sympathetically, "*Ah! Monsieur a perdu son parapluie? Quel dommage!*"

This was Greek to Q.; he hadn't got so far as this in "What to Say," but he repeated his remark, weighing each word carefully, and incidentally and irrelevantly wondering why they were all so heavy. The cashier made several more remarks, quite carelessly, and continued with a rising inflection, until Q., in a bright flash of intelligence, comprehended that it would be well for him to describe the umbrella.

But he abandoned the idea in a few minutes. "What to Say" didn't have anything

about umbrellas with complicated handles studded with brass nails (they were silver when Q. bought the umbrella, but the original material had wasted away, in accordance with the principles expounded by the learned ancients of the limited dimensions of beauty). There was a great deal concerning the usefulness of umbrellas on rainy days, and several polite formulas to be employed in reminding an absent-minded acquaintance that a speedy departure from town would necessitate the return of the borrowed article, but the present case wasn't covered.

Q. worried on a little while with the cashier, but soon gave it up, as we have seen, and resorted to signs.

It was at this point that the designs of the cashier began to dawn upon him. He saw that this description business was a fraud—he hadn't been out of the store one minute, and it was very well known whose umbrella his was,—the cashier had noticed it in his hand, as had the clerk who sold him the cigars. Ah yes, it was all perfectly plain now. His umbrella had been joyfully seized with the very evident intention of reprovisioning a depleted stock. Q. was a foreigner, a stranger, had argued the cashier, and didn't speak fluent French. How simple a matter to take advantage of his forgetfulness and ignorance, and thereby obtain lawful possession of a serviceable and ornamental umbrella!

We have recorded how Q.'s first remarks were gentle, courteous, even conciliatory. His manner suddenly changed, and his new tone drew echoes from the somber walls of the little shop, and demonstrative expressions of approval from the cashier and clerks.

Poor Q.! In order to get back that umbrella he should have to spend at least ten francs for the services of a *guide-interprete* who knew what brass nails were in French.

And the cashier and the clerks knew that, too, and how they revelled in that knowledge! How it pleased them to think of it! This Yankee would have to pay at least twenty-five

francs for six "Henri-Clefs"! And they rubbed their hands, because Q. didn't have any umbrella to hit them with.

Q. had now relapsed into bad grammar and profanity. "You sneaking, snivelling idiots! I'll go out and buy a man to come in here and call you names, insult you, rub stinging, hounding epithets in your own God-forsaken gibberish into your putrefying brains! You ————!!——— ——— ————!!!
——— ————!!!!!"

That was part of what Q. said. And then he left the shop and stopped outside to reflect calmly for a brief space. Suddenly a gloriously effulgent idea struck him. He hurried into the Grand Hotel near by and found a waiter. "My man, you speak English, do you not?"

"Oh, yes sair!" responded the waiter cheerfully.

"Yes. Well, you see this piece of gold, this ten-franc piece?"

The waiter saw it, and admired it.

"My man, this piece of gold becomes yours in ten minutes if you will follow me into a cigar shop next door and interpret a few short, terse sentences for me."

"*Volontiers, monsieur!*"

"Come!" answered Q., and he led the way out of the hotel.

"Call me that cab," he ordered as they reached the sidewalk.

A cab drawn by as dangerous a looking animal as there was in sight was called, and the driver directed to stand in readiness for instant departure upon a given signal.

Then Q. and the waiter entered the cigar shop, and approached the cashier, who bowed respectfully to Q.

"Waiter," said Q., "explain to this person that it has a knotty handle studded with brass nails."

The cashier listened with a pained look, but on the conclusion of the waiter's description cheerfully produced the umbrella from behind the desk. Q. grasped it firmly in his

hand, and drew the waiter toward the door, which he held open. Satisfied that the cabman was in readiness, he whispered a last direction in the waiter's ear. The poor man shook with terror and became livid. But the jingle of two gold pieces, one against the other, partially restored him. With blanched cheeks he faced the cashier, but still hesitated to speak. Again the gold tinkled gently. With a mighty effort the waiter summoned up all his courage, and the word "COCHON!" rang through the shop.

Instantly, as if a bomb had exploded in the very midst of customers and clerks, the serene haggling gave way to a fearful uproar, in which choking cries of rage mingled with fearful oaths.

Grasping the gold tightly in his trembling hand, the waiter fled from the shop and disappeared. Like a flash Q. hurled himself into the waiting cab with the sharp order, "*A la Gare de Lyon!*" and, smarting from a cruel cut of the whip, the noble horse dashed down the boulevard.

Forty minutes later Q. was speeding southward toward the sea, and on his face sat an expression of all-pervading joy only accountable for by the realization of a life's ambition, or the consummation of a noble revenge. In his hand was a neatly bound volume, the pages of which Q. was idly turning with fond, lingering touch. Its title was "The Diary of a Cosmopolitan."

To a Flirt.

O Phyllis, cruel Phyllis,
Why try my heart so sore?
Is there none else who loves you less?
Think you one loves you more?
Have you no heart to see it,
My depth of love for you?
'Tis measured by vast fathoms more
Than those calm eyes of blue.
All others, you surrounding,
Sweet smiles and glances choose;
I stake my life upon your love;
Now, would you have me lose?



FIXTURES.

- February 13.—Boston Athletic Association. Annual Indoor Meeting at Mechanics Building.
- February 22.—Melrose Athletic Club. Open Handicap Cross Country Run.
- February 22.—Roxbury Latin Athletic Club. Open Handicap Games in the M. I. T. Gymnasium.
- February 25.—Brookline High School. Open Handicap Indoor Games. Upper Town Hall, Brookline.
- March 5.—Annual Indoor Interscholastic Scratch Meeting. Mechanics Building.
- March 12.—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. . . . 2—3
- January 7.—B. A. A. vs. T. A. C. . . . 0—4
- January 12.—T. A. C. vs. First Regiment . . . 7—0
- January 14.—First Regiment vs. B. A. A. . . . 0—7
- January 19.—T. A. C. vs. B. A. A. . . . 2—1
- January 21.—T. A. C. vs. First Regiment . . . 9—2
- January 26.—B. A. A. vs. M. I. T. . . . 4—0
- January 28.—First Regiment vs. M. I. T. . . . 2—4
- February 2.—B. A. A. vs. First Regiment . . . 0—1
- February 4.—T. A. C. vs. M. I. T. . . . 6—2
- 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.

CLUBS.	T.A.C.	M.I.T.	B.A.A.	1ST REG'T.	WON.	PER CENT. WON.
T. A. C.,	—	1	2	3	6	85.7
M. I. T.,	1	—	1	1	3	60.0
B. A. A.,	0	1	—	2	3	37.5
First Reg't,	0	0	2	—	2	25.0
Lost,	1	2	5	6	14	—

The polo schedule is more than half played, and the season which closes March 10th has been very successful in every way except financially. It was not expected to make money, so this can hardly be said to be a disappointment.

The results of the games up to and including February 4th, are appended to the schedule of games.

Technology has done very well considering the adverse circumstances under which she was forced to contend.

In the first place, our team was unfairly treated when the league abolished the rubber rollers to the skates. There was no rule in the Polo League Rules forbidding them, so our team purchased that kind and practiced with them. With rubber rollers the game is much faster, and consequently takes more endurance than when rollers of brass are used. And with rubber rollers on their skates, the Tech. team evinced their superiority over the other teams by not losing a game while using this kind of rollers.

The other teams realized this, and on some slight pretext voted to abolish rubber rollers, stating that brass ones only should be used.

The game as played on brass rollers is entirely different from that on rubber rollers, and consequently our team had, practically, to learn the game over again.

The semiannual examinations forced the players on the Tech. team to suspend all championship games, together with the everyday practice for a whole month; consequently it is not to be wondered at that B. A. A. took the game with us on January 26th.

The game played the following Thursday with First Regiment was close and exciting.

The "soldiers" won two goals in the first half, to Technology's none. Thus the score stood till the second twenty minutes of play was nearly half gone, when M. I. T. made a big brace, and, by excellent playing, made four goals, winning the game four to two.

The game with Trimount on February 4th awakened more interest than any of the games previously played. Tech. still suffered from the disadvantage of having missed so much practice, and of having to change their style of game, necessitated by the change in rollers, and they lost the game six goals to two. But the game was a hard one, and one which it was no disgrace to lose.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

The management wishes to express its thanks to Mr. E. B. Bird, '91, for the artistic and lifelike notice of the game played with the Trimounts February 4th.

Keep up the work boys, you have the good wishes of all Technology.

The Trimount team consists entirely of old experienced polo players, and much credit is due to our team for the showing made against them.

Moody is playing a wonderful game, one of the chief characteristics of which is its gracefulness.

Technology has the reputation of playing the roughest game of any team in the league. That comes of having so many football men on the team; it is just their meat to block off hard.

Little Spear has been of great service to the team, but his place will probably soon be taken by Jones.

Sheppard is one of the best goal tends in the league, and none work harder for victory than Simonds and Boyd.

The athletic meeting under the auspices of the First Regiment Athletic Association was very successful as regards the number of contestants and their performances, but the games

were wretchedly managed. Harvard, as usual, had about one half the men at the scratch, and consequently won a good many of the cups offered. Technology had only three or four men competing, and although they did creditably, were unsuccessful in the prize winning line. There would, of course, have been many more entries from Tech. had the sports not occurred during vacation.

The Ninth Regiment Athletic Club has recently joined the Amateur Athletic Union, and intends to hold some open games before long.

Mr. B. E. B. Mitchell, of the *Boston Globe*, has refereed several of the championship polo games, and has always given satisfaction. Besides having an intimate knowledge of all sporting matters, Mr. Mitchell is of pleasant address, and he is without doubt one of the most popular sporting men in Boston.

The third annual open handicap meeting of the Boston Athletic Association will take place on Saturday evening, February 13th, in Mechanics Fair Building. There are thirteen events, which are as follows: 40-yard dash, 440-yard run, and running high jump, which are scratch, and open only to novices. The handicap events are 40-yard dash; 440, 250, 880, and 1,760 yard runs; mile walk, 300-yard hurdle race; running high jump, pole vault, and putting the shot.

Very handsome prizes are offered, and many entries have been received from Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Technology, Williams, Brown, and Dartmouth; besides a long list from the New York Athletic Club, Manhattan Athletic Club, and all the other noted organizations in New York and vicinity.

PATRON SAINT.

O blessed land where strong poteen
Flows ever, night and day!
No wonder you made Saint Patrick your saint,
When he charmed all snakes away.

—Red and Blue.

Shells.

Tipped by the light of a silver moon,
Three little shells in a casket lie;
Dearer are they than the richest boon,
Hid from the sight of the friendliest eye.

Fair are the visions they bring to view,
Memories sweet in a feverish flow,
Dreams of a girl by the tossing blue,
Down by the sea when the sun was low.

Far in the realms of gold and white,
Tinting the clouds with the rose's hue,
Peacefully floating in silent might,
The sun went down 'neath the silvery blue.

There on the sands where the billow rolls,
Singing its anthems to skies above,
Sweet was the music that filled our souls,
Our love foretold an eternal love.

Down by the shores that the sea waves lave,
Gently I forced her to gladly bestow
These little shells that the sea nymphs gave:
Flushed was her face in the sunset glow.

Fair are the visions they bring to view,
Memories sweet in a feverish flow,
Dreams of a girl by the tossing blue,
Down by the sea when the sun was low.

A. W. C.

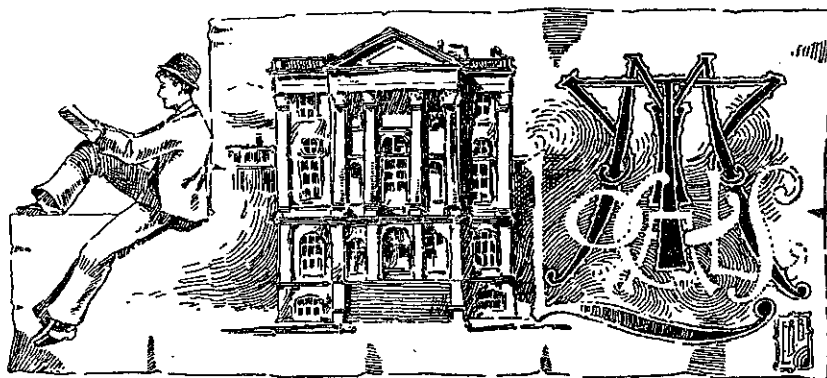
PROGNOSTICATIONS.

Next year a neat black coat I'll wear,
And comb my hair each day,
I'll sit bolt upright in my chair,
And slave to get my pay.
I'll pass the plate around the church,
And maybe teach a class,
For dimes and dollars I will search,—
And long for Boston, Mass.

I'll wish I were at Billy Park's,
And drinking down his ale;
Again grow careless of my marks,
While desiccating quail;
On Beacon Street I'll wish to flit,
Chrysanthemum on my chest;
To hear once more the merry wit
Of Thatcher, Primrose, West.

And though I know the foaming cup
Deserves Clarinda's frown,
You have to put your gold watch up
While putting liquor down;
But wait until I see your face
In half a dozen years,
We'll strike again the old-time pace,—
Here, Jimmy! bring two beers.

—Harvard Lampoon.



Once more!

What's the rush?

The grinds are glad of it!

Vaillant and Hall are still with us.

New oak bulletin boards for the Walker
Building!

There is no grass growing under Secretary
Tyler's feet.

Song of '95, key of F: "And he never
came back!"

THE TECH is completing its plans to become
a weekly next term.

The Freshman baseball team will be organ-
ized early next term.

Mr. A-k-n: "I would sing the song of the
tar if I only had the pitch."

The Hammer and Tongs Club held a special
meeting in Room 20 February 4th.

A. J. Wells, '95, has been obliged to leave
the Institute on account of sickness.

Rent a post-office box from the Bursar.
Seventy-five cents for the second term.

Charles A. Mead has been elected captain
of the Sophomore baseball team for 1892.

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs will give
selections at the Tech. afternoon parties.

Married: At Chicago, January 1st, Fred
A. Gritzner, '91, to Miss Shirley W. Stevens.

Warner J. Steel, '91, is in Boston, where he
expects to spend most of the winter and spring.

The reports were sent out in fairly good
season this year for the first time in several
terms.

"Just stop one moment and think," said
the Professor in Thermo; but B-k-r gave it
up as a bad job.

R-s-r, '93 (to instructor in Physical Laboratory): "Oh! are you doing this experiment too at this hour?"

A special clause in the by-laws of the proposed University Club makes graduates of the Institute eligible.

Mr. Whitehouse reports an enthusiastic class in training at the "Gym." for our next indoor meeting. Success to them!

H. K. Turner, the well-known Andover pitcher, is a member of the Class of '95, and will probably play on the nine.

Mr. A. A. Shurtleff, '93, Course II, has been awarded the prize of \$5 offered by "Technique" for the best short poem.

The Faculty votes on our reports having been duly perused, we anxiously await the appearance of the "Technique" grinds.

The Constitution Committee of the Class of '95 have finished their work, and the constitution is ready for the classes' acceptance.

Of course the Freshmen are expected to break one of the panes of glass in the new bulletin boards; so don't hesitate to do so.

On account of the B. A. A. meeting on the 13th of February, the date of the Freshman dinner has been changed to February 20th.

Tickets for the Freshman dinner, to be held at Parker's, February 20th, can be obtained from any member of the executive committee.

The M. I. T. Glee Club, assisted by the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, gave a concert in Melrose last Monday evening, February 8th.

A bright Sophomore remarked the other day, when he saw one of his professors running for a car, "There goes a Cross country run."

The member of '94 chosen to serve on the committee for the Tech. afternoon parties refused to serve. Reserve is a new feature of '94's character.

The Catalogue shows that one of last year's graduates has become a second lieutenant in the U. S. Army. Is Technology to become a rival of West Point?

Grind (working Trig.): "Say, Charley, what's the log. of π ?"

Charley (not a grind, abstractedly): "Lager with pie? Pretty smooth!"

Granger Whitney, '87, has resigned his position with the Maryland Steel Co., to accept the assistant managership of Detroit Safe Co., of Detroit, Mich.

The Hammer and Tongs Club held its first monthly dinner of the second term at Parker's on the evening of the 6th. Messrs. Reed and Richmond were initiated.

The coat racks in all the laboratories have been fenced in until they have the appearance of stock pens. They are intended however to corral "klepts" rather than cattle.

"Food taken from the table will be charged extra," reads the *menu* of a Dartmouth Street restaurant. Just where Mrs. P—t expects it to be taken from remains a mystery.

W. R. Kales was down on the programme as a judge at the finish in the athletic meeting on the 23d. As he was not there, it is to be concluded that he was Miss-judged.

Investigation is invited as to the exact influence exerted upon our Government at Washington by the refusal of the Freshman battalion to go to Chile under any circumstances.

The Freshman class will be well represented at the B. A. A. open indoor games in Mechanics Fair Building. Dove, Batchelder, and Geiger will be among the contestants.

The battalion will probably decide within a few days to give an exhibition drill about the first of March. There is no objection from the Faculty and the cadets seem to favor the idea.

The Walker Building now bears its name above the entrance as well as that of the institution of which it is a part, in handsome gilt letters. This is indeed a progressive age!!

Farewell to the old bulletin boards in the Rogers Building! Handsome glass front wal-

nut cases have replaced them. Here's a chance for some pathetic verses from the budding poet.

A regular meeting of the Society of Arts was held in the Rogers Building, on the evening of January 28th. Mr. S. R. Koehler concluded his paper on "The Photo-Mechanical Processes."

First Junior: "Did you hear what additional load Professor L-nz- computed for his room?"

Second ditto: "Yes, certainly; two foot pounds per man."

Appreciable differences in the force of gravity, as given by the pendulums in the different parts of the physical laboratory, are reported, thus showing the great accuracy of the '93 Physicists.

Anyone reading the bulletin board in the Mining Lab. might think that the Miners were to have another "mill." One notice reads, "Smith and Wentworth, Tapping, 12.30 P. M., to finish."

Now that the war clouds have blown away the Freshmen are breathing regularly once more. The battalion will remain in its peaceful drill hall, and Chilian battlefields no longer trouble the dreams of our warriors.

Chas. F. Hammond, '91, who attended the Harvard Law School last term has left college and gone into business with the Hammond Typewriter Company in New York. A stenographer's lot is a happy one.

Mr. Bird, '91, an ex-editor of THE TECH, has always proved himself a most loyal supporter of the Institute. He is now interested in the polo team as may have been seen by an examination of the Tech. bulletin board.

Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Richards, assisted by the young women studying at the Institute, gave a reception to the Junior Class in the Margaret Cheney Reading Room, Wednesday, February 10th, from 4.30 to 6 P. M.

The rumor that a Christmas vacation would be arranged for in the next school year is proved false by the "Calendar." There are only the regulation eighteen weeks between the opening of the first and second terms.

Professor Van D.: "Mr. A., please recite."

Mr. A.: "You called on me first last recitation. Why not give the fellows at the other end of the class a chance?"

Professor Van D.: "That's not a bad idea."

A committee consisting of Messrs. Shepard, Price, and Stevens, has been appointed by '94 to consider a new method of balloting. The idea is to insure against having a clique push its candidate into office by "rushing tactics."

The will of the late Dr. Buckminster Brown bequeaths \$3,000 to the Department of Architecture of the Institute. Under the provisions of the will, however, all pecuniary legacies remain in abeyance until the decease of the widow of the testator.

The new bulletin boards are such as one reads of. Let us only hope that the necessary use of a key in connection with them will not prevent the removal of notices after their contents have been committed to memory and faithfully abided by.

The only consolation of the late-returning student was the thought that the early appearance of the Tabular Views might have entailed mistakes that would require the time to rectify that has heretofore been enjoyed in awaiting their appearance.

The Mining Department, also, received some improvements during the late "interval." Electric lights were put into Room 2; a new bulletin board adorns the walls of the Lab.; and the gas producer of the Bruckner roaster was connected with the air blower.

To Professor Sedgwick fell the distinction of discovering the source of Chicago's typhoid epidemic. An analysis of the drinking water by him demonstrated beyond dispute the source of the disease, and brought the laurels

of fame to our own door. All honor to Professor Sedgwick.

At the last lecture in American History the professor spoke in regard to the examination as follows: "The first question will be number one; the second question will be number two; the third question will be number three." The class cheered enthusiastically, and departed much enlightened.

The Glee Club hope to have, during the coming year, the largest organization that has ever represented Tech. During the past two weeks, Davis, second tenor; Shepherd, first bass; and Burt, second bass, have joined. Chapman, '93, a former member, has rejoined, and several other men are on trial.

Ninety-four gives promise of another victorious baseball nine. All of last year's players excepting Rogers, Anderson, and Whiting are in Tech. this year, and many of the old substitutes are fully as good as the regular men. Meade, the captain, will get all the work possible out of his men.

Ninety-two held a meeting Saturday last to receive the report of the Class Photograph Committee. Three photographers were recommended, of whom Notman was chosen by the Class. The committee was retained to complete all necessary arrangements. It was decided to hold a class dinner in the near future.

Professor Richards, accompanied by W. S. Hutchinson, '92, went to Canada during the vacation to survey some mining property. Although the snow was eighteen inches deep and the temperature 25 to 30 degrees below zero, they did some excellent work with the Professor's latest invention, the "hand stadia-telescope."

There is a mistake in the Catalogue on page 125, in the calendars for 1891-92 and for 1892-93. The dates for the first entrance examinations should be those found in the calendars on page 2, viz.: for 1891-92, Thursday and Friday, June 30, and July 1, 1892; and for 1892-93, Thursday and Friday, June 29 and 30, 1893.

The Miners had a visitor from Adelaide, South Australia, at their last lead smelting. The gentleman was very much pleased as well as surprised at the practicability of our work. He hardly expected to see that "slags were calculated and the smelting done by students." The calculations on the blackboards, however, were convincing. It was a red-letter day for the Miners.

A Junior lately gave voice to the following from the depths of his embittered spirit: "I wonder why they don't give us —FF's here and make us take the entrance examinations over again." This question would richly repay investigation of an exhaustive character. That some insurmountable obstacle exists, however, is evident from the fact that the problem has not, up to the present time, been solved by Professor F——.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Class of '86 was held at Young's, Wednesday evening, February 3d, Mr. Locke presiding. Mr. Simpson, who has held the office of Secretary for the past six years, declining a re-election, Mr. Robbins was chosen Secretary and Mr. Miller Vice Secretary. After the business meeting the company organized itself into an impromptu Pickwick Club, all of the principal characters being present. The next meeting will be held Feb. 1, 1893.

Gen. Moore, who has been connected with the Institute so long, as instructor in military tactics, that it is impossible for any of us to think of our first year here without thinking pleasantly of the general, has handed in his resignation. It is understood this has been accepted, and Harry L. Horthorne has been appointed by the State to fill the general's place, and is now Professor of Military Science and Tactics. Mr. Horthorne is first lieutenant U. S. Artillery.

The report has reached us, and, we regret to say, from an unquestionably reliable source, that that uniform of the Freshman battalion was seen in public places on more than one

occasion this last vacation. We suppose it is wrong to expect Freshmen either to show an ordinary amount of sense, or to profit by either advice or experience, but that expectation does creep into our minds occasionally, as even the wildest hopes often will. We merely have to record another tremor of disgust.

A '94 man, while acting as "supe" for Sarah Bernhardt, had the distinction of playing horse for the litter upon which the inimitable Sarah was brought upon the stage. The honor was so great that it was unnerving, and the litter was tilted to one side to a marked extent. Though Mme. Bernhardt was dead to the audience, with warm reality she blessed the trembling youth with a vehement and polite French oath, which of course doubled the distinction of the agitated Sophomore.

Invitations have been sent out for four Tech. afternoon parties, to be given in Cotillion Hall, on February 13th and 27th, and March 12th and 26th, from two till six o'clock. Mrs. Francis A. Walker, Mrs. William R. Rogers, and Mrs. William T. Sedgwick have kindly consented to act as matrons. Daggett will furnish the music. Two hundred invitations have been sent out and the dances promise to be very pleasant affairs. C. H. Bigelow, '92, H. S. Webb, '92, Geo. E. McQuesten, '93, and F. S. V. Sias, '95, are the managers. Those receiving invitations are requested to answer promptly.

On Thursday, January 7th, the Senior Miners had a "lead run" and smelted about a ton and a quarter of lead ores in the water-jacket blast furnace. While they were "blowing in," a scaffold formed just below the feed door; charcoal was thrown in and the obstruction soon melted and dropped. The "furnace man" of the afternoon shift forgot all about the water in the water jacket and allowed it to rise to 210 degrees F. The furnace escaped an explosion, but the furnace man was immediately "blown up." The run lasted from 8 A. M. till 5.30 P. M.

That the old spirit and enthusiasm of '87 still exist, was shown by the forty-five members present at the annual dinner held at Young's, Jan. 22d. H. C. Spaulding presided as toastmaster. The toasts were as follows: "M. I. T. Battalion," E. A. Haskell; "Married Members," E. O. Goss; "Our Little Ones," W. C. Fish; "The Glorious Class of '87," T. W. Sprague; "Poetical Aspirations," G. O. Draper; "Temperance," F. C. Todd; "The Ladies," G. F. Curtis. Plans were formed for celebrating the fifth anniversary of graduation next June. The evening was closed with music and jolly songs.

It was in the very midst of that hush which always succeeds the tumult of dismissed classes at the lunch hour. The ever-faithful chronometer which graces Rogers' corridor had recorded but fifteen minutes since the stroke of one. In that haunt of the Muses and cigarette fiends—the architectural drawing rooms at the Art Museum—all was silence. 'Twas a feast of quietude and delightful application for the trio of diligent aspirants there convened. But hark! A heavy tread is heard without—and then the form of Assistant Rice, of descriptive fame, looms up within the portal. He has come to call the roll. He stops, very much surprised at seeing so small an attendance: walks around the room, scrutinizes the drawings scattered about, inspects the casts, and finally, braces himself to do his duty and call the roll. "Why is it there are only three here to-day?" he asks before beginning. "The session doesn't commence until quarter past two," is volunteered from behind one of the easels. He consults his watch, convinces himself that it is fully twenty minutes past, and—when a kind-hearted youth saves him further trouble by telling him that it is twenty minutes past ONE. At first he is rather dazed, but at length concludes that "this is his time for disappearing," and, with a "Ha ha! that's one on me, ha ha!" he retires to "bob up serenely" at a later and fitter hour.

A Boarding-house Reminiscence.

Oh, surely, there's no tongue can tell,
 As sure no tongue could taste,
 That oyster soup, which truly fell
 E'en short of flour paste.
 That weekly soup, so *weakly* found
 Whene'er the Sabbath day came 'round.

But why, as if a dainty rare,
 Should that vile soup be placed
 Upon our Sunday's bill of fare,
 As though there could be traced,
 Or even found the slightest clew
 To oysters in that liquid glue?

To give that soup an oyster name,
 Was supererogation;
 And yet, in truth, 'twas quite the same
 A soup of irrigation.
 From midst those waters none could raise
 Or stir an oyster to their gaze.

Our hostess was of austere mien,
 Of *oyster-mean* her soup;
 And oh, how often have we seen
 Her, with that mixture, dupe
 Some hungry soul, who, at first sight,
 Supposed that soup to be all right.

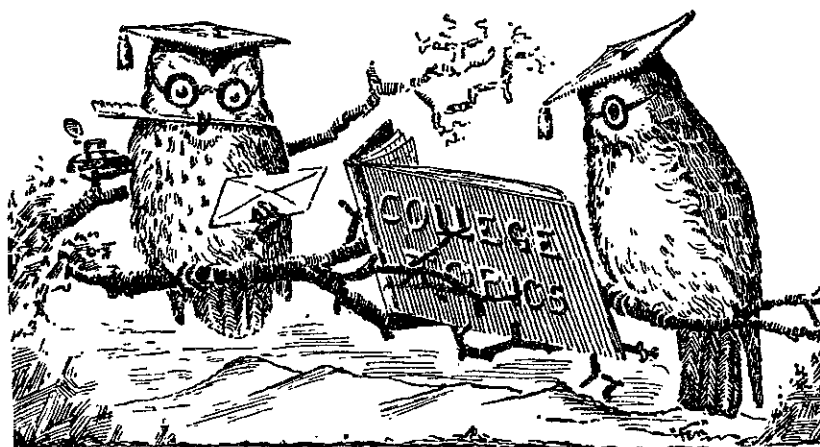
In Bible times, you know, 'twas said,
 Concerning Loaves and Fishes,
 That more was gathered up than spread;
 And so 'twas with those dishes,—
 For when, from table d'hôte they'd go,
 Each plate with soup would overflow.

Yet Sunday's loss was Monday's gain,
 For, with wise calculation,
 Most carefully aside was lain
 That glutinous potation;
 Till to the laundry it could march,
 And pass to usefulness in starch.

TO YE PERSISTENT DUN.

Thou hard-fisted creditor, for whom
 I have no love,
 Only hatred;
 For whom I keep
 My choicest lies, and who
 Worries the life out of my recording angel—
 Go thou to the mosquito and learn
 A lesson.
 For even
 That detestable, viperous insect
 Has the decency
 To settle
 Before he presents his bill.
 Savez?

—Harvard Lampoon.



The profits of the Manhattan Athletic Club for the year were \$30,000.

There are twenty-six candidates for the Princeton baseball nine.

Harvard has doubled the number of its students during the last ten years.

Amherst has received \$335,000 in gifts the past year.

The glee club of the University of Michigan netted \$4,500 at a single engagement in Detroit during the spring.

J. S. Mitchell, the champion weight thrower, has won 325 first prizes, and broken 52 records.

The Harvard Medical School receives \$40,000 by the will of the late Dr. Buckminster Brown.

There are fifty candidates for bow in the Princeton 'Varsity crew.

It is proposed to unite Columbia College and the University of the City of New York.

One freshman in the Detroit Medical School is sixty-five years old.

Latham, the racket champion, has defeated every opponent in America and will return to England with a clean record.

There are 175 students in Tufts College and 50 scholarships are given.

\$22,000 has been subscribed to found an infirmary at Yale.

Princeton has 980 students, an increase of nearly 100 per cent since 1885.

Hale, Harvard, '91, who is taking a course at Cornell, has been elected captain of the Cornell Athletic team.

The things that they do at Tulare University are very interesting. We give a clipping from the *Tulare Collegian*, which seems to have taken the matter in hand:—

A FEW DON'TS.

- Don't use hair oil or pomades.
- Don't wear fancy-colored shirts in winter.
- Don't wear very light-colored ties in day time.
- Don't wear flat-top Derby hats.
- Don't stand on street corners.
- Don't stare at ladies.
- Don't smoke on the street. It's ungentlemanly.
- Don't stand on car platforms. It's tough.
- Don't chew tobacco. It's rustic.
- Don't whistle in public.
- Don't frequent barrooms, even if they are frequent.
- Don't tell long-winded stories. Too much waste.
- Don't kiss. It's vulgar.

We wish to point out to the *Harvard Lampoon* a slight plagiarism of which we find it guilty. In its publication of January 22d we find the following verses:—

A MARTYR TO PRINCIPLE.

"I would not use tobacco, sir,
It is a filthy weed;
I would not put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reed.

So Robert hastened to a store,
Much to his friend's regret,
And, laying down a one-cent piece,
Received a cigarette.

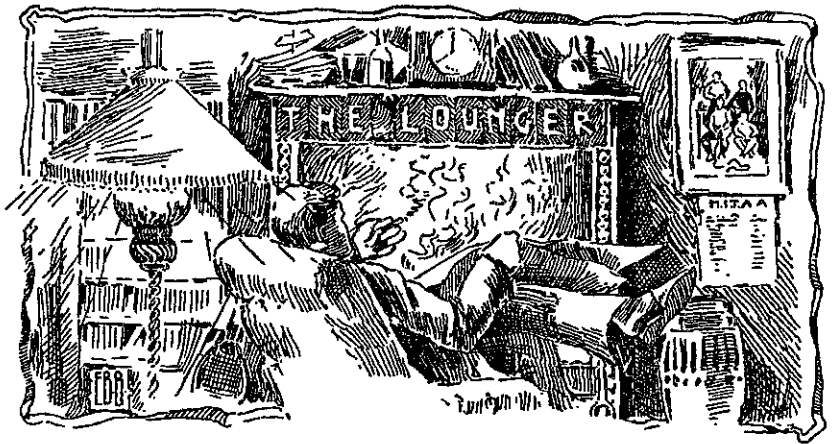
On looking over our files we find in Vol. IX. No. 2, October 24th, 1889, two similar verses which must be recognized as the original of those of the *Lampoon*. We find them in our column of Clippings, and are unable to say where they were first published, but they are better in quality than those quoted above. The editors of the *Lampoon* may be glad to bring the deceit home to some contributor. The verses, as we here publish them, speak for themselves.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"I will not smoke tobacco,"
Said little Johnny Reed;

"I will not put it in my mouth;
It is a nasty weed."

"I will not smoke tobacco,
It brings troubles and regrets;
I'll let the filthy weed alone,
And smoke only cigarettes."



Well, here we are again, as you have doubtless learned in the editorial columns,—provided you have ventured to tackle the Baconian style of the *Lounger's* associates,—prepared and in condition(s) to battle anew with Fate and Faculty. The *Lounger* has returned as usual; and having successfully evaded several "how-did-you-get-throughs," is again safely ensconced in his favorite corner of the office. At last, in this quiet retreat, whose silence is broken only by the measured tread of Freshmen going to the stables, there is a chance for retrospection upon the gloomy examination season and hilarious vacation. Not too hilarious, however, and any little excesses duly atoned for in ample penance over the Catalogue and the all-too-previous Tabular Views. This Catalogue is an admirable production in its way. In its columns we see recorded the progress of the student from year to year, from regular to special, from chapel to the country. Besides other features too few to mention, we are given an admirable specimen copy of previous editions, a sort of crib, so to speak, as the definition of the word is now construed. A careful perusal of this valuable magazine affords much solid food for reflection, and will occupy much time, although not as much as will be necessary in the accompanying similarly attired pamphlet, to find some mention of lunch-room receipts. The third production from the pens of those in authority over us has also had a widespread circulation. If only the printed instructions could be omitted, and "Fail" not be written out in such audacious fullness, so that Fine and Laudable might be foisted on the long-suffering parent as interpretation; but no, and let us not retrospect here. Let's see if we haven't some humorous happenings to think about. Now there is the conversation that the *Lounger* overheard between an Electrical and a drawing instructor, in which the latter informed the former that the first-year drawing classes were taught a system of shadows used nowhere else in Christendom,—a private code,

to be forgotten even by Honor men the next year. This is funny in its way, only the Lounger, not being an Electrical, knew it before. Then there are the amusing examination incidents. There are lots of these, and they have much edified the Lounger. He has learned, among other things, that it was the Chemists' snap, as usual; that there are fewer Freshmen, as His Eminence predicted; that 105 per cent is the proper mark in American History; that the Juniors were thoroughly bluffed in Thermodynamics; that W-t-r-m-n was half an hour late on each occasion; that the third-year German frightened even "dippoldest"; that Hydraulics was no snap; that the Harvard professor wrote "Fail" as though used to the business; that it was amusing to see the different instructors, even including the Doctor himself, hunt through the calculus for formulæ; that Cl-rke wore his yellow garter for luck; that—but, dear him! you must come and see the Lounger for the rest. Space is limited, and there is another subject to occupy our attention.

The Lounger was sitting on the table in the office the other afternoon, recklessly killing atmospheric bacteria with one idly-swinging foot and toying with the exchanges, looking for clippings from THE TECH (they're rare, boys), when his eye fell upon the neat cover that does service for the literary efforts of the new Leland Stanford, Jr., University of California.

And what fond memories surge up at that glance!

For you may not know that the Lounger has seen much of this fair country of ours, and looks back with keenest pleasure upon eight youthful years spent beneath the shadow of that noble redwood that rears its shaggy head a hundred feet above the roadbed of the Southern Pacific Railroad, on the bank of the little creek which here marks the boundary between the counties of San Mateo and Santa Clara, in one of the fairest spots of California, and therefore of the earth.

He remembers his last ride about the broad estate of Senator Stanford, when they were staking out the ground for the memorial university. That was seven years ago; and now he sees the picture all complete,—the familiar places embellished with magnificent buildings, surrounded by the verdure memory so readily recalls. How he longs to spend a short vacation there!—to leave behind for a time the chill of a New England winter; to wander along the highways and byways of Menlo Park, under that blue summer sky, with a straw of the "Santa Clara wheat" between his teeth and his hands in the pockets of his flannels.

Ah well! "So-ome day," when his castles in Spain materialize, he'll depart *incog.*, with a copy of Bret Harte, and visit the old haunts.

He remembers a pretty dark-eyed maiden who used to live next to him, who at last accounts wasn't married, or even engaged; and he has fond visions of the moment—he is confident it will be a happy moment—when he first meets her in the garden some morning just before breakfast, brushing the dew off a fresh-plucked rose, while she wonders whether it will look best in her hair or in her bosom.

Treat it less kindly, sweet Emily, and pin it in this buttonhole, as you greet an old friend, in remembrance of the thoughtless, happy days of childhood, when we chased squirrels around the haystacks in your father's fields, and got run away with by the ponies.

You see

"She has a name,
The sweetest name
That language can bestow,"

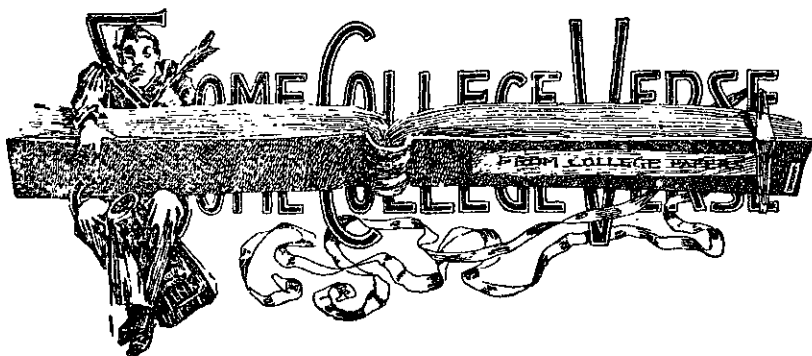
and the Lounger's only cause for worry is lest some of those L. S. J. U. Juniors may have found it out and reached buttonhole terms of acquaintance with the owner.

Yes, some afternoon the Lounger will wander down to Fourth and Townsend Streets and board "The Daisy Train from 'Frisco, that runs to Monterey," which ought to pull up at the Menlo Park station at 4.29, if it's "on time." He thinks he could find his way to the other end of the road that crosses the track behind the train, and he sees a vision of a winding avenue, between rows of stately oaks and eucalyptuses, that ought to lead to that garden. May he stroll along it some day in the near future, is the wish that busies the Lounger now.

With gratitude for these pleasant recollections, the Lounger turns the pages of the *Palo Alto*, and finds it a worthy specimen of college talent, and he calls out across the continent, to the students in that old home of his, most hearty congratulations, and a sincere wish for the continuance of their success, still more praiseworthy as it appears when one realizes how short a time has elapsed since their *Alma Mater* was founded.

By the will of the late Maria T. Benedict, Brown University receives \$10,000.

Princeton has lost four of the members of last year's nine; Brokaw, Dana, Durell, and Knickerbocker.



WON THE POT

That little hand!
I hold it firm in mine,
And scan its outlines fine.
My eyes expand,
And grow with love intense and strong;
I gaze upon it, fond and long,
That little hand!

That little hand!
It is so smooth, so pure and white,
And covered o'er with diamonds quite,
In beauty grand.
Oh, how I love it! See me press
It to my lips in fond caress!
That little hand!

That little hand!
There are no others fair as you!
I lay you down, and gladly too,
With manner bland.
It was a diamond flush and straight!
Soon may I hold its charming mate!
That little hand!

—Columbia Spectator.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

I'd always liked Polly, you know,
But didn't dare speak out,
For fear she *might* say no—
Girls sometimes do say so—
But *leap year's* here, you know,
And that's how it came about.
I'd always liked Polly, you know,
But didn't dare speak out.

—Unit.

FOOLED AGAIN.

"He's left Ninety-three
And will join Ninety-four,"
Says the *News* in heartrending strain.
But alas, he has gone to that beautiful shore,
And will never be with us again.

The reason, you ask,
Why he's gone, alas?
Well, the reason is this—nothing more:
He's gone to sleep with the rest of his class—
It was Seventeen Ninety-four.

—Yale Record.

WINTER'S JOYS.

A youth, a maid, a little sled,
A hill of smooth white snow;
A slip, a slide, and off they glide,
And down
the hill
they go.

A hidden stump, a sudden bump,
A "free for comers" show,
The splinters fly, the couple cry,
And down
the hill
they go.

—Oberlin Review.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST AGAIN.

I sacrificed an overcoat
To take her to the play;
I hocked a spare umbrella, too,
To buy her a bouquet;
But when I called to get her
On the 'fore-appointed day,
She wasn't feeling very well,
But came downstairs to say
She had an awful headache,
And would I take her sister May.

—Columbia Spectator.

MY LILY.

My love is like the lily,
So beautiful, so fair;
She bears herself so daintily,
With such a queenly air.
But, as I am a poor man,
To love her is a sin.
Alas! the lily toils not,
And neither does she spin.

—Oberlin Review.

THE THREE UNITIES.

A tennis court, the place for sport,
A net and rackets two.
A summer day, the time to play,
A maid with eyes of blue.

The ball she serves. Alas! it swerves—
Goes bounding down the hill.
"A fault," I call; but yet with all
Her faults, I love her still.

—The Inlander.

A PHILOSOPHER.

A man had a very bald head
Which exposed him to all sorts of weathers.
"I want an Egg Shampoo," he said,
"If I cannot grow hair I'll grow feathers."

—Brunonian.