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NO. 8. VOL. XX  
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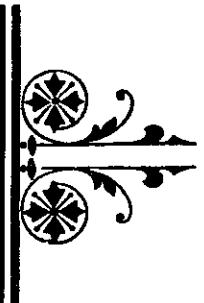
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# THE TECH

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## THE TECH

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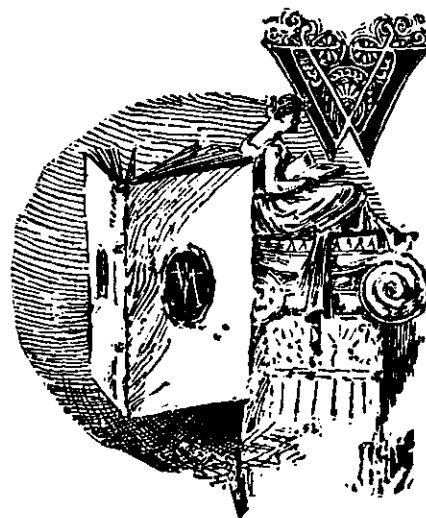
Press of Lounsbury Nichols & Worth Company.

Howe 'mid November's storms soe roughe,  
Ye Turkie Daye drawes nighe ;  
And eche trewe sonne of Tecbe must stufte  
Hys paunche wythe pumpkyn ppe ;  
And whenne hys soule wythe peace is fulle —  
Hys bodeye eke wythe dynner,  
Afte trustie pype hee takes a pulle,  
And vowes hymselfe a wyunner.



THE holiday next week will mark for Technology men the completion of the first quarter of the year's work. With it comes also a half-week's vacation — an opportunity to get away from the routine of regular work and enjoy a well-earned rest. To those of us from the East it will mean a day or two at home. For the others

there are many little journeys about New England that are quite worth making, and, besides, Boston itself is not so dull for one with time to enjoy the amusements it offers. But to each, wherever he is, THE TECH extends the best of wishes for a good New England Thanksgiving.



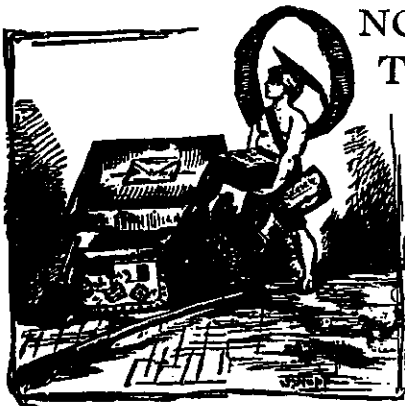
WE are glad to learn that the editorial in Number 19 of THE TECH, concerning the lack of proper signs to aid visitors to the Institute and the general public in finding the various buildings, and getting a general

understanding of their uses, has been well received and that some action in the matter is about to be taken by a special committee of the Faculty. It is no exaggeration to say that the general public still wonders how Rogers Building can accommodate thirteen hundred students.

We are of the opinion, however, that our former criticism should go further, for, unfortunately, the name "shops" or "workshops," given to the building on Garrison Street, where the Mechanical Arts are taught, is a misnomer leading to various misconceptions. Many think this building a repair shop for the Institute; others think it a factory, where the Institute does manufacturing; nearly every day some one must explain to visitors that this building is not a workshop or a factory, but a co-ordinate department of the Institute, where the Mechanical Arts are taught. As our late

President Walker said in his last annual report to the Corporation: "The exercises taking place in them are intended to be as purely and as highly educational as those in the laboratories of Chemistry and Physics." The term "shops" or "workshops," as applied to these departments, is made still more misleading by the fact that the Institute has a finely equipped shop for general repair work, and also machine shops in connection with both the Electrical and Mechanical Engineering Departments.

The systematic manner in which the courses in the Mechanical Arts are conducted, and the great value of this class of training to engineering students, both from a utilitarian and an educational point of view, justifies the Institute in changing the name of this department. "Shops" or "workshops" suggests construction, not instruction; manufacturing, not education; and has been the sole cause of wrong impressions among educators and the general public as to the Institute's methods of teaching the Mechanical Arts. The substitution of an appropriate designation, as for example, "The Department of Mechanical Arts," would suggest the educational character of the work carried on and avoid any further misconceptions in this direction.



NCE again has Hiram Tech. been disturbed in the quiet and dignified pursuit of scientific knowledge by that wild, unearthly invention of the college man—the Cane Rush. But after all this old custom has a great deal of significance and fulfills a most important function. Primarily it makes the Freshman feel that he is actually a part of the Institute life. When he hears the cheers of the Junior with his own Class on the end he feels for the first

time that he is something more than a "prep-school" graduate and realizes that he is being welcomed into the student body. The Rush develops even in so short a time a class spirit, which will now, it is hoped, be devoted to the fostering of a broader college spirit. It arouses a wider interest than any one event of the college year. It is the time when almost every fellow considers it his duty to "cut," if necessary, in order to be present, and here at Tech., where manifestations of college spirit are comparatively few, the assembling of such a representative body of men is something upon which we may well be congratulated. Since this has come to be an event of such importance it is not out of place here to repeat the suggestion that here after the afternoon of the Cane Rush will be made a half holiday.



AST year we were called upon to censure the acts of certain students who perhaps might have imperilled the lives of their fellows by maliciously stealing the signs indicating the location of the fire escapes. This year the same spirit of vandalism has manifested itself though perhaps in a somewhat less objectionable but by no means less annoying manner. The football management, at some expense, posted notices of the home games. These all disappeared about twenty-four hours after they had been put up, thus totally defeating the object for which they were intended. Before the cane rush and class game a request that further annoyance from this source should cease appeared in our columns, but not the slightest attention was paid to it. The announcements of the Cane Rush disappeared as rapidly as had their predecessors.

While these may not have been taken with the idea of committing a serious offence, such petty thefts occasioned considerable loss to

the management. Students are welcome to such signs after the date of the events announced have passed; they have then served their purpose and can be of no further use. Therefore we hope that students desiring to decorate their rooms at some one else's expense will at least allow the signs to serve first their original purpose.

#### The Walker Club.

The Walker Club held its first monthly meeting at the Technology club, Monday evening, November 20, at a quarter before eight o'clock. Mr. H. H. Howe, with a few words of welcome, introduced Mr. James P. Munroe, '82, who gave an hour's pleasant talk on "The Study of a Mob." The talk was thoroughly interesting, comprising an analytic view of "the mind of the mob," numerous specific illustrations from affairs of today, and a powerful application and striking description of the Boston mob's destruction of the Convent of St. Ursula. An informal talk, with refreshments, followed.

#### Technique, 1901.

At the last meeting of the 1901 *Technique* Board, held Nov. 14, at 4 P. M., Mr. W. Cornell Appleton was elected to the artistic staff of *Technique*. The vacancies caused by the resignation of E. Townsend Howes and Philip C. Pearson are now filled, and the Board has again assumed its normal size.

The Board is now constituted as follows: John Timothy Scully, Jr., Editor-in-Chief; Edward Hatton Davis, Ralph Plumb, Associate Editors; Warren Ira Bickford, Society Editor; Ray Murray, Athletic Editor; Newman Loring Danforth, Charles Ward Adams, Statisticians; Percy Harry Parrock, Business Manager; Leonard S. Florsheim, Assistant Business Manager; William Thurman Aldrich, Artistic Editor; Samuel Winthrop St. Clair, William Cornell Appleton, Artistic Staff.

#### Cinderella up to Date.



It all happened because I did not turn the corner! If I had only done that I should never have mistaken the side door for the front door, but Fate delights in using just such trivialities.

A week before I had had a letter from George Ensor, telling me of his return from Porto Rico and asking me to run up for Thanksgiving and take dinner with him, and at the same time meet his fiancée, Miss Stanley.

I reached Graceville earlier than George had expected me so started to look him up. He was not at home, but his brother told me there that he was probably at Mr. Stanley's.

But I had never been in Graceville before, so as I have just said, I neglected to turn the corner, and it was on Mr. Stanley's side door that I knocked; a little sign told me the bell was broken. After I had rapped two or three times the door was suddenly opened and I saw before me a little housemaid, enveloped in a huge white apron with a bit of a cap daintily perched on her head. She had the rosiest cheeks and bluest eyes I had ever seen.

"Come right in," she said, "we've been almost afraid you were not coming."

Surprised that I was expected I entered the hall and the little maid continued:

"The bells have n't worked since this morning and Mrs. Stanley said you were to go right down in the cellar as soon as you came. We are to have a dinner party tonight, so get everything fixed as soon as you can, please."

She mistook me for a man to fix bells, and I a Tech. grad!

But she was such a pretty little girl and she was evidently so worried about the bells, that I decided to fix them just for the joke of the thing. I knew I could look George up later, and besides it occurred to me, rather late to be sure, that it would never do to interrupt him in a tete-a-tete with his fiancée.

I said I would like a candle, so she hurried off for one and left me standing in the hall. Through the

door I could see three other pretty girls, all dressed like the first in caps and aprons. They were busy preparing all sorts of dainty looking dishes and I concluded I was witnessing the preparations for the night's banquet, and indeed I was!

Soon my little waitress — for such I had decided she was — returned with the candle and I proceeded to the cellar.

I had scarcely time to examine the batteries when the voice I had grown accustomed to called impatiently down the cellar steps: "Steve, O Steve, please come here a minute, right away."

My name was not Steve, but as no one else appeared, and the tone was so imperative, I decided to offer myself as a substitute.

So I hurried up the steps, but by the time I reached the kitchen all four girls were busily at work and facing away from the door, so that no one noticed I was not "Steve."

"Just take that bottle of olive oil, please, Steve, and get the cork out, and I wish while you are up here you would open those cans of tomatoes, and after that you might bring me up a few more potatoes."

Once more I thought it best to obey the little lady's commands. I was greatly amused at the turn affairs were taking, especially when I thought what a good story it would make at the club, only I decided I would not tell how pretty the girls were for fear I might be accused of being smitten. I conquered the cork of the bottle and was at work on the tomato cans when the girl I took for head-cook turned around and saw me.

"Oh! this is too bad," she said. "We thought, of course, you were Steve. You are very kind to do this for us, but I am afraid Mrs. Stanley would hardly thank us for taking you away from your work."

Thus tactfully rebuked for my intrusion I was about to retire when a sudden cry came from the direction of the stove. A blaze was coming from the top and a very pretty little waitress stood at a safe distance gazing at the havoc she had wrought.

Before I got there the trouble was really over, but I made a great pretence of putting out the fire and in doing it I managed to get one little burn on my right hand, and for that these girls made a second Hobson of me. In the midst of all the talk and confusion my little friend slipped out and returned with a bottle of hamamelis and a bandage which she insisted upon putting on my hand.

"And Mrs. Stanley asked me to tell you," she said, "that you must not finish the bells. Now that you have hurt yourself, we can do without them until later."

To accept dismissal meant to close the door on this attractive kitchen, so I decided to stay as long as I could make the bells an excuse. When I said I should stay, they insisted on my having a little lunch before going to work; so they fixed a place at a table and the little girl I liked brought me a big plate of crullers.

I thought I heard a little titter from the other girls, but as I had noticed that they seemed rather flippant, I didn't think much of it. Just then the little maid dropped the whole plate of crullers at my feet, and we had to get down and scramble for them. As we picked them up I noticed they left a rather oozy and greasy look on the floor and began to have my doubts about the inner worth of those delicious looking doughnuts. We gathered them up all but one and then we both reached for that; somehow I seized her hand instead of the cruller, and I am afraid I pressed it, too.

It did not seem to please her very much, however, for she immediately arose, gave me an icy look, and left me alone on the floor.

To win her good will again, I sat down and actually ate two of her crullers; goodness knows, it was penance enough to satisfy any woman. But she kept well out of the way and never once glanced in my direction. However, I was considerably amused by the talk which I overheard between two of the other maids who stood near me, for I thought I had the richest sort of a joke on George.

"Do tell me," the laundress was saying — I had picked her out as the laundress because everything she wore was so stiffly starched and immaculately fresh — "is Mr. Ensor as devoted as ever since he came back from Porto Rico?"

"Indeed he is," replied the housemaid — I had her picked out because she was so fine looking, and I had always heard sweeping was good exercise — "he is nicer every day."

"I am afraid when he is married, you will find him changed," continued the laundress teasingly.

"Oh, I guess not," returned the other, "I believe he will be even fonder of me then."

"Well, I guess he is that kind," assented the other, and that was all I heard.

It didn't sound a bit like George to flirt with his

fiancée's maid, and I made up my mind to jolly him out of it, but it occurred to me that it would n't do much good when he heard how I spent the afternoon.

I fixed the bells and reached my hotel again about four. George was awaiting me. He told me we were to dine at Miss Stanley's, so I thought I would not tell him of my afternoon experience, for it would be just like him to tell the story at dinner to amuse the company.

When we reached the Stanley's—the front door this time—I was mortally afraid of recognition on the part of the maid who should open the door. To my relief, and yet to my disappointment, she turned out a total stranger, and very plain. As we entered the drawing room, George first introduced me to Mrs. Stanley and then hurried me off to meet his fiancée. She was gayly chatting with some of her guests.

George introduced us, and I stood spell bound, thunderstruck! Not because she was a beautiful girl, I had expected that, but because I recognized, under all the diamonds and satin, the simple housemaid of a few hours earlier!

We might have stood there indefinitely, for all I know, just staring at each other in amazement, but just then a gay voice behind me said, "I do believe you have taken off the the bandage!"

How well I recognized that voice! Turning, I found myself face to face with *her!*

But what a change! Cap and apron were gone, and she was gowned in flimsy white; instead of a plate of crullers, she carried a bunch of roses, but I should have liked her in any costume.

George was entirely mystified. "You don't mean to say you know each other?" he exclaimed; "when did you meet Ida and Miss Sayford, Jim?"

But Miss Sayford did not give me a chance to answer. "Ida will tell you all about it," she laughed, "but we are going out to dinner now, and," turning to me, "I believe you are to take me out, Mr. Hall."

I did not need to be bidden twice! Over our soup, she said, with a saucy glance, "Now, Mr. Hall, don't you think it's about time you explained your intrusion into Mrs. Stanley's kitchen?"

When I had finished my story, I said, "Now, don't you think it's *my* turn to know what *you* were doing in Mrs. Stanley's kitchen?"

"What a silly question," she laughed, "when you were right there and saw me helping cook the dinner you are eating!"

"That is not explaining things, and you know it," I returned, "the mystery is, why did you and Miss Stanley, and the other two, who, I see, are here, usurp the place of the cook?"

"Why, how extremely slow you are," she said, teasingly, "if you had ever heard a little poem I know, maybe you could guess!"

"Well, tell it to me, and give me a chance," I begged.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

'To cooking school, kind sir,' she said.

'And what do you do there, my pretty maid?'

'Make biscuits and *doughnuts*, kind sir,' she said.

'And then, do you eat them, my pretty maid?'

'The good Lord deliver us, sir,' she said."

"I see, at last,—a cooking class!"

"Of course it was," she said, "and the dinner is to celebrate our graduation as accomplished cooks."

"Did it take you long to learn to make doughnuts?" I enquired.

She dropped her napkin just then, and I suspect she did it to hide a blush; I sincerely hope so, for she deserved to be ashamed of herself for palming off those grease balls on me.

She bent to pick it up, and, of course, I had started to do the same. Strangely enough, I made the identical mistake of a few hours earlier, but I fancied her look as not quite so icy this time.

"Were they so bad?" she asked, when we had returned to our soup, referring to the doughnuts, and ignoring what had happened under the table.

"Bad?" I said, innocently, "of course not; they were perfectly delicious, the best I ever tasted."

"Then, I'm afraid you never tasted very good ones," she protested, but she gave me a charming smile and, I think, the fit pleased her.

But, maybe, I have only formed that belief in the light of my later knowledge of her, for, even to-day, if I want particularly to please my wife, I have only to praise her cooking, especially her crullers.

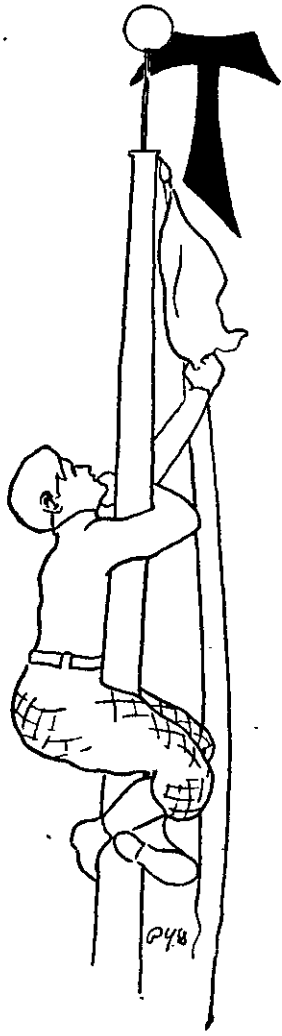
M. B. M., '99.

### In Social Science.

Prof.: Why was it hard for the primitive races to get a start?

Jones: Because no one could count three,  
— Ex.

### Cane Rush and Class Game.



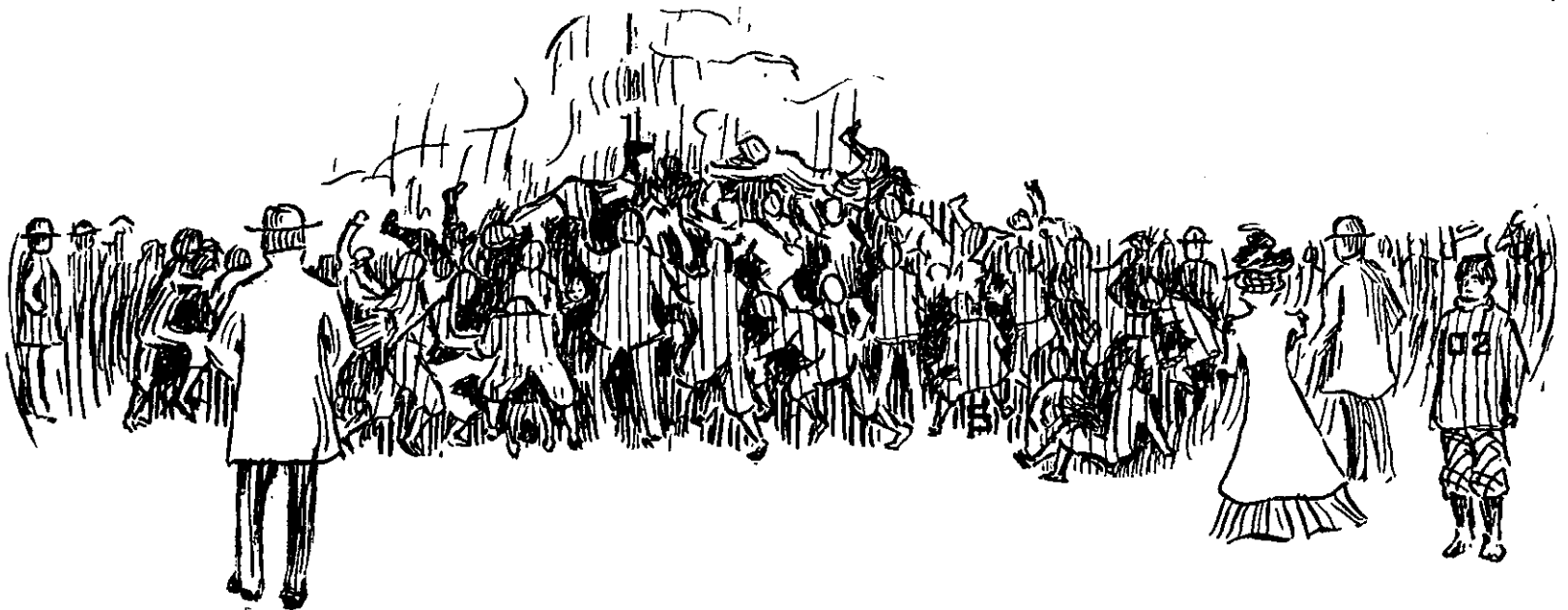
THE Cane Rush of 1899 passed into history on the 17th of November, with a score of 20 to 8 hands in favor of the Sophomores. It was, however, not wholly one-sided; the Freshmen were quite capable of making affairs exciting for the Sophomores. Of the football game, not much can be said either by way of condemnation or of praise. The 1903 eleven was obviously out-classed both in weight and practice, and as this was so, criticism of the game itself is, to a certain extent, forestalled and disarmed.

The day itself was not all that might have been wished for and because of the unnecessary delays, the commencement of the Rush was prolonged until late in the afternoon, when it began to grow decidedly uncomfortable for the spectators. Still, the crowd was large, nearly 1,000 persons being present, and retained its enthusiasm through the whole afternoon. The

bleachers were bright with class colors and flags, and the gentler sex was greatly in evidence.

The inevitable, indescribable costumes of the Freshmen and Sophomores were as much to be remarked upon as ever. This year it is very gratifying to note that the Cane Rush Committees were active and alert, and a fair-sized band enlivened the afternoon considerably for those on the bleachers. The transparencies were, as in former years, demolished immediately on their appearance upon the field of action in a manner very creditable to the traditions gathered about them. The incident of the flag-staff was entirely a Sophomore victory. Their banner, which had been hoisted to the top of the pole, floated defiantly throughout the afternoon in spite of the efforts of one persistent Freshman. The Sophomores had, the night before, greased the pole to a height of about thirty feet from the ground, and up to an almost equal height the pole was wound round with barbed wire. This, however, was an obstacle not insurmountable for the indomitable Freshman—but when he reached the halyards and found them nailed to the mast, courage forsook him; a graceful descent was effected, and the 1902 banner remained untouched.

There were the usual "off-side" plays and



rushes, but they were neither so vigorous nor so exciting as those of last year. The class yells were enthusiastic, and it afforded considerable amusement to those on the field to watch the knots of '98, '99 and '01 men, of whom the '99 crowd was pre-eminent for their effective cheering. Altogether the Rush was the scene of much good-fellowship. It is a day when Technology shows her college spirit.

#### THE RUSH.

At about four o'clock formation for the Cane Rush began. This was considerably later than the scheduled time, owing to the negligence of those in charge of the Rush to provide a cane. This delay was quite inexcusable. Indeed, the idea of a Cane Rush unprovided with a cane is quite as anomalous as the idea of sailing without sails. At last, however, the cane was brought. As in former years, the Freshmen formed in concentric circles about the cane, with an out-standing, protecting guard. The Sophomores formed in two wedges at about twenty yards distant from the Freshmen. When Referee Jouett gave the signal, the wedges started. Simultaneously the Freshman guard advanced. One wedge was prevented from doing any damage, but the other struck the knot of Freshmen full and square. Immediately confusion became "worse confounded," and to the onlooker there was naught but a jumbled heap of bodies, most inextricably mixed, struggling, apparently, without aim.

The contest was intense in its spirit. About the knot of men, upper classmen stood prepared to send the faint and weary back into the struggle. Every now and then men would be pushed up on the heads of their fellow-men. When the signal for the Rush to cease was given, little attention was paid to it. Finally, however, the tangled mass was torn apart, and the hands on the cane were counted, 20 to 8. The Sophomores once more were con-

querors, and the possibility of carrying canes was annulled for the Freshmen.

Altogether the Rush was more successful than that of last year, and with the exception of the delay caused by the thoughtlessness of the upper classmen in charge of the affair, the day went off smoothly.

#### THE GAME.

IN the football game, the Sophomores' heavy team completely outclassed the Freshmen and ran up a score of 39 points, which is larger by far than any class game score in many years. Both teams showed lack of practice and organization, but 1902 had most of her Freshman team in the game and made a good showing. The extreme weakness of the Freshmen made all of the 1902 men look like stars. The Soph.'s best work was done by Fish, who made many brilliant end runs. Sayer advanced the ball well, and Mansfield ran the team in good shape. Pope furnished the sensation of the game in a clever run for 60 yards from the kickoff, when he took Nagle's place in the second half. Finneran proved a good ground gainer but marred his work by his slugging. The '02 line outclassed its opponents.

The Freshmen showed the result of a late organization and presented the poorest Class team seen in years. Captain Parker at full-back played a strong game. He carried the ball in good style and on defensive followed the ball well and tackled fiercely. His poor punting resulted largely from the wretched passing of the ball. Nettleton at left half also played a good game. The linemen were fully occupied by their individual opponents and were unable to give the backs much aid.

'02 kicked off to '03's 20-yard line and recovered the ball on a fumble. '02 in turn fumbled and for ten minutes '03 held her own in punting and line breaking. Finally '02 got the ball on her own 30-yard line, and 20 yards on a double pass by Mansfield and 50

yards on tackle plays by Finneran took the ball over. Hooker failed at goal.

'03 kicked off to 15-yard line. A tackle play netted '02 10 yards and then Fish turned the right end for 50 yards. '02 fumbled but held '03 for downs on her 10-yard line. Finneran got 9 yards through left tackle and Fish took the ball over the line. Hooker kicked the goal.

'03 kicked off to 10-yard line and Nagle recovered 10 yards. Nagle then lined out a good punt for 50 yards and '03 held the ball on her own 30-yard line. '03 lost ten yards on the first down and Parker's punt was good for only 20 yards. Reynolds was pushed through right tackle for 10 yards and Fish and Sayer bucked the line for the rest of the distance. Hooker kicked the goal. Time was called shortly after the next kickoff.

'03 kicked off in the second half to Sayer, who returned the ball to the middle of the field. '03 tried Murray back for no gain and Sayer blocked Parker's punt. '02 then carried the ball to the 20-yard line, where it went to '03. Nettleton got eight yards but '02 recovered the ball immediately on a fumble and sent Reynolds 15 yards on a double pass to a touchdown. Hooker kicked the goal.

'03 kicked to Nagle, who returned the ball to the middle of the field. Parker's kick was blocked and '02 took the ball straight down the field for the next touchdown. Hooker failed at the try for goal.

'02 hurried matters at the next kickoff and scored the sixth touchdown in one minute of play. Pope ran sixty yards from the kickoff, a line play netted 5 yards and Fish reached the '03 goal on a 45-yard run around the end.

'03 kicked over the line on the next kickoff and '02 kicked from the 25-yard line. '03 here took a magnificent brace, and for the first time in the game gained any amount of ground. The backs worked desperately and pushed '02 to her 5-yard line, where the Sophs. held for downs. Fish then rushed 15

yards and Pope kicked 40 yards. '02 recovered the ball immediately and worked Finneran and Fish to the 5-yard line, where '03 held for downs. Parker's attempt to punt from behind the goal line was blocked and Fish fell on the ball for '02's seventh and last touchdown. Time was called shortly after with the Sophomore score at 39 points. The line up: —

'02.	'03.
Smith, l.e.	r.e., Allen
Reynolds, l.t.	r.t., Roberts
Hancock, l.g.	r.g., Mitchell
Chalifoux, c.	c., Means
French, r.g.	l.g., Murray
Finneran (Mixer) r.t.	l.t., Felton
Hooker, r.e.	l.e., Crocker
Mansfield, q.b.	q.b., Hatch
Fish, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Bey
Sayer (Foote), r.h.b.	l.h.b., Nettleton (Lewis)
Nagle (Pope), f.b.	f.b., Parker

Score: '02, 39; '03, 0. Touchdowns: Finneran, Fish 4, Sayer, Reynolds. Goals from touchdowns: Hooker 4. Umpire: Jewett, '00. Referee: Maxson, '01. Linesmen: Brown, Lowe '02. Time keepers: McMaster '00, Shepard '01.

### Nature's Revenge.

"Aye, tear that tattered ensign down!  
Too long it's waved on high,  
And many an eye has blazed to see  
That banner in the sky!"  
Beneath it rang the Soph'more shout,  
And burst the Freshman yell,  
For, as it fluttered to the breeze,  
It read "'03 to —."

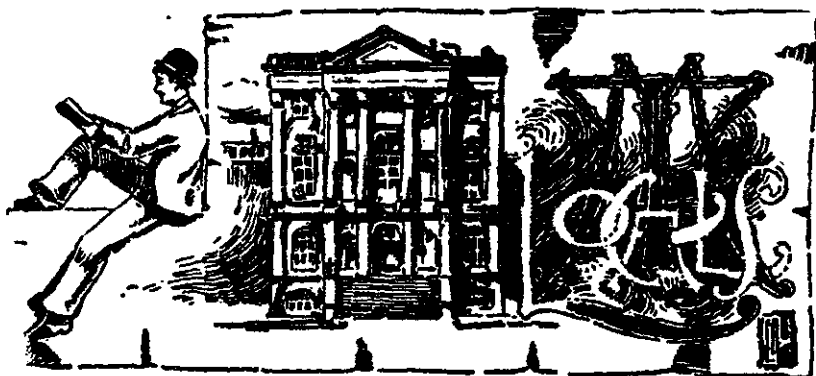
The pole now red with heroes' blood  
Where climbed the dauntless foe  
•When Soph'mores, swarming in a flood,  
Jeered at him from below,  
No more shall feel the climber's weight,  
Or know the press of knee.  
The Freshmen in *their* might could not  
Pull down the flag so free.

Oh better that the Sophomore class  
Had sunk beneath the wave!  
They practised a most fiendish trick,  
And there should be their grave.  
Nailed to the mast was the painted flag,  
Barbed wires sharp assailed,  
For ten long feet, the pole was greased —  
No wonder Freshmen failed!

\* \* \* \* \*

The Freshmen sadly gazed aloft,  
For well the work was done.  
With faces long they turned away, —  
The "Sophs" this time had won.  
But lo! that night it rained apace,  
And soaked the banner well;  
The color ran. — On high, next day,  
Was read "'02 to —!"

NAUGHTY THREE.



Communications to the 1901 Technique may be left, sealed, at Room 34, Rogers Building, or at Box 141, "Cage."

A book on "Railroad Curves and Earthworks" by Professor C. F. Allen of the Institute, has just been published.

There has been a large demand for Course I. graduates this year, there having been twice as many positions as there were men to fill them.

Mr. Maurice Davenport, ex-1900, has announced his engagement to Miss Estelle Cowen of Cambridge. He is at present in the employ of the Vim Bicycle Tire Company, in Brooklyn.

There has been considerable delay in commencing work in the Co-ed's Gymnasium. In fact, it now seems probable that an exhibition will not be given later in the season. This will, doubtless, be a cause of regret to many.

On the thirteenth of November a party of Civil Engineering students, examined, through the courtesy of the officials, the Charlestown Dry Dock and the steel construction of the Boston Elevated Railway at City Square, Charlestown.

An excursion of the Civil Engineering Society to the Metropolitan Water Works at Spot Pond, was held on Saturday, Nov. 11. The party inspected the new High Service Pumping Station, studied the construction of dams, core walls, gate chambers and conduits, noted the precautions taken to prevent pollu-

tion, and saw the methods of handling material on a large scale.

The Senior Class held its second meeting on Wednesday, November 22. L. M. Lawrence was elected director. Messrs. Barney, Rapp and Liegler were chosen as dinner committee. C. V. Merrick was elected toastmaster. The Class dinner will be held on Friday, December 15.

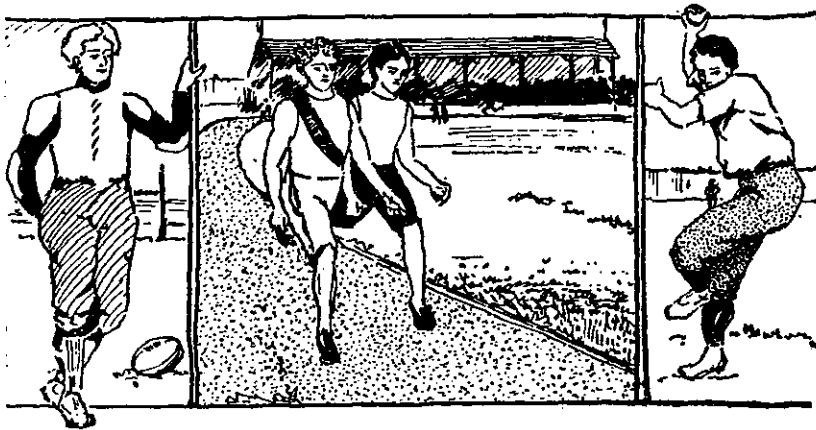
Dr. Henry A. Wolff, of New York, who was for sixteen years a resident of the Transvaal, and a member of the Johannesburg Reform Committee, will speak on "The Transvaal and the Present Crisis" at the Technology Club, on Friday evening, Nov. 24th, at 8 o'clock.

There was some slight misunderstanding concerning the placing of *Technique*, 1900 on sale at Maclachlan's as announced some time ago in THE TECH. However, the books are now on sale there, and may be obtained for \$1.00 each.

The first of a series of Smoke Talks, to be given by the Electrical Engineering Society, was held at the Technology Club on the evening of the 13th. President Dean first introduced Professor Cross, who gave a short talk on societies in general and their management, and suggested that the various engineering societies at Tech. be combined into one engineering society. Mr. Woodbury, of the Bell Telephone Company, was then introduced. He gave a very interesting and instructive talk on recording-clocks, explaining the different stages of their development, and telling some amusing items of the ways in which watchmen used to register their rounds without actually making them.

#### After the Tufts Game.

Saith the TECH. man each day with a frown,  
 "If e'er, in my walks up and down,  
 I spy our friend Cuddy . . .  
 . . . And spot him . . . O! Lud! He  
 Will find himself simply done BROWN!"



The following men have been granted T's in consequence of their work in football this year: Jouett, 1900; Shepard, Laws, Derby, McDonald, Maxson, 1901; Allyn, Pond, Storer, McCarthy, 1902; Seyms, Evans, Godfrey, Evans, Capelle, Wood, Washburn, 1903. Of these the following were on last year's Varsity: Jouett, Laws, McDonald and Maxson.

Mr. Ray Murray, captain of the bicycle squad, has made arrangements whereby members of the squad may use, free of charge, the new indoor track which is being made in the old Providence Freight Depot and which will be ready for use the last of this week. This indoor practice is an excellent thing and enables the men to keep in good condition throughout the winter. Mr. Murray would be glad to receive applications for the use of the track from students who wish to join the squad.

A few members of the Institute interested in hockey held a meeting Thursday, Nov. 16th. This body adopted the name of the Technology Hockey Club. The following men were elected officers of the Association: President, R. A. Burr; Secretary and Treasurer, Walworth; Captain of team, F. F. H. Smith; Manager of team, J. T. Cheney. It was voted that the entrance fee to the Association be fifty cents, and that the treasurer be empowered to canvass the Institute for members. R. A. Burr and J. T. Cheney were requested to consult the Advisory Council at once about obtaining caps with crossed hockey sticks and a "T."

The material for this year's hockey team is very promising as there are several good Freshman players in addition to all last year's team. Captain Smith has obtained permission to hold practice in the "gym" on Tuesdays and Fridays at three o'clock, and it is to be hoped that every Tech. man will support the team by coming out or by joining the Hockey Association.

### Technology Calendar.

Thursday, Nov. 23, 8 P. M. Society of Arts, 51st regular meeting. Mr. A. D. Little, '85, will read a paper on "New Cellulose Industries." Members requested to invite friends. Institute of Technology.

Thursday, Nov. 23, 3 P. M. Football Game. Course VI. vs. course IV. Brookline Common.

Monday, Nov. 27. Board of Editors. TECH Office.

Monday, Nov. 27, 4.15 P. M. Geological Club. Mr. F. G. Clapp will describe the Evidences of Recent Ice Expansion at Fresh Pond, Cambridge. Room 14, Pierce Building.

I shall be glad to communicate with any first or second-year student who would like a room-mate, and could spare a few hours every week for tutoring. References required and given. WM. B. MORGAN, 34 Gorham Street, Cambridge, Mass.

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1900.

The first Senior Class meeting of the year was held on Wednesday, Nov. 15. The retiring treasurer, L. M. Lawrence, gave a report of the class finances, which showed a large debt. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Lawrence for his earnest work during the past year. Messrs. Dean and Fitch were elected to fill vacancies in the Co-operative Society. The election of the Dinner Committee and Toastmaster was deferred till Wednesday, Nov. 22.

1903.

The Class of 1903 held its first meeting, under its new officers, in Huntington Hall, Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 4 o'clock. It was decided that an assessment of one dollar be levied upon each member of the class. Blue and old gold were adopted as the class colors. Sweaters, stockings, and caps were voted to be given to the football team, not to exceed \$95 in cost.

#### Musical Clubs' Concert.

On Friday evening the clubs gave a concert in the vestry of the Unitarian Church at West Newton. The program was made rather short in order to have more time for the social part of the evening. This consisted of a light supper followed by an informal dance. The West Newton girls proved to be charming partners, and the members will long remember a most enjoyable evening.



'72. Mr. B. E. Brewster, III. has moved to Dedham. He is a member of the firm of Brewster & Co., cattle breeders, owning extensive ranges in Sioux Co., Nebraska.

'83. Horace B. Gale, II. was chosen in the recent elections, to represent his native town, Natick, in the legislature.

'87. Mr. W. Cole, II., has accepted a position in the Bureau of Steam Engineering, U. S. N., at Washington, leaving the Newport News shipyard for that position.

'90. Mr. Spaulding Bartlett, V. has been promoted to the position of superintendent of the Slater Woollen mills, located at Webster, Mass.

'95. John Lewis Newell has been awarded first prize to the college graduate in the Class of '99, having highest rank during the three years' course at Boston University Law School. He studied law privately before entering Boston University. He was graduated with the rank of ninety-three per cent., and was admitted to the bar the following July. He is practising in Boston.

'98. Mr. Harry C. Ingalls, IV., spent a few days in town last week on his way from New York to his home in Lynn. He will leave for Paris on December 2, to enter L'Ecole de Beaux Arts.

'99. Myles S. Sherrill, V., is Assistant in Chemistry at M. I. T.

'99. Chas. B. Page, XIII., is with the Maryland Steele Co., Sparrow's Point, Maryland.

'99. Clarence Renshaw, VI., is Inspector in the Westinghouse Electrical and Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

"THE GIRLS ARE FOND OF THESE"

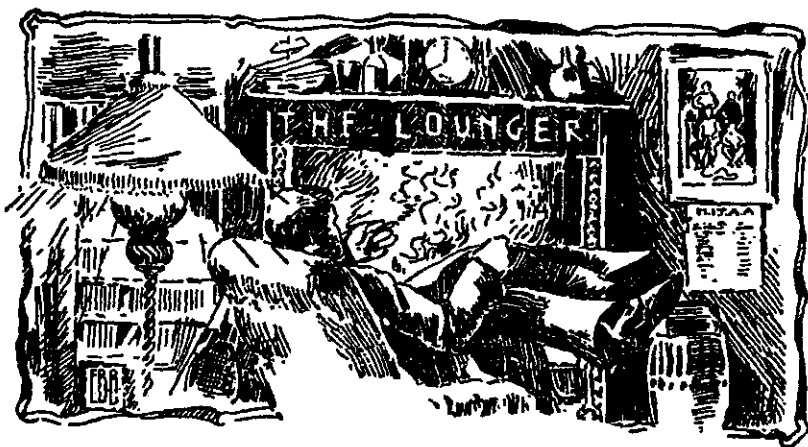


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THE LOUNGER is thankful. Why: he knows not. The word came imperative from his beloved Editor-in-Chief to be thankful; and so, thankful he is. A week from now he would have felt naturally more exuberant and generally grateful, but the summons has come now; and he has heard, he has thought, he is thankful. Thankful—that the demand was a matter of psychological requirement only, and not the usual raid on the tobacco jar or the chief exchequer. Finding himself in this unusually buoyant state of mind, THE LOUNGER decided to turn his thoughts to certain incidentals pertaining to the Institute, that he may view them in the most optimistic light possible. He realizes that Technology's new race track cannot yet be said to be in full running order; but let no one complain: how much better is it thus than that it should be finished only to be torn down again, like a certain other beneficent structure once connected with the Institute! Thus cogitating, THE LOUNGER reasons that it is not so very bad that the Sophomores won the cane rush and the football game; for if they had n't, the Freshmen would, which would have been worse. If the Freshmen incline to object to winning these little victories a year late, it would be well for them to appreciate how much better that is than winning a year too early: for Prep. school victories are to be permitted only in the case of Military Drill. Again, the new Gymnasium in the Pierce Building may be regarded as a very desirable affair, compared with what a similar one would be in Roger's Corridor. Moreover, it cannot be doubted that the Annual Catalogue is becoming imminent; but this condition is far preferable to its being here already. It is by judicious indulgence in such mental table-tipping as the above that THE LOUNGER has succeeded in bringing himself up to his superior's requirements and becoming thankful seven days ahead of time. But it is done, successfully and fully; and in consideration of the near approaching holiday, he invites all others to become thankful early and avoid the rush.



Looking ahead at the holiday a week from now, THE LOUNGER is conscious of an annual youthful sensation; he experiences the feeling of hunger; he

feels that many mysterious things are waiting for him, each to bring its own gastronomic surprise as it emerges, on a plate, from the many folds of obscurity that the intervening hours have woven around it. He sees the burdens of office (THE TECH Office) fall lightly from him as he bids a temporary adieu to the editorial looking-glass. In the bulletin, he sees the Secretary's notice granting a comparatively long leave of absence, and his head swims while his heart rises. All grows bright, careless, and happy. He feels the irresponsibility of a Freshman and the content of a turtle as he sees before him the bountiful board, the flowing flagon, the hearty host, the coy cousin. He becomes unconscious of the flight of time. He sees the repast ended, the general adjournment, then the proffered cigar; contentment only exists. The scene changes—from the blue-clouded and the hilarious, to the dark-alcoved and the tranquil. The last thought of embryonic flunks is lost, for here the coy cousin is found. He sees the greeting of mingled smile and blush; the happy eyes he sees, and after that nothing else. Time flies, without the usual retardation due to friction. Twilight deepens; subdued voices from without soften the stillness; about the two, quiet is punctuated by murmur and whisper. He speaks,—earnestly, prevailingly. She listens—willingly, fearfully. Will she—can he—is pleading vain? She lifts her eyes, but again they lower. Perhaps she will grant—perhaps—one, or—perhaps—perhaps—But there are seven days before then, and now it is time for his fourth hour lecture. Waking up the Business Manager, THE LOUNGER sighs, and they depart together.



The Man in the Moon has for years been the chief delight of infants of all kinds, breeds, nationalities, and conditions. Not even at this day has the peculiar charm been lost. It is highly gratifying to THE LOUNGER to see that such simple delight still is potent in the case of a certain Technology upper-class man who took along a part of this amusement with him, when he went to the cane rush. Delightful as the leading lady might seem behind the footlights, she was still more charming before the cane rush. She was, if not a complete fairy, at least a Fay. Her face, lit up by the excitement of the game—the same old game—shone brighter far than by the reflection of any 16 c. p. electric stage light. And her eyes—diamonds! So thought the gay course Thirteener, and THE LOUNGER sees no cause to disagree with him. Such star light is enough to be admired, going to the Columbia; but how much more exquisite is the star by starlight coming home from the cane rush! Hic—rah! Still THE LOUNGER must insist that though star gazing in itself may be sensible enough in a way, yet this has demonstrated conclusively that the man in the moon-gazing business is properly called (*lune*)-atic,

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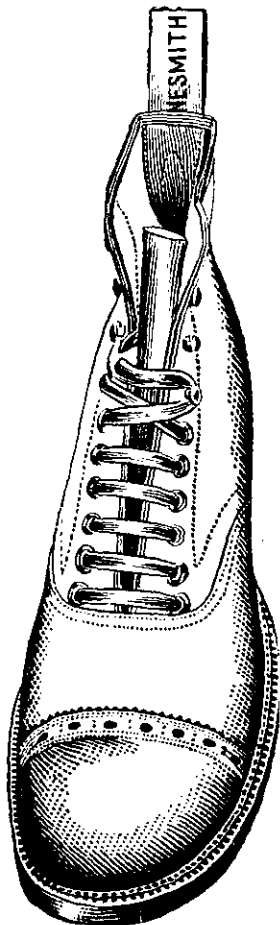
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**Castle Square.** — The "Heart of Maryland" begins its fourth week. This great play constantly delights full houses.

**Hollis Street Theatre.** — Henry Irving and Ellen Terry present the stirring play, "Robespierre," every evening except Saturday. On Saturday matinee Miss Terry appears in "Nance Oldfield" and "The Amber Heart." Saturday Henry Irving appears in "Waterloo" and "The Bells."

**Park Theatre.** — James A. Herne continues his wonderful success in "Sag Harbor." This play appeals to all theatre goers.

**Tremont Theatre.** — Barnet's musical comedy, "The Three Little Lambs," will be presented for another week. No one who saw this play as presented by the Cadets can afford to miss seeing the play as presented under new management.

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