

THE TECH

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THE TECH

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For the benefit of students THE TECH will be pleased to answer all questions and obtain all possible information pertaining to any department of the College.

Contributions are requested from all undergraduates, alumni, and officers of instruction. No anonymous manuscript can be accepted.

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ONCE more the familiar sight of the "Tech Show" announcements greets us on every side, telling of the preparation being made for the fourth and perhaps the best of Tech's theatrical aspirations. Each one of these productions has proved itself superior to its predecessor. Last year's elaborate production of the "Grand Duke" was as much superior to the "Medicine Man" as the latter outpointed the "Minstrel Show." If we hear correctly, the theme of the play allows many opportunities for local hits and topical songs, which are always the life of this class of plays. Dancing parts

will be given to the chorus, so men will not this year be kept from wishing to enter the chorus for that reason. The engaging again of Mrs. Edmonson-Walker, Mr. Coleman and Mr. Mullaly shows that no chances are being taken in the employing of new directors.



THE recent action of the student body at the mass meeting held in Huntington Hall last Friday, in voting an assessment on each undergraduate of fifty cents, shows the growing interest which is being taken in Institute athletics. This may be partially the direct outcome of the good showing made by Tech men at the recent B. A. A. Handicap Meet, and in any case the action, which was strongly supported by President Pritchett, is worthy not only of consideration, but of the hearty support of the students in general. It is the custom in some of our Eastern colleges to have the athletic dues included in the regular tuition fee. Although we do not wish to say that such a plan would be the best at the Institute, still we do feel that some plan should be adopted which will put the athletics of the Institute on a firmer financial standing.

According to the Bulletin Boards, basket ball practice is being held on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons at the gymnasium. Basket ball is one of the best of our indoor games, and Tech should put out a strong team.

President Hadley's Address.

Another interesting fifteen-minute address to the students was given last Thursday by President Hadley of Yale on "Modern Demands upon Educated Men." It was interesting as coming from the head of one of our great universities, and because the subject is one that concerns every Tech man. The purpose of education has been changing in the last half century, and its scope has not only been extended, but also made more practical. Nevertheless, in spite of this increase in practicality, we must remember that pecuniary reward is not the only purpose of science; and we must never become too absorbed in the industrial side of education to lose our sympathy for those men who devote their lives to pure scientific research.

1905 Class Meeting.

A meeting of the Class of 1905 was held last Saturday in Huntington Hall. F. W. Elliott and C. W. Adams were elected to the Institute Committee. It was reported that the class owes \$64 for sweaters and \$80 to the football coach. A great deal of discussion took place regarding the adoption of some method of raising the money, and it was finally voted that each member of the class be assessed 75 cents. It is to be regretted that this debt could not be paid at an earlier date; but the only thing that can be done now is for the Freshmen to do their best to raise the money. The Board of Directors of the class has decided not to enter any athletics under the class name until the matter is entirely settled.

Hare and Hounds.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Hare and Hounds Club was held in the trophy room on Monday, Feb. 17. After transacting the usual business it was voted to give to all men finishing in any of the club runs a printed statement of that fact.

Senior Class.

At a meeting of the Class of 1902, held on Tuesday, Mr. C. E. McCarthy was chosen to fill the vacancy in the Institute Committee caused by the resignation of Mr. Pope.

The following Portfolio Committee was chosen: Pollard, Chairman; Lockett, Proctor, Fitch, W. J. Mixer.

It was voted that the class dinner be an informal affair, at lower price than formerly. The following Dinner Committee was appointed: Weeks, C. B. Allen and Root, and they were instructed to consult President Pritchett on the matter.

It was voted to give jerseys to the Class Track Team, in recognition of their having won the Class Championship last year.

Institute Committee Meeting.

At President Pritchett's request a meeting of the Institute Committee was held in his office at 1.00 P.M. on Monday. Among other important matters, was discussed the question of giving prizes for the best essays, on the different speakers who talk to the students in Huntington Hall. Some one has offered a sum of money for this purpose, so that three large prizes (the largest being perhaps one hundred dollars), or a number of smaller prizes, might be offered. The essays would be of about a thousand words in length and would be printed in THE TECH. Several other questions of general interest to the students were considered and the matters referred to committees.

On Thursday, 1 P.M., at Hearn's, the photograph of the Institute Committee will be taken.

FROSH.—"I played a great joke on the first sergeant, at drill, to-day."

FRESH.—"How did you manage it?"

FROSH.—"Why, when he called my name, I didn't answer, and he marked me absent."

— *Widow.*

Brown, 4; M. I. T., 0.

Brown University defeated M. I. T. on Jamaica Pond, Saturday, by a score of 4 to 0.

Brown won by superior team work and faster skating. The forwards combined very well, but were defective in shooting for goals, the disc frequently going wide of the posts. The inaccuracy in driving could be attributed to the fine defensive work of the Tech men in goal. Tech's goal was constantly assailed, but by the clever blocking of Simpson and Dean the score was kept low.

During the first half, Brown, by quick passing among the forwards, succeeded in sending the disc through Tech's goal for three tallies before time was called. Tech pulled herself together in the second half, and held Brown off for awhile. In a scrimmage directly in front of Tech's goal, Otis of Brown got the puck and scored a point. Tech did very little rushing,—individual work counting in what chances the team had to score.

Otis and Mason bore the brunt of attack for Brown, and they kept the Tech men hustling. Pevear, at cover-point, did good work in sending the disc down the ice and thus aided his team in keeping the play around Tech's goal. Magnitzky played well for Tech, being the most dangerous opponent Brown had to contend with. Falvey played well, and helped his mate out well. The defense of Simpson and Dean was remarkable, and did much to save Tech a worse defeat. The summary:

Brown: Ostby, Mason, Otis, Hunt, forwards; Pevear, c. p., Carpenter, p., Gray, g.

Technology: Magnitzky, Backman, Smith, Falvey and Nash, forwards; Nickerson, c. p., Simpson, p., Dean, g.

Score: Brown, 4; M. I. T., 0. Goals: Ostby, Mason, Otis, Hunt. Time, twenty-minute halves. Umpires, Gardner, Dean. Referee, Goodnough.

Dorchester A. A., 3; M. I. T., 3.

The Dorchester A. A. and Institute of Technology Ice Hockey Teams played on Jamaica Pond, Wednesday, Feb. 12, the game resulting in a tie.

Tech scored after five minutes of play, Nash making a goal on a side shot. A few minutes later Nickerson scored, and the half ended with a score of 2 to 0 in favor of Tech.

The second half was full of excitement for everybody, and considerable rough play was indulged in by the players. Falvey soon got Tech's third and last goal, and everything looked bright for Technology. With only four minutes to play, MacLeod by brilliant playing got the puck by the goal-tender, giving Dorchester her first point. This gave the Dorchester team encouragement, and by strenuous playing finally got the puck down in front of the goal, into which it was shot for the second point.

With little more than a minute remaining to play, Burns, MacLeod, Brant and O'Connell of Dorchester secured the puck and shot it through the uprights, and the score was tied.

Burns, MacLeod, Brant and Merriam skated well for Dorchester. Among the Tech players, Simpson, Dean, Falvey, Smith and Nash were noticed for their playing. As it was found impossible to play the tie out then, it was decided to settle the tie at Franklin Park Feb. 22. The summary:

Dorchester A. A.: MacLeod, Brant, Hudson, Burns, forwards; O'Connell, c. p., Merriam, p., Gibson, g.

Technology: Nash, Mason, Falvey, Smith, forwards; Nickerson, c. p., Simpson, p., Dean, g.

Score: Dorchester, 3; Technology, 3. Goals: MacLeod, O'Connell, 2; Nash, Nickerson, Falvey. Referee, J. J. Cahill. Time, twenty-minute periods.

Mr. Dooley on Professors.

BY OLEOMARGARINE W. GLUCOSE.
(With apologies to Mr. P. F. Dunne.)

"With malice toward none and charity for all."

"Gin'rally spakin'," said Mr. Dooley, "profissors is divided into two classes, th' wise an' th' otherwise. Iv coorse all Tich profissors belongs to th' fir-rst class. Take Ar-rlo Bates, f'r instince."

"Th' divvle I will," said Mr. Hennessy; "I don't want him."

"Hinnissy, me frind," said Mr. Dooley, "I was spakin' figooritive. Th' figoor iv spaych I used is known to sky-shcrapers as mitiphoric jimjam, page ilivinteen iv 'Talks on Splutterachoor' be wan Ar-rlo Bates."

"Oh, thin Ar-rlo Bates is th' man th't writ all thim books!" said Mr. Hennessy.

"No, he was wise," said Mr. Dooley, "he had thim printed. If he had writ out each copy, it wud have took him at least a day to write thim all. 'Readin' makes a full man,' says Francis Bacon; 'an' so does whisky,' says I, but th' novils iv Ar-rlo Bates an' water ar-re innocint, an' wan is dhry. Ar-rlo is goin' to get out a new book. It will be called 'Th Blue Bloods iv Beacon Sthrate,' but it will come without calling. Th' fir-rst chapter will open in Edith Finton's dinin'-room. Th' table will be groanin' under th' weight iv th' finger bowls. In th' cinter will be a huge carved Swiss iron igg-stand filled with th' aromatic an' artless profusion iv sunflowers an' weepin' willies, displayin' th' taste iv th' hostiss. F'r such was Edith Finton, th' Sunshine iv Paradise Alley, th' Miloncholy Mermaid iv Commonwilth Avenoo. Gathered around this fistive boar-rd will be Ar-rlo's old faymiliar char-acters idly sippin' the-er champagny, waitin' f'r him to pull th' wires an' make thim spake. Ye know, Hinnissy, that Ar-rlo Bates's shtrahng point is in handlin' conversationin's. And in this dinin'-room scene we see him in all his throo grandyer, in all his beautiful shpatterin's iv light an' shade, as he makes his char-acters diffly yit firmly discuss th' great quistion, 'Shall wimmin black the-er husbands' boots, or hire har-rsh sthranger hands to do th' job?'"

"But what do ye think iv Ar-rlo's pote-ry?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "I like it all right."

"Neither do I," said Mr. Dooley, "but I think his lictures is grand. Here is wan silicted at random: 'We will to-day have a squint at Miltin,' says he.

'Miltin is raymarkable f'r his naiveeve style. . . . I am riddy, gintlemin, whin ye ar-re. . . . Will th' gintlemin iv th' class please re-shirt thimsilves! . . . Miltin has bean appilated th' pote iv th' corrosive sublimate. . . . Gintlemin,' says he, 'I don't propose to stand it anny longer. Ye can make me ex-queesately uncomfor-rtable be not listenin' to what I say, whither I say it or not. If it is nicissary,' says he, 'I will po-tees th' room.' 'Ye may do that, Ar-rlo,' says I to him in me mind, 'ye may po-tees th' room, but what's goin' to kape thim po-tees awake? Don't take anny dhrastic misures, Ar-rlo, take Moxie,' says I."

"They is a taycher there be th' name iv Char-rlie Cross, I belave," said Mr. Hennessy.

"As ye say, they taych physics there," answered Mr. Dooley. "Th' good old-fashioned brand iv physics, put up in ton an' half-ton air-tight cans be Faraday an' Newton. For sale be all fir-rst-class hardware dealers, also be Cross an' Windell, th' hivenly twins. Vis, Hinnissy, Cross is a gr-reat man. In th' time to come they will name an ilictrical unit iv quantitee f'r him. Th' difinition in th' tixt-books will read like this: 'Th' *cross* is th' amount iv ilictricity which will cause wan unit iv *harry tyler* at a distince iv wan cubic songtimeter to smile with a velocity iv wan square *windell* per wanst in awhile."

"It must be a divvlsh big unit," said Mr. Hennessy, "to do all that."

"It is," said Mr. Dooley, "an' that's why they call it th' *cross*."

"They taych Joor-man there, too, don't they?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"That they do," answered Mr. Dooley, "thanks to me fellow-counthryman, Profissor Dippold. 'Mr. Flunkson,' says Dr. Dippold, 'ye may baygin to thranslate at th' bottom iv th' page. Led us bray,' says he. Thin Mr. Flunkson thranslates in his claryone voice, raymindin' ye iv a fly whin it lights on th' shticky fly-paper. 'Did ye get that thranslation oud iv ye-er own head?' asks Dr. Dippold. 'Fader,' says Mr. Flunkson, 'I cannot till a lie, I did.' 'Thin id's a good ding ye got id oud,' says Dr. Dippold, 'it might have hur-rt ye,' says he."

"Isn't they a taycher at Tich called Linus Faunce?" inquired Mr. Hennessy.

"Have ye hear-rd, Hinnissy, that Hogan has sold his goat?" said Mr. Dooley.

"I asked ye about Linus Faunce," repeated Mr. Hennessy.

"Hogan wanted tin dollars f'r it, but he couldn't get it," said Mr. Dooley, "an' so he sold it f'r fifteen."

"Didn't ye hear me askin' about Linus Faunce?"

"Hogan said he f'lt like partin' with his own brother whin th' goat lift him," continued Mr. Dooley. "F'r a week his dahter Jinnie played 'Th' Vacant Chair' on her acorjeen."

"Ye don't like to talk about Profissor Faunce, do ye?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"Hogan's goat is sold, Hinnessy, but his mimory will live lahng in th' hear-rts an' stummicks iv th' land iv th' free an' th' home iv th' brave."

"Is they only half a dozzint profissors at Tich?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "Ye haven't mintoned more than six."

"Manny is called, but few is chosen, Hinnessy. Iv all th' profissors at Tich a small handful stand out shtrahngly silovetted forninst th' aizure sky. Manny iv thim has fired rayports heard round th' wor-rld. Some iv thim has gone a shtip further an' fired th' stoodints."

"After all, it seems to me that Tich profissors is all alike," said Mr. Hennessy; "wan is as good as another."

"If not betther," said Mr. Dooley. "A profissor is bound to taych somethin' besides learnin', Hinnessy. We all know that a shtrate line is th' shortest distince bechune two points, but th' divvleculty is to kape on th' shtrate line. We can all square benomials, but it is har-rder to square oursilves. F'r a profissor, give me th' man who was wanst a b'y to taych th' b'y who will be a man."

"I had a funny dhream last night, Hinnessy. Th' end iv th' wor-rld had come, an' they were holdin' th' intrance ixams. F'r hivin. A par-ty iv gintlemin, includin' Ar-rlo Bates, Profissor Windill an' Char-rlie Cross, waltzes up to th' dure iv hiven with the-er tab'lar views, an' Char-rlie Cross knocks at th' dure with his little hammer and winks at th' janitore fr'm foorce iv habit."

"What have ye done on earth, ye mor-rtals, that ye seek intrance to these happy huntin' grounds?" says th' angel.

"I writ some books," says Ar-rlo, "an' wanst, while licturin' befure a pack iv blanks, I ilivated me eyebrows an' closed me eyes with a look iv infinite disdain, whin I f'lt like cursin'."

"I was a phizzisist at Tich in Boston, Massichoozits, where th' value iv g is about 980 songtimeters. That's perfectly sthstraightforward, isn't it? Anny more quistions?" says Dr. Windell.

"Notwithstandin' th' vibratory distoorbances iv a multitudinous conglomeration iv Tichnological stoodints," says Char-rlie Cross, "I finally succeeded in differintiatin' th' tilipathic, not to minton th' hydrostatic, influinces, an' be superimposin' th' magnitic, or more accirately th' ilict—"

"Wipe ye-er fate an' come in," says th' angel."

Locals.

Mr. Sperry has resigned from the Tech Board on account of ill health.

There will be a meeting of the Class of 1903 in Room 11, Rogers Bldg., at 1 P.M., Thursday. We also find posted on the blackboard in Rogers's corridor an announcement of a meeting of the Chicago Club, to come off, at the same time, in the same place. Let us hope there will not be a fight.

A student mass meeting was held in Huntington Hall last Friday to discuss track athletics. C. A. Sawyer, who called the meeting to order, told of what the track team had accomplished, and what it might do if properly supported. He said that a trainer had been procured, and that the team would soon have a training table. He also said that very likely a triangular meet would be arranged with Brown and Dartmouth, and that at this meet as well as at the Worcester meet the Tech team would make a good showing. Dr. Pritchett then added a few words regarding the team and its need of support. A vote was passed to levy an assessment of 50 cents on each student, for the support of the team.

Tech Show.

The attention of the students is called to the following schedule of rehearsals for the Tech show.

First.—Ballet, Tuesdays and Fridays, 4 P.M., at Paine Memorial Hall.

Second.—Chorus, Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P.M., in Huntington Hall.

Third.—Men trying for principal parts, at Mrs. Walker's, No. 70 Westland Avenue, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 4 P.M.

Notices will be posted from time to time in the following places:

First.—Main corridor, Rogers Building.

Second.—Fifth floor in first-year drawing room, Rogers.

Third.—First floor in entry of Walker Building.

Fourth.—First floor in the entrance Eng. A.

Fifth.—Tech lunchroom.

The show is open to all men of the Institute who are in good standing in their studies.



The first presentation of "Charles I" was in London in 1872; the Irving-Terry company presented it in Boston in the winter of 1883. This life of thirty years — venerable indeed for a modern play — seems little warranted by the qualities of the piece itself. It is one of those dramas with which we are growing too familiar, — a play that is not a play, but a succession of dramatic pictures. The four acts make no pretense at development of plot or character, and historical events are introduced, not as necessary parts of the story, but as details of a striking tableau. The play is not even self-explanatory, but presupposes some knowledge of history, and then violates that knowledge of history by extreme dramatic license. For example, Cornwall's angered assault with drawn sword upon the king secures a vivid though somewhat stagey tableau of rescue by the king's friends; the play, however, does not even suggest to us why the traitor, caught in this act of violence and outnumbered five to one, is quietly allowed to retire. To redeem deficiencies of plot, however, the play has some merits that seem less and less frequently to redeem this class of formless dramas, — it is in verse often pleasing to the ear and sometimes beautiful in phrasing; the characters are few and clearly defined. So the whole play is a series of four portrait sketches, — a row of figures in different pose, painted all on the same canvas, just as in the familiar triple portrait Van Dyke actually painted of the Stuart king.

For presentation of such historic portraiture, Irving's scrupulous attention to historical detail in stage setting is of course invaluable; and it should be added that the staging is not alone of antiquarian interest, but beautiful even as a pure conception. Rich, furthermore, as all the scenic effects are, they are so harmonized and so far subdued, that they never, even momentarily, dominate the action of the play.

Of the players themselves, there seems much to say, and all very difficult to say. In "Charles I" Miss Terry has limited opportunity; the piece is all Irving's. Perhaps, after all, it is satisfactory, when two such great actors are in the same company, to see now a play devoted to one, now a play devoted to the other, — as last year, Madame Bernhardt had "Camille" to herself, and M. Coquelin had "Cyrano" for himself. Miss Terry, the *Theatregoer* confesses, was "his first "stage love," and that kind of love is cruelly exacting. Until the last act I could not feel that Miss Terry was anywhere near her best. The

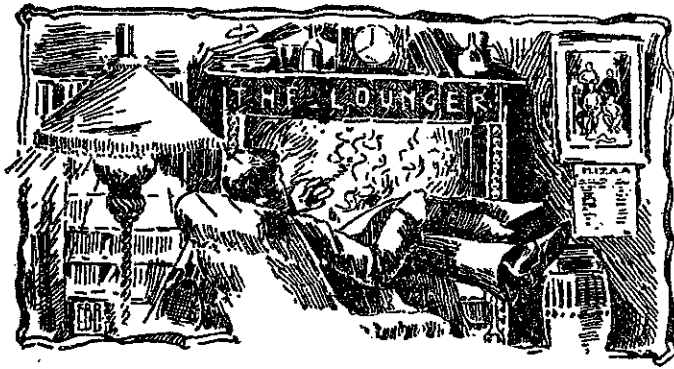
part is none too attractive, and the actress herself seemed to me somehow less winning, less graceful, and in poorer voice than she was, as I remember her, — God save the mark! — eight years ago. Perhaps there was genuine pathos in Charles's slow and quiet sentence in the later scene: "We are both much changed." The last act called Miss Terry to her full power, — power without superfluous touches, with few tears and nothing hysterical, simple and refined.

I have heard Irving's Charles abused and even laughed at. Undoubtedly, the actor has for any part very serious difficulties, — marked manner, not to say mannerism, much awkwardness and a grotesque figure. He has none of the physical attraction and no longer the youth that we feel necessary for the king only forty-two years old when the play begins. But for sustained, simple, masterly acting on an evenly high level, I have never seen anything better than Irving's Charles I. The part was a success when Irving began with it, thirty years ago; the actor has now, of course, perfected his technique, consequently he seems to hold not only his own rôle but the whole play in the hollow of his hand, — never a stage trick, never a melodramatic touch, never a breath of bombast, never a sense of effort; always the sense of reserved power. All those details which make other actors seem artificial, sometimes, to be sure, with dramatic effect, but none the less artificial, — nervous twitching of the fingers in supreme excitement, tragic lowering of the voice, melodramatic whispering, — Irving has cleared those all away. The play is full of melodramatic situations, but they are presented with that kind of inevitable and spontaneous simplicity that marks tragic moments in actual life; and of the playing, as of the life, now and then in the excitement we think, — how that might be dramatically heightened or enlarged!

This tremendous reserved force saves the play from being hysterically pathetic. Charles has so much keen bitterness of speech, and throughout his misfortunes so much unassailable dignity and control, that one's afterthought of the play remains oppressive and awful rather than tearful. One who has not seen the play can hardly imagine just the effect of the last lines spoken by the king to his wife as he departs for the scaffold, — spoken simply, and with the faintest suggestion even of a wan smile:

"To thee I do consign my memory . . .

I fear me I may sometime fade from thee,
Lest, when thy heart expelleth gray-stoled grief,
That I may bide no longer in thy memory.
O, keep my place in it forever green . . .
That sweet abiding in thine inner heart
I long for more than sculptured monument
Or proudest pomp among the tombs of kings.
Remember!"



It is seldom that THE LOUNGER has witnessed so thorough an appreciation of one of the fixtures of our Institute existence than at the late ceremonies incident on the incineration of a certain copy of "Applied Mechanics." The occasion was not without its melancholy side. The book, as it appeared to THE LOUNGER, was old, worn and dog-eared, bespeaking grinding application to that subject which the Tabular Views libel as "Ap. Mech."

Invitations to the ceremonies were sent to members of the Doric Order of Architects, and others, namely, fourth-year architects and, THE LOUNGER understands, to certain members of the Faculty. He is told that Professor Lanza replied as follows:

"Professor Lanza writes with regret that he ain't able to accept the kind invitation of the Corna for Tuesday. . . . A previous engagement to lunch with the Society of American Mechanical Engineers at the Watertown Arsenal conflicts. . . ."

Faculty interest was, indeed, largely wanting. Nevertheless the ceremonies were successful. One mistake, perhaps, was committed in not imitating the now notorious Tech Kommer and providing those present with that which cheers as well as inebriates. This was, however, deemed not feasible; it was feared that, should such action be taken, no Boston paper would survive the attack of Y. W. T. U. resolutions which would flow into its columns. The theater of action was the Tech campus, in the rear of the Pierce Building. The inspiration of music was not wanting, and as the sound of the melody of that song which



THE "CORONA" INVOKING THE INCINERATION OF THAT ARCH-ACHIEVEMENT OF SATAN,—GETTY'S APPLIED.

was old when the foundations of the earth were laid,
 "That Little Old Red Shawl," THE LOUNGER was
 overcome with that strange emotion which arises
 when one greets a friend for the last time, or reads
 on his mid-year report his latest F.

O that wicked old brown book,
 That execrable book,
 That most infernal book that Getty wrote:

That Getty wrote;
 It was tattered, it was torn —
 'Twas a crime to have it born —
 That con-demnition book that Getty wrote.
 There are days of toil and pain,
 There are days of grief and woe,
 There are days with sorrow near and joy remote:

And joy remote;
 But the fiercest days of all,
 And the saddest to recall,
 Is the daze made by the book that Getty wrote.

Let the years pass as they will,
 Let the Klondike pass be chill,
 Let the theater-pass a lucky man denote:

A sport denote;
 But the fourth-year man, alas, —
 Has but little chance to pass,
 For that wicked big brown book that Getty wrote.

Following this pathetic song came the mortuary
 poem:

MORTUARY POEM.

Chaos, waste, unlimited destruction,
 Turmoil, thunder, darkness, hate and tears,
 Gathered into hell's resistless suction,
 Boiling o'er in caldrons of the years, —
 Steaming with the fume of disappointment,
 Bubbling with the gas of fertile doom,
 Bursting out with fear-inflated ointment,
 Marking victims subject for the tomb, —
 Slow, the mixture, in the parts essential,
 Crystallized by undiscovered rule
 And wrought a germ of death-endowed potential, —
 A bloodstone in the ever-boiling pool.
 Then fell the germ in neighborhoods where flourished
 Calamitous conspiracies of things;
 And there, by food of wrath and rigor nourished,
 It grew — the death of life and sting of stings.

Oh, damnèd branch, oh, hydra-head of evil,
 Oh, fruit by stern requirement picked of man,
 Oh, fell, remorseless agent of the devil,
 With pain you burden breath's ungirded span!

Here, your fruit, one fruit of you, beholden
 Of many times and courses, yet unknown
 Of all the victims burdened as of olden
 Or present age: its flame shall be its throne.

Go, mis-applied avenger of mechanics;
 Your deed is done, your debt to doom is due:
 With memory of intellectless panics,
 Retire: the crowning C has conquered you.
 Farewell, you journey far to shores unbounded;
 Farewell, upon that undetermined C
 Where none distinguish leeward from the starboard,
 And none can tell the windward from the lee.

Dis-stresses and con-tortions be your fortune;
 Full, often have we taken leaves of you;
 This final, fatal leave is yours, Importune!
 And ours, this last unterrified review.

Go back to chaos, waste and fire's destruction;
 Go back in turmoil, thunder, hate and tears;
 Once more drawn into hell's resistless suction,
 Forever boil in caldrons of the years!
 Vale: Farewell.

The spectacular value of the occasion was equalled
 only by the enthusiasm of the occasion, and when
 the last Roman candle had sent forth its last gasp,
 and the flickering ashes alone told of what was once
 a monument of research, of mystification and of poor
 English, THE LOUNGER left. If THE LOUNGER were
 a S-dgw-ck, he could easily draw from this a lesson of
 considerable spiritual value; as it is, he can pass no
 comment of this kind.

THE LOUNGER was perusing the truthful columns
 of his dull but reliable contemporary, *The Ev-n-ng*
R-c-rd, when a masterpiece of Gothic art which
 illumined the back page fell upon his dazzled eye-
 sight. A ravishing creature, with eyes like heaven's
 own stars and hair which rippled like a summer
 brook, beautiful beyond compare, was represented
 sitting in the midst of the luxurious surroundings of
 the drawing-room, turning off battle-ships from a fa-
 cile pen. Beneath this soul-entrancing *chef d'œuvre*
 was the false and despicable statement that the above
 ravishing creature was a co-ed. at Tech, and, more-
 over, that she was "*petite*" and "retiring." Alas, 'tis
 all a lie. Who ever heard of a co-ed. that was *petite*
 and retiring? who ever saw one with such starlike eyes,
 such delicately chiseled features, such rainbow-hued
 complexion, and such enchanting personality? Let
 the wretch come forward!

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 in
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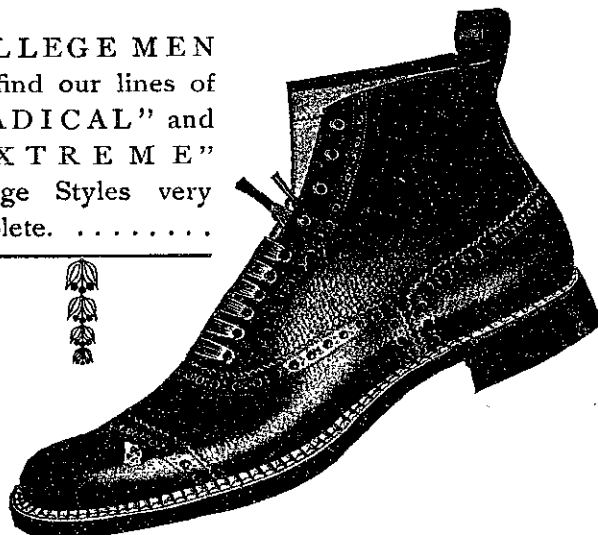
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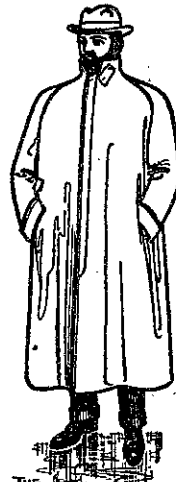


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Colonial Theatre.—“Florodora” has proved to be very popular with Bostonians. The music is catchy, the lines interesting and the girls very

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Tremont Theatre.—“King Dodo” enters upon its third successful week. This is one of the cleverest comic operas that has been here this year. It has a delightful snap and go from beginning to end. Everybody has a good voice, and knows how to use it.

Boston Museum.—May Irwin, in “The Widow Jones,” is playing to full houses. She sings her usual number of “coon” songs,—some are new and others are favorites of past years. ’Tis said that this year marks the close of her stage career, and this last opportunity should not be lost.

Columbia Theatre.—Closed until further notice.

Castle Square Theatre.—Richardson and Yardley’s comedy, “The Nouninee,” is the attraction this week. Next week “Master and Man” will be presented by the regular company.

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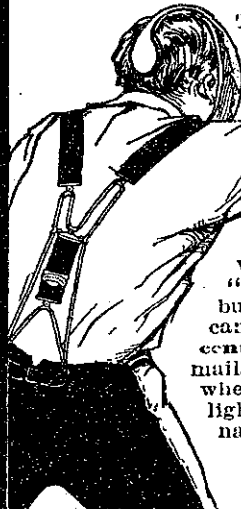
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