Oak Grove Creamery Company,

Dairy Lunch Room
445 Boylston St., cor. Berkeley, opp. Y.M.C.A. Bldg.

Where can be had

Sandwiches of all kinds, soups, tea, coffee, and regular dairy lunch.

Our menu consists of a careful selection of the most appetizing and seasonable viands the market affords. In every case everything is of the choicest quality, cooked and served as food of this sort should be cooked and served. Our unique combination breakfast plan is proving a most popular feature.

$5.50 check for $5.00.

Pure milk and cream.

All kinds of meats.

Nelson L. Martin.

---

Shoes
For College Men
A Specialty.

The Henry H. Tuttle Co.
Washington and Winter Streets, Boston.

Spring Announcement

A complete line of Foreign and American Woolens

George H. Lane
Tailor

18 Boylston Street
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Summer
Is almost here, and you are not prepared for it until your wardrobe contains a supply of our famous Lion Brand Negligee Shirts.
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A fine line of Fancy Hosiery, light and medium Underwear for present use.

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Work called for and delivered promptly.

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Special Attention to Students

Trinity Court
Petit Lunch
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Regular Meals 20c. and 25c.
Royal Dairy Lunch

11 and 12 PARK SQUARE
BOSTON & MASS.

Open Day and Night

A. C. STONE,
C. H. MANSFIELD, Proprietors

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CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Is now prepared to show the latest novelties for all garments.

Overcoats to order, $20 to $55
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Trousers to order, $6 to $12

Fit and Wear Guaranteed.

MATTHEW KING, Manager.

The Berkeley Hotel

Berkeley and Boylston Streets

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLANS
Modern in Every Detail
Restaurant à la Carte Dining room table d'hote

Gentlemen’s CAFÉ and Billiard Room. Entrance on Berkeley St.

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C. F. HOVEY & CO.,
Importers and Retailers of Dry Goods,

FINE CUSTOM MADE SHIRTS A SPECIALTY.

PARIS,
12 Rue Ambroise Thomas.

BOSTON,
33 Summer St. AND 42 Aborn St.

In writing advertisers kindly mention THE TECH.
Oak Grove Creamery Company, 445 Boylston St., cor. Berkeley, opp. Y.M.C.A. Bldg.

SANDWICHES OF ALL KINDS, SOUPS, TEA, COFFEE, AND REGULAR DAIRY LUNCH.

Our menu consists of a careful selection of the most appetizing and seasonable viands the market affords. In every case everything is of the choicest quality, cooked and served as food of this sort should be cooked and served. Our unique combination breakfast plan is proving a most popular feature.

$5.50 Check for $5.00.
Pure Milk and Cream.
All Kinds of Meats.

NELSON L. MARTIN.

- SHOES -

FOR COLLEGE MEN
A SPECIALTY.


Spring Announcement

A COMPLETE LINE OF
Foreign and American Woolens

GEORGE H. LANE
Tailor

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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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Importers and Retailers of Dry Goods,

FINE CUSTOM MADE SHIRTS A SPECIALTY.

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BOSTON,
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AND
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Pocket Magnifying Glasses

Size H. Two Lenses. Diam. 7.8 and 1 inch.

Price 40c. each.

We are prepared to quote lowest prices on all forms of Magnifying Glasses, Coddingtons, Aplanatic Triplets, etc. Cameras and Photographic Supplies.

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Opticians,
283 Boylston Street,
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Lee's Restaurant
First-class Meals
Open on Sundays
Meal Tickets
Come and Dine with Us Once
410 Boylston Street

DR. W. J. CURRIER,
Dentist,

Office Hours,
9 to 4.
90 Huntington Avenue.

Refers by permission to Prof. T. H. Bartlett.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS
DAMRELL & UPHAM,
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Keep Step with Progress in the Art of Photography

All the Latest High Art Productions can be had of

Elmer Chickering,
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Locomotive and Car Wheel Tires,
Forgings and Castings,
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Nickel Steel
Forgings
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and
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SPRING FASHIONS
IN
STUDENTS' HATS

Agents for
K N O X
New York Hats

Hall & Hancock
407 Washington St., Boston

Announcement

Mr. Chas. W. Coes, for nine years senior partner and designer for the well-known firm of Coes & Stodder; and Mr. Fred Young, for five years head salesman with the same concern, beg to announce that they have formed a copartnership and in the future will do business at 20 School St., under the name of Coes & Young.

Our former patrons may here find a complete line of Men's high-grade boots and shoes, also all the models they have been accustomed to in the past.

Coes and Young
Men's High-Grade Shoes
20 SCHOOL STREET

WE Brooks & Co.
Importing Tailors
15 Milk Street
Opposite Old South Church

LONDON OFFICE,
6 SAVILE ROW.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF FOREIGN WOOLLENS SHOWN IN BOSTON.

CO-OPERATIVE.
Technology is surely a growing institution and, in spite of increased tuition and higher entrance requirements, will no doubt continue to grow. Unfortunately, in our present location in the heart of a big city there is little room for expansion, little chance in particular for the establishment of suitable dormitories for the students, and absolutely none for the construction of anything in the nature of an athletic field. If the Institute could move out farther in the suburbs, land for all these purposes would be readily obtainable. Though modern buildings could be erected, grouped and arranged more conveniently and suitably than is possible in the present location. A more solid foundation than the filled-in land of the Back Bay could be had for the buildings containing delicate apparatus, and the troublesome vibrations due to street cars and street traffic could be avoided. All these reasons, and many others, have been evident for some years past, and will continue to be so in the future. What seems, however, to make the question of moving a vital one at the present time is the fact that the requisite land has just been acquired, and, more important still, that two large and expensive buildings are about to be erected by the corporation. If it is granted that Technology will ever have to move,—as Columbia University finally had to do in New York,—it seems quite evident that the time for moving is right now, before the new buildings go up and Technology becomes so much more firmly rooted in its present location.

On the other hand, arguments against the move are not lacking. First and foremost, of course, is the great expense which would
be involved, for although the sale of the present property would bring in quite a little sum, it would not be sufficient, by any means. We understand, too, that the consent of the State would be necessary, before the present property could be disposed of. For a technical school there are undoubtedly great advantages in being near the bustle of manufacture and practical business. In our particular case the Public Library and the Art Museum are very desirable neighbors. We cannot help thinking also of less practical considerations, such as the traditions and associations connected so closely with the present buildings of the Institute. The alumni of Technology, would no doubt prefer to have their Alma Mater remain where it is, and if it must grow, to grow around the original buildings as a nucleus.

It takes little thought to see that the whole question is a very complicated one, but knowing that, in the competent hands of our corporation and its president, we may rest assured of its final rightful solution.

'04 Technique Electoral Committee.

The first meeting of the '04 Technique Electoral Committee was held Friday, May 2. Seventeen members of the committee were present. Mr. Burnham called the meeting to order and was directly elected chairman. Mr. Wentworth was elected secretary. A constitution that had been drawn up was accepted with the addition of the clause that no voting by proxy should be allowed. Messrs. Eastman, Hadley and Wentworth were elected a committee to make arrangements for the art competition.

A second meeting of the committee was held Monday at 4 P.M. The constitution was adopted as a whole, and nominations for the three associate editors of the Technique Board were made. The meeting adjourned till Thursday at 4 P.M.

The art competition for positions of art editors of Technique '04 closes on May 24. Details of requirements and conditions are posted on the Technique Bulletin Board in Rogers Corridor.

Class of 1900.

The annual dinner of the Class of 1900 was held at the Technology Club, April 17, 1902. Twenty-three men were present. H. A. MacPherson, XIII., was toastmaster, and Simpson, XIII., Fitch, X., and Stearn, I., gave the toasts of the evening. The matter of informal dinners was brought up, and it is the present intention to hold a dinner early in June.

Mechanical Engineering Society.

The regular meeting of the Mechanical Engineering Society was held May 2, in Room 11, Engineering B.

There were a number of items of business which were disposed of. J. A. Holmes, G. B. Symes and M. Dole were proposed for membership; but, owing to the absence of the secretary, the new members whose names were proposed at the last meeting were not voted in.

The report of the dinner committee was accepted; and then the matter of "shingles" was brought up. This latter was left to a committee, consisting of F. A. Robbins, P. Weeks and J. F. Doran.

An amendment to the constitution was proposed, which will be acted upon at the next meeting.

After the business was concluded, Mr. Proctor read an interesting article upon the Manhattan Power Station in New York, and Mr. Ancona gave a review of some magazines he had looked over for the society.
"Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, was the daughter of Jupiter... Athens was her chosen seat, her own city, awarded to her as the prize of a contest with Neptune, who also aspired to it. The tale ran that in the reign of Cecrops, the first king of Athens, the two deities contended for the possession of the city. The gods decreed that it should be awarded to that one who produced the gift most useful to mortals. Neptune gave the horse, Minerva produced the olive. The gods gave judgment that the olive was the more useful of the two, and awarded the city to the goddess; and it was named after her, Athens, her name in Greek being Athene."— "The Age of Fable," by Thomas Bulfinch.

**In Modern Athens.**

CENE: The courtyard of the Boston Public Library. An arcade of white pillars stretches across the front of the scene, behind which is a sunlit square of green, with the basin of an unfinished fountain in its center.

Time: A hot summer afternoon, when the air is drowsy with the distant rumble of the city.

Discovered: A typical Boston man, with features of the "Gibson" type, and clothes of the newest cut. He sits leaning against a pillar and smoking lazily. He yawns once or twice, and slowly takes a newspaper from his pocket and unfolds it. Suddenly he gives a quick start, as though he had just remembered something.

*Typical Bostonian* — "Oh, yes! I remember, I put an advertisement in the paper yesterday." (He holds up the paper and begins to read aloud)

"Wanted, good capable girl to do general housework — no, that's not it — wanted, man to — no — here it is — wanted, an occupant for the fountain of Boston Public Library. Large salary, good situation, hot and cold water. Only descendants of first families need apply. Now that sounds well, I am sure. The last clause will, I think, prevent the repetition of any such trouble as that about the dancing girl who was here a few years ago. I hope to get some one of aristocratic appearance this time.

Enter Neptune, a tall, white-haired old man, dressed in a robe of Tyrian purple, and carrying his trident in one hand, while with the other he beckons to a company of Tritons, nymphs and dolphins, who dance across the stage, singing:

**SONG.**

Once loved in Greece and Rome,
Far from our watery home,
Out of the sea we come,
Out of the sea.

Tritons with horns of shell,
Weaving of sound the spell
That guides the sailors well
Over the sea.

Agile young nymphs sublime,
Swaying in perfect rhyme,
To the waves beating time,
We come to thee.

Look well upon our dance,
Let it thy sense entrance,
Mortals have rare a chance
Such sights to see.

Look where fair Thetis goes,
Treading with silver toes,
Blithest of all of those
That throng the sea.

Next in the mystic whirl,
Galatea's draperies curl
Round her young limbs of pearl,
All symmetry.

Leucothea joins the throng,
Palaemon, on a dolphin borne,
Laughs, while the Siren's song
Tells of the sea.

Nereus, with solemn grace,
Moves with more stately pace,
And all the Neread race
Dance with the sea.

As in and out we twine,
Softly our green eyes shine,
Bright locks that drip with brine,
Shake we in glee.

Then with faint music slow,
Melting like passing snow,
Back to sea we go —
Back to the sea.

They dance slowly down the arcade, and the song fades away in the distance.

*Typical Bostonian* (somewhat amazed) — "A very pretty dance — very pretty indeed. Not up to our modern ballet." (Turning to Neptune) "Mr. Neptune, I believe?"

*Neptune* (bowing) — "The same, sir, at your service, Mr. Boston."

*Typical Bostonian* (extending his hand) — "How do you do? I have heard so much about you that I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Neptune. Have you come to see the new Abbey pictures in the Library, or are you going to present Harvard with a collection of shells?"
Neptune — Well, to tell the truth, Mr. Boston, although I should like very much to see the new pictures, and although I take great interest in Harvard, I have come to see you this morning on business of quite a different nature. Since my temples were destroyed, I have earned an honest livelihood by posing as a central figure in those groups with which all important fountains are decorated. I saw your advertisement in the paper this morning, and being just now in need of a good situation, I have come to apply for a place in your fountain. I have been in the habit of taking out contracts to supply four dolphins to squirt water from their open mouths, two Tritons blowing shell horns, and three nymphs with inverted pitchers who will stand gracefully gazing into a central basis, for $75 dollars a month.

Typical Bostonian (delighted) — "Your offer, sir, does you great credit, but this is so sudden, I really must have a few days to think it over before I can decide such an important matter."

Enter Pallas Athena, dressed in a flowing garment of white, with a golden helmet upon her head. Behind her come the Three Graces, the first bearing Athena's spear, the second her shield, in which is set the Gorgon's head, and the third carrying a book, a golf stick and a large pair of eyeglasses, as the modern attributes of Athena.

Typical Bostonian (bowing low) — "Good afternoon, madam. Have I indeed the honor of beholding the azure-eyed goddess Athena?"

Athena (smiling) — "I am spending the summer in Boston. In fact, I am doing research work here for my thesis. You see, I really think it is time I got my Ph.D." (Suddenly perceiving Neptune, who has stood back since Athena entered) "Oh, my good uncle! How are your waves to-day?"

Neptune — "(S)well, (s)well, thank you, niece. My brother Jove is so as to be about, I hope?"

Athena — "About as jovial as ever, I thank you."

Neptune — "I am glad to hear it. But, my dear Athena, what have you done with your owl? I hope you have left it in a safe place?"

Athena — "In the safest place I know of, uncle. I left it with papa; and Homer says he has both ambrosial locks and thunderbolts."

(Neptune almost faints.)

Typical Bostonian (anxiously) — "My dear madam!"

Athena — "Mr. Boston, while my uncle is recovering I would like to talk with you on a little matter of business. I have come to apply for the situation as occupant of your library fountain. Indeed, I will make your fountain the most beautiful in the world, and a real fountain of wisdom, by posing in its center myself as the guardian and patroness of this fair city of Boston."

Typical Bostonian — "Well, you see, Miss, as I was just saying to Mr. Neptune, here, I must have a few days to consider your proposal. However, I will send you word as soon as I come to any decision on the matter. Your address?"

Athena — "Beacon Street, 'The Olympia,' suite 16."

Typical Bostonian — "And your price for occupying the fountain? Of course I should want three maidens to hold inverted helmets from which the water might spout in three streams and fall around you; and an owl on your shoulder would also add to the effectiveness of the grouping."

Athena — "I should be happy to supply all these things, and throw in a carved Gorgon’s head or two by way of ornamentation, for $100 a month."

Typical Bostonian — "$100! Why, Mr. Neptune offers his services, with four dolphins, two Tritons and three nymphs for $75 a month."

Athena — "My uncle! I hope he is not so presumptuous as to aspire to occupy this center of Boston, I may say this holy of holies, the fountain of the Public Library!"

Neptune — "And why should I not aspire to this situation, niece? Am I not the earth-shaking Poseidon? And, by the Styx! I need this situation more than you. You can teach school and win scholarships; but I have a hard time to earn an honest living, what with Neread trade unions demanding higher wages every year, and my Tritons petitioning Diana for eight-hour tides, I shall be ruined if I do not get a good situation soon."

Athena — "Well, go content yourself with garden fountains; they have not yet all gone out of fashion, and leave such a prominent position as this to your betters."

Neptune — "That is the way with the women nowadays, they push the men out of all the most lucrative professions. I suppose you would like to have me go home and clean house in Olympia?"
Athena — "Well, you know you have plenty of water to do it with, uncle; anyway, you had better not try for this position. I tell you I am determined to occupy this fountain myself. It is my right!"

Neptune — "And I tell you I shall set my dolphin playing in it to-morrow!"

Athena (seizing her spear and springing forward) — "Now, by the bright bolt of my father Jove, thou liest!"

Neptune (shaking his trident) — "Impertinent girl, look thy last upon the light of day, for, by the Styx! thou diest!"

Typical Bostonian — "Oh, madam, oh, sir, calm yourselves! We will settle this matter by arbitration. I have a most brilliant and original idea. The one of you which can bestow the most precious gift upon this city shall become its patron, and shall stand in the center of the Public Library fountain. Do you agree?"

Neptune and Athena (together) — "We agree."

Athena — "Now, Uncle Neptune, what can you give this city?"

Neptune (thoughtfully) — "Did you say, Mr. Boston, that the idea of this contest is original with you?"

Typical Bostonian — "Certainly. Why?"

Neptune — "Because I feel just as though I had been in this same situation before; you know how you feel that way sometimes. It's a very odd sensation."

Athena — "How strange! I also have that feeling just now. I believe it can be explained, however, for the action of the brain when stimulated by" —

Neptune (hastily interrupting) — "Oh, yes, I am sure it can be explained, are you not, Mr. Boston?"

Typical Bostonian — "Yes, I am perfectly sure it can be explained, as Miss Athena says,—perfectly sure. And now, what can you give to Boston, Mr. Neptune?"

Neptune strikes the ground with his trident, and an automobile rushes across the stage.

Athena (lips curled scornfully) — "Behold my gift!" she cries, touching the pavement with her spear. A green bud pushes its way up between the stones. In a moment a clump of slender stems are seen, each bearing a quickly swelling flower bud. Another moment, and ten Lawson pinks have burst into full bloom, making the air rich with their fragrance.

Suddenly a clock from within the building begins to strike, and Neptune, the automobile, Athena and the flowering pinks disappear together.

Typical Bostonian (waking with a start, and looking around him) — "What a queer dream I have had! Why, it is almost dark! I must have slept all the afternoon."

(He stretches and yawns, picks up his paper and goes off mattering) "What a remarkable dream! I wonder what will really be done about the fountain, after all?"

Finis.

M. L. C.

Competitive Drill.

The second competitive drill for the prize cup was held at South Armory Friday, May 2. The cup, which was offered by the Class of '02, is to be finally given to the school obtaining the largest number of points in a series of four drills, and is held in the meantime by the school having the most points. At the first drill the team from Saint John's Military Academy took away the cup, and now at the second the same school gained the highest honors. Besides the cup, three medals are given to the three best men. The first was won by D. C. McLean of Saint John's Military Academy, the second by W. B. Twiss of New Bedford High School, third by R. F. Emerson, Wakefield High School.

The medals were presented by President Pritchett.

The following schools sent teams of two men: St. John's Military Academy, Lowell High School, New Bedford High School, Dorchester High School, Stoneham High School, Gloucester High School, Gardner High School, Rockland Military Academy, Mitchell's Boys' School, Lynn Classical High School, Hyde Park High School, Mound Beacon Military Academy, Fall River High School, Riverview Military Academy, Wakefield High School, Newton High School.

The schools which had men in the last group
of eight were: Saint John’s Military Academy, Lowell High School, two men; New Bedford High School, Riverview Military Academy, Wakefield High School, Newton High School, one man.

The records to date are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>School</th>
<th>Points</th>
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<tr>
<td>St. John’s Military Academy</td>
<td>21</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lowell High School</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>New Bedford High School</td>
<td>13</td>
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<td>Wakefield High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dorchester High School</td>
<td>5</td>
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<td>East Boston High School</td>
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<td>Brockton High School</td>
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<td>Newton High School</td>
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<td>Stoneham High School</td>
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<td>Gloucester High School</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Riverview Military Academy</td>
<td>1</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

There was a large crowd present not only of friends of the Tech Battalion, but also of rooters for the men competing. A very well made programme book with a cover designed by Kriegsman, '05, gave the full details of the evening’s contest.

**ORDER OF CEREMONIES AND DRILL.**

7:45 P.M.

Formation of Battalion

Adj. Edward A. Meade

Escort to the Colors,—Company C

Capt. Willard E. Simpson

Battalion Drill

Maj. Frank S. Elliott

First Competitive Prize Squad

Capt. Leonard W. Cronkhite

Wall Scaling Squad

Corp. R. N. Turner

Second Competitive Prize Squad

Capt. H. A. Wentworth

**GUARD MOUNT.**


Third Competitive Prize Squad

Capt. James N. Gladding

Battalion Review

Maj. Frank S. Elliott

**REVIEWING OFFICERS.**

Henry S. Pritchett, President M. I. T.; Lieut. Homer B. Grant, U. S. Coast Artillery; Lieut. Winthrop Alexander, Adjutant Cavalry Squadron M. V. M.; Lieut. E. Worcester, Battalion Adjutant 5th Reg. Inf., M. V. M.

Evening Parade and Awarding of Prizes


**JUDGES.**


Reception Committee

Lieut. Col. John S. Bridges, M. I. T.

The Freshman Battalion did better work than it ever has done before. Especially good was the battalion review. The wall scaling squad did some very fast work on the lower wall, but there was much delay in scaling the higher wall. Those doing guard duty did very effective work, and to them is much of the praise for the smoothness of the evening’s work to be given. Best of all, however, was the Tech band. It consisted of twenty pieces and was at last able to carry an intelligible air through a whole movement and do it well.

**The Society of Arts.**

The 40th annual meeting of the society will be held at the Institute, Walker Building, corner Boylston and Clarendon Streets, on Thursday, May 8, 1902, at 8 P.M.

Officers will be elected and reports of committees presented.

Dr. F. A. C. Perrine, president of the Stanley Electric Manufacturing Company, will address the society on “Success in Long Distance Power Transmissions.” Illustrated with stereopticon.

Members are requested to invite friends interested in the subject.

GEORGE V. WENDELL,

Secretary.

**ARTISTIC STAFF.**

Men wanted to hand in cartoons and cover designs, either with or without the idea of trying for the Artistic Staff.
CARTOONS FOR THE COMPETITIVE DRILL.
R. C. Grady, who played on the Freshman Football Team, and who left the Institute last fall, has successfully passed the examinations at Annapolis, and will enter this week.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad, through its passenger department, has presented to the civil engineering department a collection of eighty-one prints, showing interesting features of construction along the line of that road.

At the regular Wednesday drill there was a practice inspection as a preparation for the regular inspection, which is to be held next week. After this short drill a competition in the manual was conducted. There were two squads: a senior, which consisted of men who had drilled before coming to Tech, and a junior, in which only those who had never drilled before were admitted. About twenty men took part in the former and thirty in the latter. For each squad there was a gold medal for the first and a silver for the second prize. To purchase these an entrance fee of twenty-five cents was charged. Further notice will be given in next week's TECH.

Tech, '04 — 7; Tech, '05 — 6.

The Sophomores defeated the Freshmen last Saturday afternoon at the South End grounds by a score of 7 — 6. This game is the first of a series of three to be played by the lower-class men, and a good deal of interest was taken in it. The game was from the start a very close and exciting one, and the three hundred cheering classmates of the contestants, together with the Freshman Band, did much to add to the excitement of the afternoon's program. President Pritchett was present, and evidently enjoyed the game greatly.

Both of the teams played a very good game throughout, though the Sophomores played a slow game in the beginning of the sixth inning. This seemed the turning-point of the game, for after that the Sophomores woke up, and the Freshmen scored no more. Some very fine individual plays were made by Gray, Lang and Metcalf for the Sophomores, while the most noticeable playing on the Freshman side was done by Steinberg and Jewett.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>M. I. T. '04</th>
<th>M. I. T. '05</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gray, s.s.</td>
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<td>Lang, sb.</td>
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<td>Melch. sb.</td>
<td>4 3 3 0 0</td>
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<td>Simpson, c.f.</td>
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<td>Langley, c.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bates, f.f.</td>
<td>4 1 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandborn, p.</td>
<td>4 0 4 2 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>M. I. T. '04</th>
<th>M. I. T. '05</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gray, s.s.</td>
<td>ab. bh. po. a. e.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lang, sb.</td>
<td>4 4 4 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melch. sb.</td>
<td>4 4 4 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Card, sb.</td>
<td>4 4 4 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emerson, r.f.</td>
<td>4 4 4 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simpson, c.f.</td>
<td>4 4 4 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Langley, c.</td>
<td>4 4 4 0 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bates, f.f.</td>
<td>4 4 4 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandborn, p.</td>
<td>4 4 4 0 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Runs made by Gray, 2; Lang, Metcalf, Card, Simpson, Langley, Woods, Knowles, Steinberg, 2; Smith, Jewett. Two-base hits, Lang, 2, Metcalf, 2; Dean. Double-play, Gray and Lang. Umpire, V. R. Nettleton. Time, 1 h. 50 m.

After the game the enthusiastic Sophomores carried Lang around the bases, and then, getting possession of the Freshman Band, marched in a triumphal procession to the gym.

The Freshman Baseball Team played the Salem High School at Salem on Wednesday, April 30. The score was as follows:

S. H. S. 0 0 0 0 4 2 3 0 0 — 9
1905 0 0 2 0 0 1 0 0 3 — 6

The game was an excellent practice game, as four pitchers were tried out. It was clean and well played. The Freshmen lost because they were unable to bunch their hits.
Professor Allen Umpired.

By way of recuperation after the varied excesses of Junior Week, the '03 civil engineers indulged in an afternoon at the national game on Thursday, May 1. The basis of division was the manner of seating in the drawing-room, and after due consideration of the compass the east and west sides of said room were pitted against each other. Messrs. Howes and Drake acted as self-appointed captains of the nines respectively. Professor Allen, upon invitation, consented to perform the functions of umpire, and immediately telephoned down town for a rule book. In the days of his scintillation on the diamond the base-runner was "put out" by graciously hitting him with a thrown ball. The game was played at Franklin Field, called—any old time. As most of the fellows had not played ball for several years, and practice was prohibited, some phenomenal playing resulted. The scorer attempted to keep account of errors, but as he is not yet a finished candidate for suicide he wisely abandoned this plan and contented himself with recording runs. The playing was so universally remarkable that it is difficult to pick stars. Davis, however, gained immortal fame in his position in left field. Strange to relate, the decisions of the umpire stood without dispute—the pupils recognized the master and dared not question his knowledge of curves. It is due the umpire, however, to state that, with all other considerations demurely seated in the back pew, his decisions were entirely just and beyond the questioning of the noisy rabble (not Rubble—he didn't play). The victorious nine, the East Siders, being already in the lead, did not take their turn at the bat in the sixth inning.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EAST SIDERS</th>
<th>RUNS</th>
<th>WEST SIDERS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>V. I. Nettleton, 2b.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>H. C. Fish, p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. W. Howard, s.s.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. P. Mulherin, 1b.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>H. P. Drake, 2b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. H. Howes, p.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. M. Smith, 3b.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. S. Morse, 1f.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>F. W. Davis, s.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. G. Fogg, r.f.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>C. A. Bryan, c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. P. Nifeeker, c.f.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>W. W. Burnham, c.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. V. McMerrimen, c.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>C. J. Griffin, r.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Struck out by: Howes (5), Fish (1), Drake (1), Nettleton (1).
Innings pitched: Howes (1 and 2), Nettleton (3, 5 and 6), Smith (4), Fish (1, 2 and 3), Drake (4 and 5). Umpire, Prof. C. Frank Allen. Scorer, David D. Mohler, X. Mr. Breed was expected to officiate as "roofer" in his own original manner, but he failed to put in an appearance, and the fellows were obliged to forego the pleasure of his anecdotal presence.

Track Athletics.

The track men have been putting in their final work this week, before the meet. The work on the whole, when compared to that reported from Brown and Dartmouth, does not seem so very discouraging. Brown has entered a small team, but they are mostly unknown men, so that it is somewhat difficult to predict their chances. They seem to think they will win the bicycle race, and also do something worth counting in the sprints and distance runs.

Dartmouth has a large team entered, and will come down prepared to sweep everything before her. Maybe she will, but Tech has a few men entered, too. When they see H. S. Baker walking away with the half and the mile under his arm, Riley and Worchester carrying the two mile together, R. V. Brown and Boggs tearing up the sprints, Curtis going clear up to the clouds in the pole vault, and Winchester in the weights, well, maybe they'll sweep everything, but they will have some pretty good brooms to do it with.

The Freshman Band will attend the meet, and fill in when Tech isn't cheering.

Every Tech man should bring his flag, and cheer his team until he is hoarse; he won't have any team to be ashamed of this year.

On account of an injury to his leg, it is possible that Captain Baker will be unable to run next Saturday.
Cross-country.
On Saturday the new Cross-country Association held its first handicap run.

The president of the association, Mr. F. H. Hunter, had chosen with considerable care an eight-mile course, starting and finishing at the corner of Bellevue and Rutledge Streets, Highland Station, in West Roxbury. From the start red flags marked the course past West Roxbury Station, and by field and woodpaths to the base of Bald Pate, thence by alternate stretches of roads and grassy fields back to Highland.

Ten men completed the run in excellent condition. One, who had not been over the course, found it too difficult for the allotted time.

E. L. Ovington easily took first place, passing the earlier starters and finishing with a good lead over his would-be companion.

F. H. Hunter seems to have been making some far-sighted calculations, for he surprised every one, took second place, and next to Ovington covered the distance in least time. K. D. Jewett finished strong in third place.

Ovington made by far the best time, covering the eight miles in 54 minutes, 25 seconds. Hunter, Haynes, Jewett, Frazer and Palmer had about equal times, all being desirous of the time prize—the letters, etc.

The race as a whole was somewhat overshadowed by the nearness of the Triangular Meet, many of the prominent runners of the association being in training for other distances at the coming games.

The following men finished in order:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Handicap</th>
<th>Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E. L. Ovington</td>
<td>2 min.</td>
<td>54 min. 25 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. H. Hunter</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>55 47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. D. Jewett</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>56 42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. C. Hammond</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>57 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. P. Palmer</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>57 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. R. Haynes</td>
<td>Scratch</td>
<td>56 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. J. Frazer</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>56 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O. P. Scudder</td>
<td>1 min.</td>
<td>59 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. C. Richardson</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1 h. 3 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. L. Edes</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1 h. 5 22</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


This finishes cross-country work for the spring. The coming fall pleasure runs or hare and hound chases will be resumed and teams chosen to meet representatives from other colleges in cross-country races.

For years The Lounger has talked about professors, about instructors, about Engineering Alley, about co-eds and other equally interesting subjects. His life has not been easy, for it is hard to be truthful. Many times he has been asked why he did not turn the powerful limelight of his stupendous reasoning powers on himself instead of upon the luckless victims of his fevered imagination. Accordingly he has prepared a little paper for publication, which he begs to present in the first personal with the title:

The Secret of My Success, or Why I am Not at Harvard.

Like all great men, I was born in a log cabin. The log of the cabin in which I was born must have been zero, for it was too little for such a great mind. Well, never mind. My abode was only a rough bark-covered hut, papered inside with wrapping paper. Many a night I was kept awake not only by the bark, which is a stale joke, but also by a peculiar noise as of ghosts rapping. I came to the conclusion that it was only the wrapping paper. I tell you I did not get my share of the pleasures of this life. The ploughshare was all I got. After my work in the fields was completed for the day, I studied at night by the light of a few fireflies connected in series. This light, I afterwards learned at Tech, is only the luminescent phosphorescence of obscure luminiferous ether waves. But the firefly lives through it all. I used to sell my shoes and stockings and go barefoot, so that I might buy some freehand letter-plates, so that I could the better pass my entrance examinations. I am convinced that the secret of all great men's success, including my own, is work. Take the great corporation leaders, for instance. Think of the thousands of people who are working for them! After passing the entrance examinations, the next thing I learned to do was to pass the Brunswick Exchange—without going in. Farm life had made me so shrewd that when I went to the co-op. to spend a few cents on books at publisher's + author's + co-op. prices, the girls from the Latin School used to yell at me:

"There goes the terror of the co-op.; the only man who ever looked inside a book to see if a page was missing! Three times three divided by the square root of pie for the terror of the co-op."

But why dwell longer on these pleasant memories? In closing, let me say again, if I have not made myself sufficiently clear, that the secret of success is work—either your own or somebody else's.
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