



THE TECH

November 6

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Vol. 22



No. 5

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THE TECH

VOL. XXII.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 6, 1902.

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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.

All communications with the Alumni Department should be addressed to the Alumni Editor.

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TECH SONG-BOOK.

THE Tech Song-Book — where is it? Apparently the long-felt need for Tech songs reached its climax last year, when the frequent student gatherings at “Smokers” brought the matter forcibly home. President Pritchett suggested a song-book, THE TECH ventured an editorial on the subject, and committees were appointed from each class to act jointly in selecting a Book Committee. But here is another editorial on the subject and the song-book is still among the missing. We should commence work on this matter at once if we are to enjoy its benefits before this year is past.

WHERE IS THE ENTHUSIASM?

IT has always been the habit of students of other colleges to point at Tech in derision, and say: “There is your ideal college spirit.” Last year at Field Day we showed them that there was a very different kind of spirit in Tech, and that it needed but a little to bring us out of our seeming apathy. But Tech seems to have no idea of repeating the lesson. Field Day is only a few days away, and neither of the classes interested has, up to the date of writing, shown more than a passing interest in the great Tech event of the year.

Last Friday only four Sophomores reported for practice with their football team — truly a fine show of interest! But one cannot expect the teams to work faithfully if they do not feel that their whole classes are behind them in their efforts. What has been done by either class to arouse a bit of enthusiasm? Nothing. Is there any rivalry between 1905 and 1906? None at all. How, then, can we expect a successful Field Day?

The Sophomores seem perfectly content to rest on the laurels won last year, and the Freshmen are just as willing to wait until next year for theirs. It is, on the whole, an excellent example of “After you, my dear Alphonse!” Has no one in either class a little push? Can no one start the ball rolling? When once the class feeling is thoroughly aroused, when once the Freshman says: “There’s a Soph, let us eat him!” and the Soph, at sight of a Freshman, cries: “A Freshie! ’raus mit ihm!” then, and not until then, will Field Day be the success we all long for.

M. I. T., '06,—0; Harvard, '06,—29.

The M. I. T. Freshman Football Team was outclassed in its game with Harvard '06, at Soldiers' Field, Wednesday, Oct. 29, and was defeated 29 to 0. Harvard had a decided advantage, both in weight and team work, and the result was never in doubt. The game, however, served to show the relative merits of the local team, and give a line on her prospects for the coming Field Day.

On the whole, her defense was weak, especially in smashing interference and breaking up end runs, while her offense, considering the odds, was good. The backs showed up strong, occasionally skirting the ends for substantial gains, and hurdling the line with success. The general team work, however, was poor, and the fumbling bad, one at least of Harvard's touchdowns being directly the result of this weakness. The linemen, while at times doing exceptionally well, were erratic, and showed lack of thorough coaching.

Van Amringe, Knapp and Captain Williams deserve mention for their work, the former, especially, for his line-bucking and heady end-running, his one run of thirty-five yards nearly opening the field for a touchdown.

LINE-UP.

| M. I. T., '06. | HARVARD, '06. |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Redding, r. e. | Whitman, r. e. |
| Williams, r. t. | Gill, } r. t. |
| Armstrong, } r. g. | Kerr, } |
| Knapp, } | Pell, r. g. |
| Bretzke, c. | Sloane, c. |
| Henderson, l. g. | Carrick, } l. g. |
| Scannell, l. t. | Frye, } |
| Taylor, } l. e. | Paul, l. t. |
| Talbot, } q. b. | Wilder, } l. e. |
| Smith, } | Griffin, } |
| Van Amringe, r. h. b. | Metcalf, q. b. |
| Kelly, l. h. b. | Taylor, } r. h. b. |
| Geist, } f. b. | Hodges, } |
| Knapp, } | Nichols, } l. h. b. |
| | Mian, } |
| | Hogg, f. b. |

The Technology Review.

The *Technology Review* for October is replete with intensely interesting matter. The leading article is a sketch of the life of Prof. William Harmon Niles, by Prof. George H. Barton; "The Service of Science to the University, and the Response of the University to that Service," by President Pritchett; an illustrated account of "The Ascent of Fujii by the Institute Party," by Mr. R. H. Lawrence; "The United States Geological Survey," by Mr. F. H. Newell, '85, and a short description of the Augustus Lowell Laboratory of Electrical Engineering are among the subjects treated in this issue. An explanation of a new method inaugurated by the English Department in "theme" work should be read by upper-class men, who until now were probably unaware of the innovation. The system is one of "criticism of themes by students." Although simple, it is certainly an ingenious way in which to interest students in this not over-popular work. The majority of Tech men refuse to be convinced of the broadening effects of work in the English courses. It seems that Professor Bates and his assistants have taken the bull by the horns, and are opening the eyes of the students "whether they will or no," and unless all signs fail, they will be successful.

But the best way to know what is in the *Review* is to read it yourself — first shelf to the right, Rogers Library.

(With apologies to the "Sapolio Ads.")

Good for the Detective of Technology-ville!
 He detected a TECH on the window-sill,
 And never ready a red to lose,
 He took THE TECH, and read the news.
 He'd wreck THE TECH by having it lent,
 He'd skin a skunk to save a cent.
 And how can we punish this little pinchbeck?
 We'll quietly whisper—

"SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TECH."

The Fall Meet.

The Annual Fall Handicap Meet of the Tech Athletic Association was run off last Saturday at Tuff's oval. On account of an unexpected delay in starting, only ten events were run off; the 220-yard low hurdle, shot-put and discus-throw being postponed.

The star of the meet was Capt. George A. Curtis, '04. K. Tsuruta, a Japanese student, did fine work in the mile, finishing first after making one of the pluckiest runs of the day.

The judges were S. Gunn, '04, and W. Tufts, '05; starter, J. F. Mahan; timer, T. E. Jewett, '05.

The summary:

100-YARD DASH.

First heat won by C. F. Northrup, '06 (7 yards).
 Second heat won by E. R. Haynes, '04 (3 yards).
 Third heat won by E. T. Steele, '04 (4 yards).
 Fourth heat won by J. F. Ancona, '03 (5 yards).
 Fifth heat won by E. J. Hurley, '04 (4 yards).

FINALS.

Won by C. F. Northrup, '06.
 Second. C. R. Haynes, '04.
 Third. E. J. Hurley, '04.
 Time, 10, 3-5 sec.

ONE-MILE RUN.

Won by K. Tsuruta, '05 (80 yards).
 Second, F. B. Riley, '05 (scratch).
 Third, S. W. Sprague, '05 (45 yards).
 Time, 4 min. 56 sec.

RUNNING HIGH JUMPS.

Won by R. F. Farrington, '05 (6 inches).
 Second, G. A. Curtis, '04 (scratch).
 Third, C. R. Burleigh, '06, (3 inches).
 Height, 5 ft., 7½ inches.

120-YARD HIGH HURDLES.

First heat won by R. D. Emerson, '05 (5 yards).
 Second heat won by C. F. Haynes, '04 (scratch).

FINALS.

Won by R. D. Emerson, '05.
 Second, C. R. Haynes, '04.
 Time, 18 sec.

ONE-HALF-MILE RUN.

Won by R. P. Nichols, '05 (scratch).
 Second, E. L. Wilson, '06 (scratch).
 Third, H. H. Nelson, Jr., '05 (20 yards).
 Time, 2 min. 15 sec.

TWO-MILE RUN.

Won by R. H. Burke, '05 (40 yards).
 Second, E. H. Lorenz, '05 (70 yards).
 Third, F. B. Riley, '05 (scratch).
 Time, 10 min. 34 sec.

220-YARD RUN.

First heat:

Won by W. B. Boggs, '04.
 Second, C. F. Northrup, '06.
 Third, C. R. Haynes, '04.

Second heat:

Won by R. D. Emerson, '05.
 Second, T. E. Jewett, '05.
 Third, J. F. Ancona, '03.

FINALS.

Won by R. D. Emerson, '05.
 Second, T. E. Jewett, '05.
 Third, C. R. Haynes, '04.
 Time, 25 sec.

QUARTER-MILE RUN.

Won by E. T. Steele, '05.
 Second, H. L. Williams, '06.
 Third, E. J. Hurley, '04.
 Time, 58 sec.

HAMMER-THROW.

Won by B. E. Lindsley, '05.
 Second, H. S. Kendall, '04.
 Distance, 103 feet.

POLE-VAULT.

Won by C. R. Burleigh, '06 (1 foot 6 inches).
 Second, George A. Curtis, '04 (scratch).
 Height, 10 feet 1 inch.

Sophomore Football.

The 1905 football squad is still too small. Men should come out now and give the team a better scrub to play against. With next week's practice the team is supposed to be ready for its final game, and it is the duty of every man to come out and do his share.

A Chapter from Sherlock Combs.

BY OLEOMARGARINE W. GLUCOSE.

"Are you listening, Watson?"

Sherlock Combs languidly arose from the step-ladder upon which he had been reclining, and stepped to the little cabinet in a corner of the room, which was circular in shape. As he took out his hypodermic syringe, I could see on his face that same old sharp expression which always denoted that he was on the edge of another mystery which would have baffled any ordinary jack-ass. After delicately adjusting the apparatus, he jabbed it into his left arm, and injected about a pound of axle-grease. I could now account for the extraordinary nerve-force of this wonderful man, and why it was that everything ran so smoothly with him. It was undoubtedly the axle-grease.

"I am," said I, well knowing that if I said too much, and did not give Sherlock Combs the chance to do all the detecting, Dr. A. Conan Doyle would not for a minute give me a place in the book.

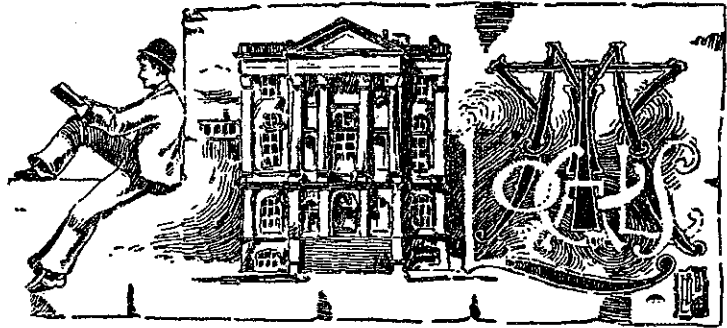
Sherlock Combs looked at me for the first time. "Ah!" said he, "I see you shaved this week." Amazed at his wonderful perspicuity, I remained silent. "There is a nick in your razor five-sixteenths of an inch from the end," continued he. "How do you know," said I, remembering that I had myself put the nick in that very place to see if he would find it out. The powers of discernment of Sherlock Combs were developed almost to a point of supernaturalness. "How do you know," repeated I, still more perplexed. At this the great detective calmly walked up to me, and pulling the solitary whisker from my chin, remarked:

"This whisker is five-sixteenths of an inch from the corner of your lip, and it is reasonable to suppose that the end of your razor was at the corner of your lip when you shove."

I was about to speak, when the author placed his hand over my mouth.

"You see," resumed Combs, "the nick came at the same place as the hair, and therefore did not cut it. And besides," said he, as his face lighted up, "I borrowed the razor and saw the nick."

I could see that all these facts and questions were only preliminary to his telling me the details of a new mystery, more difficult than all that had gone before. But Dr. Doyle had not yet paid me for sitting in the last chapter and listening to Combs, so I left the room.



McConnell, '05, who has been ill with typhoid fever, has returned to his work at the Institute.

J. R. Jones defeated A. H. Langley in the finals of the Tennis Tournament with a score of 6,4 — 1,6 — 6,4 — 0,6 — 6,4.

Mr. Truman Bartlett is back in Boston for the winter, and is preparing for his courses in modelling and art analytics.

Mr. P. H. Hogan, chief engineer at M.I.T., is giving a series of lectures on "The Steam Engine," at Lawrence, Mass.

The new office of the Y. M. C. A. in Engineering B is another sign of the renewed energy infused into this society at Tech.

The men in charge of the Tech Show have selected a piece, and negotiations are under way to make the play equal those of former years.

The Tech Fencing Association have secured the services of Prof. Lucien Fournon to instruct them in fencing, and it is expected that a very good team will be the result.

The Institute students residing at the Technology Chambers will give a faculty reception Monday afternoon, Nov. 10, from 4.30 until 6, at the Technology Chambers, Irvington and St. Botolph Streets. The matrons will be Mrs. Henry S. Pritchett and Mrs. Francis W. Chandler.

Football practice in the two lower classes goes well. Mr. Harry Ball has been retained as coach by '06, and Messrs. E. R. Perry and L. B. Smith have been secured by '05. Mr. Ball was a half-back on Brown Varsity. Mr. Perry captained Harvard Law last year and Northwestern for two years.

Mrs. King suggests that one way in which to facilitate matters in the lunch-room is for the students to take pains to be provided with change; i.e., do not go to the lunch-room to break your ten-dollar bills — for hash.

The Advisory Council passed a rule last week that no undergraduate should be allowed to take part in any intercollegiate contest without first submitting to a physical examination by a competent physician.

A mistake was made last week in the announcement by the Election Committee of 1905. Mr. T. E. Jewett was elected to the Board of Directors instead of Mr. H. L. Whitney, and Mr. F. M. Carhart was elected to the Institute Committee instead of Mr. Jewett.

The Electrical Engineering Society will hold, in the form of a "Smoker," a reception to its new members from the Junior class on Friday evening at the Technology Club. Professor Miller will be the speaker of the evening. On Saturday afternoon the society will visit the Watertown Arsenal, leaving Walker steps at 1.30 P.M.

The Technology Club gave a reception Oct. 29 to the college graduates attending the Institute. There were about 250 present, including nearly 40 of the instructing staff. In the absence of President Munroe, Professor Sedgwick welcomed them, and cordially invited them to become members of the club, to which they are eligible. Dr. Pritchett made a short and interesting address.

Dean Burton addressed the Civil Engineering Society Monday afternoon on "The Civil Engineering Summer School at Ellsworth, Me." The talk was illustrated with the stereopticon. A large number of new members were elected to the society, and several new names were proposed. Resolutions were passed on the death of Eliot Granger, '04, a member of the Executive Committee of the society.

The Mining Engineering Society held its first meeting of the year on Oct. 27. Professor Richards spoke of his tour, and showed lantern slides of last summer's school, recalling many pleasing incidents. He then showed slides and gave explanations of Colorado mines and mills, also the Lake Superior iron and copper mines. Seventy-five were present, including Dean Burton, Professor Barton, Professor Fay and Mr. Locke. The meeting adjourned to the Technology Club, where a lunch was served.

The following men are entitled to wear the H T H for last year's running:

1902.— W. L. Wetmore.

1903.— K. W. Endres, C. M. Hardenbergh, O. P. Scudder, W. H. Adams.

1904.— M. C. Richardson, G. P. Palmer, H. M. Flynn, E. L. Ovington.

1905.— C. L. Dean.

C T C: S. T. Worcester, H. F. Peaslee, F. B. Riley, C. M. Hardenbergh, C. J. Frazer, E. L. Ovington.

Eliot Granger, 1904.

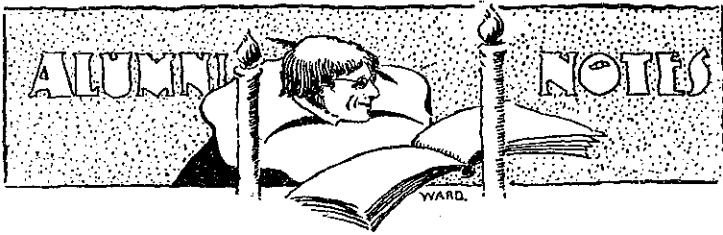
Eliot Granger, '04, of Course I., died at the Massachusetts General Hospital Saturday, Nov. 1, from the effects of complications setting in as the result of an operation for appendicitis about two weeks ago. He was buried Monday at two o'clock from his home, 18 Center Street, Roxbury.

* * *

Resolutions of the Civil Engineering Society of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology upon the death of a member, Eliot Granger.

WHEREAS, the Society mourns the loss of an honored active member, Eliot Granger, one who was respected by all and honored most by those who knew him best, be it therefore,

RESOLVED that the Society desires to offer this slight tribute to a manly character, and to extend to the parents of Eliot Granger, the condolence and sympathy of the young men who worked with him.



'92. W. R. Kendall, VI., of the firm of Weeks, Kendall & Newkirk, consulting engineers.

'92. W. M. Newkirk, II., of the firm of Weeks, Kendall & Newkirk, consulting engineers.

'93. William B. Page and Miss Mary Huse of Newburyport have recently announced their engagement.

'93. William A. Tucker, II., former assistant to Professor Richards, has resigned his position of last year as instructor in ore dressing and mining at the Michigan College of Mining, to accept one with the International Aluminum Reduction Company of Providence, R. I.

'94. Frederick M. Mann, Course IV., has been made professor of architecture at Washington University. The course is a new one, and Mr. Mann has received a high compliment in being invited to take charge of it.

'01. The announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Grace Madeleine Adams, of Auburndale, to Albert Willis Higgins, Secretary of the class of 1901, who has just accepted the position of Superintending Engineer of the National Ammonia Company, St. Louis, Mo.

'01. Archibald Wilson is Heating and Ventilating Draughtsman for the government at Washington.

'02. C. E. McCarthy is with the Fairbank's Scale Company, Boston.

'02. Louis S. Cates, III., is at present with the National Steel and Wire Company of New Haven, Conn.

'02. F. B. Galaher is with the Fuller and Warren Company of this city.

'02. Chester Wells is on the Water Works at Philadelphia.

'02. W. H. Willison is with the Hancock Inspirator Company.

'02. Wilbur Vatter is with the Bell Telephone Company, Boston.

'02. A. W. Allyn is with the Carnegie Steel Works, Pittsburg.

'02. Francis D. Avery, I., is transitman for the City of Gloucester.

'02. Howard Baetjer, I., is with the American Bridge Company at Pencoyd, Pa.

'02. Edith A. Beckler, VII., is teaching in the Berlin High School, Berlin, N. H.

'02. Norman E. Borden, II., is with the Draper Company at Hopedale, Mass.

'02. Bernard W. Capen, VI., is in the Engineering Department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Boston.

'02. H. M. Chapman is at Sidney, Cape Breton, Canada, with the Dominion Iron and Steel Company.

'02. A. R. Childs is employed as draughtsman for the New England Granite Works of Westerly, R. I.

'02. William A. Durgin, VI., is with Messrs. Stone and Webster, electrical experts and engineers, Boston.

'02. Robert S. Edwards is with the Rockland and Rockport Lime Company of Rockland, Me.

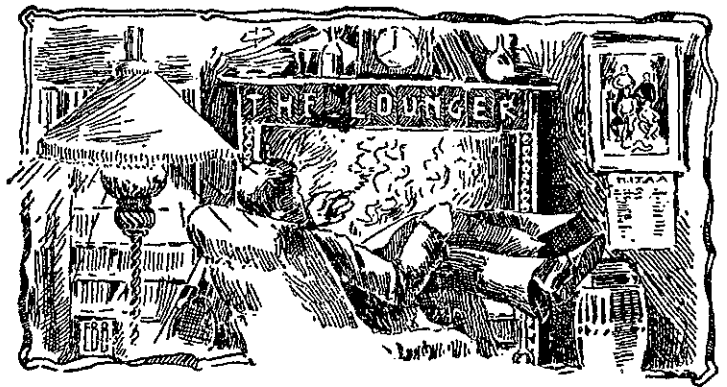
'02. Kenneth Lockett, II., is a mechanical engineer with the Ft. Wayne Foundry and Machine Company, Chicago.

'02. Norman E. Borden, II., 55 Jackson Street, Lawrence, Mass., is a draughtsman in the Mechanical Engineering Department of the Pacific Mills at Lawrence.



Madame Duse's Francesca seemed to me almost to justify her reputation and her enthusiastic reception by Boston dramatic critics. The play is simple, straightforward and lively, and the text in many places, poetry. The stage setting, — especially of Francesca's chamber, — was a brilliant series of pictures of medieval Italian life, — too lovely, in fact, to be marred as it was by the absurd red incandescent bulb which had to represent the terrible flaming torch of Francesca's apostrophe, and by the preposterous arrows which Paolo could not shoot his own length away. The costumes of the period, — one of the most gorgeous in the history of dress, were effective especially in the scene where the merchant overhauls in Francesca's room his pack of gay brocades. In the acting, too, there were unfortunate slips; e.g., in the performance I saw, Gianciotto forgot for a short time that he was lame, and afterward limped elaborately, in atonement. The killing in the last act, also, was feebly unreal. As a whole, however, the acting was remarkable. Italians gesticulate so spontaneously that, though sometimes inappropriate, their gestures are never stiff. S. Galoani has such a superb voice and did the part of Ostasio so well that it was a pity his character so suddenly dropped from the story. S. Mazzanti was perfect both as Ser Toldo, and as the merchant. S. Rosaspina as Gianciotto, was easily the best male part; Madame Duse herself, though her voice is not pleasant, has grace and beauty of physique, subtle expression, and a sad, sometimes beautiful face. Her Francesca was so simply complete that even afterward you could n't tell how it was done. Its most conspicuous virtue, it seems to me, — a virtue which marked the whole performance, — was quietude and sureness and reserved force. The play remains in the mind as a wonderfully delicate rendering of a fiercely tragic masterpiece.

The Theatregoer.



Halloween, like Christmas, the poll tax, or an F F in military science, never comes but once a year. There is only a single point in the ethereal orbit of the earth where Halloween can properly occur, and we are constrained to wait until our planet has crawled up to that particular spot, marked by a meteoric apple hanging from a comet's hair, before we can throw off the myriad mundane cares and troubles of the other 364 days (make correction for leap-year increment), the valve gear, as it were, of life, and with unrestrained fervor, can duly honor and glorify the entire calendar of holy saints, by wallowing with our heads in a tub of cold water, or gaping aggressively at a dangling apple. An apple! What deep significance attaches to this innocent fruit! It is made the *Casus Belli* in the opening scene of our racial existence. Behold it temptingly displayed in the most conspicuous portion of that world renowned Forest Preserve, round, red, shining from recent contact with Mephisto's coat-sleeve. How irresistibly it lures Madame on. It is wrong, she knows, but she must buy one, — One? Two, — one for herself and one to take home to Monsieur. Poor, dear Monsieur; how he will enjoy a good wicked apple. And then, as Madame strolls along some Paradise Alley toward her Adam's house, her weak woman's soul is filled with a craving for the knowledge of evil. (N. B. Latin, *Malum*, meaning *Evil*, or *Apple*; synonomous terms, viz.: — in the present day *Appl*—ied; the *Supreme Evil*, and *Ch*—apple, originally *Punch-apple* or *Punch Evil*, the *Pun* having been suppressed upon protest of THE LOUNGER that it was Bruns—wicked. For full discussion of this point, consult Woodbridge's Notes on Ventilation, pp, 7156-8820 of the Religio-Comic Supplement) Madame tastes, she munches, she cleans each small white morsel from the core, and now — a direful tale — with an appetite like a forest fire, she seizes the other apple, and forgetting that it is Monsieur's swallows it whole. Alas, Alas! it would not pass her slender neck. Most miserable fate, most execrable fruit, from that day forth to be the torture of all hearing husbands, — the Adam's apple in the woman's throat.

Such painful associations as these, which are inseparably associated in THE LOUNGER'S intellect with the

word "apple," necessarily prevented him from indulging in the customary *Jeus des Pommes* of Halloween. He therefore sought the seclusion of his sanctum, and, under the soothing influence of a cubeb and a drachm of good old Cochituate punch, allowed himself to fall into a mildly meditative mood. Among other things, he reviewed the broad field of Philosophy, Plato, Epicurius, Marcus Aurelius and Spinoza, and they seemed to him to be good; and then he thought of Kant, and of how there was no such word in the bright Hexagon of youth, and he determined to write a philosophy himself — a critique of pure wit and wisdom. Now THE LOUNGER is, personally, a wit; wisdom is unremunerative. Moreover there are two branches of wit: jokes, and puns. THE LOUNGER refuses to consider puns — they are too sacred. Again there are two classes of jokes: historic jokes, which are periodic, and prehistoric jokes, which are pathetic. Examples of historic or periodic jokes are: *Technique* grinds and Blachstein's Class-room Favorites. Examples of prehistoric jokes are: the Walker Building, the co-eds. and the rest of the *Technique* grinds. THE LOUNGER, by the way, is a special kind of joke by himself.

The oldest joke that has come to THE LOUNGER's notice is the late lamented "Go way back and sit down." This *bon mot* is of Egyptian origin, and was discovered upon a small tablet taken from the pocket of Rameses II., by Dr. Samuel Johnson, who translated the hieroglyphics as follows: "Kindly invest yourself with the acquisites of unmodified posteriority, and assume an attitude of semi-recumbent quiescence."

This translation was never wholly popular, owing, perhaps, to its unwieldy form, until it was put into the present concise phraseology by Professor B-t-s.



Don't talk shop. THE LOUNGER begs you not to so misconstrue his meaning as to suppose that he refers to the "Mechanical Laboratories on Garrison Street" (see Catalogue 14 — pardon the desecration). THE LOUNGER means just what he says — don't talk shop. Shop — it is a very little word, but as this idea of "don't talk shop" throbs in the upper extremity of THE LOUNGER's corporeality as he soars upward in his sense of duty to his fellow fellows, "shop" becomes to him fraught with globe-girdling significance, and such things as Mac's, hash and Gaston College Clubs dwindle, and seem as small as the returns on a co-op. ticket. If THE LOUNGER were advocating attendance at chapel, explanation would be superfluous; but the cause why of this outburst may not be so apparent. As quietly as possible THE LOUNGER will give you the tip. He caught an assistant "talking shop." Awful! An assistant, just think of it! and "talking shop." Fitting, yet fearful combination. THE LOUNGER was lounging in an electric when he heard "Physics." His heart valves

flapped. "Kinetic." Ye gods and Janitor John! THE LOUNGER pricked up his ears (he didn't bock) and oriented. There HE (said assistant) was, with a SHE. Bright fires lapped about his asbestos eyes as he spread the pages of science at the feet of SHE. Meanwhile the electric bumped and THE LOUNGER rubb — elongated. "Potential" — SHE nodded — "molecules" — SHE sighed — "physics" again — SHE examined a car card — "energy" — "yes" — "force" — "yes" — "heat" — "yes," with another nod. THE LOUNGER broke — not the assistant's head — just BROKE, and fled from the car. Selah! Don't talk shop. THE LOUNGER advises, he does not insist; but as Professor Swan has said: "A word to the wise is sufficient. If I have to repeat a thing six times, what does that imply?"



THE LOUNGER begs to submit, for the benefit of his protegés, the Freshmen, and others, the following original proverbial gems:

To be on the safe side, regard every compliment you get either as sarcasm, or an unground axe.

Some people's idea of generosity is to open the dullest blade of a knife for you, when you ask to borrow theirs.

It is a matter for reflection why every pretty girl looks into every shop window, even an empty one, as she goes by.

"If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride," — but often on mighty mean, lean, lanky, mounts.

It is better to have a lump in your throat, than a lump in your heart.

Notice to Instructors!

The *Technique '04* Board requests the members of the instructing staff to begin on their witty remarks in the classroom as soon as possible, in order to avoid the inevitable rush which is otherwise bound to occur. In this way, the Board will be able to handle the large influx of grinds much more intelligently and systematically. It would facilitate matters, also, if each instructor would submit a list of the *bons mots* he has prepared, together with a schedule of dates on which they are to be exploded. Knowing the time and place, the Board can then send to the spot a reporter and an interpreter.