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TECHNOLOGISTS of some colleges have complained of the fact that a great majority of their instructors are from among their own alumni, and that this plan of taking back members of graduating classes, retaining them as assistants, and promoting them to be instructors, tends towards a non-progressive management of affairs, — a continuing in the methods of instruction adopted for former classes, without the infusion of such new ideas as would be gained by securing graduates of other institutions; for it is evident that by the association, in any college, of men who have studied under different systems of instruction, the relative merits of each system would be compared, and the best consistent principles of each selected as an improved standard for that college.

At the Institute this complaint is sometimes heard; it would seem at first to be well founded, for the last catalogue shows that three fourths of the officers of instruction, excepting the professors, are Institute graduates, and this proportion may be considered large for an institution whose first alumni were sent out less than twenty years ago. At some older colleges, practically all the officers of instruction are also alumni, and this may be the case with us before many years, as the Institute and its corps of instructors grow larger.

But there is a circumstance in regard to our graduate instructors which might escape notice; that is, that many of them, especially in the engineering courses, have spent some time after graduating in the practice of their professions, returning with much valuable experience from outside sources. Such experience may be continued, during their connection with the Institute, by outside professional work of construction or consultation, and can readily be applied in the methods of instruction of the Institute,—methods which have, in many cases, been improved through years, but which are still open to changes for the better. This combination of new ideas with old and tried customs, by men who understand both, is certainly a correct and an excellent arrangement for a scientific institution like our own. It is not so necessary in the case of mathematics or some literary or scientific studies considered alone, but in the application of these studies. The certificate or degree conferred by the Institute should show, and does show, not only a course of professional study, but a course adapted, as far as possible, to the professional problems of ordinary occurrence, by men whose experience has taught them what those problems are.
LAST year a vague rumor was in circulation that a restaurant was to be established in the immediate vicinity of our buildings; it was soon disproved, however, and, as before, the weary Tech trudged down town for his noonday meal. Nor is there any immediate possibility of a good eating-house in this neighborhood; for, while the students of the Institute and adjacent schools would furnish a thriving business eight months of the year, very little support could be derived in the four months of summer, from this neighborhood.

Now, although, according to the catalogue, a recess of an hour and a quarter is allowed for dinner, enough work is laid out to keep us busy during that interval; and as many do not feel like taking so much time from their work as it requires to walk a mile or more to a restaurant, it would seem as though the Faculty might offer a little assistance in this matter. A few years ago, when the old gymnasium occupied the position of the present new building, the catalogue used to announce that good board could be obtained at the Institute restaurant. The Faculty has apparently now lost all interest in our convenience, since this statement is no longer made. If one of the vacant rooms in the basement of the new building could be fitted up as a restaurant, where simple lunches could be obtained at a reasonable rate, it would certainly prove a great accommodation to all, and a great saving of time. Doubtless, with some inducement, a caterer might be found who would undertake such a scheme.

WHAT course are you going to take next year? This is the question of the hour with the majority of the freshmen class, and a difficult question it is, and one on which too much thought cannot be put. The first thing to be considered in deciding this question is this,—what studies is the student most fond of, and what is his natural bent? During the first year at the Institute a student is supposed to discover in what direction his talents lie; but how many finish their first year without finding this out! How many there are who, unable to make up their minds, take up some course for which they have little or no taste, either because they hear there is a good opening in that direction, or else to comply with the wishes of their parents or friends. And what is the result? What must be the result? Either they fail, or else they just manage "to skin through" (to use a slang but expressive phrase), and enter the world prepared for some profession for which they have no love. And will they succeed, you ask? No! They may manage to make a living, but no man ever did, will or can make a perfect success in life in a calling in which he is not thoroughly interested.

Thus we see what an important step this choosing of a course is, and one also which can be rightly taken by no one except the student himself. In these days when every branch is crowded to overflowing, a young man can not fit himself too well for whatever he is going to do. The men who make the greatest success now a days are those who know how to do one thing better than any one else. Such men are always in demand. To be sure, all knowledge is of use, sooner or later, but the age in which we live is a practical one, and the man who will have the most success on the stage of life is the one who chooses a part suited to his ability and learns it thoroughly.

AS the time of the Senior ball approaches, it is to be hoped that the affair will prove as great a success as before. To insure this, the principal features of the occasion, that is, the Seniors, ought certainly to appear in full force. The class of '83 only presented a half-dozen men at their ball, while, last year, '84 went one better. This might be excused by the rarity of Seniors here, but that is the only excuse. But really, when the three lower classes tender this graceful compliment to the graduating class, the recipients should acknowledge it at least by being present.
THE TECH.

Casuistry.
Singeth Philomel,
But that her heart is full?
Waxeth roses' smell,
Save to entreat you,—“Call”?
Sparkleth amber wine,
But that its soul is chaste?
Smelleth it divine,
Save to persuade you—“Taste”?

J. G. H.

Repoussé Work.

The present generation of young ladies has been much given to the decorative art craze. From the days of their childhood, when their souls were enthralled with decalcomania, they have taken up successively every art mania which has appeared. Pottery painting and Kensing-
ton stitch, wood carving, appliqué patchwork, and macramé lace, have each had their day; while the last epidemic seems to be repoussé work in brass. I will suggest just here that the average young lady's success in most of these ventures may be summed up in her own words: “Appliqué,” I have applied myself; “Macramé,” I have got tangled up in knots; “Repoussé,” I am beaten back and crushed.

The repoussé work deserves consideration. So many young ladies beat the blatant brass now, that you can hardly make a call without having your ears as much dinned on approaching the house as if you were going into a boiler shop, and your call is marred by the sounds made by the younger brothers, who take their turn at the repoussé tools, while their sister is out of sight. You are shown trays and candlesticks, all beaten out of brass by fair hands, and your wonder is great until it appears that these things all have to be “made up” in Boston; that the difference in repoussé work “before and after” making up, is as great as in a patent medicine advertisement, and also, that it usually costs more to get the thing “made up” than it would to buy a similar article outright.

Now all this household art, this “beautifying the home,” is a step in the right direction and should be encouraged, not laughed at. But the trouble is that the young ladies don’t carry it quite far enough. They are too much confined to the sheet brass and the “maker up.” The result is that their efforts produce bits of bric-a-brac, charming in themselves, but wholly without integral connection with the house furnish-
ing,—that intimate and necessary connection which lies at the bottom of all true decorative art. We shall never have genuine success in household art in America, until we impress some artistic feeling on the common utensils of daily use. What we want is not a plaque to hang up in awe and reverence on the parlor wall, but some appropriate black and tan sketches on the family bean-pot. Brass is not the only metal that can be repousséed. The menial tin yields readily to the advances of the outline tool and the hammer. Let the young ladies there-

To make the suggestion clearer, I will end by telling of some of my own experiments. My first attempt was to decorate the bowl of the big soup ladle. I thought that if I sketched a map of the western hemisphere on the outside and a map of the circumpolar constellations on the inside of the bowl, it would afford pleasant topics for conversation at the dinner-table, and would instruct my young brother in geography and astronomy. But as I was putting in the Gulf of Mexico with a quarter-inch gauge, my mother...
saw what I was about, and I found that my idea was not appreciated.

My next effort was a greater success; I got the cover of a lard pail and with a bradawl and a sharp nail or two, repousséed a bas-relief of Don Quixote in full armor, with his famous helmet on his head. I was so well pleased with the result that I tied a ribbon round it and sent it to a young lady who is much given to repoussé work. I inclosed the following lines, which I meant as a suggestion, but which she took as a joke:—

That rare knight errant, Don Quixote,
By his fine imagination,
Made the helmet of Mambrino,
From a battered barber's basin.

So may we, with repoussé tools,
Endless noise, and much force fistic,
Clothe the commonest utensils
With a lasting worth artistic.

K. C.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:

THE MODERN SHAKESPEARE.

Scene, in front and within the Tech.—Time, the present.

CHARACTERS:

VINCENTIO, an ancient crank; HENRICO, a dude.

"What stately building, Henrico, yonder towers?"

"Prithee, that, me liege, seen by us on the left?"

"The same, sweet Henrico."

"Hast heard thee of the Tech?"

"Aye! Oft have I heard of that institution, famous, if mistakes me not; there 't is the budding youth is crammed with learning and with science."

"Right thou art, me lord; and now beholdest thou the massive pile wherein is wrought the process."

"What! Yon pillared building the Tech!"

"Sirrah, thou hast truly spoken."

"Enough! Enough! Long have I wished this opportunity. Come, Henrico, we enter here."

"Lead on, me lord, I follow."

"And knowest thou the secrets of this stately mansion? Canst thou guide me rightly through its many halls and stairways? Speak truly, slave, and let'st thou, like Georgie W., lie not."

"I'll do me best, noble sir, to act the part of guide; but better would I do, no doubt, if thou shouldst fee me with a quarter."

"A silver quarter! Base villain, takest thou me for a Vanderbilt? Nay, bound, I'll fee thee not; but mark thou leadiest me rightly."

"Since thou biddest me discourse, I will enchant thine ear, and charm thine eye, as I the wonders of the place unfold. Seest thou that room with doors of green? Within those portals dwells the bursar, yea, even him who craves the ducats from the trusting youth."

"Aha, would that I were a bursar! But tell me, Henrico, wherefore that cage upon our right? Is it there the wilful or delinquent one is imprisoned, to warn his awed companions from such a naughty course?"

"Take comfort, sirrah! It is no place of durance vile. Through yon opening, letters, bills, and such are issued to the struggling crowd, and books, bags, bayonets, and other garments checked."

"'Tis well, Henrico. Now pray enlighten me about yon youth, clothed in brass buttons and a scant-tailed doublet. Can he be one of the flying minions of the telegraph? Methinks he looks like one.

"Nay, not so, me lord; yon youth is a Freshman, clothed in uniform and cheek."

"Aye, I tumble, Henrico; but what do the many youths in yon room, all talking in one voice?"

"That, sirrah, is the quiet reading-room, where the studious student pursues his studies."

"What, base liar! Study in that babel! Surely thou hast lied. Have care thou try not that game again; and now proceed."

"Where,—to the top story or to the basement, noble sir?"

"To the basement, thou craven one."

"Seest thou that beam in yon massive press? What thinkest thou of that?"

"What think I? Aye, by my beard, I think 't will snap at sixty pounds."

"Well said, thou learned one; see, see, it bends, it cracks, it busts."

"Enough of this, we'll go aloft."
"What, up into the Freshman drawing room! Nay, thou knowest not what thou sayest. Truly it is a five stairs' climb, me lord, too much for one like thee."

"Alas! pity be for the Freshman; but thou knowest best. What next, Henrico?"

"If thou wilt turn thine eyes this way, a curious sight thou wilt behold."

"Indeed, thou speakest truly; but why do the numerous lads throw chalk, whene'er the aged man's back is turned. Can it be they are on mischief bent?"

"Yea, even so, most noble sir; but look, beholdest thou that lengthy room, wherein a multitude of lads push each other, and fly around like flies upon a bald man's pate?"

"I do; but prithee, tell me what the crazy cranks are at. What mix they in the many flasks?"

"This, most ancient sir, is called by men the Freshman laboratory; herein the weary Fresh doth grind out many a long and painful hour; within this room the hydrogen generator bursts, much to the Freshman's horror; herein are concocted such vile and odorous compounds as the smelling $\text{H}_2\text{S}$; 't is here—"

"Henrico, thou troublest me; I am not in the spirit of thy vein; explain to— but oh, ye gods, what smell is this? Can it be Limburger? Whew! This odor is all-powerful. Methinks we have seen enough; let's skip."

"Most gracious sir, I skip."

"Ah, this air is better; for, by my hat, that smell was something terrible. But see the number of lads who descend the steps, and cross the street. Whither go they?"

"Mearest thou the ones who enter quickly the door above which hangs the sign, 'Bruns
dwick Exchange'?"

"The same."

"Well, then, me lord, they go to ply the cue and whack the ivory balls, and perchance even to 'smile'; shall we enter there?"

"No! no! Voted I for St. John last fall; I ne'er 'smile' more. But come, come, Henrico, me watch is past the hour for lunch; I must make haste, or else me wife will chide me sore. We'll board this horse-car, Henrico; quick, jump on, I follow. Ah! now we are seated; this is better; and farewell, a long farewell, to thee, sweet Tech. Tickets, please; two out."

Only.

Only a smile, and a bow as we met,
A waltz at the party that day;
Only a call to express my regret,
Her fan I had carried away.
Only a call, and another one still,
A welcome whenever I came;
Only a drive, or a stroll on the hill,—
The story is ever the same.
Only a word—what it was you can guess;
I purchased a ring the next day;
Only a bride, in a white satin dress,
Of presents a brilliant array.
Only a tour, on the Continent made,
A return to our friends waiting here;
Only a bill,—will it ever be paid?
And—hush baby; hush, that's a dear!

H. C. S.

Perhaps the most successful meeting during the year of the Society of '87 took place last Friday evening at the Parker House. After a short and unimportant business meeting and a very satisfactory lunch, the members were entertained by the following programme:

Waltz . . . . . . M. I. T. Orchestra.
Papers on "The Eloquence of Action". Mr. A. C. Corns.
March . . . . . . Orchestra.
Paper on "The Summer Experiences of a Hotel Clerk" . . Mr. A. L. Cushing.
Bedouin Song . . . . Mr. H. J. Williams.
Gavotte . . . . . . Orchestra.
Mazurka . . . . . . Orchestra.

The orchestra was at its best, and every selection was well played, the waltz being repeated at request. Mr. Williams's solo was also heartily encored, to which he kindly responded with a couple of songs in Italian and "Chinese." Both the papers read were well received. A vote of thanks for their services was unanimously tendered the orchestra, after which general singing was indulged in. From regard for the members who were to participate in the games the day following, the meeting broke up at an early hour.
Athletic Notes.

The spring games of the M. I. T. Athletic Club were the most successful in its history. Most of the events were open to all amateurs, and the number of entries from the Harvard and other gymnasiums was quite large. The gymnasium was crowded with spectators, including many ladies, and hence the games proved as great a success financially as otherwise. After paying all debts and expenses the club will have a balance of $125 in the treasury.

The first event in order was the parallel bars. H. M. Steele, S. S., and H. W. Kimball, '87, were the only contestants who appeared. Won by Steele.

Running high jump. - F. B. Fogg, H. A. A.; W. L. Dearborn, '88; J. L. Kimball, '87; H. L. Clark, H. A. A.; and W. C. Stahl, U. A. A. C. This was one of the most exciting contests of the day, since all of the men proved so evenly matched. Fogg and Clark allowed a handicap of three inches to the other contestants. Dearborn was the first to fall out at 5 feet 4 inches, and Stahl failed at 5 feet 5 inches. The remaining three cleared 5 feet 6 inches, but all failed at 5 feet 7 inches. On account of the handicap, the first medal was awarded to Kimball, second to Stahl. Kimball's light and easy jumping attracted much applause. The record of our gymnasium in high jumping was tied in this event.

Putting the shot. - D. C. Clark, H. A. A.; P. R. Fletcher, S. S.; F. R. Young, '86, and J. F. Cunningham, U. A. A. C. Won by Cunningham, 34 feet 10 inches. Fletcher, 34 feet 9 1/2 inches. Young, 34 feet. All three men broke our record.

Standing high jump. - F. B. Fogg, H. A. A., and F. R. Young, '86. Fogg withdrawing, Young jumped alone, for a record, and cleared 4 feet 10 inches, breaking the record of our gymnasium. Young was, unfortunately, not in the best possible condition, and far from equalled his record in practice.


Running high kick. - F. B. Fogg, H. A. A.; S. Sturgess, '87; H. Hubbard, B. Y. M. C. U.; and W. S. Phillips, U. A. A. C. Won by Phillips, 9 feet 1 inch. The amateur record is 9 feet 2 inches, and it is said that Phillips, in practice, has beaten it by an inch. Fogg was second in this event with 8 feet 6 inches, by a hitch and kick, thus breaking the intercollegiate record of 8 feet 5 inches.

Tug of War—Trial heat. - Harvard, '86, and M. I. T., '86. This proved to be a surprise for the Techs. Harvard won the drop, but a few heaves by Fletcher brought the ribbon over on the M. I. T. side, only to be pulled back again by Harvard. At the beginning of the last minute the ribbon was six inches on the 'Techs' side of the scratch, when a succession of quick heaves by Harvard gave them the heat by about two inches.

Final heat. - Harvard '86, and Y. M. C. A. This was a walk-over for the latter team, they winning by two feet.


Feather-weight sparring. — First bout. H. M. Plummer, H. A. A.; F. P. Clement, H. A. A. Won by Plummer. The other entry was J. D. Williams, N. A. A. C., whom Plummer declined to meet and the cup was awarded to the former.


Final bout. Taggard and Duker. Duker was knocked down in the first round and failed to come to time on the second. Taggard's sparring was much applauded.


The final bout was between Clyde and F. C. Weld, H. A. A., and was won by the former.
Three events were won by M. I. T., two by Harvard, and five by others. One M. I. T. record was tied, and two M. I. T. and one intercollegiate were broken.

The officers of the meeting were: Referee, R. J. Roberts, B. Y. M. C. A.; judges, W. A. Davis, U. A. C. and P. Winsor, '86; referee of sparring, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly; judges of sparring, Mr. J. P. Hawes, and Dr. Wm. Appleton; clerk of course, Charles F. Spring, '85.

Class Dinners.

On the eve of Washington's Birthday there gathered within the hospitable walls of Young's Hotel a score of men whose intellectual faces and distinguished bearing proclaimed, even to the casual observer, that they were members of the class of '84, M. I. T. The chemist came from his solutions, the engineer from his plots, the man of war from his guns, the meteorologist from his observations, the professors — they are "professors" to the gentlemen of '88 — from their alma mater; all gathered for their annual hand shake and fourth class dinner. The election of officers was effected without disaster. As Mr. Rotch declined re-election, Mr. Tyler was chosen secretary. The vice-secretary being absent, and thus unable to decline, was re-elected. These preliminaries adjusted, the company eagerly sought the dining-room. Letters were read by the secretary from distinguished fellow-members, unable to attend, from Mexico, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Idaho, and Newton, also from the genial and popular Mr. Bunce, formerly an eminent official of The Tech.

After passing a vote of thanks to the retiring secretary, and to the vice-secretary, the meeting quietly adjourned.

The class of '85 assembled at Young's Hotel, Thursday evening, March 5, on the occasion of the third annual dinner. At the business meeting, which was called to order at half past seven, the matter of the Seniors' Farewell was acted upon by the election of a committee of arrangements, and of the following officers, for the occasion: Historian, Chas. F. Spring; Poet, C. Stanley Robinson; Prophet, R. H. Pierce; Chorister, E. B. Homer.

Adjourning from the business meeting to the dining-room, sixty-one members of '85, including ten or a dozen now not at the Institute, seated themselves, after the chaplain's short but expressive benediction, "One, two, three, go!" During the first course, the menu was passed around and much admired; the cover of each was decorated with a water-color design, and in many instances the committee had shown great ingenuity and power of imagination in selecting subjects appropriate for individual members of the class.

The excellence of the dinner and usual quota of "ludicrous situations" and Roman punch fondue made short the time until ten o'clock, when the tables were cleared, and the intellectual part of the programme opened. R. H. Pierce was introduced as toast-master, and the following toasts were responded to: "The Class," Charles R. Richards; "The M. I. T.," Thomas W. Fry; "Our Future," C. Stanley Robinson; "The Departed," I. W. Litchfield. After the toasts came a "Utopian Unique — Pas-de-Deux," executed by Signorita Plasetto and Mlle. Marquimo, of the Tech-nol-ogé à Paris. Among the impromptu numbers of the programme were songs, bones and clog solos, and zither solos; also a German character sketch by J. H. S. Bates, M. E., '85.

The thanks of the Class were extended to the supper committee, Messrs. C. R. Richards, Alex. Rice McKim, C. Stanley Robinson, Herbert G. Pratt and Sidney Williams; to I. W. Litchfield and to Mr. Claus of the Claus Photo-Engraving Company, for generous services in preparation of the menu cards.

The number of business firms giving Technology students a discount is on the increase. We are able to have some of the benefits of a co-operative organization without the trouble of conducting the machinery thereto. T. E. Moseley & Co. is the latest firm giving us this advantage.
Moses D. Burnet, '75, mayor of Ocala, Fla., was appointed by the governor to represent the State of Florida at the annual convention of the National Cotton Planters' Association, which took place in New Orleans, Feb. 10.

Mrs. John M. Ordway, '81, is at the head of the scientific department of the Woman's Department, at the New Orleans Cotton Exposition.

Walter J. Kochler, '81, assistant metallurgist, with Pueblo Smelting and Refining Company, Pueblo, Col.

Wm. R. Snead, '81, superintendent of the Snead & Co. Iron Works, Louisville, Ky.

G. H. Gustin, '83, Atrato Mining and Developing Company, Atrato River, United States of Columbia.

Josiah Peirce, Jr., '83, has gone to England for a few months' visit.

A. L. Fitch, '84, assistant in the mechanical engineering department, M. I. T.

Capt. D. A. Lyle, '84, spoke before a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, upon the method of casting cannon at the South Boston Iron Works.

The '82 class directory, for 1884, shows that seventeen members have changed their addresses or occupations during the year, many of the changes showing plainly the advancement of the members in their previous lines of work.
will have the largest observatory dome in the world, its weight being ten tons, and its diameter forty-five feet four inches. Yale News. — Bowdoin claims to have more prominent graduates than any other college. — The attendance at Vassar has diminished one half since 1875. The paragraphers and funny men of the newspapers have ridiculed the place so much that girls dislike to go there. Crimson.— The Russian government has recently sentenced nearly one thousand of the students of the University of Kiev to military service in penal regiments stationed in distant regions of the empire. Ex. — At Williams a tug-of-war team is called a "Rope-Pull" team.

Noticeable Articles.

The most interesting paper in the Nineteenth Century for February is "A Word more about America," by Matthew Arnold. In this he makes the amende honorable for the flippant things he said about us before he came to see us. The concession he now makes, and the advice he gives his fellow-countrymen as the results of his American experience, are somewhat remarkable.

"Until I went to the United States," he says, "I had never seen a people with institutions which seemed expressly and thoroughly suited to it. I had not properly appreciated the benefits proceeding from this cause." "As one watches the play of their institutions, the image suggests itself to one's mind of a man in a suit of clothes "As one watches the play of their institutions, the image suggests itself to one's mind of a man in a suit of clothes again to recur to our image) is found also to adapt itself naturally to the wearer's growth, and to admit of all enlargements as they successively arise." And he proceeds to give his fellow-countrymen some advice as to the amendment and alteration of their ancient constitutional garment, which certainly cannot be pronounced a good fit at the present moment. It is amusing to see the wry faces which the Tory Saturday Review makes over the article.

The first paper in the Contemporary, for February, is entitled "Dublin Castle," and is by that able Irish M. P., Mr. Justin McCarthy. It is a bitter arraignment of the English method of governing Ireland as "a centralized despotism, without any parallel in any European state outside of Russia. Thirty years have not in any degree modified the views which strong and sincere Irish nationalists take of Dublin Castle and its system." Here is certainly a case of Mr. Arnold's ill-fitting political clothes, for which, indeed, in his own article he proposes an American remedy; and it goes a long way towards explaining, though not a step towards excusing, Irish dynamite.

Another example of ill-fitting political clothes is given in the same number by Mr. Arnold's namesake, Mr. Arthur Arnold, M. P., in a paper on the "Indebtedness of the Landed Gentry." This portion of John Bull's political costume is of feudal origin, and seems to be dropping to pieces from sheer decay. Mr. Arnold sets down the indebtedness of the landholders at the enormous figure of £400,000,000 or $2,000,000,000, while these are examples of the condition of landed property: In Essex, "a good average farm, Kilordon Hall, formerly let at £400 a year, is now held rent free; another in Thaxted, a tenant who held it on condition of paying the tithe only, has been forced to surrender, as he could not make cultivation produce even the tithe; a third, which had been taken at the nominal rent of 5s. per acre, had been found unprofitable, and is now let rent free," etc.

Travelling through the eastern counties of England three summers ago, I heard everywhere the same story. It is not, of course, that English land has become any less productive, but that the feudal system of ownership whereby a few thousands who would all meet in Exeter Hall, own two thirds of Britain, "has completely broken down." The landowners, says Mr. Arnold, "are not unpopular. They have not dealt unkindly with their tenants; but for centuries they have used their practically absolute dominion in the legislature after the natural manner of a privileged class. They have been imprudent and shortsighted. . . . After an unchecked reign of two hundred years, their supremacy is broken,—it dies with this year," that is to say, with the passing of the franchise bill, which is such a long step towards the establishment of democratic rule in England.

The Fortnightly, for February, has a pleasant paper, describing winter in the Upper Engadine, that high Alpine valley in the extreme east of Switzerland, which, like Saranac in the Adirondacks, has become a winter resort for invalids.

Mr. Frederick Harrison, in the same number, gives a review of the year from his peculiar point of view. This is the gentleman who, as Mr. Arnold puts it, "has weighted himself for the race of life by taking up a grotesque old French pedant on his shoulders"; that is to say, Auguste Comte, for Mr. Harrison is what is called a positivist; and certainly the "Religion of Humanity" seems to most sober people a sufficiently absurd form of faith. Nevertheless Mr. Harrison is just one of the most eloquent and vigorous of living English prose writers; and the paper seems to the present writer to contain much sound sense, expressed in vigorous language, on the political situation in England.

Mr. Kebbel writes a paper on the recently discovered letters of that old-fashioned but ever-delightful English novelist, Jane Austen.
Junior class dinner, next Friday.
Are you going to the Senior ball?

Another afternoon party at the gym, next Saturday.

The "Hammer and Tongs" dined at Young's, Saturday evening.

Sure sign of spring,—a crowd of fellows on the steps of Rogers.

Now is the time for the Freshmen to begin to play marbles and top.

That the Co-eds should remove their hats at lectures is the opinion of a professor.

One of the architects wants to see a race between a thumb-tack and a collar-button.

All the classes, with the exception of the Freshmen, hold class dinners. Wake up, '88.

The Harvard, '85, Tug of War Team has been practising for the past week at our gymnasium.

The Architects are having their lectures on Architectural History illustrated by stereopticon views.

Fifty supernumeraries wanted at the Globe for the new spectacular play "Sieba." Techs especially desired.

The executive committee of the Junior Class is Duff, Wilson, Low, Merriam, Robbins, Bartlett and Van Alstine.

Twenty-five men, from all classes, have enlisted in the State militia, and are to form the signal corps of the Second Brigade.

The third-year miners took some indicator cards from the Harris-Corliss engine in the steam engineering laboratory, last week.

A certain professor recently wished to describe the song of the quail to his class, but finally concluded that it was "too cold a day" to whistle. Some of the class thought so, too.

A branch of the Signal Service department is contemplated in the fourth year C. E. drawing-room, to determine how much lower the mercury goes there than outdoors.

The Base Ball Association is trying to arrange for a hand-ball court, either at the Gymnasium or at the Mechanics Fair Building, and also to rent the Union grounds.

The M. I. T. "Photograph List—'85" has been printed, and each senior's list should be handed in to-day (Wednesday). The names of thirty-one professors and instructors, and fifty-three of the class of '85 appear, and the latter will be increased by eight or ten additional names.

A certain professor, considering that the Sophomores have not enough to do, has requested them to hand in essays every Thursday. The topic for last week's essay was "The rapidly approaching indispensability of stenographic ambidexterity to all regular students at the M. I. T."

Now that the lengthening days permit of longer hours in the drawing-rooms, why can they not be kept open till, say, half past five? The Architects especially grumble at being summarily ejected each night by the janitor, who, armed with an "extract from the rules of the Faculty," appears promptly at 4.45, and stands sentinel until every man has left.

A rebel flag inscribed "The Solid South," "K. K. K.," "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," with other appropriate emblems, was hung across Columbus Avenue last Wednesday morning in honor of the Presidential inauguration. Strange to say, at noon it was no longer visible, but fragments of it gayly decorated the '87 civils who had been taking its altitude.

Morss, '85, made a twenty-four hour run last week for black copper. The run on the whole was a very successful one, turning out about 1,300 lbs. of copper. Toward morning the work became very difficult on account of a "chill" in the furnace, and the sleepy toilers found to their sorrow that hot tapping bars had a striking resemblance to cold ones. No fluctuations in the copper market have taken place as yet, on account of this run.
Rumors of invoices of young rodents and other hapless victims now reach the ear of the second-year biologist, who promises himself to steel his heart against what is before him by paying particular attention to the sparring in the gym.

The Base Ball Association held a meeting in Rogers Building on Saturday, Feb. 28. The following were elected officers for this year: President, Solomon Sturges; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry M. Steele; Manager, Wm. B. Douglas. A list was taken to find out how many wished to try for the nine and the positions they desired, the following resulting: '85, 3; '87, 14; '88, 17. For catcher, 3; pitcher, 3; short stop, 3; 1 B, 4; 2 B, 5; 3 B, 4; field, 11. Total, 33. A committee from each class was appointed to solicit subscriptions.

The third and fourth year civils have recently been entertained by two very instructive talks on Foundations, by Edward S. Philbrick. The first had reference to the foundations for the abutments of the Boston and Maine Railroad bridge at Dover, N. H., showing the peculiar features of the case, and the methods employed in meeting the difficulties encountered. The second was upon the foundations for the piers of the Boston and Maine Railroad bridge at Haverhill, with other points of interest. It is to be sincerely hoped that more of such practical talks may be had in the future.

An association, called the Portfolio Club, has been formed among the students of the Architectural Department, for the purpose of "establishing a bond of union among the students, and promoting the interests of architecture in America." Fortnightly meetings will be held, at which papers on subjects of special interest will be read; and exhibitions of the work of the department will, from time to time, be opened under the direction of the club. Problems will also be occasionally proposed, and the solutions exhibited and criticised. A member's connection with the club will not expire when he leaves the Institute, but will rather be made more intimate, as, after June 2, 1885, three of the officers will be, according to the constitution, alumni of the department.

Advice.

You say you do not care for cards?
Consider whist a bore?
If you will take advice, my friend,
You'll think that way no more.

Select as partner any one,
A beauty or a fright;
But let some jolly, pretty girl
Be sitting at your right.

And when her soft and dimpled hand
Lies near you — out of sight —
Suppose you take it in your own,
And hold it very tight.

For if you follow my advice,
And have the proper sand,
No matter how they stack the cards,
You're sure to hold a hand.

Arigo.

The dogs of war — West Pointers. — Ex.

"What is the stuff dreams are made of?" passionately inquires a poet. In one brief word, sir, pics. — Ex.

A schoolmistress in a back county of Michigan was discharged recently because she would not eat fat pork. It was unanimously voted a case of "too much style."

Colored Woman. — "Boss, kin I git de job of cleanin' out dis heah bank?" President. — "No. You are too late. The cashier has already attended to that." — Texas Siftings.

Jones: "It would seem that medical journals would try to keep close to facts, but here is a statement I can't swallow. It says a woman was changed from a perfect blonde to a very dark brunette in one year." Smith: "Foreigner?" "No, an American." "Ah! I see. Moved to Pittsburg, probably." — Philadelphia Call.
Speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, a political orator said that on the field of battle he was always found where the bullets were thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition-wagon," said another. — Ex.

Professor of Mineralogy. — "You will need just a few things, gentlemen, beside these two text-books. You will have to have a blowpipe and pair of platinum-tipped forceps and a hammer and steel anvil, with, perhaps, a few other little tools. Oh! and you will need a magnet, and — er — you will find a magnifying glass very convenient, and also two note-books instead of one. I don't think of anything more just now."

Advantages of Education. In horse-car.

Man standing, to '87 ditto (fiercely): "You're crowding me, sir."

'87 (loftily): "Action and reaction are always opposite and equal"; and while the other man is wondering what the — he means anyhow, gets off at destination.

"Yes, brethren," says the clergyman who is preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night — torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the early age of twenty-four years." "Twenty-two, if you please," sobs the widow in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.— Figaro.
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Prof. Lanza has presented the third year class in Applied Mechanics with advance sheets of the remaining notes, the printed volume having not yet appeared. The fourth year mechanicals are to be supplied with proof sheets of "continuous girders."

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In the way of light opera, "Apajune" may be called the hit of the season. It is everywhere said to be the funniest of all comic operas. Francis Wilson has made a most decided success in his part. This is the second and last week of the play, and will close the season of comic opera at the Bijou Theatre.

"The Domestic Earthquake," by Harrison and Gourlay, follows next week.

Lawrence Barrett has met with unquestioned success in his presentation of "Francesca da Rimini," at the Boston Theatre, during the past two weeks. It now makes way for "Julius Caesar," which will be staged in a manner quite equal to the previous piece.

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Besides the above distinctly professional courses, the Institute offers scientific courses of a less technical character, designed to give students a preparation for business callings. A four years' course in biology, chemistry, and physics has been established, as preparatory to the professional study of medicine.

Modern languages are taught so far as is needed for the ready and accurate reading of scientific works and periodicals, and may be further pursued as a means of general training.

The constitutional and political history of England and the United States, political economy, and international law are taught, in a measure, to the students of all regular courses.

Applicants for admission to the Institute are examined in English grammar, geography, French, arithmetic, algebra, and geometry. A fuller statement of the requirements for admission will be found in the catalogue, which will be sent without charge on application.

A clear admission paper from any college of recognized character will be accepted as evidence of preparation, in place of an examination.

Graduates of colleges conferring degrees are presumed to have the necessary qualifications for entering the third-year class in any of the regular courses of the Institute, and will be so admitted provisionally, on the presentation of their diplomas.

The feature of instruction which has been most largely developed in the school is laboratory training, shop-work and field practice, to supplement, to illustrate, and to emphasize the instruction of the recitation and lecture room.

Surveying instruments are provided for field work in civil and topographical engineering. Extensive shops have been fitted up for the use of both hand and machine tools; and a laboratory of steam engineering has been established as a part of the instruction in mechanical engineering. Several steam boilers and steam engines of various types are available for experiments and tests. The department of mining engineering and metallurgy has the use of laboratories in which the milling and smelting of lead, copper, silver, and other ores, in economic quantities, are regularly performed by the students themselves. The classes in architecture supplement the work of the drawing and designing rooms by the examination of structures completed or in course of erection, and by practical experiment in the laboratory of applied mechanics, testing the strength of materials and working out problems in construction. The Kildare Chemical Laboratories, just completed, contain desks for four hundred and twenty-six students, and afford the best modern facilities for the study of general, analytical, and organic chemistry. The Rogers Physical Laboratory has been greatly extended in every department during the past year, especially in respect to facilities for instruction and research in electrical science.

On the successful completion of any one of the four-year courses of the Institute, a degree of bachelor of science will be conferred. The Institute is also empowered to confer the degree of doctor of science. Special students are allowed to enter special divisions of any of the courses, on giving evidence that they are prepared to pursue with advantage the studies selected.

The Institute of Technology, as a recipient of a portion of the United States grant to colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts, gives instruction in military tactics.

The fee for tuition of students taking the full course is $200 a year. Besides this, $25 or $30 are needed for books and instruments. There are no separate laboratory fees. Only payment of articles broken is required.

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