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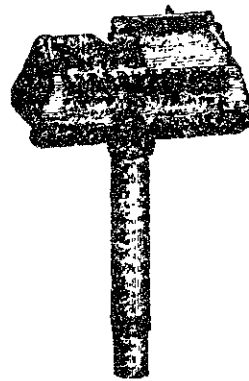
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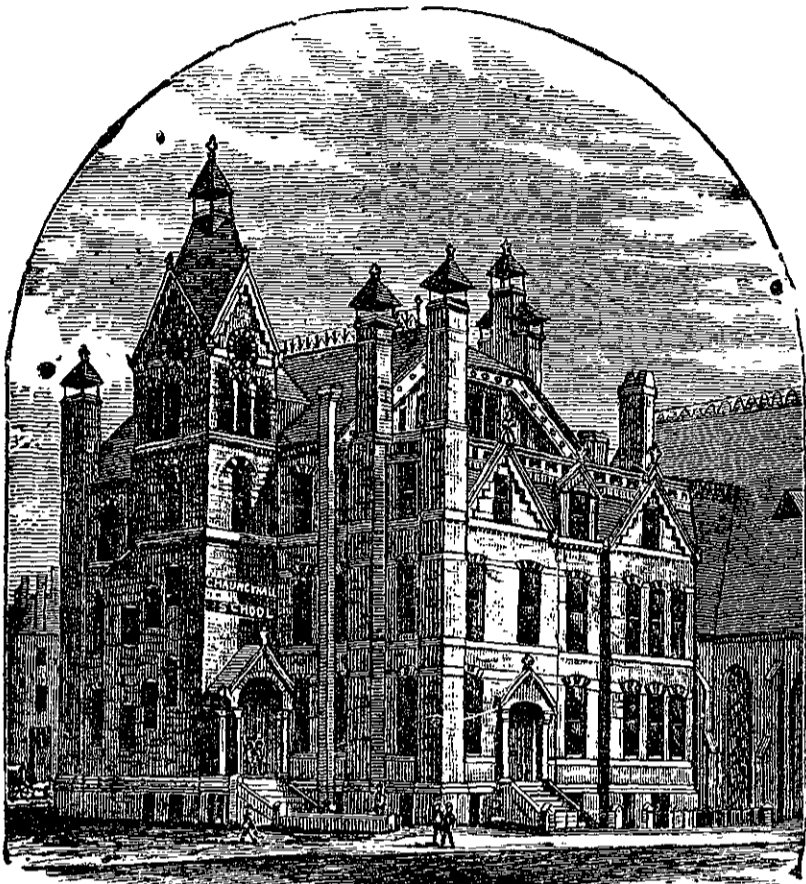
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The Tech.

VOL. VI.

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THE *Harvard Advocate* in an editorial on our late athletic games, while manfully acknowledging the defeat of their tug-of-war team, found fault with several of our inconveniences, and made a personal attack upon the clerk of the course. While several of the remarks about crowds, ventilation, etc., are too true, we hope to overcome them in the future by using a larger building for the exhibition. The reference to the seeming incapacity and timidity of our presiding officer, we should have passed over with a smile, had we not had the pleasure of attending the first series of games at Harvard. There we found several causes for complaint, which we think offset theirs. Although our officer may possess an innate modesty, which by outsiders may have erroneously been taken for timidity, it in no way interfered with his primary duty, which was to announce the events and their winners. The audience apparently understood each announcement, there being no necessity for repetition. At Harvard,

on the contrary, while the one in charge betrayed no self-consciousness, the audience was decidedly dissatisfied with his declarations, showing their displeasure by repeated cries of "Louder." While they may have been more guarded in giving vent to their feelings at our games, we hardly think they had occasion.

Another point in which we think we excel them, is the manner of carrying out the programme. At our games the events commenced promptly, and were given in their correct order, with no waste of time. At Harvard they were late in starting, and the whole affair was marked by tedious intermissions.

While we do not approve of any bickering on matters of so little importance, we think we are justified in defending the character of our representatives; and against such a charge as timidity we cannot afford to be silent, and allow the outside world to form incorrect estimates.

IN speaking of Clark University, the *Philadelphia Press* says:—

"Massachusetts is to have a new college that will rival Harvard. Some of the best foot-ball players in the country have already been engaged, and other places in the Faculty will be filled as quickly as possible."

There are some subjects used by the "funny men" of the professional press that become, after several years of continual use, exceedingly tiresome. "College Athletics" has done its life's work for the paragraph-writers, and it seems as if it now deserved a place on the shelf beside the mother-in-law, the plumber, and the bank-cashier. It has been a popular joke, without doubt; people who have never been to college find great enjoyment in the stories of neglected studies and college dissipation, just as ordinary

sinner seem to take delight in any evidence of frailty among ministers. It is a human failing—the old story of the fox and the grapes. But since the subject of college athletics has now been thoroughly worked for its humorous points, and all the talk is, besides, entirely wrong in its intimations, let the press, for the sake of truth, as well as for the sake of originality, take up something else.

SEVERAL men have recently come up to us and said that they would like very much to try and draw something for THE TECH, but they had no idea what to begin on, as they had no subject to illustrate. We would like to say to all of these and to every one else in the Institute who can draw, that initial letters, such as the initial letter of our first editorial, are always welcome. Our stock of these is low, and we would like very much to have more. The letters which are most useful are T, I, O, W, and S. In making initial letters, it is important that the letter in the picture should be very close to the right hand upper corner of the cut, so that there will not be any considerable space between the first letter and the rest of the word. We should also be pleased to receive new designs for headings of certain columns, such as the Locals, College World, Clippings, Alumni Notes, and Exchange. There is considerable chance for originality in making these headings, and we should be very much pleased to receive any designs which can take the place of some of the headings which have done their duty for a long while, and almost outlived their usefulness.

IT is one of the Faculty rules, we believe, that classes shall be dismissed five minutes before the hour is up, so that the students can arrive in time for the next recitation in another room. In spite of this there are some professors who seem to studiously ignore this rule. This keeping a class over time is certainly only forgetfulness of the swiftness of time, and may be

considered, perhaps, as a compliment to the class, in that the professor is so much interested in them and his subject that he forgets all else. This latter view is certainly consoling, but one is not apt to think of it in that way when he arrives late at his next recitation, or perhaps finds himself locked out. If a little more careful lookout was kept, there would be none of this trouble.

A Memory.

When the sun, with orb of crimson,
Sank into the glowing west,
Draped about with mists of evening,
Like a monarch to his rest,
And the gathering tints of twilight
Crept up o'er the eastern sky,
One by one the stars came twinkling
From their bivouacs far on high.

One there was that shone the brightest
Of that wondrous, starry host,—
Venus, goddess of the evening,
Venus, star I love the most!
As I watched her radiant beauty,
With its warm and peaceful gleam,
Thoughts came to me like the shadow
Of some long-forgotten dream;

And once more I felt my pulses
Throbbing with a quicker beat,
As I leaned against the railing
Of that quaint old rustic seat,—
As again I heard her whisper,
(Sweetest music to my ear),
"There's plenty of room for two, Jack;
I think we can both sit here."

To-night came my chum with a letter,
And waving it wildly o'erhead,
"Congratulate me, dear old fellow;
Grace loves me!" was all that he said.
But the walls whirl round me in fury,
The ceiling now rises, now lowers;
And dimly I hear through the blackness,
"Why, Jack, she's an old flame of yours!"

Verlassen.

WALKING hurriedly up Tremont Row late one Tuesday night in February, I overtook a white-haired old man. Beside him walked a young woman, dressed in a long plaid cloak, which hid her figure, but showed above it

a shapely, well-poised head, whose light, neatly arranged hair, shone under the electric lamps. She carried in her hand a violin in its case, while the old man had under his arm a 'cello, wrapped in a water-proof cover. My idle curiosity was attracted first by the noble dignity of the young woman. As I walked along behind them, I watched the shine of the light on her hair, and made fancies about her.

At Temple Place they took a car for the Highlands, and as I saw them step aboard, little did I think that they would ever cross my path again. The thought of her somehow kept me from going into the Old Elm, as I was wont to do. The long walk across the Common did not seem so lovely as usual, and even after falling asleep in my sky-parlor, I dreamed about the fair musician I had seen.

As my friends well know, I am a great dancing man, as well as something of a musician, for I have played the bass-viol with much satisfaction to myself for three years, and missed a long engagement in a skating-rink orchestra only by my not being able to read music. So it was not surprising that when "our set" had a dancing party, I was sent to look up music. That afternoon found me at ——'s bureau, where I engaged a French horn and an organette, which I flattered myself would show that I am not tied down to conventional rules in regard to music for dancing. The other arrangements having been made, the night of our party found Berkeley Hall lighted up,—and our chaperons and floor-managers prepared for duty. We had at first intended using the dance hall in Kidder; but as the janitor told us, privately, that it would take at least two weeks to remove the descriptive geometry cribs chalked on the floor by the Sophomores, we gave that up.

The music arrived — also a note from the bureau-man, saying that as he felt there had been some mistake, and that any way he couldn't get a French horn and an organette which would accord, he had taken the liberty to send a 'cello, violin and piano. You may imagine my surprise when I saw the musicians, for they were the very same ones I had seen that night in February,

together with an old pianist, who reminded me strongly of "Bows" in "Pendennis." I said nothing, however, for I had told the fellows only that the music would be good, and they had asked no questions.

It was evident before the first waltz was over, that I could not dance and watch the players too. Somehow I didn't care to dance. All that evening I watched the girl, as she sat behind the piano playing with her father and old "Bows." Now that I could see her, I was more interested in her than ever. Her figure was very much as her way of carrying her head and her style of walking had led me to think—rather tall and slim, but well formed, with such a hand and arm as Queen Louise might have envied.

After thinking for an hour, it instantly occurred to me that I ought to master the 'cello, as well as the bass, for they are a good deal alike—only you sit down to the 'cello, which seems to me to be much more restful. So I made a brilliant stroke, and after a little talking with the old man, her father, I arranged to begin a course of lessons on that noble instrument, which seems to be created to accompany a violin.

It is needless to say, that while waiting for my first lesson, I tuned my bass as I thought a 'cello might be tuned, and practiced a good deal. My landlady one day said that she was going to sell out, for she was losing money keeping the house with only me as a boarder. I wonder why all the other boarders left?

At my first lesson my charmer did not appear; but the second time she was there, and to my great joy she remained. At first I was too much overcome with conflicting emotions to say much. However, I made a favorable impression, and as I saw more and more of her, felt that she regarded me as something more than a pupil of her father's. As spring came on, I would stroll out of an evening and help her with my advice as to a little bit of earth which she called her flower-garden. Our friendship grew stronger, but to my sorrow it didn't seem to get beyond friendship. One night in May we had taken a stroll to Meeting-House Hill, and as we stood looking off through the soft moonlight over the

bay, she seemed very happy, and in fact told me as much. Ah! how I felt! for I was sure I knew the cause of that happiness. But I would wait until after the Annuals before sealing my happiness, and restrained the words which were rushing to my lips.

How happy I felt through those exams. To me an F F or an H were nothing. I neither cared nor thought of such a thing as a report.

Finally the Annuals were over; with a light heart I boarded a car for the Highlands. How glad she would be to see me! How tenderly would I say the words which had been on my lips so long? My whiskers had grown considerably during the two weeks we hadn't seen each other, and I wondered if she would know me at once. I entered unannounced—I heard her voice; throwing open the door I saw her—saw her! saw a man with his arms about her, and looking very much as if he had just kissed her! Cold ink can't begin to express the state of my feelings!

Said she, "This is Heinrich; he has come back to marry me, and we sail for Germany Thursday." I—I knew then why she had been so happy that night two weeks before, for a long-delayed letter had just reached her. She wasn't thinking of me at all! O yes, I was at their quiet little wedding, and also saw them off.

Since then my report has come, and I think as Jim (I beg his pardon) does,—that a fellow shouldn't let outside things divert him from his studies.

TOMMY.

The Skeleton in the Parlor.

MRS. SHEKELS, the wife of the famous millionaire, was seated wrapped in thought. The new house was now quite finished, and had been furnished after the most approved fashion; but now came the question of how it should be opened, for of course they could not be expected to just move into it without saying anything to anybody. At last a plan was determined upon. There should be an evening reception, to lend zest to which Professor Geistheber

would give one of his very interesting and thrilling seances. So all Mrs. Shekel's friends were invited, and not a few of them were on hand on the appointed evening. Everybody admired the costly furniture, rich hangings, and rare works of art with which the house,—a marvel of architectural skill,—was adorned; but above all other curiosities were the electric lights with which the house was lighted. Into one room nobody was allowed to enter until the appointed time, for as Professor Geistheber said, they would spoil the currents in the air so that it would be difficult to induce the spirits to manifest themselves. In fact, for this reason, the room had been kept shut all the afternoon, and the learned Professor had been inside, holding communication with his friends of the other world. They seemed to be active enough, if one might judge from what one heard from the outside, for the rappings were loud and frequent. In fact some profane persons might have said that they were raps of a hammer, and that the Professor was "fixing" things. At last the doors were opened, and all the guests came into a large and very dimly lighted room, the few lights were put out and the seance then began. Many were the weird acts which the dwellers of the other world performed for the edification of material mortals, until at last, one spirit, after much persuasion, was induced to remember some doleful tunes which it had known in life, and to render them upon a violin which had been hung on the wall for that purpose. In the midst of one of the most pathetic strains there was heard a loud crash and a bang, and in walked a skeleton, luminous either through his essential essence or through a coat of luminous paint, and began to dance wildly about. In vain the professor gesticulated vehemently at it, stamped at it, and ordered it out of the room; it still remained dancing, snapping its jaws, and every now and then tossing up its skull in the air and catching it again, and replacing it. And now the spirit with the violin seemed to catch something of a drift of what was going on, for the music became faster and wilder, keeping time with the leaps of the skeleton, which, by

this time had exhausted the professor's small store of patience, and likewise his still smaller store of English; and the skeleton seeing no further use for the adept, rushed upon him violently and knocked him down, and then trampled on him in a vicious manner.

The audience thinking that this was the crowning piece of the performance, applauded lustily; but there was more in store for them, for the skeleton now went down among them to dance, and as several ladies screamed and threatened to faint, the host thought it would be advisable to turn up the lights. The electric lights refused to answer when the button was pressed, so a lamp which stood in the corner of the room was turned up. Its beams reached the father end of the room just in time to display the skeleton, making a grab at stout Mrs. P——'s tower of grey hair. With one tug he whirled the wig high into the air, and proceeded on his course of devastation.

Poor Mrs. P—— shrieked and fainted away; the skeleton paid no attention whatsoever,—but then, what can one expect of a heartless creature like a skeleton.

Now followed a scene of the utmost confusion; the skeleton danced frantically up and down, waving his arms and kicking with his legs; most if not all of the ladies screamed and made for the door, and in a few moments the skeleton was left master of the field, for the gentlemen were too gallant to leave the ladies alone in the hour of peril. As soon, however, as the party were safe in the drawing-room on the other side of the hall, they began to consider what efforts should be made for the rescue of the venerable Mrs. P—— and the learned professor, about whom little had been thought before. A relief party was formed, consisting of the host and some four or five of his guests, armed with all sorts of missiles, among which were conspicuous the long sand-bags used to keep the draught from coming in through the cracks between the window-sashes. On reaching the door of the haunted room, they could hear the breaking of china as vase after vase was upset, and the rattle of miscellaneous bric-a-brac, as it was

tossed about. The door was opened and number one advanced sand-bag in hand, and threw his weapon, but, alas! missed his mark. The skeleton, not liking such interference with his amusements, turned upon the man. The man, however, did not wait for an encounter, but put the door between himself and the skeleton. Number two now advanced, and this time the sand-bag was fairly wrapped around the skeleton's neck; this seemed to rather impede his progress, but when the others followed suit he was fairly brought to the ground, and lay there nothing but a heap of bones, after all. Our friend, the old lady, and her companion in distress were then carried up stairs, being still in a limp condition, and one of the party, a doctor, pronounced it as his opinion that they were both suffering from severe shocks of electricity. And so it afterward appeared; for the skeleton was worked by electricity, a small battery having been placed in the room below the one where he was to appear, while two small buttons in the floor controlled the currents. Unfortunately the wires between the skeleton and the battery became crossed with those of the electric light, rendering the skeleton uncontrollable and unduly active, and causing the scene which has been described. It is commonly reported that Mrs. Shekels cannot bear to hear mediums or seances spoken of. As to Professor Geitheber, he has gone into oblivion, and let us hope has assumed some more honest means of gaining a living.

Disillusioned.

THERE is an old Persian proverb, of which a very liberal translation would run something after this fashion: Many objects seen at a distance appear extremely beautiful, which at a nearer view are found to be either commonplace or absolutely hideous. The familiar quotation, "Distance lends enchantment" covers about the same ground, with the advantage of conciseness. But it is an interesting fact to know that in

Persia, as in England and in our United States, a close acquaintance with an object is apt to reveal so many blemishes, as to counteract the primary impression which a far-away and casual observation produced. This is true in nature, as I am sure every careful observer must have noted.

About a mile south of my home, on the traveled highway at the brow of a hill, is a view to my eye so exquisite, that I always draw rein when riding, and sit for a moment in delighted contemplation. There winds the graceful Merrimack, and along her banks, pastures of living green, dotted here and there with the symmetrical elm and shapely maple.

I descend the long hill, and passing in close proximity to all the aforesaid objects, find that all the picturesqueness and much of the beauty is lost. The practical river is busy turning the mills of factories so small that they have not even the dignity of labor, such as belongs to larger manufactories; the green fields look dusty and coarse, and the highway is welcome, because rapidly traveled.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the principle expressed in the Persian proverb more fitly applied than to the stage. As first seen, what a world of enchantment! What lovely houris—marvels of beauty and grace! How irresistible in all their artless fascinations? What wonderful heroes—Whence come they, these Apollo-like youth, specimens of manly beauty, and of high prowess! with the ruddy cheek and the raven hair? Surely they belong not to this poor every-day world? A few years, or even months later, and alas, how has the fair creation tumbled! The beautiful ladies—the fair heroines—how are they fallen from their high estate—the Juliets and Portias and Imogens, with the painted cheeks and blackened eye-lids, bewigged, unnatural, repulsive!

The stage-struck era is as properly a malady of youth, as is the measles, or the whooping-cough, and as surely recovered from. The symptoms are those of a feverish and romantic nature, and the remedies must be guided by the individual idiosyncrasies. In some cases the disease is

acute, when its duration is short, and its termination abrupt.

Such was the case with a friend of mine who, in the romantic epoch, while feasting upon the poems of Moore, Byron, *et id omne genus*, was violently attacked by the dramatic influenza. For nearly three months he was a nightly visitor at the Temple of Thespia. He lived an unreal life, and adored imaginary things—creations of his own untamed and luxuriant imagination. The world of all beauty and poesy—of fair ladies, and gallant knights—was the mysterious one behind the footlights; all else was commonplace, sordid, and groveling.

But his awakening was sudden, and his cure complete. It was on this wise: we were spending the Holidays with a mutual friend in one of our inland towns. A troupe of *distinguished* actors was announced to appear in the play of Romeo and Juliet. "Juliet," it appeared, was to my friend the embodiment of all that was enchanting in the female sex. No proper estimate could probably have been made of the amount of money and time he had lavishly thrown away in his efforts to be present at the places distinguished with her presence. But he had never seen her in this, her favorite rôle. So, favored, as he seemed to himself to be, by fortune, he devoted the morning preceding the play to the selection and purchase of three gigantic bouquets, which should, at successive intervals, and at appropriate places, mark his rapturous appreciation.

The afternoon was occupied in study of the play, and careful conning of the part of Juliet. The hour came, and punctually we were in our places—prominent ones, by the way. I was frequently called upon to express an admiration, failing in which, I was accused of being a "blasé old cynic." Notwithstanding the ungracious nature of my task, I managed, as occasion offered, adroitly to put in a few points which I thought might redound to the future advantage of my neighbor. I believe it was thought to be a success; certainly it ended in enthusiastic applause, and Miss Juliet appeared, smiling her prettiest, and bowing her gracefulest, in acknowledgment.

All the way home I listened to her praises; foolish enough rhapsodies, I suppose, but honest ones, I guess.

Now, it so happened that we were to leave town by the midnight train, that we might seasonably resume our studies next morning.

Behold us, therefore, near the witching hour of midnight, in the large waiting-room of a railway station—silent enough now, chins buried in our overcoat collars, busy with our own thoughts, and possibly sleepy as well. Enter a group of ladies (?)—well, not exactly; their costume is too pronounced, their manner and speech too loud.

As they stand about the radiator, under the full glare of a focus of gaslight, the rude touches with which Art would simulate the honest hand of Nature, are painfully apparent. It is a study. The bismuth used to whiten the complexion, gives, in the unflinching light, the same sickly resemblance to a wholesome fair skin, that the electric light does to that of the sun. Then those eyes, so wonderfully lustrous on the stage,—why, the rude daubing of the edges of the lids and lashes are plainly seen, and the effect is ghastly and unnatural.

My friend was especially a well-bred man, and any breach of the rules of common courtesy was absolutely painful to him. So it was with almost malicious pleasure that I noticed the absence of all the little nothings of manner and speech that mark the young lady of good breeding. Not only that, but the posturing, the yawns visible as well as *audible*, the high, dissonant laughter, all contributed to offend the good taste of one by no means critical.

I saw by a covert glance at my friend, that he was also an interested observer, and from a new standpoint.

I had failed to distinguish "Juliet," and was regretting that she was not present, to share the fate of her friends, when a bustle and a stir, and lo! Juliet, Romeo, and others. Romeo looks sleepy, and almost imbecile; Mercutio, with bleared eyes and red nose, precedes the manager, who, fiercely defiant, with hand behind him, struts about surveying his troupe; while Juliet,

arrayed in surprising costume, with a peevish expression of face, joins the group. Evidently the leading lady feels her vast superiority; she hardly deigns to notice the kindly nurse, and bestows not even a passing glance on Lady Capulet, or the unhappy Paris.

We are unseen, and from our quiet corner still observe. Another glance at my friend, and I see by the slight curling of the lip, that the mists of fancy are rolling away.

With stilted air, and stagy step, young "Juliet" paces beneath the relentless gaslight. If she only knew the story it was telling! But she does not, and a fearful yawn, which she is not at the pains to disguise, discloses a mouth of such generous proportions that we could have wished the teeth within to have been more pearly in their hue. But the *denouement* was to come, and it was in this fashion. One of the lesser lights, approaching the star, in a high, artificial voice, interrogates her thus: "Etty voo fat-igay, Mrs. Davenport?" And the star responds with a vicious hunch of the shoulders, "Oh, talk United States, can't you!"

"Come, let's have a breath of air," said my friend; adding, after a few minutes' vigorous promenade, "I am completely disillusioned."

J. T. G.

A Curious Experiment.

As I sat by my desk, the other evening, casually glancing over the last issue of THE TECH, and wondering what was the signification of "eighteen hundred and froze to death," I was agreeably surprised by the entrance of two fellow-students, who had dropped in for an informal call. They were brothers, and came from that distant, though well-known land where toboggans and snow-shoes make life glad. One was a flaxen-haired youth, whose dignity became him well; the other, more of a brunette, somewhat younger. As we sat and chatted about the various topics interesting only to students, the conversation gradually took a psychological turn. We began to talk of mind-reading, theosophy, and, finally, mesmerism. Nothing could

have pleased me more, as I was always interested in all such mysteries, and had practically investigated the latter branch. I asked the blonde if he would allow me to experiment with him. After some hesitation he consented, and I began my mysterious demonstrations. I soon found that he was very hard to influence, so I thought I would bring trickery to my aid. While closing the eyes of my victim, I motioned to his brother to turn down the gas. He understood at once, and the room was in total darkness. Then I informed my subject that he could not open his eyes. He immediately obeyed a natural inclination, and raised his eyelids. To his surprise, he found that he was apparently blind. Keeping on with my system, I said, "I told you you couldn't open your eyes."

"Why, certainly I can."

"Do you really think you have them open?"

"Why, of course I have."

"Can you see anything?"

Of course I expected he would admit his incapacity, but to our surprise he answered, "Certainly I can see." It was very apparent that he thought he was mesmerized, and was ashamed to own it, and so persisted in saying he could see when it was impossible. I said aside to his brother, "It is very strange that he can see with his eyes shut;" to which the subject contemptuously answered, "Rats! do you think you can fool me? I can see all right." After turning up the gas while his eyes were shut, he seemed to see no difference; and he left with the idea that if he *was* mesmerized, I didn't know anything about it. This little tale may enlighten him, and show him that although he was not under the influence, which fact may relieve him, he gave himself away badly about his supposed vision. This is a deceitful world, and many come to grief thereby.

The moral of this sketch is apparent: Never deny a fact, even if it does not conform with your wishes.

It is a wise stock that knows its own par.—
Life.

WAYBACK, ME., Feb. 15, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TECH:—

Will you kindly say good-bye for me to all the boys? I am not coming back any more,—at any rate not till next fall. I find my eyes bother me, and my health is failing. Those last weeks of the term were very wearing upon me; and when my father saw how badly I was looking, he felt awfully cut up. The Faculty, they wrote down to him about it, and between them they decided to let me take a needed rest.

I am kind of glad to get back home again, after all. I am the biggest gun in Wayback just now, and I tell you I make the natives' eyes stick out. I went through my great Adonis act, the other night, to a select audience. They all went wild over it,—only Sol. Smith, and he never was any use. He said it made him think of a pair of white-washed tongs in abbeviated pantalettes; but when I showed him the half-page engraving in THE TECH, he shut up quick, I tell you.

It doesn't seem like six months since I struck Boston. Old Tempus fugged right along. You see, after I found out that I had got through the entrance exams all right, with only three conditions, I saw I had no need to waste much time on studying. Then I had to hunt the gymnasium up, too. I had no trouble in finding your chapel, because all I had to do was to follow the crowd. I hunted all over town for the gym, but I never once thought of looking for a hole in the ground up among the freight-yards. After I found it once, I never could remember the way. Quite often of a drill-morning I didn't find the place at all.

The laboratory was the best fun. I used to have an explosion pretty nearly every day. I never used to bother much to do the experiments it said in the book,—original investigation was what I was after. My uncle says that that is the only way to learn anything, and he is a school trustee. I got my notes from the fellow beside me. They use to read like this:—

(a.) *Materials.*—Water.

(b.) *Apparatus.*—Test-tube and lamp.

(c.) *What I did.*—I put 25 c. c. of the water in the test-tube, and lit the lamp, and heated the water over the flame of the lamp.

(d.) *What I saw.*—I saw the water boil, and give off a white vapor.

(e.) *What I conclude.*—I conclude that when water is heated hot, it boils and gives off a white vapor.

(f.) *What I know from other sources.*—The vapor given off was aqueous vapor. Sometimes I think that when I get to be a man, I'll run a laboratory, wear my hair down my back, carry ether in my pistol-pocket, and tell the poor innocent Freshies not to forget the scheme for their notes. I haven't decided yet.

I liked the drawing, too; only the man that marked the plates had a grudge against me, some way, but the others used to enjoy my work. Why, one of them would come along and look at my plate, and he would be sure to smile and look pleased, and maybe go off and get another teacher to come and admire it, too. I used to make real pretty plates; I put in horses and houses, sometimes, instead of those homely old triangles.

Then I went to all the class meetings. They were very interesting, and a fellow learns so much about parliamentary law—a good deal that is new and original, sometimes; but I could give them all points on that, and I did, one day. I told them how we used to do things in the Wayback Lyceum when I was President, and they clapped and pounded and cheered until they woke up the janitor. I was nominated for a place on the "Technique" Committee, and I would have got it, only so many members were jealous of me.

Oh, well, I wish I was back,—and then, again, I don't. I miss the theaters and the rest. After that night I saw Dixey I used to go real often, and after awhile I had an opera-glass, and sat in the front seats. I went out to Cambridge with some fellows one night to a torch-light parade and a lot of fire-works, and I used to drink beer after that. I was a pretty wild boy, you bet.

Well, give my love to—you know who—

where we fed. If anybody strikes you for any money, tell them I will send it next week. Now I am off for a walk. I carry a broken bamboo cane with a piece of an orange and black rag wound round it. Two rushes—action and re-action.

Well, see you in the fall.

Yours,

Y. SNIGGINS, '90.

A Trip to the South Boston Iron Works.

ONE afternoon during the recent vacation after the Semies, a party of Sophomore Mechanicals made a visit to the South Boston Iron Works. We applied at the office for a pass, but were told that none were given out. After some talk and explanation as to our being from the Tech, we were given one, however; and as our visit was especially to see the foundry, we started there first. The men were at work on the moulds, and we were told that they would begin casting about four o'clock; so, meantime, we went to another part of the works, where one of the big Government guns was being rifled. This gun was thirty-eight feet long, weighed thirty tons, and the bore was twelve inches in diameter. The lathe in which it was held was ninety feet long and about ten feet high. The rifling required two men,—one to tend to the lathe-tool, and the other to pump in oil. The guns are steel at the butt, and cast-iron the rest of the way; and an ingenious device was arranged which told the men when the tool entered the steel, so that the oil might be pumped in at the right time.

As so much Government work is done there, an inspector is stationed at the works, who attends to all contracts and estimates, and looks after the work, and sees that everything is done as agreed.

About four o'clock we went back to the foundry; but as the blast had not been put on, we climbed up on to the staging around the door of the furnace, and looked down on the roaring mass of coal and iron within. The heat was terrible, and soon drove us down.

There were no large castings to be made that day, nearly all the work being small gear-wheels, except one which was about five feet in diameter. The mould for this was not quite finished, but in about fifteen minutes all was ready, and the blast, or, as the men call it, "the wind," was put on. The men then began to cluster around the furnace with their huge iron pots ready to be filled with the boiling liquid.

To a person who sees it for the first time, a foundry is a wonderful sight. The long, dimly-lighted building, with massive cranes extending the whole length; the air filled with a sort of dust always to be seen in foundries; the darkness all around growing thicker every minute; the men with begrimed hands and faces standing around the furnace; the furnace itself roaring like some very demon; the fiery glow of the seething iron as it flows out from the furnace; the men, half-blinded by the glare, hurrying off to their moulds; the smoking, burning casks; all tend to make a strange, awful, unhuman scene.

We stood watching this scene for some time; but as it was growing late, we began to make our way through the burning flasks which lay around us, toward the door at the other end of the building. When we reached the door, we paused to turn back once more. We could just see the furnace through the smoke, but every now and then it sent forth a flash of light that penetrated the darkness, and shot up among the massive rafters which formed a sort of interminable network above; and the whole building would light up with a sudden glow, only to be left in deeper darkness as the light faded away.

But as we stood there entirely absorbed in the scene before us, there came a sudden gust of wind, and the door blew open with a fearful crash, which brought us to our senses once more. Wrapping our coats closely around us, to keep out the snow, which had begun to fall, we hurried home, each one thinking in his mind of the things he had seen, but, above all, of what seemed to us to be a fearful, roaring monster—the blast-furnace.

H. B. S.

Noticeable Articles.

THE most amusing paper in the February *Fortnightly* is the one entitled "Our Noble Selves." It is a hit at the literary mutual-admiration societies of the day. The author—a sly fellow—writes in the character of an admirer of the coming young geniuses, unrecognized as yet, with whom it seems the pavements of Pall Mall and Piccadilly absolutely swarm. They are so numerous, and the most admirable writing is such an absolute drug in the literary market, that they are likely to starve. But, says this writer, isn't youthful genius always unrecognized? How could an ignorant public "believe that the dirty, unshaven, ill-bred Scotchman in the small house by the waterside in Chelsea, who talks broad Ecclefechan, and omits to change his linen regularly, is the most wonderful master of pictorial description that ever put pen to paper in England?" And if a stupid public could not recognize the young Carlyle, "how, in our own day, can they believe that the tall young man with the stoop, over yonder, who passes unnoticed down the village street, is the greatest living artist in English style? Or that the handsome fellow in the light overcoat, who strolls unobserved through Piccadilly, is the most versatile humorist, essayist, and versifier that wild Wales has ever begotten?" Does the reader recognize these young geniuses? No? Well, that's just what's the matter. And now-a-days there are so many of them! Some fault, he says, has lately been found with literary log-rolling, referring to a recent noted article in the *Quarterly Review*. Literary log-rolling! There isn't half enough of it. The world never does recognize its great men, though they know each other; and if the tall young man with a stoop does not praise the young man in the light overcoat, and he does not return the compliment, how is a stupid public to recognize its geniuses, especially as "we live in an age when high genius is a drug in the market?" To be sure it was always more or less so. Our fathers used to say, "Keats is dead, Shelley drowned, Byron carried off by rum and fever at Missolonghi, Wordsworth grows old, Lamb lives on the Company's pension, Coleridge has finally befogged his muddled brains with too much opium and metaphysics,—and who is there to replace them? Why, young Mr. Tennyson, who wrote those silly sing-song verses of *Oriana*; young Mr. Dickens, the author of those vulgar, catchpenny *Pickwick Papers*; young Mr. Thackeray, who hangs about the clubs, and failed with "The Luck

of Barry Lyndon." Then there's that strange man, Browning, whose crabbed jingle no one understands; and that wild enthusiast, Ruskin, of Christ Church, who has gone congenially mad over that equally mad landscape-painter, Turner. But, of course, nobody would ever dream of comparing amiable and estimable youths like these with Byron, and Scott, and Southey!"

Well, it's just so now, only it's a great deal more so. "I, myself," says our author, "who have the courage of my opinions, am afraid to say openly what I feel and know about Austin Dobson and Robert Louis Stevenson (can these be the young genius with a stoop, and the young genius in the light overcoat?), and about half-a-dozen real geniuses of our time." Isn't there Herbert Spencer, "who, even twenty years ago, was the greatest thinker the world contained," and George Meredith, who, even then, was by far "the greatest artist of situation and character in the English language"? To be sure, *they* have been "boomed": let us, then, turn to, and boom the others; and he proceeds to give a solid page of the names of them, including Samuel Butler, "the greatest master of caustic irony in the English language," — not old Sam Butler of Hudibras, who is dead, but S. B. the author of "Erewhon," — a title which the reader will please read backwards, and which he probably never heard of.

Then what a vast, new field has been opened to the aspirations of all this genius by the expansion of the English-speaking world! "England has carried her landmarks to the ends of the earth; Atlantic Cables, Pacific Railways, Suez Canals, have brought us nearer by five thousand miles to every body every where; . . . our Edwins are cowboys on American plains; our Angelinas Red-Cross Sisters in Bulgarian villages; our Norvals feed their flocks among New Zealand sheepwalks; . . . we have seen space 'swell visibly,' as it swelled for De Quincy in his ecstatic trances"; and, he might have added, as the spouse of the elder Mr. Weller swelled at the Temperance Tea Party, "She's swellin' wisibly, Sammy!"

Under which singular circumstances, as old Carlyle would have said, what is a bewildered young reader to do? We advise the bewildered young reader not to be discouraged, but to pitch in among all these geniuses and try to appreciate them. We never could reckon among Mr. Emerson's wise sayings his

direction never to read any book that is not a year old. The very excellence of many books lies in their freshness, and they pass into oblivion, not for want of merit, but because there are too many, and the world cannot remember them all. But the books of the day are the intellectual food of the day; and whether our author is serious or not, his statement is true that there never was a time when there were so many good ones. Nor, though Herbert Spencer neither was, is, nor ever will be the greatest of philosophers, or even so much as a great philosopher at all, do we think that any of the many able writers in our author's long list require any sort of "booming" to secure a genuine recognition of their merits. But though we quite believe in the reading of new books, there is one precaution which every good reader will take, and that is to make himself thoroughly familiar with some of the great *old* masterpieces in every kind of writing; for otherwise he will have no standard to judge the new ones by, and Lowell's lines will come true that

"Reading new books is like eating new bread:
One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he
Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy."

W. P. A.

She's a very little creature, and the figure she possesses
Is most petite and charming, yet she still is in short dresses.
She dances, sings, and flirts with the utmost naivete;
In fine, she is end rusher in the Erminie Ballet.

— Williams Fortnight.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE TECH:—

The editorial which appeared in your last issue upon the Athletic Club Dinner, seems to us to be written from an unfair point of view. Its sentiment is, that the club has been expending a large sum of money in a way which is not in accordance with its conservative principles and the athletic interests of the Institute. In the first place, it is by the departure from the former conservatism that the club has been so prosperous this year. In the second place, the

club has a perfect right to do just as it pleases with that which it has so justly earned. The idea that the club should devote its earnings to some outside object, is very charitable. Because we have in the past done so much toward helping our less-fortunate brethren, and may in future continue in so doing, is no reason why in this present instance we should devote the *whole* of our earnings to outsiders, and enjoy none of it ourselves. We are afraid that the other associations are beginning to have an idea that the Athletic Club stands ready to make up all deficits. If this were so, the outside clubs would have no compunctions in running up debts, nor could they obtain any subscriptions.

The Athletic Club is prosperous because it has awakened outside interest. The other associations should be able to do the same, as they might by equal exertions. Great trouble has been found to obtain a large membership. By bringing the club into prominence, there is a much better chance of accomplishing this result. The editorial referred to calls the members "men who have simply bought season-tickets" to the games. This infers that they joined from an entirely selfish motive. The fact is, that the members who join do not obtain any pecuniary benefit the first year, even if they attend all the games; so their joining is from worthy motives, which show an interest in the objects and aims of the association. It is upon the members of the club that all the work of running the games falls, and the outsiders enjoy the results. This dinner, the primary object of which was to honor the Tug-of-War Team, was made free to members in order to show an appreciation of their willingness to become co-operators in the Athletic Club, and also to rebuke those who would not join. Those who wish to subscribe toward this dinner, can easily find opportunity for investing their funds toward the promotion of athletics, as our Base-Ball team needs all that can be given.

The Athletic Club will always stand ready to devote a portion of its wealth for worthy objects, but it cannot afford to leave itself out of the category.



The Senior Ball will be given at Odd Fellows' Hall, April 22d.

Next Thursday, Fast Day, will be the last holiday of the term.

The Junior Mechanicals are now having surveying.

Benjamin C. Lane, '87, will soon sail for Europe, to be away several months.

The Tug-of-War Team has been photographed by Hastings.

The '87 Mechanicals recently visited the Rhode Island Locomotive Works.

The Senior Electricals expect to go to Gloucester to-morrow, to visit the cable station there.

Subscriptions for the Senior Ball are not coming in as rapidly as the committee wishes to see.

The Junior Miners are analyzing lead matte, and a blast-furnace slag in the analytical laboratory.

Some very handsome models for the Biological department have been received from Germany.

The '88 Class Dinner will be held at the Revere House, on April 6th, and A. T. Bradlee will act as toastmaster.

Some third-year Mining lectures have recently been suspended, and the members of the class have been "dissecting" power-drills.

Delinquent TECH subscribers should pay up at once, or else action will be taken by the Directors for collecting these subscriptions.

The Senior Class-Day Committee has elected George W. Patterson statistician, in place of T. D. Brainerd, who declined that honor.

THE TECH desires to return thanks to Sydney Bartlett, '87, for the foot-ball photograph which he so kindly presented to the sanctum.

Messrs. Bosworth and Moore received mentions, lately, on a design for a well,— one of the problems given the third year Architects.

The Alpha Theta Chapter of Sigma Chi, celebrated its fifth anniversary last week with a "Gypsy Baron" theater party, followed by a dinner.

President Walker delivered his Yale lecture on "The Source of Business Profits," before the Society of Arts' meeting, at the Institute, last week.

G. A. Ricker, '86, writes that Paul Winsor is highly pleased that his defeat of Easton and his team has been duplicated by another Technology team.

The Senior Mechanicals are now working in the weaving department, manipulating the looms and spindles. No one has been injured by the mule as yet.

Mrs. Rogers held her last reception for the term last Wednesday evening, when she was assisted by several ladies in receiving the students who called.

The Fraternity Dance will be given Saturday afternoon, at the Gymnasium. Music will be furnished by J. Howard Richardson's orchestra, which ensures a pleasant dance.

Large numbers of Tech men have attended the Harvard athletic meetings. The last will be held next Saturday, and the final contest in the tug-of-war promises to be exciting.

It is hoped that the Tennis Courts will be in condition for playing by the middle of April. The executive committee of the association is now making arrangements for the spring season.

The Glee Club has been asked to sing in Lowell, Cambridge, and other places, since such a success was made at the concert in Boston. The club is still another advertisement of the Institute.

The names of thirty candidates for the Nine have been handed in. The candidates for bat-

tery positions are practicing in the gymnasium daily, and a little out-door practice has been indulged in.

John Shortall and Solomon Sturges, of Chicago, dropped down on Boston last week, for the '87 class dinner, and made their classmates happy during their stay.

Instead of the regular April meeting, the Society of '87 will give a Ladies' Evening, tomorrow evening, in the new building. An attractive programme has been arranged, to be followed by dancing.

F. H. Newell, '85, now taking a graduate course, recently delivered two lectures before the Third-Year Miners and Chemists, on Petroleum Well-Boring,— a subject which has been thoroughly studied by him.

The Harvard Freshman Tug-of-War Team, that defeated the Sophomores at the first Harvard athletic meeting, had for its anchor, Arthur Amory, formerly Technology, '89. The Harvard men attribute Amory's success to his Technology training.

Owing to an unfortunate oversight, the reports of the Society of '87's reception to the Faculty, and the first graduate dinner of the Class of '86, were omitted from the locals of the last TECH. As it is rather late to publish them now, we offer this as an apology for their non-appearance.

A meeting of the Photographic Society will be held at the Thorndike, on the evening of Tuesday, April 5th. Papers on Platinum Prints and Enlargements, and on Transparencies and Lantern Slides, will be read. All interested in photography are invited to be present.

The base-ball season will be opened on Fast Day, with a game with Harvard, on the Union Grounds. Other games have been arranged with Harvard, Brown, Tufts, and Worcester Tech, up to May 7th; at which time the nine will disband. Two Saturdays remain open, which may be filled with games with Trinity.

The mentions announced in the Architectural department last week were as follows: Fourth

year, Design for Art Club House, Perkins, 1st, Kimball, 2d, and Gay, 3d; third year, Design for an Ornamental Doorway for an Art Museum, Shattuck, 1st, Hodgkins, 2d, and Parker and Miss Rockfellow, 3d; third year, Sketch for an Ornamental Lamp-Post, Shattuck received the only mention. Many of the designs were creditable, and attracted attention from visitors in the department.

The last concert of the Glee Club, at Association Hall, was most successful in all its details. The club was in excellent voice, and nearly every number was encored. Mr. Spaulding made the hit of the evening in his two songs, and Mr. Thompson's yodel was as much applauded as ever. The club was assisted by Prof. Pegou, Miss Louise Baldwin, Madame Pegou, and Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard. The concert was on the whole a great success, and the club deserves all the praise it got. We would suggest, however, that the programme of the next concert contain fewer of the "old songs," and more new ones.

The annual dinner of the editors and directors of THE TECH was held at the Hotel Victoria, on the 19th inst. Seventeen past and present members of the boards gathered around the large round table, which was tastefully decorated with flowers and lights, and did justice to the menu. When the cigars were lighted, President Sprague called the assembly to order, and introduced the toasts as follows: "College Journalist," Sydney Warren; "Athletics," George Draper; "Retrospection," B. C. Lane; "Locals," Quintard Peters; "The Quarterly," G. C. Dempsey; "Ads," Hollon C. Spaulding; "The Scissors," J. Lawrence Mauran; and "The Status," F. C. Hobbs. After the formal toasts, bright hits, witty speeches and songs, among which was the regulation "Abdul," made the time pass pleasantly until a late hour.

The annual meeting of the Co-operative Society was held March 26th, in room 15, Rogers. Constitutional amendments were made changing the date of inauguration of officers, and raising the annual dues to fifty cents. It was

voted to establish a scholarship, to be called the Co-operative Society Scholarship, the amount of which was to be decided by the executive committee. An amendment giving the officers a yearly salary was lost. After passing a vote of thanks to Mr. Taintor, '87, the retiring president, the meeting proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, Louis A. Ferguson, '88; Vice-President, William L. Dearborn, '88; Secretary, Stejirau Fukuzawa, '88; Treasurer, Prof. S. W. Holman. The members of the executive committee are elected by their respective classes.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

HARVARD.—Leavitt, '90, has again broken the Harvard record in the pole-vault, clearing 9 ft. 8½ in.—It is said that the college cheer was first adopted during a torchlight procession in 1864, in support of Lincoln for President.—Mr. R. D. Sears has been elected president of the National Lawn-Tennis Association.

YALE.—One thousand dollars has been promised by a wealthy alumnus toward paying off the debt incurred in the laying out of the field.—Yale's joining the new league is spoken of as a "freeze in."—The Faculty has decided not to allow the Dramatic Association to present a play this spring for the benefit of the Navy.—The library increases at the rate of 1,000 volumes a year. (*Ex.*)—The name under which the famous Skull and Bones Society is incorporated under the Connecticut State laws, is the Russel Trust Association.

PRINCETON.—Evelyn College, for young women, which is to be under the direction of Princeton professors, is to be opened soon. Dr. McCosh will be president, and his two daughters will act as principals. The trustees have decided not to make the college a university, as there are no departments of law and medicine,—two departments which it is claimed are essential to a real university.—Cowan, anchor of the tug-of-war team, lifted 1,000 pounds with the belt, recently.—The prize offered by *Lippincott's*

Magazine for the best essay on "Social Life at Princeton," has been awarded to E. M. Hopkins, '88. The article appeared in the April number of the magazine.

UNIVERSITY OF PENN.—The class nines are already playing for the championship of the college.—The total number of students in the University is 1,088. There are 136 professors and instructors.

It is claimed that Clark, a catcher, and Wilson, a pitcher, who are now at Williams, were enticed away by many inducements from Brown and Bowdoin. Keefe, of the New Yorks, who trained the Williams nine for a time, prophesies that Wilson will become one of the most prominent pitchers in the league.

DWIGHT and Beekman, the lawn-tennis players, are playing in Cannes, England. In a recent tournament, Beekman played in the finals with E. Renshaw, the latter winning by a score of only three sets to two.

THE best American record for the 24-mile run was broken recently at Philadelphia; time, 2 hours, 41 min., 32 sec.

IN GENERAL.—There are only eight men training for the Cornell crew.—The average age of those who enter college in this country is 17 years; a century ago it was 14; at the Institute it is now about 18 years 3 months.—The class-day assessment at Tufts will be \$15.—The new gymnasium of the Troy Polytechnic Institute has been completed.—Williams College has 290 students.—The following list of ten leading colleges of the United States will give an idea of the importance of a gymnasium in the estimation of the best educational institutions in the country: Harvard, cost of gymnasium, \$110,000; Yale, \$125,000; Princeton, \$38,000; Amherst, \$65,000; Columbia, \$156,000; Williams, \$50,000; Cornell, \$40,000; Lehigh, \$40,000; University of Minnesota, \$34,000; Dartmouth, \$25,000. (*The Chronicle*.)

And the Institute, whose number of students is exceeded by only three of the above colleges, has nothing but a drill-shed.



A PICTURE.

Down at the rusty old gate in the corner,
Where the long shades of the poplars fall,
There she is standing, her hand in her lover's,
Listening to love's and to duty's call.

Here at her side is her own heart's chosen,—
The horses are there in the grass-grown lane;
Behind, 'mid the trees, is her father's fair dwelling,
The home where her life has been shielded from pain.

Well may she turn and gaze sadly behind her,
Unheeding the hand that would draw her away;
Naught till *he* came had her father denied her,
Never had she crossed his will till to-day.

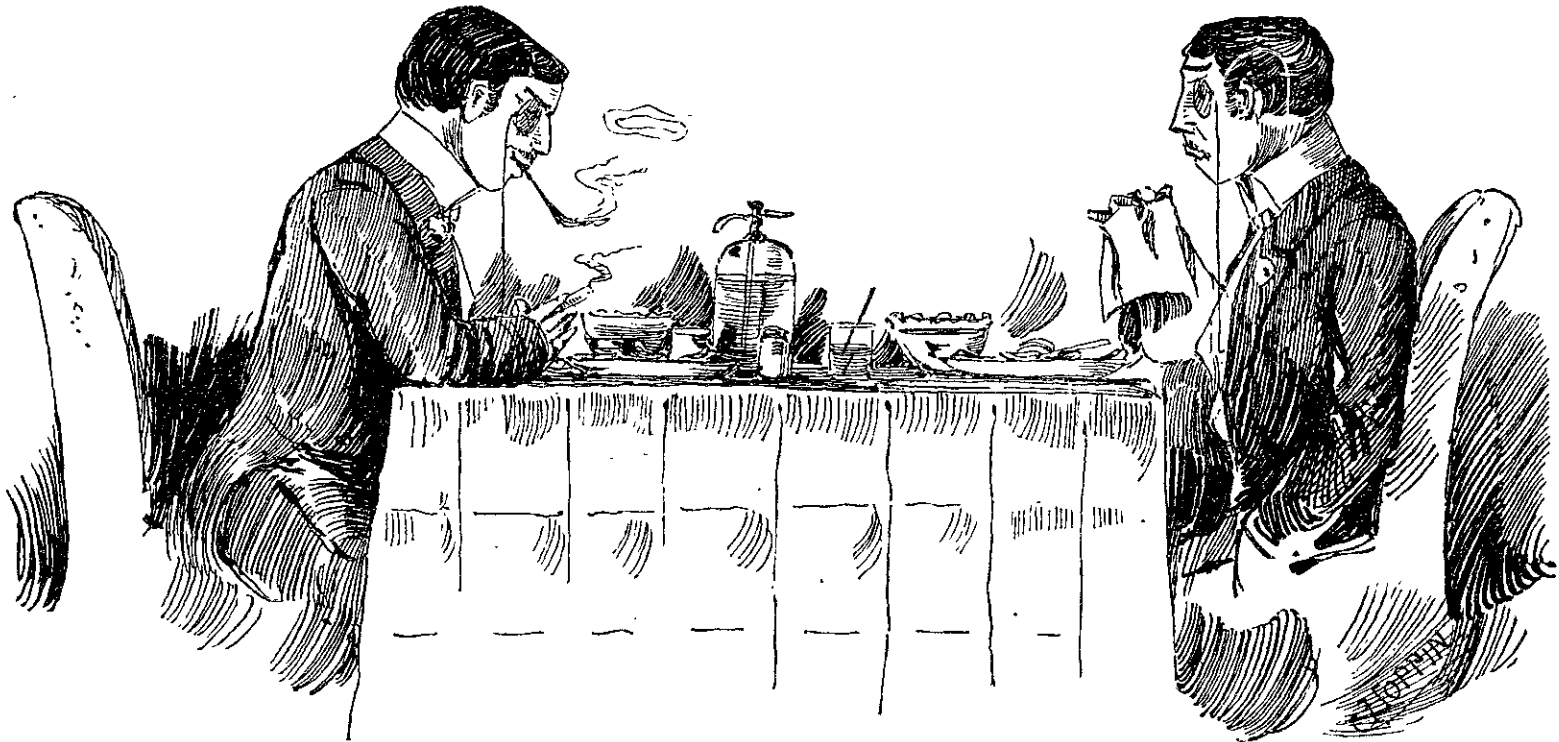
But, as she turns and those true eyes encounter—
Eyes that reading her very soul seem—
"To the end of the earth with *you*," is her answer:
Ah, well, love is right, and o'er all rules supreme.
—*Yale Record*.

AN EPISTLE FROM OUR SPRING POET.

I've written you poems on Spring,
But you yank that invisible string
That connects with that d—n little thing
On your vest.
Let it rest!
You may muffle its ring.
For no more
Shall I soar
On poesy's wing.
I'm going to be silent, by jing!
Ting-ting.
Yours truly,
Your poet on Spring.
—*Williams Fortnight*.

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

He was saying good-night in the hallway,
Half hesitant how to depart;
And she looked up so wondrously smiling—
It struck a chord down in his heart.
Then he took the fair hand she extended,
And wondered how much she would care,
When she whispered so daintily roguish,
"You're so tall I can't reach up there."
—*Yale Record*.



THERE MAY BE SOME HOPE LEFT.

1st Chappie — OLD MAN, YOU DO LOVE OYSTERS, DON'TCHER?

2d Chappie — YES, OLD CHAPPIE; MY APPETITE AMOUNTS TO A *furor*.
(*They drink on that.*)

THE LADY AND THE TIGER.

(*Adapted from the prose of Fr-nk St-ckt-n.*)

There was a maid at Ogontz, once,
And she was wondrous smart;
She drew to four big bouncing spades,
But caught (poor girl!) a heart.

Yet when she spied that ruddy card,
She covered her chagrin,
And bluffed that bob-tailed flush so hard,
She gobbled all the "tin."

—*Pennsylvanian.*

MORE THAN THE BARGAIN.

The ancient proverb says, "You cannot get more out of a bottle than you put in it." That's an error. Besides what he put in, he can get a headache, a sick stomach, and perhaps ten days in the lock-up.—*Life.*

A gentleman's dress should always be perfectly quiet. Hence the man who wears squeaking shoes is not a true gentleman.—*Life.*

We are seldom impelled by curiosity, but when a man raises us out and then smiles a satisfied, mocking smile, then we feel a gnawing at our vitals to find out what he had.—*Courant.*

WHAT THE WAVES WERE SAYING.

"I have found out what it was the wild waves were saying," observed the snake editor.

"What was it?" asked the horse editor.

"Let us spray."—*Ex.*

"SHE."

How beautiful she was, forsooth;
Such eyes!—and lips that would, in truth,
Have tempted any headstrong youth
To bold endeavor!

How witchingly she smiled on me,
How fascinating seemed to be—
Until, alas! she chanced to see
Another fellow!

How oft on *him* her eyes did rest,
And shone in earnest or in jest,—
Though all the time she liked the best
Some other fellow!

—*Yale Courant.*

The *Newburyport Herald* reports that "Joseph G. Stevens was bitten by a dog at the south end last week, and the dog now sleeps the sleep of death." This should be a warning to dogs to keep away from Mr. Stevens's south end.

—*Lowell Courier.*

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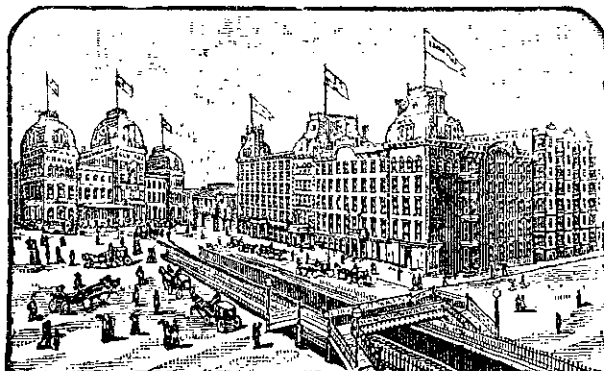
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Is what the dear poets all say;

But it don't seem to me the appropriate thing

To look at the subject that way.

"Dust, dust, in everything,"

It strikes me applies well to-day;

And it really ain't right for the poets to sing

Of "spring, gentle spring" on Back Bay.

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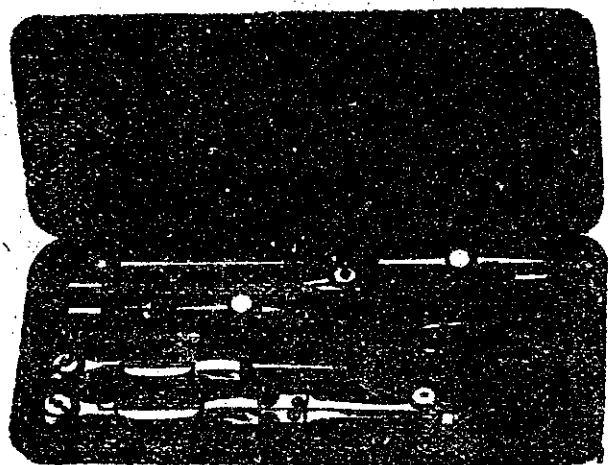
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