

# The Tech.

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## THE TECH.

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WE have every reason to feel proud of the showing of our athletes in the recent spring games, where they were brought into competition with representatives from other colleges and organizations. Of the twelve cups offered as prizes, seven of them went to Techs., with the rest well scattered. Of the nine events contested, Technology won four, which is a greater number than went to any other organization represented at the meeting. Such an achievement helps us think more of our *Alma Mater*, and explodes the idea that we all educate our brains to the utter neglect of our heels. As in the past, we have done well against outside competitors; so it is hoped that the future will find us just as able to hold up our end, and to take the same fat share of the prizes.

A full account of the events, with the names of the winners of the various prizes, will be found on another page.

INQUIRY has been made by several students as to the mode of joining the Athletic Club at the Institute; and for their sake, and for the sake of the many under-class men who for some reason have not joined heretofore, we will explain. The initiation fee is fifty cents, and the dues a dollar a year,—the initiation fee, of course, being paid when the student first joins the Club. The cost is thus one dollar and a half for the first year of membership, and one dollar for each subsequent year, provided the dues are paid within a certain time after the beginning of the fall term. A membership ticket entitles each member to admission to all games given by the Club, and also to a certificate of membership, with seal and Secretary's signature affixed. It is possible that the yearly dues may be done away with after this year, and in place a certain amount be charged, which will make the student paying such amount a life member.

A letter containing the required amount (\$1.50), sent to the Secretary of the Club through the letter-rack, will secure enrollment on the list of members, and a membership ticket will be sent back in a short time to the student entitled thereto.

IN order that a reading-room should fulfill in the smallest degree any of its functions, absolute quiet is essential. Talking, reading aloud, etc., distract the attention of every one present, and render study an impossibility. In the Freshman reading-room in Rogers this absence of turmoil is, perhaps, not to be expected; but when complaints are heard on every hand of the loud talking and generally boisterous conduct of a certain few who, from their position, ought surely to know better, in one of the reference-rooms used only by the upper classmen, we think it time to remonstrate.

A courteous consideration of the rights of others is the first mark of a gentleman. When one becomes entirely absorbed in self, when one ceases to regard the comfort or convenience of others, he in return will lose the respect of his associates or students, as the case may be, and become an object of dislike to all. Imagine a student attempting to solve some abstruse problem in chemistry, for instance, while a lively discussion in reference to the solubility of copper sulphide in sulphide of ammonium is being carried on in a loud voice almost in his ear. Study is, of course, impossible, and the annoyed investigator withdraws with feelings of disgust from the room where he has a *right* to study unmolested, and with an expression of resentment and anger for the uncivil persons whose lack of courtesy allowed them to drive him out.

Remonstrances in reference to this particular reading-room have repeatedly reached our ears, so that in justice to ourselves and to the reputation of the Institute at large, we feel it incumbent upon us to pray, yes, to insist, that this nuisance shall disappear. We hope that we shall not be obliged to refer to this matter again.

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THE young man who graduates from the Institute is supposed to be fully prepared for the stern battle of life. During our course of study here, our time is almost entirely given up to work exclusive in its nature, and confined to the subject which we have chosen as our profession, having in view the attainment of the highest possible degree of excellence therein. Those studies which tend to harmonize and ameliorate the hard, practical side of life are hardly touched upon. All is given up to one's elected science. That the tendency of such a course is to narrow one's mind, and render him woefully ignorant in everything outside his profession, cannot be doubted. "But what matters this ignorance of outside subjects if one is master of his own?" replies our strictly scientific, non-

literary friend. That is exactly it. What matters it? It is not our present intention to discuss what we consider the truly successful life of an erudite young man of to-day, nor to enter upon a dissertation of the uplifting, culturing, and ennobling effect of literature, art, and poetry. We wish simply to ask our readers if they consider that the young graduate of the Institute, having acquired an abnormal taste for the practical and scientific, and destroyed by a four years' course of heroic treatment that love of the poetical and mystic that is the birthright of everyone, is really prepared for life? We think not. If we are not to consider the beauties or poesies of life at all, and are to work but for a *financial* success, does excellence in one's profession alone insure it? Is no knowledge of business necessary? Why, in the words of John B. Clark, "the average college professor doesn't know enough to run a peanut-stand *successfully*." If money alone is to be the object of our lives,—and surely few can expect fame,—let us do it thoroughly. To step out of the Institute and into a competent salary may not be so difficult; but to manage that salary so that it shall increase, and when the rainy day comes shall be sufficient to take care of us, is another thing.

With no knowledge of business and but little of literature, the Institute graduate, with his head crammed full of his specialty, is an object to be pitied; neither success nor happiness await him. Would not a post-graduate course of business in the counting-room of some one of our many mercantile houses render our chances of success a little more probable?

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THE janitor makes it a custom to put away all bulletin-boards he happens to find out at the time of his daily sweepings, and he never takes the trouble to put them back again. This is probably nothing but thoughtlessness, but it causes serious inconvenience very often, and must always affect, to some degree, the attendance at meetings, which are sometimes in their small way very important.

THE plan now under discussion by a certain few of forming a club for the purpose of living here in Boston during the college year in a cheaper and more agreeable manner, is in every way a most worthy one, and eminently deserving of the success which we feel sure awaits it.

That we should be, year after year, cheated and gouged by those persons who make it their profession thus to do, demands some energetic action like that now proposed on our part, as a matter of self-defense.

That a number of students by combining could lease a house, engage a housekeeper, and live in a more satisfactory and sanitary manner than it is now possible for them to do, can not be doubted. This plan is by no means new. It is now in operation in nearly every college community in the land, and there are few places where the prices charged for rooms and board are as exorbitant as here.

Any steps looking to the formation of such a society, cannot be taken too soon. Once started on a firm financial basis, we feel confident that it will flourish and multiply until the Institute student who hires his room by the week and boards at a restaurant will be unknown, and our worthy lodging-mistress will turn her attention to some other profession more in keeping with her ability.

COLLECTING that money to pay the bill incurred the night of the bonfire seems to be progressing rather slowly, and there appears to be a disposition to saddle the debt on to the Athletic Club, whether or no. Those having charge of the subscriptions know that we can't have the Union Grounds for foot-ball next fall till the bill for the bonfire is paid; they also know that the Athletic Club does not propose to cancel the indebtedness thus contracted. It thus seems that the only way out of the trouble is an active soliciting of subscriptions by those having authority.

#### Through the Straits of Magellan.

IT was after a stormy passage of fifteen days from Montevideo, that I was rewarded with a glimpse of the straits named after that sturdy old Portuguese navigator, Magellan. We had been skirting the low shores of Patagonia, that sweep back from the sea a brown, boundless plain, as far as the eye can reach, from early afternoon, when our first officer pointed to a break in the coast-line, and said, "There she is, Captain! a point off the starboard bow!" By sundown we were at anchor within the bay made by the headland of Cape Elizabeth, on the northern or Patagonian extremity of the Straits, our vessel heading toward the south, where, five miles away, we could dimly discern the low, sandy shore of Cape Virgin, the easternmost boundary of Tierra del Fuego.

The Straits vary in width, from three or four miles at the Atlantic entrance to twenty-five or thirty midway, and half that distance on the Pacific side. A great many bays, generally called reaches, make off from the true channel toward the south, and require unceasing vigilance on the part of the navigator, or he will find himself in a veritable *cul de sac*, surrounded by frowning precipices and sunken rocks. This danger makes the passage at night an impossibility, every vessel being forced to come to anchor, or, as is often the case, "tie up" alongside the steep embankments, as one would to a wharf.

We made the passage in June, the first winter month; and although the ground was free from snow, the mercury hovered unpleasantly near the zero point, making it necessary to keep up a good vigorous tramp as long as one kept the deck. The morrow found us under way at an early hour, steaming along at the rate of ten knots, with the Patagonia shore on our right, which soon changed from a dull, monotonous level into rolling-land, that billowed like the sea under a stiff northwester. By noon the Straits had widened to fifteen or twenty miles, but the atmosphere was so clear that it did not seem more than half that distance, the whole pano-

rama of "The Land of Fire" being plainly visible.

The land here is more varied than its northern neighbor, being broken and irregular, with many a sharp-pointed peak that shot heavenward like minarets, between which narrow valleys trend toward the southwest. All nature bore signs of a great convulsion that had shaken and twisted every strata from the foundation to the topmost pinnacle. The agony of the struggle seemed yet to rest in the rock-ribbed hills, and in voiceless pain they appealed to the traveler for deliverance. The mighty flood of fire that swept its sides has thrown over all a dull, red mantle, which centuries of time have not been able to efface, except where it has been replaced by the livid hue of ashes, which shone like sheeted ghosts from these monuments of death.

By five o'clock we were at anchor off the Chilean penal settlement of Sandy Point, the most southern civilized place in the Western Continent. It was little more than a hamlet, and contained the prisoners' quarters, barracks, governor's residence, and church. A few colonists had been induced to emigrate, allured by the bright prospect of a farm for the asking; but the shortness of the season and the sterility of the soil had convinced them that they had been deluded, and were it not for the bi-monthly steamers that call for fuel on their way to and from Valparaiso, bound for Liverpool, they would starve. The Chilean government does not allow their convict labor to interfere with them in their employment as longshoremen, and this pittance, together with what they can raise during the short summer season, enables them to eke out a miserable existence. The convicts are marched to the woods under guard, and obliged to cut and pile a cord per day; no more, no less. If they fail in their task the cat-o'-nine-tails is called into requisition, and they receive from thirty to forty lashes. Among this set of unhappy beings I met an American, who claimed New York State as the land of his nativity, but seemed rather hazy as to the exact locality. On being asked why he was there, he

replied, "O, for nothing." But further questioning revealed the fact that he had killed a policeman at Valparaiso in a most dastardly way. "He was only a Dago," said the unabashed worthy, "and I don't call that anything, anyway. Can't you give me a drop of something?" No liquor is sold in the place; the only way it can be obtained is from passing vessels; and as most of the prisoners, a large percentage of the settlers and officials, are tipplers, the coming of any kind of a craft is looked upon as a peculiar blessing vouchsafed by Providence.

Just before we arrived a Patagonia Indian had been induced to take too much fire-water, and while under its influence some of the jokers of the place had cut his long hair short to his head, and the light-fingered gentry made off with his guanaco skin. The pride of a Patagonian is his hair; without that he is debarred his tribe; and the loss of his robe, which receives every year additional adornment in the shape of an official stamp from the chief of the tribe, and when past service is buried with great ceremony, is looked upon as disgraceful.

So this poor child of the soil awoke to find himself ostracized from his home and friends until his hair had attained its former length, and he should be the possessor of another guanaco skin. Even then he cannot hold his old position in his tribe, but must distinguish himself, either in chase or battle, before regaining it. This representative of his race was not particularly gigantic, as the stories of these people lead one to infer, but was a good-sized, well-built fellow, about six feet in height, broad shouldered, broad faced with high cheek-bones, and a dull copper-colored skin. He was clothed in buckskin leggings, and a knit jacket of European manufacture, that he had put on hind side before, and which was many sizes too small for him, the sleeves but barely reaching his elbows. He appeared a good-natured fellow, however, and quite a philosopher in his way, smiling broadly at all allusions to his troubles, and contenting himself with shrugging his shoulders when asked what he was going to do while he was waiting for his hair to grow.

The guanaco is a species of deer that is found as far north as Chili and the Argentine Republic. It is very shy, and requires a good sportsman to get a shot at it. The skins are offered for sale in the settlement, the price being uniformly twenty dollars, or a bottle of cognac. Our skipper bought several, and one or two of the passengers made purchases; but as we were going to a hot climate, the difficulty of preserving them deterred most of us. For ten days we were fog-bound; not ordinary fog, but the thick, heavy, opaque kind, that the sailor asserts can be cut with a knife. The morning of the 11th broke clear and beautiful, and by half-past seven we had left Sandy Point a dim speck in the distance. The first part of the day the Straits gradually widened, until a distance of twenty-five miles from shore to shore was reached, after which it rapidly contracted, so that barely three miles intervened. This strait within a strait is laid down on the chart as the English Narrows, and is a seething, tumbling mass of water when the tide meets the current. The Pacific being higher than the Atlantic, there is a continual flow toward the east, which, as a rule, has a maximum speed of from three to four knots; but when its waters are hemmed in in such a narrow pass as the one just named, it attains a velocity of seven. Sailing vessels going through, which is a rare occurrence, have to anchor until flood tide, when, if there is a good wind, they can generally manage to weather the Narrows,—but even then are often set back. With a speed of twelve knots we seemed to crawl along the shore, the water rushing by us as if we were at anchor. This is famous fishing-ground for both man and bird; the whole face of the water and the surrounding air was filled with screaming gulls, who were evidently meeting with the best of success; while some distance away, where the back-water formed an eddy, a boat-load of Fuegians were also taking a hand. As we hove in sight they made for the shore, and hid themselves until we were out of sight.

The scenery now assumed a more majestic form. The land billows ceased to roll, and broke against the base of precipitous hills that farther

on rose higher and higher until the clouds received their summits.

Before us lay the Andes, whose northern limit under another name receives the surges of the Arctic, and without a broken line march grandly on until the waters of the Straits say, "So far shall thou come and no farther." It was three in the afternoon before we passed the Narrows, and entered the grand bay or lake from which its waters flow. Here were the veritable Andes at our very sides, almost within reach of our hands, towering above us so far that they ceased to belong to earth, and had been received up out of sight. Cape Pillar, the most southern point of the continent, rose straight from the waters as an oak, full twenty thousand feet above us. Back from the shore its sides sloped, and were met by those of an opposite mountain, forming a ravine, down which a glacier held its frozen way to the water's brink. Close to this mighty river we anchored, and as it was not yet dark, many of us went ashore. The fall of the glacier must have been very precipitous, as the crevasses even a short way from the terminus were hundreds of feet in depth. I walked and crept as far as it was possible to go, a crevasse of fifteen feet in width stopping my farther progress, and here awaited the rising of the moon. The sun had just sunk below the horizon, and the sky was full of that magical light that art has never been able to depict. Golden argosies floated overhead in an amber sea; cumulous clouds in the western sky, piled one upon the other, an unfrequent sight in winter, took strange shapes of castles and towers with embattlements of burnished gold, while directly before me, across the Straits, the peaks of Tierra del Fuego glinted back the last rays of the sun. Suddenly all changed. The light went out, leaving no twilight, and the stars shone forth clear and cold. My overcoat was hardly sufficient protection against the frigid wind that swept down the glacier, and shrieked and whistled in its journey. The everlasting hills, the "mighty thought," as Ruskin calls them, stood wrapped in gloom,—silent, chill, unapproachable, landmarks of eternity, looking down at me from

their wondrous heights gravely questioning. At such a time one can understand in a measure the feelings of the pantheist, and reverently on bended knee adore.

Shortly after the moon arose, and threw its silvery light over the waters of the Straits, and bathed the far-away Fireland hills, softening all the roughness of their gnarled features and falling like a benison on their seared and upturned faces. All was in gloom about me, and silence, painful in its intensity, pervaded everything, occasionally broken by loud explosions, or groanings almost human in their utterance, from the deep caverns under me—the Spirit of the Ice calling to the Spirit of the Mountain.

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#### How Did She Know?

They were in an old cathedral,  
 In the darkly glowing nave:  
 I don't know what he said there,  
 Nor how he did behave;  
 But when outside, his visage  
 A searching look she gave,  
 And then triumphantly she cried,  
 "I knew you'd ought to shave!"

O. D. W.

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#### Canoeing.

**F**EW people, old or young, among the great number of our population, know aught of that most noble, beneficial, and life-giving sport—canoeing.

The origin of the canoe is shrouded in obscurity, but it probably was first launched in the form of a frame-work covered by skins, or the paper-like bark of certain trees, such as the northern birch and some of the tropical species. Since man existed, boats of some kind have also been in existence. The first man gazed upon the sea, and just as is the case to-day with many a man, the longing to travel upon it came, and he looked about him to find a conveyance.

Observing that wood floated, he tied two or

three logs together with bark, and then by some means he propelled his craft through the water. Then seeing a dried leaf, which had curled to a cup in drying, floating on the surface of the water, he next experimented with an imitation of it. He substituted for the ribs of the leaf ribs made from twigs; for the shell of the leaf he used bark or skins; until finally, by successive trials and changes in model, a canoe floated buoyantly upon the water,—a thing of beauty and of strength, capable of withstanding severe shocks and rough water.

Following this canoe came the one made by chopping or burning out the wood from a log, so as to leave a thin shell. This method was adopted by the early settlers in our country, and in these canoes many a bold exploring expedition set out to discover and open up new regions. The Esquimau, finding that he had to deal with rough water, decked his canoe, leaving only a small hole amidships for his body. Without wood and bark, he was obliged to make his boat of bones and sealskin.

Now as intelligent and inventive men began to think over the canoe problem, they came to the conclusion that better-shaped boats could be made by first making the frame-work, and then covering it with thin boards. Thus originated the Canadian canoe, and great perfection has been attained by our Northern brethren in modeling and building canoes of this class.

In our own country canoe-building has progressed wonderfully, until to-day may be launched from the shop of any of the good makers a boat, either for sailing or paddling, which is light, strong, seaworthy, and even beautiful; and many more adjectives might be used could the writer but think of them.

Enough of canoes; now for the sport itself. In the first place, the writer is a canoeist, and recognizes in it a sport second to none, and he thinks that every man not now a canoeist should immediately take steps to become one.

There are several kinds of canoeing, as there were several kinds of canoes. There is still-water canoeing, and rough-water canoeing, the fresh water and salt water varieties, a canoe rac-

ing under sail or paddle, and cruising. Then there is that kind which takes place about the blazing fireplace on winter evenings, and which is not the least enjoyable, by any means. Some men enjoy a quiet paddle about a mirror-like lake or sluggishly flowing river; others like an exhilarating dash down some rapidly running river, or a thrash to windward upon the rolling surface of the sea. Some canoeists dote upon racing, but the truest of all true canoeing is cruising.

Now a word with regard to the canoeist. There he stands, the captain, mate, 'foremast hand, cabin-boy, and cook, all in one. He may enjoy single-handed canoeing, or may be he has not room for two; but at any rate he must not be regarded as a misanthrope who goes nosing about all alone, for he loves not man the less, but nature more. The other canoeist likes company all the time; a second man is a great help to him, also. But once in a while our single-hander breaks down the one-person barrier, and takes out for a sail or paddle his fair *dulcinea*. Circumstances alter cases, of course, especially if it is a case of

“ And when for ladies' eyes  
We dress the light canoe,  
They call the builder wise  
Who made just room for two.”

What more peaceful and contented man can one see than a canoeist who, after having cooked and eaten his evening meal and washed the dishes, sits or lies down upon a mossy bank near his camp-fire, and blows all care to the winds in a column of smoke from his pipe.

A more self-reliant man could not be found. He sails or paddles his canoe, cooks his own meals, washes the dishes, makes his own bed and lies down to sleep the sleep of the tired body and satisfied mind; waking the next morning refreshed, and ready for the work of the day in the open air. Every one who has not, should try canoeing, and he will be surprised to find what excellent things may exist upon the earth and he in ignorance of the fact.

ONE OF THEM.

### Rondeau.

UPON a stormy winter night,  
With curtains drawn and low turned light,  
We sat alone, my Nan and I,  
The bright wood fire blazing high.  
Our fancies roamed in aimless flight  
O'er thoughts of love and future bright.  
In bantering mood — O luckless wight! —  
I called her, with a deep drawn sigh,  
My Anarchist.

Her pretty face became a sight:  
With anger's flame her eyes alight  
Flashed like meteors in the sky.  
Her stormy mood, how'er, passed by,  
And naught but love remained when I  
My Anna kissed.

—Yale Courant.

### Forests and Water-Supply.

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the present wide-spread discussion concerning the influence of forests upon the rain-fall, there can be no question about their effect on the water-supply. With the return of spring, the season of floods and freshets is again upon us. The newspapers will soon contain the usual reports of breaking dams, roaring torrents, and devastated valleys, and the question of the prevention of these destructive floods is becoming more pressing every year. It is a matter of life and death with many communities. Can this annual inundation ever be checked, or are lives and property to be endangered by every April rain-storm?

It must not be thought for a moment that such floods are a natural and necessary evil. The world is outgrowing the idea of “dispensations.” In this particular case, as it happens, a great change has taken place within the memory of man; for fifty years ago floods in New England were comparatively rare, and those that did occur were not equal in extent or magnitude to the ravaging outbursts of to-day. Further back still, it is said that such catastrophies were almost unknown. The whole evil is, apparently, one of recent growth.

At the same time there has appeared an

alarming increase of drought in the summer months. The cry of complaint is sounding louder every year from the manufacturers and others dependent on a steady water-supply. The streams are believed to be drying up; the trout-brooks on the old homestead have disappeared; the river which used to be knee-deep in the heat of midsummer is now dwindled to a thread, and bids fair to vanish altogether; the spring on the hillside is to be seen no longer since the spruces on the slope beyond were cut for fire-wood; and to whatever side we turn it is evident that the natural water-courses have been dealt a fatal blow.

Alternate floods and droughts, scarcity and superabundance, these are the two extremities to which we have come. It would seem that any measures tending to stop the mischief would receive speedy and zealous attention. Mr. George William Curtis states the case very vigorously: "If a magician were secluded in the inmost fastnesses of the Adirondacks, and weaving there the malign spells which should gradually dry up the rivers, and strike into deathly silence the busy hum which makes a music of industry in every little valley of the Commonwealth, nothing could stay the indignant march of the whole community to track the monstrous public enemy to his lair, and end at once and forever the sorcerer and his spells. But there is such a fell enchanter. Ignorance, and greed, and carelessness are the triune monster whose audible spells are the ring of the axe and the roar of the flame."

This wholesale destruction of the trees, this massacre of the innocents and the patriarchs together, is believed to be the cause of this great injury to the national prosperity; for the forests are so closely related to the climate, soil, and water-supply, that whatever harm they receive spreads outward in mischievous and ever-widening circles.

The direct connection between the forests and the water-supply is easy to trace. The drops of rain strike on the leaves, twigs, and branches, and trickle slowly down toward the ground, the leaves themselves retaining much

of the fall. The part reaching the ground is greedily absorbed by the thick, spongy carpet of fallen leaves, porous moss, and decayed vegetation, and all who have been in the woods in early spring know well what a large amount of water is kept stored in this damp, soggy layer. Here, too, the winter snow is well hidden from the sun, and melts slowly in quantities nicely graduated to the absorbent capacity of the underlying *débris*. Altogether, the ground is one vast reservoir, in which the surplus water is safely detained. The water gradually filters down into the earth, and runs off in its natural channels. Finally it bubbles up in springs and flows quietly away, feeding during the whole summer the head-waters of the mountain-brooks and rivers. Everything is done slowly and in due time. There is a constant, even discharge of water, and an abundance is kept stored in the springs and swamps for time of need. There are no sudden floods; no wasting droughts.

Now reverse all these conditions. Let the trees on the uplands be destroyed; let the rain pelt fiercely down on the unprotected surface, gulying out the hillside and washing away the rich soil. The snows of winter are melted like sugar by the steady pour of the warm rain. The shelter of the trees is sorely needed in such a juncture. Now that they are gone, the boisterous elements have it all their own way; the gullies are deepened into ravines, the rivulets swell into rivers, the natural water-courses are gorged beyond endurance by the sudden influx of rain and melted snow, and at last the dam breaks, the log-jam gives way, and the whole mass goes thundering down into the valley, carrying away houses and barns, and spreading a heavy layer of rocks and gravel over the fertile meadows.

This is what happens again and again every year. The wonder is that we have stood so long idle. The once thickly-wooded hill-tops of New England have long since been changed to bare and arid ledges. Every one knows how the White Mountains have been shorn of half their beauty and strength by the hand of the wood-chopper, and how vast tracts of forest in

the heart of the wilderness have been desolated by fires started by careless summer tourists.

The injury to the public interests is immense. It is almost beyond belief that nothing should have been done to check the growth of the evil, but until lately this has been the sad truth. At last the country is waking up to a sense of the shameful abuse of natural advantages. New York has been aroused to the fact that her magnificent Adirondack forests were falling under the hand of the spoiler. Much has already been done to stop the ravages of private greed, and there is now every reason to hope that other States will follow the good example of New York.

In this matter the European nations are far ahead of us. In Germany it has been the custom for many years to require the owner of woodland to plant trees over an area equal in extent to that which he desires to clear. France has had a most instructive experience. Certain districts were formerly sufferers from flood almost every season, but in 1860 one of the afflicted regions was planted with trees, so far as practicable, and at the same time efforts were made to conserve the forests still existing. Fifteen years later this district was the only one that escaped inundation. In this country the times are ripe for a reform. The subject is in the air. Many of the Western States plant thousands of trees every "Arbor Day," and chairs of arboriculture have been established by many of the leading colleges. Schools of forestry are coming into favorable notice. Public indifference and apathy are giving way to an active interest, of which we have so good a proof in the magazine which has just been started under able management, and with promising prospects, which is to be called *Garden and Forest*, and is to have special reference to the matter of forestry. If ever a hobby was urgently demanding able and educated riders, that subject is forestry.

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At the Harvard games on the 10th, a third-year Architect was noticed deeply engaged in an analysis of *Das Liéd von der Glocke*.

### Noticeable Articles.

THE *Edinburgh Review* for January makes a very elaborate and very savage onslaught upon Mr. Ruskin,—a continuation of a war it has kept up against him since October, 1851, when it published a review of his "Stories of Venice," and April, 1856, when it printed a paper entitled "Ruskinism." The character of the present contribution—which appears to an outsider to be written by a very competent art-critic—may be gathered from a few extracts. The writer declares that "there is hardly an important thesis or axiom on art laid down in any portion of his works which could not be plausibly, or even positively, contradicted from some other passage in them;" that his *Modern Painters* "is as fallacious in much of its teaching as, with all its beauty of diction, it is dogmatic and egotistical in its pretensions." In another place he inquires of Mr. Ruskin's votaries "whether such unblushing and rampant vanity, naked and not ashamed, ever has been or can be the concomitant of real greatness of heart or intellect." He declares that Mr. Ruskin, with all his power of picturesque language, his enthusiasm, real or assumed, and his solemn assumption of minute accuracy and analysis in the study of nature and of art, has no convictions at all that are worth calling such; that his whole study is to say brilliant and effective things upon the subject immediately in hand, and to carry away his hearers for the moment, without regard to truth of statement or consistency of argument. "As to the portion of the work (*Modern Painters*) on clouds, outside of the practical remarks on their perspective already referred to (which is no such great mystery, after all, only it is true that ordinary observers overlook it), we are lost in shadow and shade about 'cloud flocks,' 'cloud chariots,' 'The Angel of the Sea,' 'The Graiæ,' and such skimble-skamble stuff as certainly puts us from our faith in any serious purpose in the writer of it except to captivate the fancy of schoolgirls." In another place he speaks of the "solemn assumptions of scientific knowledge, which the author does not possess, interspersed with rhapsodical flights, some of them very beautiful as bits of prose-poetry, some of them miserable twaddle, such as the puerile nonsense (chap. VIII.) as to how the 'natural ordinances' of the conglomeration of certain rocks are, 'it is hardly necessary to point out, . . . intended to teach us the great truths which are the basis of all political science,'—a sort of writ-

ing which, in its absolute fatuity, is little less than nauseous." The critic admits that in the "Stories of Venice" Mr. Ruskin has undoubtedly some striking and rational ideas, more, perhaps, than in regard to any other form of art; but of another of his architectural books he says: "The 'Seven Lamps,' crammed as it is with elaborate nonsense, and disfigured by detestable illustrations which any man with a feeling for architecture ought to have been ashamed of, may be regarded as pretty well *passé* now." Again; "We have passed over lightly Mr. Ruskin's political economy, inasmuch as it is too foolish and preposterous to take in any but absolute dunces. It is otherwise with his art criticism, which, being put forth with an air of authority and on subjects which the majority of readers have given little thought to, has got itself largely accepted. We think we have shown sufficient reasons why this acceptance should be at least very seriously reconsidered."

This critical onslaught, which covers thirty-six pages, and goes much into detail in regard to Mr. Ruskin's various and contradictory utterances on art, is noticeable as the work of a writer who, whatever may be the soundness of his own opinions, is evidently at home in the subject he is discussing. The present writer is no judge of art criticism, but it has long seemed to him that, in spite of the great beauty of passages that may be culled from his writings, Mr. Ruskin, even as a rhetorician and writer of English, is, as a whole, very far from admirable; and only too often in what he intends for fine writing, is little better than ridiculous. In one place he makes a naïve revelation of himself when he says of a certain chapter, "The reader will perhaps forego once, in a way without any painful loss, *my usual burst of terminal eloquence.*" The judicious reader could well forego a good many such bursts. The confession brings before one a picture of Mr. Ruskin at his desk squaring his elbows, and saying, "Now for my usual burst of terminal eloquence!" Unfortunately that is not the way in which true eloquence is produced.

It seems to me that Prof. Henry Morley hit the nail on the head in regard to Ruskin a good many years ago in the *Quarterly Review* (April, 1861), in a capital article on Euphuism, in which he calls Mr. Ruskin the great modern Euphuist. Euphuism was the affected way of writing in Queen Elizabeth's time, which takes its name from that curious, and till recently very rare and uncomeatable produc-

tion, Lyty's "Euphuës,"—the affectation which Shakespeare ridiculed in his Holofernes and Don Adrian Armado, and Scott tried very clumsily to imitate in Sir Piercie Shaffon. "We are not the more but the less sure," says Professor Morley, "of Mr. Ruskin's genius and power when he affected the name of 'Unto this Last' for a recent display of his bewilderments in political economy. The same writer opened the last volume of his 'Modern Painters' with a chapter of show-writing entitled the 'Earth Veil,' expressive of the simplest thought with the least possible simplicity. When he had delighted the ghost of schoolmaster Holofernes with talk of 'past floretted show' and dainty affectation of the letters that condemned us 'so long as we choose to contend with our fellows rather than with our faults,' he began in his second chapter to be systematic, and at the very outset of his argument classified plants with a conceited extravagance that Euphuës himself could not have surpassed. 'There are,' he said, 'Tented plants,' etc., etc. . . . 'This is a gift I have,' quoth the schoolmaster, 'simple, simple; a foolish, extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, notions, revolutions.'"

For a first-rate specimen of preposterous twaddle the reader can turn to the little book entitled "The Ethics of the Dust; ten lectures to little Housewives on the Elements of Crystallization," with its chapters on The Crystal Life, Crystal Virtues, Crystal Quarrels, and so on. In fact it may safely be said that Mr. Ruskin, with his outrageous extravagances and vagaries, has lost all claim to the position of a really great writer, and must be looked upon as little better than a "crank"; a crank of genius, certainly, but a writer about whose perfect sanity there may be room for more than a suspicion.

W. P. A.

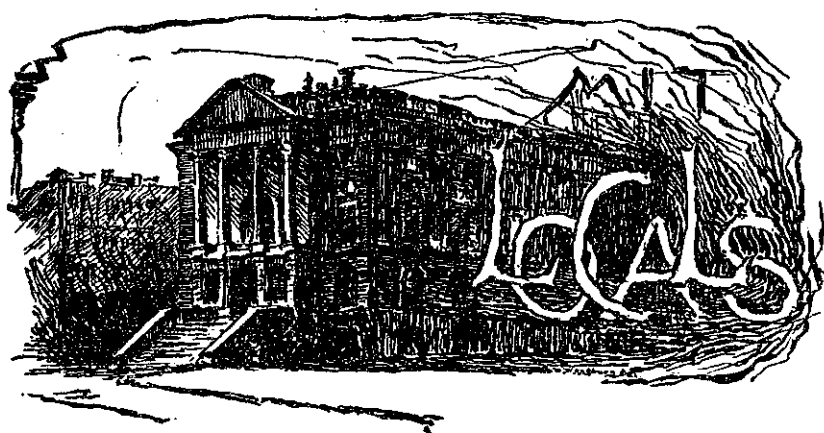
#### Affliction.

I am pursued,—am haunted by a charm  
Potent as any soceries of eld.  
I cannot flee it; go where'er I will  
Still by those fearful words my mind is held.

Ten thousand times as deep as red-hot brand  
Those words have sunk into my very soul.  
In agony I writhe; 'tis all no use;  
I cannot drown them in the flowing bowl.

And do you wish to learn that fearful spell  
That in my being anguish fierce implants?  
Then know that all my torture doth arise  
From that weird formula, "Do you wear pants?"

G. C. W.



J. P. Gilbert, '89, is confined to his room by illness.

'90's latest musical production is called the "Trala-looloo galop."

A number of "our graduates" were at the athletic meeting.

'91 has at last won an event, and broken her record of universal defeat.

Favorable criticisms of the *Architectural Review* are seen everywhere.

Mrs. Grundy says that '88 did herself proud on the "Design for a Portico."

The "spring vacation" of many of our sister colleges has just closed.

Professor Lanza has lately been to Chicago, on professional business.

The Juniors have taken up Schiller's "*Das Lied von der Glocke*."

The third number of the *Quarterly* is daily expected to make its appearance.

Mr. E. O. Foss, assistant in First-year Chemistry, is laid up with a severe illness.

A Freshman was heard the other day enquiring at the supply room for "Golliber's salts."

The *Saturday Evening Gazette* published a very scurvy account of the games.

We regret to learn that Mr. Karl H. Hyde, '90, is dangerously ill with diphtheria.

'89's "Technique" Board has dissolved, finding the balance to their credit on the right side.

The Glee Club sang at Music Hall on the evening of Washington's birthday.

The Glee Club will give its annual concert in Association Hall, about the middle of March.

The edition of "Technique" is entirely sold out; we congratulate '89's board on their success.

J. C. E. DeBullet, formerly of '90, was entered at the sports from the Association Gymnasium.

Over half the bonfire debt has been raised in '88 and '89. The members of the lower classes should easily subscribe the rest.

Professor Pope is now giving lectures in Chemistry to the students of Boston University in place of Professor Norton, as formerly.

Huntington Hall was very handsomely decorated with tropical plants, last week, for Professor Goodale's lecture in the Lowell Course.

It is probable that more than one Tech. record would have been broken at the last games had the floor of the rink not been so slippery.

A tug-of-war team from the Tech. competed at Music Hall, February 27th, and was defeated by the Unas of Charlestown, by scarce half an inch.

There are various rumors floating about, with apparent foundation, that the janitor of the new building has become a member of the Faculty.

An interesting lecture on "A Practical Example of Evolution" was given, recently, by Professor Hyatt, for the benefit of the Marine Biological Fund.

The plaster casts which have onamented the stairway of Rogers for so long, have been removed to Room 23, new building, for the use of the Architects.

The Hammer and Tongs held its regular monthly dinner at the Thorndyke last Saturday night. Messrs. J. H. Towne, '90, and G. F. Weld, '90, were initiated.

Mr. H. E. Smith, '87, has ceased to be Professor Norton's private assistant, and has become connected with the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway.

The winter games of the H. A. A. occur March 10th, 17th, and 24th, in Hemenway Gymnasium. These exhibitions usually attract a goodly number of Techs.

Easy Feet, Twenty-Five Cents: Dr. Kenison received free advertising from the Hammer and Tongs initiates recently, to the intense delight of the Freshmen.

The Chinaman and the Nondescript, myrmidons of the H & T, were of great assistance as "swipers" at the athletic meeting, as well as furnishing much amusement to the crowd.

The third-year Industrial Chemists visited the Boston Rubber Shoe Company's Manufactory, at Malden, last Friday, under the directorship of Dr. Norton.

The Biological course is by all odds the most popular with the Co-eds this year, despite what is generally considered to be the sanguinary nature of some of the work therein.

There is talk of forming a club of considerable magnitude, next year, for the purpose of living in a cheaper and more congenial manner than in the ordinary Boston lodging-house.

Last week the exercises of the fourth-year Miners were suspended, owing to the fact that every regular member of that course was confined to the house by illness.

The 2 G held a regular meeting at Parker's, Thursday, March 1st. Messrs. Albert Sauveur, '88, William Haskins, '89, and G. A. Sonneman, '90, were initiated.

*First Junior:* "Don't you think it would be a good scheme to establish a *pneumatic* connection with the Brunswick?"

*Second Junior:* "Aw no! You'd 'blow in' such a lot, don't you know."

The space between the buildings has lost its mantle of snow, and we are pleasantly reminded

that it will soon be time for the Tennis Association to show its life and enterprise by laying out the courts.

Some of the more enthusiastic members of the Cycling Club have already been on the road. The Club intends holding races late in the spring, and, if possible, under the same arrangements as last year.

One division of the third-year Blacksmiths was protographed by Esterbrook. Two shots were taken, but it must be that the beauty of the crowd was of too transcendental a nature, for the proofs turned out badly.

Beautiful memorial tablets have recently been erected by the students in the Architectural department. They were temporary monuments, however, as the artistic designers received a chilling blow at the hands of one of the instructors.

There was a large contingent of Tech. men at the sports in Music Hall, February 27th, anxious to see our team score a victory. By hard luck we drew the winners of the event, and lost the tug.

'90 seems very enthusiastic over "Technique." One hundred and twenty members of the class were present at the election of editors, and the war-cry of the Board seems to be, "Do '89 or break." They have a high modulus of elasticity to overcome.

In Sophomore Physics, when the lecturer stated that a certain something did something else at a rate of  $(10)^{47}$  vibrations per second, one of the class silently arose and left the room. And then those Sophs. smiled so that you couldn't hear the noise in the Architects' room.

Enthusiasm about the Senior Ball seems to be waning. Despite the desire of the under classmen to give the Seniors, free gratis, what they have faithfully supported for three years, nobody seems anxious to undertake an enterprise entailing almost sure loss.

Now that daylight lasts till after half past five, the finishing touches have been put on the electric lights in the Architectural Department.

As the current is shut off at quarter before five, may the Lord make us truly thankful for what we are going to receive next winter.

The spring meeting of the Athletic Club, on March 3d, was a typical "ladies' day"; the comfortable seats and general cheerfulness of the rink, as well as the mild horror of the fistic contests, were attractions which were not slighted by the fair sex, who turned out in goodly numbers.

The Summer School in Mining is meeting with great favor among the undergraduates in that department. There is no doubt but that a goodly number will profit by the advantages offered in practical Mining Engineering, the only weakness that has hitherto existed in that course here.

We are glad to note a change in the *Herald's* criticism of Tech. affairs, in Sunday, March 4th edition. Heretofore, the Institute, in sporting matters, has always had to take second place, while the facts published concerning it were not strictly correct. On this account, it was a welcome novelty to note the contrast between the fair account of our recent games and all previous criticisms. Let the good work go on.

The securing of the Skating Rink for the spring games was a great advance, and the needed innovation was heartily appreciated by the large crowd present. The Athletic Club are to be congratulated, not only for their enterprise, but for their able management of the events. The only thing to criticise was the slippery condition of the floor, and this was unavoidable, as the difficulty was unforeseen.

Why don't some one get up some charity theatricals? Say for the benefit of the Foot-Ball Association. The noble supporters of Booth, Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter, could undoubtedly easily play in a minstrel entertainment, while the Architectural Department would gladly furnish a score or more of gentlemen who would undertake an impersonation of Mr. Irving, and bear the expense of their own bouquets.

The Annual In-door Spring Meeting of the Athletic Club, held in Winslow's Rink, on

March 3d, was well attended, and many of the contests were very interesting and closely contested. The afternoon opened with the fence vault, which was won by J. Connor, of the Union, at a height of 6 ft. 9 in., R. C. Williams vaulting a like height, but giving Connor a small amount by handicap.

The standing high jump was contested by five athletes, and was won after a close contest by L. C. Wason, '90, with the bar at 4 ft. 8 in., F. G. Curtis, of Harvard, took second place.

The next event, putting the shot, was won by N. Doherty, of the Association, with a put of 32 ft. 7 in.; J. C. DeBullet was second, with a put of 32 ft. 4 in. Both men were capable of doing much better, but the slippery floor would not allow it.

The running high kick was won by W. S. Phillips, over a handicap of 2 in., by a kick of 9 ft.  $\frac{1}{4}$  in., L. C. Wason taking second place.

Harvard, '91 and Tech., '91 next appeared on the floor, and struggled for supremacy. Tech. took the drop by 4 inches, and won by 8 inches in the end. The members of the victorious team were: J. A. Rooney, Anchor; M. W. Greer, 3; M. Lyman, Jr., 2; S. L. Coles, 1.

Of the seven that entered for the running high jump but four contested, and the event went to L. C. Wason, '90, who cleared 5 ft.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in.; P. J. Finnerhan and W. G. Irwin, of the Association, second, at 5 ft.  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in.

The most interesting part of the exhibition began when the sparrers met. The first bout was between F. E. Ellis, '88 and C. R. Walters, of Harvard, and was won by the former.

R. C. Williams, '89, and C. R. L. Putnam contested three well-fought rounds, but the advantage was plainly seen with Williams.

F. R. Bangs, of Harvard, and G. W. Cutler, of the Association, sparred the first bout in the middle-weight class. Cutler was clearly over-matched, and accordingly the bout was given to Bangs. F. R. Peters, of B. A. C., and M. Nelson, of Harvard, were the only light-weights. Peters did the best work from the start, and was awarded the cup. R. C. Williams, '89, withdrew from the feather-weight, so the final bout

was fought between A. P. Gaines, '88 and F. E. Ellis, '88. The men were very evenly matched, and all three rounds were very close. Ellis was, however, awarded the bout without an extra round. The final bout of the middle-weight lay between two Harvard men, F. R. Bangs and W. J. Bowen. Good work was done by both men, and it was not till after an extra round had been fought that the event was awarded to Bowen. The officers of the meeting were: H. G. Gross, '88, Clerk of Course; W. A. Davis, Referee of Course; J. Boyle O'Reilly, Referee of Sparring; and Dr. William Appleton and E. P. Barry, Judges of Sparring.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

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

EDITOR TECH:—

I don't like the new building much. Why? Be patient and I'll tell you.

I thought the other day I would make a more thorough acquaintance with the aforesaid building. I started with the room on the left as one enters. There was no one there but a staring junior or senior who did not even say "Come in," and he seemed so impolite and unappreciative that I left. I think he must have been a benighted soph., blind to talent. Then I went into the Architects' room, and looked on at a man trying to tint a dog-house, or something. He did it rather poorly, and as I got two L's on my tint plates, I offered to show him how to hold the brush, but he said he learned that last year. I think if so he had forgotten it. In my intentness I jogged his elbow, and he made a smouch in a light place, and then (imagine it) he blamed *me!* Well, I stayed around and forgave him. Then he felt a draught, and asked me to close the door. As I complied politely he said it closed much easier from the outside. I had a suspicion that he was a surly cuss, unfit for my society, and I left, though likely enough he was sorry then.

In the Chemical Lab. (second year) I found some nitric acid and ammonium sulphide solution in beakers, side by side. I told them by the looks. I took a

glass rod and mixed them a little, and got some unfamiliar reactions. The owner came around and swore up and down, said I had spoiled a week's work (the idea), and said I ought to get kicked. I left the surly brute in a polite way, nor answered a word, though I was real mad.

In the basement I saw a bell with "Ring once for the janitor." I did so, and waiting some time a cross-looking mustache appeared and asked what I wanted.

I said I only wished to see how it worked, and that I wanted nothing in particular.

He said I would find plenty of it in Room 11, Rogers, and advised me to go there. The whole lot in the new building are a long way from being gentlemen. Hoping this letter, though candid, will not humiliate them too much, I remain,

Yours kindly,

F. R. ESCH.

### College Notes.

Denver, Col., is to have a college for women modeled after Vassar.

Richard C. Campbell, the champion amateur base-ball thrower of the world, will play third-base for the Williams College nine this season.

It is said that an English University has invited John L. Sullivan to give an exhibition before its students.

The Yale crew has been rowing on the harbor since the 21st of February.

The candidates for the Harvard crew meet at the gymnasium every afternoon, and the door is locked after they enter the training-room, so that few Harvard men know what the course of training is.—*Princetonian*.

The authorities of Yale have just announced that Alexander Duncan, of London, England, has presented Yale with \$20,000, to be used for the best interests of the University.

There are forty-five colleges in Ohio.

The Y. M. C. A. at Cornell is to have a new building to cost \$50,000.

A number of professors at the University of Pennsylvania exercise in the gymnasium at night.

\$20,000 has been subscribed for the new Vassar College Gymnasium, which will be erected this spring.

Several Dartmouth Sophomores have already obtained positions in hotels for the coming season.

Harvard is considering the advisability of sending a petition to their Faculty requesting that they be allowed to play against professional base-ball teams.

Professor Loissette has a memory class of 1,012 pupils in Baltimore, composed largely of professors and students of Johns Hopkins University.

The trustees of Boston University have voted an appropriation for renting grounds for the practice of athletic games.

Captain Stagg, of Yale, has invented a machine to assist in the practice of sliding bases. It is a frame-work 14 feet long, about 4 feet high, covered with tight-stretched canvas, which is, in turn, covered with a piece of carpet. The men rush the length of the cage, and throwing themselves on the machine shoot headlong across its surface.—*Crimson*.

There were over three hundred entries for the winter games at Yale.

The gymnasium at Williams is opened one hour each day for the benefit of the children of members of the Faculty.

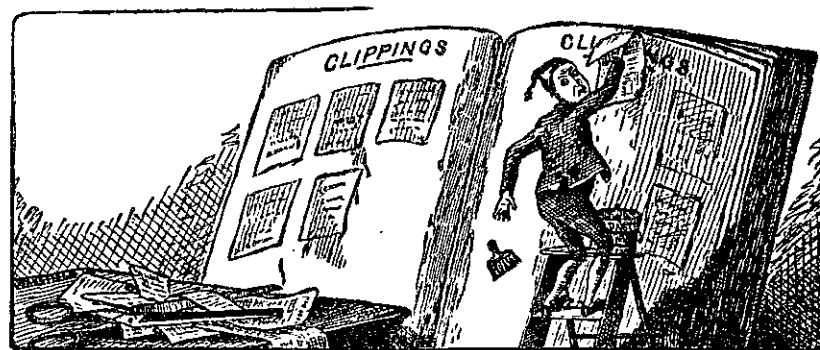
The annual commencement of Johns Hopkins University took place February 22d. The total enrollment for the past year was 378.

Ex-President White, of Cornell, has been chosen to succeed Prof. Asa Gray as a regent of the Smithsonian Institute.

There are 282 students in the Sheffield Scientific School this year.

In the Sophomore physical measurement at Yale, it was found that all but four members of the class had made decided physical improvement during the past year. Of the class 19 per cent are smokers.—*Ex*.

Students in Germany pay twenty-four cents for seats at the opera.



AT THE RESTAURANT.

Blankety, blinkety, blank, blank, blink!  
I wish I could swear cuss;  
I'll raise a terrible row, and I think  
I'll make an abominable fuss.

O wherefore the which, and whence the why?  
A fit of the jims, I deem;  
Oh, no, my friend, you are off your base;  
It's only a fly in the cream.

O why, my friend, do you look so wild,  
And tear your curly hair?  
You look as though you were very sick,  
Or had been on a three weeks' tear.

Oh! I am misfortune's unhappy child,  
And where can I find relief?  
I told the waiter to bring me lamb,  
And of course he has brought beef.

— *Colby Echo*.

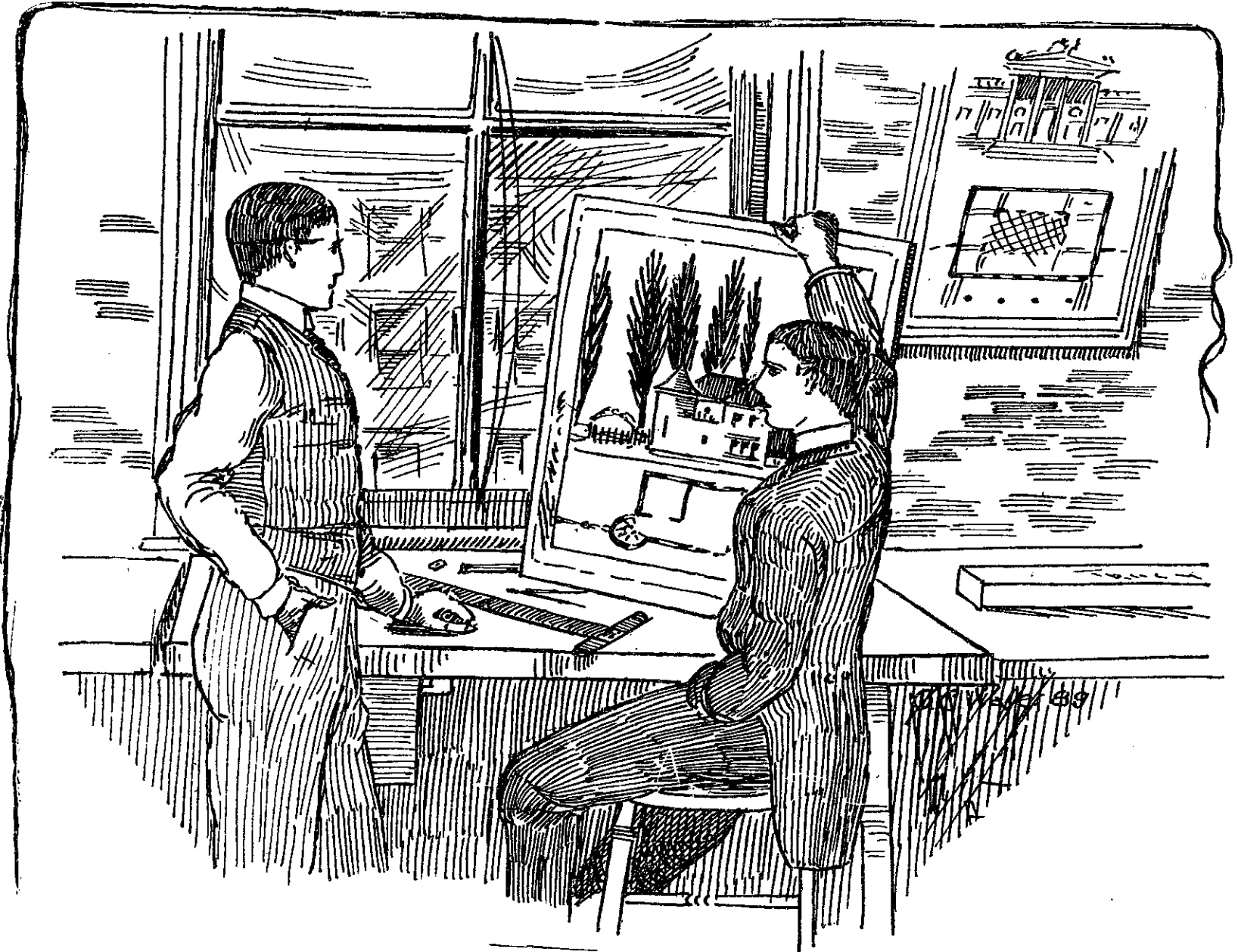
A giddy young girl of Dubuque  
When her father tried to rebuque  
Her, for dressing décolleté  
Said, say what you mé  
I shall have my own wé,  
And at once his hearth she forsook.—*Ex*.

The price of real estate was under discussion at the club, when one gentleman remarked: "Jones, old boy, I know where you can buy just the nicest little home — splendid cottage, grand fruit-trees, and all that — for a song." "Just my luck," said Jones. "I can't sing a note."—*Ex*.

It is said that an astonished lawyer received a letter from a citizen, beginning, "Dear and honest sir." The letter was immediately returned to the post-office. "Opened by mistake by — — —."—*Ex*.

*Old lady (in drug store)*: "How is this Persian powder to be applied?"

*Clerk (absent-mindedly)*: "Give 'em a teaspoonful after each meal."—*Epoch*.



IN THE ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT.

*W.—'89.* "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY RENDERING OF THE TREES, OLD MAN? I FLATTER MYSELF I'VE GOT QUITE A 'FOREST PRIMEVAL.'"

*M.—'89.* "UM—YES—I SHOULD SAY THE TREES WERE THE 'PRIME EVIL.'"  
(Prompt adjournment to the chapel.)

He was leaning against the lamp-post, and the watchful guardian of the night came up very respectfully.

"Fine night, Mr. Jones."

"Bootiful."

"You're out rather late, ain't you?"

"No, no—going home. A little tired, that's all; a little tired."

"I'll walk down with you and see you to your door."

"Thank you, thank you; but there's no need. The other side of the block will be round this way in a moment, and I'll just pop in when my door comes along. Thank you. Good-night."

—*Ex.*

*Chicago lady (to husband):* "My dear, did you think to order a ton of coal to-day?"

*Husband:* "Yes."

*Chicago lady:* "And my shoes?"

*Husband:* "Yes, and," peering out of the window, "there's a truck backing up to the door now, but it's too dark to see whether it has the coal or the shoes."—*Harper's Bazar.*

*Miss Waldo (of Boston):* "Have you visited any of the galleries since you have been in town, Mr. Wabash?"

*Mr. Wabash (of Chicago):* "Only one, Miss Waldo, and I didn't stay long. I think ten cents for three shots is too high."—*Echo.*