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THE TECH.

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THE Senior ball problem is receiving a good deal of lively discussion in the different classes, and seems to be one of difficult solution. The sentiment of the majority is evidently opposed to the continuation of a custom that involves all in debt. Yet the feeling of a few of the '88 men that it is only right that they, having assisted in giving a ball to the last three Senior classes, should now have theirs, is natural. But even these few acknowledge that the undertaking always results in pecuniary difficulties, and is never largely attended by the Seniors themselves, their tickets being frequently given to under classmen, who would otherwise purchase. Eighty-eight cannot get up enough enthusiasm to hold a class meeting and decline the ball which the under classes have been obliged by courtesy to tender her; neither has the invitation been formally accepted. Under the circumstances, would it not be well to let the mat-

ter drop just where it is? By putting it off, we gain nothing. Next year '89 will deserve a ball just as much as does '88 this.

The bill for '87's ball is not yet paid, and we would suggest as the best possible way out of the difficulty, that all classes join hands in assisting to liquidate the above debt before they start in an undertaking only too sure to result in additional financial embarrassment.

IN view of the great proportion of foot-ball men about to leave the Institute, we would like to call attention to the urgent necessity of taking steps to develop the abundance of material in the lower classes in time for next season.

It is the earnest desire of Captain Duane that all candidates for the team of 1888 should report to him immediately, in order that the requisite practice in passing, etc., may begin at once. Brace up and do not put it off till next fall, for the necessity is imperative, and demands your attention.

THE editor of a college paper occupies rather a unique position. With unsparing criticism, slight assistance, and no remuneration, his post is surely one not to be coveted. To be sure, his work is not as arduous as that of the publisher of a daily, but, on the other hand, his editorial labor is with him but a side issue; his time is usually more than fully occupied in the acquirement of his profession,—the main object of his life while at college. His work on the paper is regarded by Faculty and students alike as a sort of recreation, for which he receives no credit. If the paper comes out in time, contains the requisite number of pages, etc., there is nothing said *pro* or *con*. But let it be a day late or a page short, or contain an incorrect local, then the cloud of disapprobation breaks over

the head of the unfortunate editor, and he never hears the last of it, even though examinations or illness have rendered work next to impossible.

This editorial is not written to ask for more consideration on the part of our readers, or for more assistance. Upon assuming charge of this paper we never expected the former, and have given up all hope of receiving the latter, save in its present restricted sense. What we do ask for is honesty. When a local is dropped in the box with the name of the author thereon, we take it for granted that the statement is a fact, and publish or reject it according as we consider it of general interest or not. The name of the sender is required as a proof of good faith only, and it is upon this faith that we entirely depend in the culling of our locals and literary matter. To be sure of the veracity of every statement that appears in our columns, it would be necessary that the Board of Editors should organize themselves into a sort of detective force, to ferret out the truth of every communication. As this is practically impossible, we pray that all locals or other contributions may bear the stamp of good faith, that we may rely upon the statements therein contained, and in return, we promise a trustworthy sheet every two weeks.

That a student at the Institute should sacrifice his reputation for truth for the sake of a meaningless joke, or that a member of this college should forge the name of another in order to obtain the publication of a contribution, seems incredible; nevertheless, we are sorry to add it is none the less true, and ninety-nine per cent of the incorrect locals and mistaken statements that have appeared on our pages is due to this lack of honesty.

Will not our readers bear this in mind in future, and place the blame where it belongs, and not always on the head of the editor.

FOLLOWING last year's plan, the Athletic Club will, in all likelihood, give an outdoor athletic meeting in connection with the Bicycle Club. Lynn seems to be the most

available place, and it is probable that the track there will be used, as was the case last year. There are quite a number of records which ought to be lowered, and it is safe to say that the Athletic Club will be very liberal with those breaking records. The records in the standing and running broad jumps, 100 yards, 220 yards, quarter mile, and mile, ought to be broken without much trouble, and it seems as if there ought to be those at the Tech. able to do it. Somewhere about the first of May the meeting will be held, if at all, and it is hoped that the elements will be propitious. As the executive committee of the Athletic Club has not yet met, nothing official can be announced, but we offer this as a pointer to those interested, that they may go into training in time to get the best results, and not go into the contest unprepared for the trying ordeal.

The stamp of the seal of the Athletic Club has been finished, and hereafter all prizes given by the club will bear its seal.

SOME one is evidently deluding himself with the idea that he is doing something extremely funny in abstracting copy from THE TECH box in Rogers' corridor. To him we have nothing to say. It is merely a question of theft, and if repeated will be dealt with accordingly. But to our contributors who hear nothing of manuscript which they may have sent, we mention this as a probable explanation for our silence. We do not think this loss of MSS., however, will occur again, as the matter has been placed in the hands of those competent to take charge of it.

IN the last issue of THE TECH we outlined a few ideas we had long entertained for the formation of a club for the purpose of living in a cheaper and more congenial manner than it is now possible for the ordinary Institute student to do. Since then the author has learned that such a club is, and has been, actually in existence for some time, and is in every way successful.

This fact rather interferes with his claim to originality, but we are nevertheless only too happy to record it, hoping that it may serve as an incentive for others to go and do likewise.

A RECENT editorial in THE TECH on the subject of a distinctively Tech. song, seems to have struck the right note, and to have stirred some at least to activity. A certain club at the Institute authorizes the announcement that they will give twenty-five dollars toward forming a fund which shall be given as a prize to the person handing in the best Tech. poem. If a sufficient sum can be raised, a portion of it might be given for acceptable music, instead of borrowing something which would fit the meter. Of course the poem must not contain any grinds, which would lose piquancy with the lapse of time, nor should it be too long. It is hardly possible that anything can be done this year now, but next fall we hope to see the matter brought to a focus, and the Institute equipped with as good a song as any other college.

ONE of the departments of the average college paper, as it is ordinarily conducted, we are not disposed to regard with any great favor. We refer particularly to the exchange column. Leaving out the fact that it seems rather presumptuous for one college paper to criticise and suggest improvements to another, and admitting that the exchange columns of one or two of our contemporaries are really good and valuable, it is, nevertheless, a fact that many of the criticisms are written merely to fill up a space for which it would be difficult to find other matter, or else to revenge some slight received from the exchange editor of another paper. Frequently, we should say, that very biting criticisms are inspired by a jealousy or hard feeling between two colleges. We do not think it will be denied by any one that such criticisms are of but small, if any, value. To be of real value, the exchange column should be

edited by one of the most careful and conservative of the editors; but we should say that this is but seldom done, as we judge from the perusal of many exchange columns that the editors of those papers think that any one can run this department. Many papers whose standard is otherwise high have exchange columns which are unworthy of the paper. It is impossible for the editor of one college paper to appreciate the difficulties of another, as they are probably entirely different from his own. For example, we cannot understand it at all when we learn that one of the greatest hardships of an editor of the — is reading the large number of contributions that are sent in. It is likewise inexplicable to us why some papers seem to be always in financial difficulties. We recognize that there must be a different atmosphere about the students of those colleges. Again, an editor cannot correctly interpret the feelings of the men of another college in regard to what sort of a college paper they want; so that his criticism, which might be a good one from his point of view, fails in its application elsewhere. We consider that the best exchange columns are those of the Lits. In these are published a few clippings from their exchanges, and perhaps a few words of praise, but seldom, if ever, of fault-finding. As it is universally recognized that the Lits. are the best literary productions of our colleges, we wonder that the course which they have unanimously pursued in regard to literary criticisms has not been more followed.

IT seems unnecessary that there should be such an epidemic of mumps at the Institute. In the public schools, scholars who are ill with this complaint are not allowed to attend recitations until entirely well. At the Institute there is no such rule, the Faculty probably supposing the students old enough to have discretion in such matters. It is a curious fact, however, that persons having a contagious disease underestimate the danger of its contagion, and carelessly expose others. This has been done in a most

flagrant manner by some at the Institute, and if such will not be prompted by feelings of humanity to act rightly toward their fellow-students, they should be forced to do so by the Institute authorities.

William Barton Rogers.

1804-1882.

VERY few of those now studying at the Institute know how much they owe to the genius and the splendid character of its founder and first President. And yet the founder of an institution like this, with more than eight hundred students, full of enthusiasm and courage, and growing more rapidly than ever in popular esteem, must have been no ordinary man; and it is in the hope of reaching some who know little of him, that an abstract is here given of a memorial delivered last year by our present President, Gen. F. A. Walker, before the National Academy of Sciences.

William Barton Rogers, the third President of the National Academy of Sciences, was born in December, 1804, in Philadelphia, where his father was a practicing physician. Dr. Rogers, the father, several years later, accepted the professorship of Chemistry and Physics at the College of William and Mary, where the rest of his life was spent, and where his four sons were educated. The professorship left vacant at his death was immediately filled by the second son, Wm. B. Rogers, the subject of this sketch. For seven years he performed his duties as professor in this institution; and, besides that, published papers on physical subjects,—on Dew, and in connection with his brother Henry, on the Voltaic Battery. In 1835 he was called to the chair of Natural Philosophy and Geology in the University of Virginia, and in the same year was appointed State Geologist of Virginia, having in charge the survey of the State, provided for by the Legislature. His success at the University as a lecturer was very great, and we have testimony of his eloquence and felicity of illustration.

“I remember well the very great interest in,

and the enthusiasm for, science he excited among the students by his brilliant lectures. Often, especially when it was announced that he would begin his lectures on Astronomy, have I seen his lecture hall crowded with students from other departments, including those of law and medicine; indeed, so crowded with young men eager to hear the eloquent presentation of the subject by the Professor, whom they so greatly admired, that not even standing room could be found in the hall. All the aisles would be filled, and even the windows crowded from the outside, with eager listeners. In one instance, I remember, the crowd had assembled long before the hour named for the lecture, and so filled the hall that the Professor could only gain admittance through a side entrance, leading from the rear of the hall through the apparatus-room.”

Fervor and imagination, with love of truth, were not the sole reasons of his success as a speaker; with these were combined a tall fine figure, a commanding face, and a voice rich and full, and well under control. But while thus lecturing, he was carrying on other important work. In co-operation with his elder brother, Henry, he studied the Appalachian system, and interpreted its true story. The two brothers investigated the solvent action of water—especially when charged with carbonic acid—on various minerals and rocks; showed the close connection between the hardness of coal-beds and the disturbances affecting the inclosing strata, and contributed a paper entitled, “The Laws of Structure of the More Disturbed Zones of the Earth’s Crust.” In connection with the subject, the two brothers advanced what may be called the Wave Theory of Mountain Chains, and also formulated the Law of the Distribution of Faults. Professor Rogers’ active connection with the Virginia State survey ceased in 1842, but for several years he published papers bearing on the results of the survey: “On the Age of Coal Rocks of Eastern Virginia,” “On the Connection of Thermal Springs in Virginia, with Anticlinal Axes and Faults,” and “Observations of Subterranean Temperature in the Coal Mines of Eastern Virginia.” In 1843, a paper by Pro-

fessor Rogers on "Earthquake Phenomena and a Theory of Earthquake Motion," was published in the proceedings of the American Philosophical Society. In the next year he published "A System of Classification and Nomenclature of the Palæozoic Rocks of the United States." Later, there appeared a paper on "Acid and Alkaline Springs"; and later still, a series of papers on Chemistry,—the results of investigations made by himself and his younger brother, Robert, conjointly.

In 1849 Professor Rogers married Miss Emma Savage, the daughter of James Savage, LL.D., of Boston. She proved a most noble and worthy helpmate to him, and still maintains great interest in the school of his foundation, and in the students who are thronging to it.

In 1853 Professor Rogers resigned his professorship in the university of Virginia, and took up his residence in Boston, where he became interested in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and in the Boston Society of Natural History. For several years now he devoted much of his time to physical research, and also published a number of papers on geological subjects. In 1861 he was appointed gas inspector for Massachusetts, and made many researches in this connection, leading to his publishing a paper entitled, "An Account of Apparatus and Processes for Chemical and Photo-metrical Testing of Gas." For many years Professor Rogers had cherished in his mind the idea of a technical school, and this idea was realized when he secured the approval and co-operation of many of the first citizens of Boston, and the chartering in 1862 of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The Institute was actually inaugurated in 1865, and Professor Rogers became its first President, and laid the foundation for its present success. Laboratory methods of instruction in physics were applied in the Institute of Technology for the first time, and instruction was not given as before, wholly by lectures and recitations. After three years of hard work incurred in starting the Institute, Professor Rogers, in 1868, became disabled, so that he was forced to resign the Presidency. On recovering,

ten years later, he resumed the Presidency, which was, however, again resigned in 1881. He withdrew from all active duties, but still remained Professor Emeritus of Physics and Geology.

His friends hoped for him a calm twilight of lengthened joy; but it was not so to be. "On the 30th of May, 1882, he rose to deliver the diplomas to the graduating class, most of whose course had been passed under his Presidency. His voice was at first weak, and faltering; but, as was his wont, he gathered inspiration from his theme, and for the moment his voice rang out in its full volume, and in those well-remembered, most thrilling tones. Then, of a sudden, there was silence in the midst of speech; that stately figure suddenly drooped, the fire died out of that eye ever so quick to kindle at noble thoughts, and before one of his attentive listeners had time to suspect the cause, he fell to the platform, instantly dead. All his life he had borne himself most faithfully and heroically, and he died as so good a knight would surely have wished,—in harness, at his post, and in the very part and act of public duty."

Where We Drink.

THE readers of THE TECH have already been told "Where We Hang Up," and "Where We Feed," but many are yet in ignorance as to where we drink. The hot and cold fount in Rogers' corridor, and the inlaid, silver-mounted Cochituate dispenser in the New Building, are doubtless known to all. Many have heard of "the chapel," and look furtively over there whenever they go by, hoping to see us wending our way thitherward. They look in vain. It is too dangerous ground for us to venture upon. A fellow is likely to meet so many of one's intimate friends there, don't you know. And then a professor might see us, and mistake our motive, thinking we were intending to manipulate the ivories, or engage in some other occupation equally unworthy of us.

No, gentle reader; neither the Technology water supply nor "the chapel" catch us fre-

quently. We are more exclusive, and think too much of our health to indulge in either. Co-chituate water has recently been analyzed at our expense, and found to contain so many bacteria and other nourishment that, in justice to ourselves and to our boarding-mistress, we have decided to do without it. Neither does the café on the avenue, with its soda-water and pretty (?) dispenser thereof, attract us greatly. Unless we are looking for a certain member of '91, we never venture within its portals.

The "Old Elm" has received a good deal of gratuitous advertising here among the students, but the truth is, we seldom visit there, unless just before an examination in German. It is too public, and then we are in danger of running against a certain instructor, who might misunderstand our intentions, as we do his.

With the exception of our boarding-house table, where milk (?) and coffee (??) are employed as assistants in digestion, we seldom drink in public.

We are never seen, going in or coming out of, any of the cafés or other public places in Boston. We drink at home, or we are at home when we drink. In our easy dressing-gown and slippers, ensconced in our arm-chair, with our friends around us, we drink; what we drink is not the subject of this paper. Whether it be soda, coffee, or "and-so-forth," it is here we imbibe it while listening to the old story, or older song, of our intimates, or indulging in some innocent little game, as, for example, that new Russian pastime, *peauxchœur*. Here in the privacy of one's own room, surrounded by one's own chosen friends and drinks, one is truly one's self; all restraint and affectation are thrown to the four winds. Examinations and studies are for the nonce forgotten, and one lives but for the enjoyment of the present. One's whole mind is given up to the recital of the story, the mixing of the — er — coffee, or to the little game. It is here that students learn to thoroughly understand and admire each other's peculiarities. It is wonderful what an amount of interest one friend may acquire in another before the evening is half through.

We read much of life-long friendships formed in college days, and of how they ripen into bonds stronger than those of brothers. But are such friendships, think you, formed in the crowded class or noisy corridor? Can men meet to understand and admire each other at a class dinner, or in a horse-car? No. It is in the sanctity of one's own room, or his neighbor's, where restraint and high collar are discarded together; where plans for the future and regrets for the past are forgotten; where, in a word, man is *himself*, that lasting friendships are to be formed. And this is where we drink.

The Wreck of the Merrimack.

THE Merrimack was an iron steamship of 2,200 tons, and a length of about 270 feet. She had compound engines, and was supposed to be capable of making fifteen knots an hour. She had accommodations, on a pinch, for 500 passengers, and was "acknowledged by experts to be the strongest ship on the Atlantic Coast." She had been refitted for the Boston, Halifax, and P. E. I. Line, and sailed from Boston, July 2d, on her first trip of the season.

I shipped for the round trip, and was enjoying it greatly. There was the full breath of the open ocean without the hope-deferred feeling of the voyage to Liverpool, and the glimpses of the Provinces obtained afforded both variety and novelty.

Returning, we left Halifax, Saturday, July 9th, at 4.30 P. M., expecting to make Boston early Monday morning. The sky was clear, but the wind had been blowing from the southeast for three days, and had raised a heavy sea. My state-room was on the upper deck, and I retired early. At 12.30 that night the ship struck. I was waked by the shock and by the horrible crunching noise, as the ship's bottom was torn on the rocks. I jumped up and pulled on my clothes with difficulty, as the ship rolled fearfully, and it was dark. On deck men were rushing about in a crazy way; women were crying and wringing their hands. Few were dressed. We all expected to go down in a moment.

Soon, however, the captain obtained control, and we went to work clearing the life-boats. In launching the second boat, Captain Crowell was thrown against some iron work, and severely injured—three ribs broken, it was afterward reported—but he kept at his post. Two frightened men climbed into a boat before it had been lowered, and the women safely placed. The tackle stuck in the block. “Cut the rope!” ordered the Captain. A sailor whipped out his knife, and one end of the boat dropped from the davits. The two men were pitched into the sea, but hauled out considerably cooled. Many of the passengers clung to their boxes and bags, while yet they despaired of their lives. Many tied life-preservers about their hips, or arranged as though their greatest danger might be in getting their feet wet. One man, his feet bare, tightly held a blacking-brush.

In half an hour the six life-boats were launched, manned, and the fifty or more women and children lowered into them. Then they put off in charge of the first officer, and disappeared in the fog and darkness. One returned for blankets, as the women were unprotected, and the night was cold. We tore the blankets from the beds in the state-rooms, still above water, and flung them into the life-boat. After that we huddled together on the leeward side of the ship, and waited for daylight.

We had struck on Little Hope Island,—how cheerless the name sounded,—alongside an old wreck, four miles off the rocky Nova Scotia coast. The tide was going down,—“Thank God for that,” the captain said,—and the ship was full length on the rocks. Through the low fog we could see the island light, and we sent up rockets at intervals. One of the men managed to get some cake and pie, and we ate our Sunday morning meal.

Daylight at last! A heavy sea was running, but the island was near, and there were two life-rafts on board. Second Officer Cutting, Asst. Purser Basford, and Asst. Engineer Rogers took a line, and on one of the life-rafts started for the shore. The breakers caught the raft and dashed it on the rocks, but the men

scrambled up and made the line fast to a boulder. Then, by means of the rope and the remaining life-raft, the men were taken, five or six at a time, from the steamer to the island, and were safe. Food, the ship’s instruments, and as much of the baggage as possible, were taken from the ship, and then the Captain left her. Two days afterward the Merrimack broke, and was a total wreck.

A small lighthouse occupies the greater part of the surface of Little Hope. The keeper was away, but the assistant, Michael Cunningham, did all in his power to make us comfortable. There was drunkenness and brawling, little food and shelter, however, and we wanted to send word to the dear ones at home. One of the life-boats came to help us off, but was stove in on the rocks. From her men we learned that the women had been safely landed at Catherine’s River. A fishing schooner lay to and sent her dory to our assistance. The fishermen took two passengers, and by skillful pulling managed to get them to another of the life-boats lying outside the breakers. They returned and took two more. We stood on the slippery rocks around the boat; the men seated in her waited until a wave broke and the water surged around us, and then gave her a mighty shove. She slid down the retreating current. The next big wave met her. She balanced, trembling, on its curling crest. The men plied the oars. A moment more and she was safe; but it was dangerous business, and the fishermen did not come back again.

Another schooner sent a dory, and three more of us were put into the life-boats. We were the last to get off that day. One man was a prisoner on the Island over the day that was to have been his wedding day. The brave waterman put back to try again, but a breaker overturned his light boat, and he was swept into the sea before us all. He caught on a point of rocks; those near rushed out and pulled him dripping from the waves.

There was now nothing to be done but to pull for the shore. We landed at Catherine’s River. The women had been cutting skirts from the

blankets, and the fishermen had given them food and shelter. I saw there was nothing helpful I could do, and would but make another mouth to fill, so set out for the nearest place where I could telegraph. Most of my money I had given to the lighthouse keeper and boatmen. It was 90 miles to the nearest railroad, 125 miles to Halifax. The region was desolate, but there were scattering fishing hamlets along the shore, and toward nightfall I overtook two men whom I recognized as fellow-voyagers, and joined forces with them. The people along the road were kind and hospitable, gave us supper, and furnished us with teams.

We reached Liverpool that night, and by driving all the next day rolled into Halifax in a drizzling rain at half past four the following morning. At Halifax the steamship company furnished us with means to get to Boston, and we reached home safe and sound,—but the Merrimack was no more.

GUY KIRKHAM.

Noticeable Articles.

THE *Quarterly Review* for January contains an admirable paper on Cabot's Life of Emerson. It may be had in the *Living Age* for March 3d for eighteen cents, and every reader of THE TECH will do well to buy and study it. One wonders who the English writer can be who has been able to enter so fully into the intellectual life of Boston during the last half century, and who has such a thorough appreciation of the unique greatness of Emerson, while at the same time he is not blind to his defects. "To a large section of cultivated Americans," he says, "the philosopher of Concord appears the most representative figure in their republic of letters, their most imaginative poet, their greatest teacher, their most vigorous and daring thinker, their most original writer. And their verdict is substantially correct. The estimate may appear excessive, but the exaggeration, if such there be, is prompted by true instincts of national gratitude." Then follows a most intelligent sketch of the intellectual history of New England, and of Emerson's relation to it. "His teaching emphatically protested against utilitarian ethics, against

material philosophy, against formal religion, against carefully cultured exotics, which choked plants of native growth. Ecclesiastically and politically free, America was still intellectually dependent. Emerson enlarged and illuminated his countrymen's conception of national life, and gave it an impulse and direction which it never lost. His words stirred the blood of his contemporaries like a bugle-call; the movement he promoted had its excesses and extravagances, but it was fresh, indigenous, national. In 1830 America was intellectually a colony of England. Emerson's writings and addresses from 1835 to 1840 were the 'Declaration of Intellectual Independence.'"

But the writer knows very well how to discriminate between Emerson himself and the rabble of his "transcendental" followers. "The movement was one of intellectual emancipation, but it also degenerated into every form of whimsical aberration, into vague schemes of grandiloquent idealism, as well as into the dangerous inanities of spirit-rapping. Abandoning traditions, denying the guidance of history, transcendentalists launched forth into the sea of life with no compass but their own opinions, and no rudder except their instincts. . . . And here, once more, the influence of Emerson proves invaluable. His reputation has suffered by the association of his name with a local movement, from which he really stood aloof. He rebuked alike the fanaticism of the Transcendentalists and the Conservatives. His shrewd, vigorous, and well-balanced judgment gave an every-day meaning to their vague philosophies, and a practical turn to their aspirations; he condensed, concentrated, and vitalized the thin, wandering vapors of their idealism. He saw keenly enough the extravagances and eccentricities of the Della Cruscan, *dilettanti*, and philosophical dyspeptics who called themselves his followers. His strong common sense repudiated their abstention from the duties of domestic and public life. . . . At the same time he saw the value of this undisciplined enthusiasm, and endeavored to direct it into useful channels."

This is writing to some purpose about Emerson, as the present writer can testify, who grew up in the midst of this "transcendental" movement, and listened to nearly every course of lectures Mr. Emerson ever delivered. Equally good is the way in which this reviewer discriminates between the sound and the unsound parts of Mr. Emerson's

teaching, and the good and bad qualities of his peculiar style. But though not blind to his defects, he sums up his estimate thus: "A teacher with unequaled power of inspiration; a poet with rare gifts of imaginative insight; a subtly suggestive thinker; a writer whose phrases have enriched the proverbial currency of the world; a brilliant essayist, and a penetrating critic,—Emerson is, on the whole, the most striking figure in the American republic of letters. . . . Nor is it strange that his nation should treasure the memory of the man who helped to throw a glow of warmth over gray realities of life to save his countrymen from absorption in mechanical pursuits, to give the New World literary and intellectual independence; in a word, to leaven society with the elements which a young country most urgently requires. In a period of great unrest, America beheld, to quote the words of Hawthorne, "through the midnight of this moral world, his intellectual fire as a beacon burning on a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than before."

If I were asked for an antidote to the narrowing effect of the exclusive study of natural and physical science, I should prescribe the reading of Emerson. How narrowing that effect can be, is illustrated in the biography of even so great a student of physical science as Darwin, who sorrowfully confesses that in his latter days he found that his love of literature, of poetry, and art, had almost died out from disuse of the faculties they exercise. Surely this is a great calamity, and one which every student of physical science should guard himself against by familiarity with great writers in other departments of thought. Emerson's suggestiveness is beyond that of any other modern writer. One cannot go to him for a systematic scheme of philosophy, for he is the most unsystematic of writers; but what one can always get from him is inspiration. His doctrine of self-reliance may easily be carried too far. As his reviewer says: "His own standard of duty was so high, that he could with safety follow his instincts. . . . But it scarcely needs the example of a Shelley to prove the peril of Emerson's maxim, 'Obey yourself.' If Emerson had had the passions of bad men, or if bad men adopted Emerson's principle, the world would be a pandemonium." But Emerson is always his own antidote, and no such result can follow from his teaching as a whole.

That is a pretty safe philosophy that can be summed up in these few lines:—

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*"

Or in these beautiful lines of one of his disciples:—

"I slept, and dreamed that Life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that Life was Duty.
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee."

I have dwelt at such length on the subject, because I believe I can confer no greater benefit on the readers of THE TECH than by inducing them to buy this article, and thus to make themselves acquainted with the works of the greatest of our writers.

W. P. A.

[In my article in the last number, Ruskin's "Stories of Venice" should, of course, be "Stones of Venice;" "Lyty" should be "Lyly;" and "Sir Piercie Shaffon" should be "Sir Piercie Shafton." It is a good plan, which I did not follow, for all writers for the press to *print* with the pen the names of persons and places, and the titles of books. Neither printers nor proof-readers are omniscient.]

Duty.

The stillness of the evening hour
Has closed the abbey's door. The air
Is sweet with incense. And in all
There dwells the sanctity of prayer.

Before the altar kneels a priest
In deep submissive reverence;
The sweat of anguish on his brow
Bespeaks his heart-felt penitence.

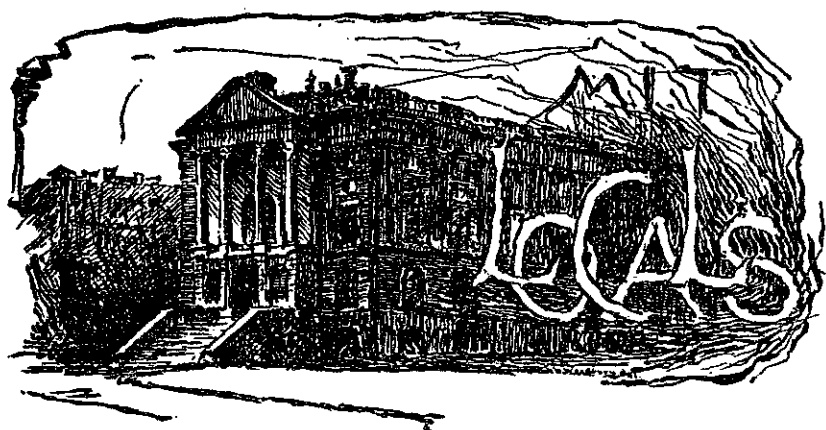
He stands. Before his startled eyes
The Saviour's blessed form appears,
A hallowed vision dimly seen,
That charms his soul, allays his fears.

Yon steeple clock, that strikes the hour,
Awakes him from his silent bliss.
The feverish sick, the hungry poor
He leaves not, e'en for joy like this.

He smoothed the pillow, cooled the brow
Of many a sin-tossed erring child.
His duty done, he sought his cell,
And found there still the Saviour mild.

The vision spoke, and all around
The praise of blessed duty shed
Its radiance pure, its holy light,
"Hadst thou but stayed, I must have fled."

—*Amherst Literary Monthly.*



"The song of the bell." What bell?

The Freshman ball nine is progressing.

There is talk of forming a Sparring Club.

The Photographic Society's exhibit was very creditable.

The 2 G held a meeting at the Thorndike, Tuesday, March 13th.

An alarm from '89's box was rung on the 15th for a small fire on Newbury Street.

Captain Duane, from the work in the gym., promises to give us a good eleven next year.

The Thorndike is constantly growing in favor with the Tech. men for society dinners, etc.

Harry W. Tyler, '84, is taking a two years' course in Analytic Geometry, in Germany.

The Class of '89 will hold its annual dinner at the Thorndike, Friday, April 6th.

"Rassletassel" is the name of a new brand of soap in the Industrial Lab.

A genealogical tree of coal-tar products has been presented to the Institute.

A meeting of the Society of '88 was held at Parker's, Friday, March 9th.

Mr. Dreher will take Professor Otis' classes in German until further notice.

The Senior Ball is billed to be held Friday, April 13th, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

The edict has gone forth: no more smoking inside Kidder. Architects will please take notice.

Foot-ball men have already commenced work for next season under the direction of Captain Duane, '89.

From the number of entries already received, the hare and hound race promises to be a success.

A closely-contested bout of sparring recently took place in the gymnasium between two members of the Junior Class.

Many of the students witnessed the last performance of "Falka," and some of the boys were struck on Marion Manola.

One of the professors lately found to his sorrow that his equilibrium was not stable for all positions of his chair.

Mr. C. L. Simpson, '89, is traveling in Europe. When last heard from he was in Rome, having done Germany and France.

A Junior suggests that the Cycling Club have chosen a good day for a rapid run of the hare and hounds.

The Glee Club is preparing for a concert at Newton. Messrs. Kaufman and Case will perform on the banjo and guitar.

At the recent meeting of the Society of Arts, on March 22d, the subject discussed was the "New Edison Phonograph."

Fast Day, which comes the first Thursday in April, will be our next holiday, and the last one until after the Annuals.

It is a peculiar fact that the last three editors-in-chief of "Technique" have all hailed from the same city. Is it a dispensation of Providence?

The K₂S met at Young's, March 16th. The next meeting will take place April 20th, when papers will be read by Chas. R. Walker and J. W. Cartwright.

The *Quarterly* editors must have intended making a night of it when they announced on the blackboard that the office would be open from 11 to 1 A. M.

We regret to announce the resignation of Mr. W. I. Finch, '90, from the Editorial Board of THE TECH. Mr. Finch's resignation is due to pressure of studies.

The bonfire debt has at last been paid on the installment plan, and the lease of the Union Grounds has been secured by the Foot-Ball Management.

The orchestra is dead; long live the orchestra! What with internal dissensions and external obstacles, it led an unhappy life until its final disruption.

Professor Otis is seriously ill at his residence on Chestnut Street. He has the hearty sympathy of the students, and their sincere wishes for a speedy recovery.

A "co-ed" was recently seen strolling through the corridors of the new building with the conspicuous notice fastened on her back, "Not to be taken from the building."

Contributors of paradoxical locals will kindly accompany their contributions with solutions of the same, simply to enable the editors to satisfactorily answer their numerous inquirers.

The Senior Ball Committee is made up as follows: Messrs. Pike, Forrestall, and Gilbert, '89; Spaulding, R. G. Brown, and Machado, '90; and Trowbridge, Damon, and Bradley, '91.

The Biological Lab. claims the four prettiest girls in the Institute. The Chemists make something of the same claim. Why not have a competitive exhibition, and settle the matter.

Some '89 Mechanicals were experimenting, a short time ago, with electrical weldings. The results regarding the knife-blade were disastrous. It were best to keep "mum" about the effect it had on the lamp.

The Freshmen have organized a base-ball nine. An attempt will be made to arrange a Sophomore-Freshman series. As insufficient support was given last year, there will be no regular Institute nine formed.

A crowd of '89 men who went to a concert at Wellesley on the night of the big storm, had the delightful privilege of spending the night on the road. A trifle like this did not keep them from showing up in brilliant style the next morning.

During the phenomenal storm that occurred while our last number was in press, our faithful proof-reader being snow-bound for thirty-six hours, was unable to eliminate in time the spring-like local in regard to the disappearance of winter's mantle of snow.

A real live dog has been added to the list of curiosities in the Architectural Department. He is strictly classic, with Doric ears and a truly Greek nose. He has become a great pet among the men, and will be proposed for membership in the Architectural Society.

The Senior ball seems to be losing even its last few adherents, and the general feeling of the majority is overcoming the prejudices of the conservative few who still cling to the fallacy that a custom, however ill-advised, should be kept up, regardless of expense and non-support.

There were numerous knots of Tech. men at the Harvard sports on the first Saturday. They found the wrestling tedious, but enjoyed the "merry bout" between Horn and Dana to its fullest extent. Technology training showed up when Amory, '90, formerly Tech. '89, anchored for '90's victorious tug-of-war team.

Eighty-nine has the honor of forming the nucleus of a collection of original Institute songs. Mr. D. P. Goodrich, of that class, has written the words and music of a song to be sung at the class dinner, April 6th. The committee will probably publish the song, and we hope the collection will not remain long in its infancy.

At a meeting of Ninety's Technique Board, officers were chosen as follows: Editor-in-Chief, F. Metcalf; Business Manager, H. M. Waite; Societies, S. D. Flood; Athletics, R. G. Brown; Artistic, H. B. Pennell and F. Goodwillie; Statistics, W. Z. Ripley and F. M. Greenlaw; Advertising Agent, E. B. Stearns. It was decided to open, on April first, a competition to students for cover — a prize of five dollars being offered for best design.

A district messenger-boy walked into the Civils' department recently, and with the char-

acteristic deference peculiar to his class, walked straight to the professor's desk with his message without removing his hat. To save him from his impending fate, the genial members of Course I. bellowed forth in perfect unison only acquired after careful training, "Hats off." The effect was electric; turning like a flash, the kid opened his face, and with a sardonic smile ejaculated, "I can't; I'm bald!"

The Photographic Society closed a most interesting and creditable exhibition of members' work this week. Very striking views from all parts of this country and England afforded subjects for excellent types of instantaneous, as well as time work. Diplomas were awarded as follows: for instantaneous work, E. M. A. Machado, '90; interior work, G. H. Taylor, '90; general work, J. B. Baker, '90; artistic merit, E. M. A. Machado. The judges were Mr. W. S. Briggs and Mr. H. N. Sweet, both of the Boston Camera Club.

At a meeting of the Cycling Club held Saturday, March 17th, E. P. Marsh was chosen Vice-President, to fill the vacancy caused by Montgomery Rollins' departure from the Tech. A committee of Messrs. Merrill, '89, Warner, '89, and Hayden, '90, was elected to look up the matter of a spring out-door meeting similar to the one held at Lynn last year. Also Hayden, '90, and Reed, '90, were chosen a committee to make all necessary arrangements for the hare and hounds race on Fast Day, open to the whole Institute, the medals being given by the Cycling Club. Mr. F. P. Emery was elected an honorary member of the club.

Those students taking the course in Political Science, are to be congratulated on the changes that have lately been made in Rogers for their benefit. There are now open to their use two good-sized rooms on the third floor, which are already pretty well stocked with reference books and other general reading matter referring to the subjects dealt with by the professors in the English departments. These books can, with a few exceptions, be taken out by the students for study at home; although the quiet of the new rooms

is so well preserved that study there would seem to us quite easy, which cannot be said of many of the Tech. reading-rooms.

The annual dinner of the two Boards of THE TECH was held at the Victoria, March 23d. Covers were laid for sixteen, and the journalists did justice to the "feed" and occasion. Mr. Horn officiated as toastmaster, and the following toasts were aptly responded to; "THE TECH," A. S. Warren; "Athletics," Richard Devens; "Locals and Localities," John Lawrence Mauran; "Our Boodle," Franklin W. Hobbs; "Alumni," Timothy W. Sprague; "Ads," Russell Robb; "Campus," Harold G. Gross. The hundredth rendition of "McSorley's Twins," by Mr. Devens, was loudly applauded, and the gathering silently dispersed to their homes.

Mentions in the Architectural Department on the last problems were awarded as follows:—

Fourth year. Design for a Theatre.—*First*: 1st, F. A. Moore; 2d, W. Proctor, Jr, G. C. Shattuck. *Second*: 1st, J. E. Fuller; 2d, G. H. Clemence; 3d, H. F. Bigelow. Design for a Studio.—*First*: 1st mention, H. F. Bigelow; 2d, H. D. Bates. *Second*: G. C. Shattuck.

In the third year, *First*: 1st, Theo. Pietsch; 2d, J. W. Case. *Second*: 1st, R. C. Spencer; 2d, W. H. Kilham. *Third*: 1st, G. C. Harding; 2d, J. L. Mauran; 3d, A. V. Edwards, were the mentions on the Design for a City House, while the successful designs for a Gate Lodge were mentioned in the following order: first, Crane; second, Mauran; third, Harding.

The mentions in second-year design for a portico, were awarded as follows: *First*: 1st, E. M. A. Machado; 2d, E. A. Manny. *Second*: 1st, R. C. Spencer; 2d, H. B. Pennell. *Third*: 1st, L. A. Ford; 2d, J. Millard.

Perhaps it may not be necessary to explain to '91, that the fire-buckets recently put up in Kidder are neither intended for spittoons nor wastebaskets.

Mr. E. J. B. Huntoon, '89, is at present with the Bay State Gas Company.

The Biologicals were out after samples of water on the afternoon of the blizzard. They found it good weather for bacteria.

The third year Industrial Chemists have been listening to some very interesting lectures on the petroleum industry, by Mr. Newell.

There are more than fifty students working in the biological laboratory this term,—a much larger number than ever before.

One Fresh asked another, in the Photographic Exhibit, what "D. S." meant. "I don't just know," was the reply, "but I think it means the photograph was taken suddenly."

The third number of the *Quarterly* appeared March 19th, containing interesting articles by Professors Crosby, Holman, Clark, Purinton, Drown, Patterson, Puffer, Sedgwick, and others.

Mr. A. L. Kean, '88, who is now at Bermuda studying the lily blight, has been greatly hindered in his researches by the unusually cold weather that has prevailed, and writes that, for the time being, the lily disease has completely disappeared.

College Notes.

Attendance at Johns Hopkins University has increased 400 in the last twelve years.

The Freshmen and Sophomores of the Polytechnic Institute, at Troy, N. Y., expended \$500 in a grand time and fire fracas, not long ago. A large carryall was overturned and chopped to pieces, and other eccentricities were indulged in.—*Princetonian*.

The right to publish the programme of the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, has been sold to a New York firm for \$525.

Dr. Leuf, of the University of Pennsylvania, has written a book for the instruction of ball-players in general, and pitchers in particular. He is a ball-player himself, and can pitch all the curves. He gives instructions for training the muscles used in pitching.—*Yale News*.

Oberlin has recently received several large gifts, amounting in all to over a hundred thousand dollars.

Kent University has placed a number of Bible students under arrest for attending the theatre.

Troy Polytechnic has been without a president for nearly two years. The students are seriously considering the step recently taken by the students of Union College in forcing their trustees to elect a president.—*Ex*.

Hitherto every member of the graduating class at Oberlin has made a speech at Commencement. The custom will be abolished this year.

Yale University is in need of \$2,000,000 to carry on its work. Columbia College wants \$4,000,000 to establish new departments and develop old ones. The work of Harvard University is much restrained by lack of money, and Princeton College, notwithstanding the liberality of its friends, could find ready use for a greatly increased income.—*Boston Post*.

At the Class-day exercises of Columbia College, the Senior class will present a gift to the class which is, in its opinion, the most popular in college; and they, in turn, will hand it down at their graduation.—*Ex*.

The number of colleges in the United States increases at the rate of fifteen per year.

Exeter has four batteries at work in the gymnasium preparing for the Andover game.

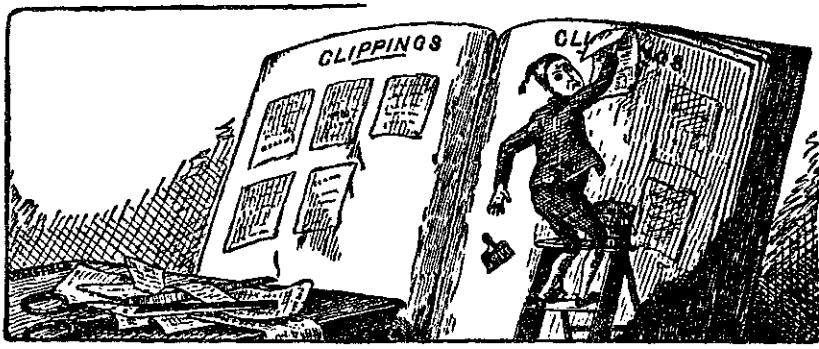
The Williams nine is the only one in the American College League that has succeeded in securing games with both Yale and Harvard.

Exeter and Andover are discussing the idea of forming an Inter-scholastic Athletic Association, modeled after the Inter-collegiate Association.

Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburgh, is to give \$1,000,000, and more, if necessary, to establish a polytechnic school at Pittsburg equal to the one in Boston.—*Crimson*.

Brown University has nearly \$80,000 raised for a new gymnasium.

Prof. Richardson of Amherst proposes a trip to Europe the coming summer, in charge of a party of students.



BASEBALLIC.

I went to see Maria,
 About a week ago;
 I fondly did aspire
 To her hand — a week ago.
 The *field* was clear before me,
 And I made a *three-base hit*
 By flattery and taffy
 As together we did sit.
 Such happiness was fleeting,
 And as I my love did swear,
 Sounded her father's footsteps
 As he tiptoed down the stair.
 But M'ria heard him coming,
 And thus she *coached* me out:
 Now, Bill, you've got to run for *home*,
 Your *innings* up — *watch out*.
 And as a festive bootjack
 For my cranium did glide,
 She yelled, "*Off with his arm, now;*
Slide, Bill — you've got to slide!"
 —*Courant.*

SHORT METRE.

A witching, blushing damsel she,
 The fairest in a "tony" choir
 Which chanted forth rich melody,
 To heart and soul inspire.
 In vain each dude used all his arts
 That one sweet smile might on him fall;
 She beamed and smiled on one alone,
 A youth scarce five feet tall.
 And when remonstrance was applied
 Why smiles on him alone should rest,
 She said, "A cute short metre him
 Had always pleased her best."
 —*Yale Record.*

Mrs. Bascom: "Mr. Bascom, this is the third time within a week you have come home too drunk to walk up-stairs. What does it mean?"

Mr. Bascom: "It means, my dear (hic), I mush color my nose before Dumpsey colorsh'sh meersh'm. Got \$50 bet on it." — *Ex.*

A WRECKED TRAIN.

At unusual speed we were dashing along,—
 The ponderous train was behind,—
 When all of a sudden a something went wrong,
 And — a wreck of the wretchedest kind!
 'Twas not on the rails of the Central N. J.
 That occurred this disaster terrific;
 And equally wrong if, perchance, you should say
 On the ties of the Union Pacific.
 Ah, no! gentle reader; quite off in your guess;
 'Twas a wreck worse than these to descry:
 The train was the train of Belinda's new dress,—
 The passenger on it was I.

— *Williams Weekly.*

A young man who was aged 28
 Came home one night rather 18;
 It would not be right
 To say he was tight,
 Though he was not quite sure of his g8.

—*Courant.*

Instructor in Rhetoric: "Mr. A, what's an epithet?"

Mr. A. (confidently): "An inscription on a gravestone." — *Burr.*

In the Chemical Laboratory: "Professor, what has become of Tom Appleton; wasn't he studying with the class last year?"

"Ah, yes; Appleton — poor fellow! A fine student, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals. That discoloration on the ceiling, — notice it?"

"Yes."

"That's him." — *Ex.*

"See, father," said a son, with the proud consciousness of duty done, "I have saved \$500 from my year's allowance."

"Good!" exclaimed the old man; "you are a wise young fellow, Charley."

"Yes, father, and I wish you'd add \$500 to it; I've got to pay some debts." — *The Epoch.*

"How do you define 'black as your hat?'" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

"Is this scold enough for you?" Xantippe used to inquire of Socrates after a three-hours' curtain lecture.