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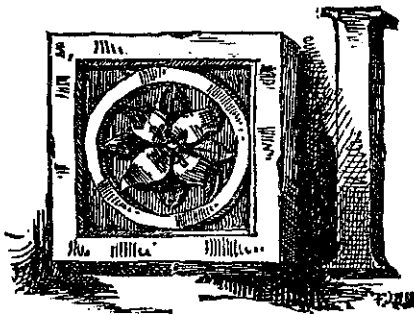
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It is not easy to see why every student is not allowed a copy of the President's report. To be sure, there is nothing in it that pertains directly to any one student, but presumably the report is published to show friends of the Institute her progress and condition; and surely there are no friends more interested than those who are profiting by her worth. All the students here have great respect for the Institute, and faith in its future, and there are always points brought out in the reports that would increase our admiration and stimulate our desire to see the Institute properly supported and cared for. The alumni of an institution have much power for good, and it would seem that here, where there are so many men that will surely become wealthy and influential, this interest of graduates should be especially cared for.

In this connection it is perhaps not out of place to bring out one fact that is often lost

sight of. The reputations of the older colleges and universities have been generations in growing, and the stories of their careers are interwoven with the biographies of the best men in all branches of achievement. The technical schools represent a new education. The Institute's oldest graduates have barely reached the prime of life, and the respect and veneration which come with age of the institution and with the renown of graduates cannot be now expected. Just as surely, however, as this education is a sound one, and draws to it sincere and strong-hearted men, the time will come when the Institute will have its share of this sort of worship. In the meantime, the graduate's love for his *Alma Mater* can be strengthened, if more pains are taken to acquaint him with her virtues.

WE would call the attention of the men to our correspondent's letter in another column concerning a lunch counter here at the Institute. Whether it will be practicable to have a room in one of the buildings or not, we are not prepared to state, but it would be easy to find out, if sufficient interest is taken in the matter. The Tech will be happy to assist this scheme in any way possible. We would suggest that perhaps the Co-operative Society might be induced to take a hand in the management of this scheme.

THE TECH has always favored all improvements and extensions in the English department, and is now much pleased to note the changes that are there taking place.

There is no study in our curriculum that demands more earnest support than does this. English literature and history, and also political economy, seem to be regarded by all as accomplishments, rather than as necessary equip-

ments to a professional life. As a result, the standard in all English branches is by no means as high as it otherwise would be. The aim of all appears to be just to know enough to get through. There is little or no collateral reading in connection with the various English lectures, which are thus never completely understood nor fully appreciated.

Students declare that all their time is taken up in their scientific studies, and that there are no conveniences at the Institute for the pursuit of English studies. The list of reference books given out in the different lecture courses are undoubtedly very fine, but the time and red tape of the Public Library deter many from making use of them, so that they seldom come into use till after graduation.

The new reading and reference room lately fitted up for the use of the students in the political sciences in Rogers, is certainly a step in the right direction, and will, undoubtedly, soon be responded to by an increase of interest in those subjects.

The room already contains a good-sized reference library, and a large list of contemporary magazines referring to the subjects in the political department. Mr. Dewey has been to great pains to publish a note-book referring to his course of lectures, which gives the information necessary to individual study, so that his students can no longer complain of lack of conveniences for acquiring a thorough understanding of political economy.

Would it not be well to extend these advantages to the other English students at the Institute?

FROM what one of our correspondents says in his communication in this number of THE TECH, we think that it may not be generally understood that our columns are always open to students to express their views in. The reason that it is not better known is probably because it is very seldom that we receive any communications, and hence many numbers are issued without this department of the paper.

SINCE the Freshmen have organized a baseball nine, why does not '90 brace up, reorganize that victorious team of last year, and play a series of games with them? They could not fail to be of interest, for of course '91 would surely want to break that string of defeats, while the Sophs. would try and add to their victories. Want of time to practice is no excuse, for nearly every man has an hour to spare after quarter past four, while the exercise would help "clear away the cobwebs from his brain."

How about that, '90?

AN THING greatly to be regretted here at the Institute, is the almost inevitable splitting up of the fellows into different cliques. The opponents of secret societies always make use of this as one of their chief arguments; but if they could step in and understand the state of affairs here, they would see how fallacious their argument is, for the secret societies are so few here that they are not an important factor in the formation of these cliques. No; it is due solely and entirely to our scattered condition all over the city, and nothing else, those living near each other feeling a greater interest in their neighbors than in the others. To the credit of the Institute men, be it said, these cliques have not attempted in any large scale the management of Institute affairs, and so brought on the numerous class rows that are so prevalent at some other colleges. But such a time may come, and the fellows should endeavor now, before it is too late, to avoid the disagreeable consequences of the classes being split into different factions, all warring against each other, by taking a greater interest in their fellow-classmates and Institute happenings. The class societies if properly managed, so as to have their meetings interesting, ought to break up this "cliqueism," so to speak, by bringing the men together oftener in their pleasures. As dormitories are at present impossible for us, this seems to be the only way practicable.

WE are sorry if we have offended any by our recent remarks on the Senior Ball question, but as we have said before, and will probably keep on saying to no purpose, the Board of editors cannot possibly always represent the opinion of the Institute in regard to every matter that comes up, and for that reason have invited communications from any one on subjects of general interest. But it is seldom that our offer is taken advantage of, and the editors have to present their own views. When first speaking of this question, realizing that it was one on which there might be much diversity of opinion, we presented the opinions of the editorial board, and in finishing, said, "This is only one side of the matter, and we hope that some discussion may be evoked, if the subject is worthy of the pen of those holding an opposite opinion." Receiving absolutely no reply to this, and hearing no expressions of disapproval with the editorial, we still further expressed our views on this subject, with the result of receiving criticisms that come too late.

A SEEMINGLY unimportant question, and yet one worthy of thought, is in regard to the naming of the Institute buildings. The main building is known as the Rogers Building, while the more recent structure is nearly always referred to as the New Building. This is not a fitting name for it, and it seems strange that it has not before this been known by its right name, as Kidder Building. The change in nomenclature must come sooner or later, for, judging by the past, it is fair to believe that we must erect or secure more buildings in the future, and what is the new building now will not be then. Let us anticipate the future, and henceforth call the building Kidder, and may those in authority refer to it as such in the examination schedules and other printed matter that come before the students.

NOW is the time when the gay and festive Tech. man dons his spring overcoat, light trousers, and pearl-colored Derby, and saunters

carelessly down Boylston Street to the wonder and admiration of the mucker.

The time approaches when the co-eds put on their spring bonnets (?) and wear them to Charley's lectures, to be admired, unconscious of the fact that they are obstructing the view of the apparatus.

This is the season when the Freshmen wonder if they know anything at all, and timidly calculate the remaining weeks before the "finals"; when the bold Sophs. make one wild, spasmodic effort to study—when they realize the rapidity of the flying days and weeks; when the Juniors are flustered at the near prospect of becoming Seniors; while the grave and reverend autocrats of the fourth year throw aside all else and actually work at their theses.

THERE is always more or less complaint that class meetings here are never well attended. We would suggest that the method in use at Harvard and other institutions be adopted here; that is, have the meetings in the evening, either at the Institute or at some of the hotels. At the usual hour of the Institute meetings everybody is anxious to get home, and either there is no quorum, or the business is rushed through without proper consideration. By having the meetings in the evening, and giving a sufficiently long notice beforehand, this difficulty would be done away with. The '88 Class-Day Committee have recently tried this method of holding their meetings, with marked success.

Good Advice.

(From the German.)

When sadness claims you for its own,
Tell not the crowd that scoffs to hear,
But to the stars breathe it, alone;
They'll mock you not; they cannot hear.

And if in love with some fair maid,
Tell not your friends, who'll only laugh,
But hie you to some flow'ry glade,
And tell the flowers; they cannot laugh.

And if at rhymes you've tried your hand,
Don't trust them to confiding ears,
But read them where the mountains stand;
They're patient, for they have no ears.

ON an afternoon late in September, 1775, two ships might have been seen to the eastward of the Bermudas. The sea was calm, and of a deep blue which almost corresponded with the color of the sky, so that as one looked along the horizon, it was difficult, if not impossible, to tell where the sea ended and the sky began. Only at one point was the monotony of the scene relieved,—where the waves formed a line of foam breaking over the outer reef, behind which in the distance might be seen the low rolling hills, covered with waving cedars, which form the Bermuda Islands.

The vessels above spoken of were of the ordinary build of English merchantmen. They neared the outer reef, but seemed not to wish to go inside of it, but sailed to and fro as if waiting for something, always keeping, however, within sight of the shore. Not long after a white flag was raised on one of the higher hills, which was immediately answered by the vessels running up their own flags, thereby displaying colors then almost unknown upon the seas. In a few minutes a small dingey slipped out from the lee of the shore and made toward the vessels, which lay to, awaiting its coming. After a short stay the dingey returned. Its visit did not seem to have had much effect upon the tactics of the two vessels, for they still continued to sail aimlessly to and fro until sundown, when, as twilight approached, they turned their prows toward the islands, and, guided evidently by the hand of some one familiar with the ground, threaded their way through the intricate windings of the channel leading to Castle Harbor. They did not enter the harbor, but instead of turning to the northward into the harbor, they continued almost due westward along the southern shore of the small islets which form the southern boundary of the harbor. After a short sail they drew into a protected indentation on the south shore of one of the islands, and there dropped anchor. Their position was fairly protected by the island on the north and by the outer reef on the south, while they were entirely screened from view by the island under whose lee they had anchored.

Whatever was their purpose it did not make itself manifest, as they remained perfectly quiet riding at anchor, while the quiet waves rippled up against their sides. As evening advanced the moon rose up slowly, making all the waters shimmer in its silvery light. Right down the path of light along the waters came three row-boats, which drew up alongside of one of the vessels. Then all was bustle and stir on board for a short time, while barrel after barrel was hoisted from the small boats into the ship, and then carefully stowed away in her hold. Having unloaded their cargoes the small boats departed, only to return again in a few hours; and so they continued to come and go throughout that night and the next two following. During the daytime all remained quiet, and the strange vessels remained apparently unnoticed in their sheltered position.

On the morning of the fourth day both vessels spread all their sails to the wind and sailed proudly out to sea, as if, having obtained what they wished, they no longer thought of any concealment. Once out at sea they turned to the northeast, and before the sun had reached its full height had disappeared beneath the horizon.

About a week later both vessels sailed up Narragansett Bay to Providence, where their cargoes were unloaded and sent to the Continental troops then encamped around Boston, for the barrels contained powder.

In this way the powder was obtained which gained the first decisive victory for the cause of American independence, and caused the British to evacuate Boston. Who it was who ventured to take the powder from the king's own magazine in Bermuda, remains a mystery to this day; for in spite of the sum of money put aside by Congress for the payment of the powder, no one ever appeared to claim the sum.

A Mysterious Story.

IN the year 1805, as a poor mason was returning one evening from his daily labors, he was met in an obscure street in Paris by a well-

dressed man, whose face he did not remember to have seen before, but who stopped him, and inquired of him to what trade he belonged. On being answered that he was a mason, the man said that if he would wall up a certain niche which would be shown to him, he should receive as his reward fifty *Louis-d'ors*. The stranger added that he must submit to have his eyes covered, and to be carried in that state for a considerable distance. To all this the mason readily consented, partly from curiosity, and partly from the greatness of the reward offered to him for so inconsiderable a work. The stranger immediately placed a bandage over his eyes, and having led him by the hand for a few paces, they came to a spot where a carriage waited for them, into which they both got, and it drove rapidly off. They soon got out of Paris,—at least so the mason conjectured, from the noise of the wheels going over the stones having ceased. After having proceeded for about two hours, the rattling of the stones returned, and they seemed to the mason to have entered another town; shortly after which they stopped, and the mason was taken out of the carriage, and led through several passages, and up a flight of stairs, till they came to a place where he heard the sound of voices.

Here his eyes were uncovered; and he found himself in a large room, the walls, roof, and floor of which were entirely hung with black cloth, excepting a niche on one side, which was left open. By the side of it were placed a considerable quantity of stones and mortar, together with all the tools necessary for the work upon which the mason was to be employed.

There were, also, several men in the room, whose faces were covered with masks. One of these came up to the mason, and addressing himself to him, said, "Here are the fifty *Louis-d'ors* which were promised you; and there is only one condition to be exacted from you, which is, that you must never mention to any person what you may see or hear in this place." This the mason promised; and at this instant another man, who was also masked, entered the room, and demanded if all were ready. Upon

being answered in the affirmative he went out, and returned again in a few minutes with two other men, both masked, and one of whom, from the whiteness of his hair, the mason supposed to be an old man.

These three dragged in with them a very beautiful young woman, with her hair dishevelled, and her whole appearance betokening great disorder. They pushed her with great violence toward the niche, into which they at length succeeded in forcing her, notwithstanding her struggling and resistance. During this time she never ceased alternately uttering dreadful screams, and crying for mercy in a most piteous manner. Once she got loose from her persecutors, and immediately prostrated herself at the feet of the old man, and, embracing his knees, besought him to kill her at once, and not to let her suffer a cruel and lingering death. But all in vain.

When the three men had at last forced her into the niche, they held her there, and commanded the mason to commence his work, and wall her up.

Upon witnessing this dreadful scene, the mason fell on his knees, and entreated to be permitted to depart, without being accessory to this act of cruelty. The men, however, told him it was impossible. They menaced him, if he refused to perform his promise, with instant death; whereas, on the other hand, if he complied, they said he should receive an additional fifty *Louis-d'ors* when he had completed his work.

This united threat and promise had such an effect on the mason, that he instantly did as he was commanded, and at last actually walled up the poor victim, so as to render her escape impossible. She was then left to perish by slow degrees, without light, air, or sustenance.

When the mason had finished, he received the fifty additional *Louis-d'ors*; his eyes were again covered; he was led through various passages as on his arrival; and finally put into the carriage, which drove off rapidly as before. When he was again taken out of it, his eyes were uncovered, and he found himself standing

on the exact spot in Paris where he first met the stranger. The same man now stood beside him, and addressing him, desired him not to stir from the place where he then was for five minutes, after which he was at liberty to return home; adding that he was a dead man if he moved before the time prescribed. He then left him; and the mason having waited the five minutes, proceeded straight to the police officers, to whom he told his story. They considered the circumstance so curious, that they carried him immediately to the Duke of Abrantes, Governor of Paris. The Duke at first imagined his account to be an invention; but on the production of the purse containing the hundred *Louis-d'ors*, he was compelled to believe it.

The strictest search was immediately made in and about Paris for the discovery of the perpetrators of this horrid murder; but in vain. The Emperor Napoleon particularly interested himself in it, and special orders were issued by him to the officers of the police, to leave no means untried to attain their object. Many houses were searched, in the hope of finding some place which had been lately walled up, and which answered the account given by the mason;—but, notwithstanding all these endeavors, nothing further has ever transpired respecting this dreadful mystery. ALBION.

The Freshman's Cry.

The simple baby in his crib doth lie,
 And stretches out his rosy, dimpled arms
 For papa's watch, and merrily doth cry,
 "Tootsy wants to see the wheel go round."
 And if that kid to college wends his way,
 His habits and his talk are just the same;
 As down he lays his "crib" you hear him say,
 "I'll go and see the merry wheel go round."

An Episode of Summer Yatching.

EVER since I was ten years old, my summer vacations have been chiefly given up to boating, and I have always been fortunate in avoiding the accidents which, unhappily, so often occur on the water. A year ago, however, I

succeeded in getting into such a dangerous position that an account of my predicament may perhaps be of interest to readers of THE TECH.

In August, 1886, I set out with a companion on a short cruise in a cat-rigged boat about nineteen feet long. The early hours of a cloudy afternoon found us near the mouth of the Merrimac River. As the weather looked threatening, we decided to put in for the night at Newburyport harbor, well known as dangerous for strangers to enter. In the attempt to reach this place of refuge we narrowly escaped disaster.

At the mouth of this harbor is a broad sandbar, over which the tide sweeps with great velocity. Near the middle of the bar is a narrow channel marked by buoys, which, unfortunately, are not to be relied upon, as the tide is constantly moving the sand from one position to another, and thus shifting the position of the channel. When we were about to enter, the tide was running out very fast, and the wind was blowing from the eastward, or against the tide, causing the heavy seas to break on the bar. From our position outside the rough water we were unable to realize the size of these waves, so we unhesitatingly started our boat before the wind, heading for the uncertain channel.

In a short time we began to feel the strength of the tide, and could make but little headway against it. After an hour of slow progress, we were among the breakers on the worst part of the bar. The great waves traveled in the same direction that we were moving, and as each one overtook us it would lift our boat's stern, and strive to turn the craft broadside to the breakers. In such a case we should surely be swamped. By the exercise of great care, it was possible to keep the stern presented to the waves. We feared, however, that at any minute a wave striking the rudder might break it off, and render us helpless. But our chief danger was this: as the sail was at right angles to the length of the boat,—which is the case when sailing with the wind,—our main-sheet dropped close to the water each time that the boat rolled. With every sea, the tender towing astern would be thrown alongside and on top of the main-

sheet. Each time this happened the sail-boat was temporarily put beyond control, while as the wave passed under us, the tender would be drawn back with such force that the boat we were in could scarcely ride the succeeding wave. Our only chance of escaping this danger depended on the breaking of the rope which connected the two boats, for neither my friend nor I could leave our positions to cut it. Fortunately the rope did break, and very probably that saved us from swamping. Moreover, had the boat continued in tow, we should not have been able to stem the tide. Half an hour after the loss of our tender, we had reached smooth water, and in another hour were safely anchored off Newburyport City.

The next morning in conversation with several men who had watched us in our critical situation of the day before, they said that we had done a very hazardous thing in attempting to cross the bar, and were fortunate in losing nothing more valuable than a skiff.

I do not believe that either my friend or myself will ever forget this experience, both because of its danger, which neither of us thoroughly realized at the time, and because of the enjoyment which the entire cruise gave us.

W. T. H.

Noticeable Articles.

Macmillan's for March contains a very pleasant paper about Tom Moore, whose fame, like that of all the other second-rate poets of that generation has of late begun somewhat to fade out of memory. Oddly enough it is a Frenchman, Gustave Vallat, who now attempts to revive our interest in him. M. Vallat's book, "Etude sur la Vie et les Œuvres de Thomas Moore," Mr. Saintsbury pronounces "quite the soberest and most trustworthy sketch of Moore's life and of his books, as books merely, that I know," though he thinks he exalts him too high as a poet. Quite the same commendation may be given to Mr. Saintsbury's own pleasant sketch, which neither makes too much of him, nor, like a good deal of modern criticism, unduly depreciates him. There was a vein of true poetry, if only a slender one, and a good deal of real manliness, in

the little man, and a great deal of real fun in his comic and satiric verse, though this last has faded out with the circumstances that gave rise to it. Nobody who did not expect to live to the age of Methusaleh would now-a-days disturb the eight or ten volumes into which Lord John Russell shoved his friend's dinner invitations and other "correspondence."

Mr. Saintsbury touches upon one curious question. Moore's poetry adapts itself better than almost any other to music. Moore was himself a musician, and sung his own songs with exquisite taste and feeling. But the lyrics of Burns, a far greater poet, adapt themselves equally well to music, while Burns himself had no ear; neither had Scott. Again, Shelley's lyrics, "having poetical music in an unsurpassable degree," cannot be set to music. Clearly "poetical music" and "musical music" are two different things, but no critic seems able to discover in what the difference consists.

In the January number of the *Fortnightly*, that vigorous writer, Mr. W. S. Lilly, attacked the ethical system of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and was answered in the February number by a Mr. Collins, writing at the request of Mr. Spencer, too ill to reply. In the March number Mr. Lilly returns to the charge, and the question is also exceedingly well discussed in the March *Macmillan*, in a short paper by Ernest Myers. Dealing as they do with the very foundations of moral philosophy, these papers will be found interesting by all who like such discussions. To the present writer Mr. Herbert Spencer seems the very prince of modern sophists.

In *Blackwood* for March the subject of Technical Education is dealt with by Prof. G. G. Ramsay, of Glasgow University. Professor Ramsay's conclusions are interesting. He does not think that Great Britain's manufacturing and industrial supremacy is as yet seriously threatened, but he does think it will be unless Great Britain improves her technical education, and it is interesting to see what direction he thinks that improvement should take. He says: "The only kind of technical knowledge which is valuable from a national point of view, is that which rests upon the scientific principles on which all technique depends." Clearly he has no belief in shallow, superficial rule-of-thumb training. He says, too, "that no system of merely scientific education will be satisfactory unless it rests upon a sound basis of general education, whether the basis of that edu-

cation be literary or scientific." To this too we say Amen. "The American," he says, "is versatile because he has received an intelligent, comprehensive education; the British workman cannot adapt himself to new conditions because his intelligence, as a whole, has not been trained or stimulated; because he has learnt to know one thing, and one thing only; in short, because his education has been *too* technical in its character."

The reader will do well to turn in this connection to the *March Contemporary*, and read Sir Lyon Playfair's extremely interesting paper, "Applied Science and Trade." The present writer, who is a determined free-trader, would like to have the power to compel all the editors and others who are just now so busy in vamping up the old protectionist fallacies, to read and ponder this learned exposition of the real causes of trade depression. No one interested in industrial questions can afford to pass it over.

And he should proceed to read the paper in the same number on "Europe *versus* the United States," by G. T. Bettany. The exposition of the enormous disadvantage under which Europe labors from the necessity of maintaining her immense armaments is very impressive. Mr. Bettany anticipates the certain ultimate transfer of industrial supremacy to this country, though his forecasts of possible results seem a little chimerical. As Sir Lyon Playfair says in his article,— "If the United States alter its protection policy, and become a free-trade nation, it will be our great competitor in the world." "Luckily," he adds, "her protection policy is an incubus upon her industry, and gives us breathing time to prepare for the coming struggle."

A writer in the *Forum* for March has attempted to ascertain the tastes of the average American newspaper reader by measuring the space devoted to different topics in a certain number of leading papers. The result is not very flattering. Thus in the issues of five morning and seven evening New York papers for Friday, Sunday, and Monday, October 14th, 16th, and 17th, the relative space devoted to different topics stands as follows: Crimes, .117 per cent; Markets, .088; Out-door Sports, .077; Theatres, .043; Labor, .054; Editorial, .085; Religion, .035. The difference between different papers was, however, very considerable. Thus in everything that is evil and low, the *New York Sun* is far ahead, devoting 21 per cent of its

reading matter to the detail of crimes and 12½ to out-door sports, including not merely yachting and base-ball, but horse-racing, pugilism, etc. At the other extreme is the *New York Evening Post*, with 0.35 devoted to crimes and .01 to sports.

Another experiment was made with two issues of leading papers from different cities,—New York being represented by five; Boston by two, the *Advertiser* and *Herald*; Philadelphia by three; Chicago three; Cincinnati two; St. Louis two; and Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans, Charleston, and San Francisco one each. The results are rather curious. New York and Cincinnati take the lead in the space devoted to crime, both being .14 per cent; while Boston gives .05. "Cincinnati," says the writer, "also paid the least attention to religion, and devoted the largest space to markets of the whole list, and her ratio of editorial comment was as low as any. Out of a total reading-space of 3,782 inches, seven were devoted to book news and four to art. Music and the drama occupied three per cent of the entire space; upon the whole a sadly Philistine exhibit for a city that aspires to be an Athens."

"At the *Hub*," he continues, "it is different. Boston has an eye to the main chance, as is shown by the high market ratio; but she gives seven per cent of her space to religion, and four and a half to books, in both cases leading the list. She is also one of the few cities which accord an appreciable fraction of space to art. Amusements, both of the out-door and in-door sorts, receive careful attention; while crime as a theme sinks nearly to one third the prominence assigned to it in New York or Cincinnati, and to one half the ratio of the press at large."

These are but samples of the details with which the paper is filled.

W. P. A.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

EDITOR TECH:—

Having seen, with great pleasure, the development of a new column in your paper, under the head of "Correspondence," perhaps it may not seem amiss to interest the Tech. in that which to me appears to be a matter of no small consideration.

After many inquiries as to the feasibility of the plan, I am convinced that it would meet with the favor of every progressive student. I refer to the establishment in the Institute of a "lunch counter." The plan is not a new one, nor one which might fail for lack of experience, as it is at present a feature of some of our leading colleges. Especially in those situated in the city proper, where students living at great distances cannot conveniently lunch at home, the "counter" would furnish excellent opportunity for obtaining meals. Then, too, many of the men who make a practice of working during lunch time, could be accommodated with a "little something," at a small expense and a great saving of time.

As for the location of such a "lunch counter," I would suggest a room in the new building, preferring it to Rogers, as the students in the laboratories and drawing-rooms are the ones who devote to their work a great part of the noontime.

Accommodation could certainly be found for it, and not the slightest difficulty would be experienced in obtaining caterers to take charge of the department.

As practical illustrations of the success of the scheme, behold Columbia and the Normal College of New York, at both of which the "counter" flourishes, to the delight of the men.

If, then, Mr. Editor, you will, by means of your able and influential paper, push the scheme so that the students may soon be able to appreciate its practical advantages, a committee could, with the approval of the Faculty, take charge of the matter, and enable each and every Tech. to enjoy in short order its benefits and comforts.

Hoping that the above may speedily be brought under the consideration of the Institute,

I am very truly yours, WILLIAM FETT.

EDITOR TECH:—

A college paper should surely have ideas of its own, and a proper expression of its views is commendable; but when it finds its advice has not been followed, for perhaps good and sufficient reasons, and a course determined upon which has been opposed by it, any further comment can but make bad matters worse; and should not the subject then be dropped? Of course I refer to the recent course pursued both in the editorial and local columns of

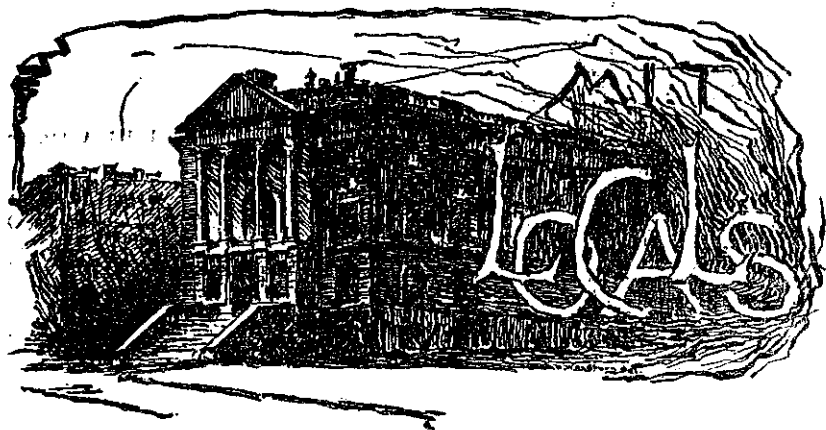
THE TECH in regard to that time-honored, and, let us hope, permanent, Technology institution, the Senior Ball.

Without going much into the merits of the question, to which there are as usual two sides, but one of which has been discussed in THE TECH, I wish to correct a few of the glaring misstatements which have crept into THE TECH, undoubtedly accidentally, concerning this much-talked-of affair. It is said that it has always been a burden financially. I can speak of the last few years only, but during this time never but once, and that last year, has the balance been on the wrong side; for anything over what the committee have gladly made up themselves, and at least once, a large enough sum was realized from the Senior Ball to make up a handsome purse, which was devoted to a worthy object.

As to last year's debt, each class took its share, and two thirds of the amount was soon paid; the other third was not, however, paid until recently, but this was largely due to the illness of the man having the matter in charge.

Now, in regard to the course of THE TECH in printing, in almost parallel columns, the names of the committee who are making the arrangements for the ball, and a startlingly incorrect local, tending intentionally, or otherwise, to prejudice college opinion against the idea, especially in the lower classes, who must rely on THE TECH for their information concerning anything in the past, and upon whom the committee depend for a large part of its support,—certainly this is not fair, and is doing a manifest injustice to the men on the committee. And this, not to mention an editorial denunciation, also. Any one who has been on the committee knows that it is not a bed of roses under the most favorable conditions, and such discouragement increases the difficulties immeasurably.

Before this appears the event will probably have taken place, and, always a great social success, if the committee this year succeed in making our one thoroughly Tech. social institution, the Senior Ball, the usual financial success also (I use the term advisedly), they will deserve our warmest praise, as they have deserved our most generous support. And let us hope that when an affair in which the reputation of the Institute is at stake is fairly under way, THE TECH, no matter what its previous views have been, will, if not supporting it, surely not so persistently "sit upon it." *



'91's base-ball team has organized.

The new Co-op. lists and tickets are out.

The 2 G met at the Thorndike on the 10th.

"Punch, brothers, punch with care." Dedicated to '89.

'91 has purchased a class blackboard similar to '89's and '90's.

"A Dark Secret."—The methods of the Faculty.

Hail to that harbinger of spring! The wooden steps have disappeared from Rogers.

The '88 Electricals are talking of having a Course dinner.

Many Tech's took in the Loissette method course in memory development.

There is considerable rivalry among two of '90's "shorties" as to which is the taller.

The Society of '87 held a reunion at the Thorndike, Saturday evening, March 31st.

William H. Merrill, Jr., '89, and Arthur J. Dillon, '91, have become members of Sigma Chi.

The Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks will deliver the address at the graduation exercises of '88 on May 29th.

'91 base-ball talent is already practicing. Brace up '90 if you wish to preserve last year's record.

A reception was given last Saturday at No. 6 Louisburg Square by a number of Institute men.

A. E. Woodward, '88, recently had a 48 hour roast and smelt in connection with his thesis work.

The Junior Civils began their field-work for this spring on last Thursday. Wellesley Hills was the scene of action.

The Hammer and Tongs have gotten out some very attractive "shingles," with their pin reproduced in the corner.

The Editors and Directors of THE TECH have received very pretty and unique "shingles," handsomely framed.

From a survey of the pamphlet on the new course in Chemical Engineering, the course promises to be very popular.

J. M. Sully, '88, recently has smelted a lump of silver from his ore, which he is treating as his thesis work, worth about \$100.

The Sigma Chi had a most enjoyable dinner at Young's in March. Many graduates were present, and the reunion was a grand success.

The D. K. E. theatricals proved quite an attraction for Tech. men April 2d and 3d. Siegfried, the Slugger, was produced with great effect.

The Summer School in Geology, Geodesy, and Topography will be under Professor Burton's charge, and will be opened shortly after the close of the Institute.

The '88 Class Day Committee met a committee from the Faculty, last Saturday, to confer with them in regard to the Class and Graduation Day exercises.

At recent memoir meetings of the Senior Miners, Mr. Woodward read a paper on the Concentration of Pyrites at Capelton, and Mr. Warren one on the Concentration of Bleistein.

Although the lectures in Physics are not exactly grand operas, the fellows who sit behind the co-eds wish that they would make it fashionable not to wear hats.

Now that some of the Sophomore Chemists cook their lunch in the Lab., a petition will be sent to the Faculty to make the unused desks into folding-beds, so that no time may be lost.

Professor Niles will speak on "Causes of Recent Floods in Germany," at the meeting of the Society of Arts to-night, and Professor Swain will read a paper on "Development of Bridge Building."

At a recent class meeting of '90, Messrs. L. M. Hills and H. M. Greenlaw were elected TECH Directors for the year of 1888-'89. Mr. A. Loring was elected to fill a vacancy in '90's Senior ball committee.

It is a general desire that bells similar to the one in Rogers 15, should be placed in all the recitation-rooms. There would be less tardiness at recitations, and much greater satisfaction among the students.

Although we have no Easter vacation, many men living near Boston had a chance to get home to spend Sunday and rejoice in the coming long vacation, which is not so very far off after all.

She, blushing slightly: "Do you know, George, I've heard it said that in ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for headache?"

He, with monumental stupidity: "A headache is something I never had."

There is a fund of fifty thousand dollars being raised among the leading dye merchants and manufacturers in New England, to establish a special department of dyeing and printing in the course of Industrial Chemistry.

OWED TO AN "UNCLE."

Take back the ticket thou gavest;
Why should I shiver for thee?
Here is the cash that thou gavest;
Give back that ulster to me!

Hark! in the West there's a growling,
The blast of a blizzard note;
Another cold wave now is howling—
Give me my warm winter coat!

The Co-operative Society held a meeting Saturday noon, March 31st, for the election of officers. The results of the election were: President, George M. Basford '89; Vice-President, William B. Poland, '90; Secretary, W. H. Merrill, '89; Treasurer, B. H. Mann, '90. The Society is in a flourishing condition, and will award a co-operative scholarship of \$200 the first of next term.

No. 2 of the *Architectural Review* has appeared. The high standard of the initial number is preserved undiminished. The plates published were: designs for a fountain, by Henry Forbes Bigelow and W. Proctor, Jr.; designs for a bridge and pavilion, by Theodore W. Pietsch, J. Lawrence Mauran, and John W. Case; a design for opera boxes, by Henry F. Bigelow; a fish market, by Frank A. Moore, and one for a public flower-stand, by H. Forbes Bigelow.

The Class of '88 held its last annual dinner before it severs its connection with the Institute, at Young's Hotel, on April 6th. About sixty men, including a number of past members of the class, sat down to the dinner. After the plates were removed and cigars lighted, Prof. Robert Hyde, guitar virtuoso, was introduced, and his songs and guitar playing were loudly applauded. After a short intermission President Bradlee introduced Mr. Roberts as toastmaster, and the following toasts were responded to: "The Class," Pres. A. T. Bradlee; "Our Athletes," H. G. Gross; "Our Literati," A. S. Warren; "Our Japanese Representative," S. Fukuzawa. The class song, written by Mr. Horn, was sung by Mr. Roberts, and selections were given by a quartette during the evening. After the toasts were over the formal entertainment was finished, and all proceeded to enjoy themselves according to their own taste. Messrs. Woodward, Silsbee, and Warren each gave selections on the banjorine, accompanied by the "Professor."

The Class of '89 held its third annual dinner at the Thorndike, last Friday night. About forty-five men were present, and after they had

done justice to the ample "feed," carried out the following programme with much enthusiasm. President R. L. Russel introduced Mr. J. Lawrence Mauran as Toastmaster, and the following toasts were aptly and cleverly responded to: "The Class," Pres. R. L. Russel; "Society of '89," F. W. Hobbs; "Technique," J. W. Cartwright; "The Faculty," J. P. B. Fiske; "Foot-Ball," Capt. W. M. Duane; "Our Future," D. P. Goodrich; "The Senior Ball," A. W. LaRose; "The Gastronome," H. G. T. Spoon; "Unsere Mädchen," W. H. Merrill, Jr. Mr. Ayre was the recipient of the spoon. Eighty-Nine's original class song was rendered by Mr. Goodrich, the composer, the class raising the roof with the chorus. After several selections by the Quintette, a banjo duo by Messrs. Lander and Hutchins, a solo by Mr. Marsh, a cornet selection by Mr. Basford, a mock trial was announced. After much spirited arguing by both prosecution and defense, the prisoner at the bar, *Wie Viele Hutchins*, d. q., was condemned, but appealed to a higher Court. The whole affair, dinner and entertainment, does great credit to the committee, and will long be remembered as Eighty-Nine's most successful meeting.

A more perfect day for a hare and hound run than Fast Day could not have been asked for. The men gathered about 10 o'clock, and the hares, Mott, '88, and Delano, '90, started off at a rattling pace at just 10.11. Eight minutes later the following hounds set out: French, '89, Hadley, '89, Warner, '89, Newell, '90, Batchelder, '90, Crane, '90, Flint, '90, Schieffelin, '90, and Adams, '91. The course was a triangular one, over Beacon Street and Brighton Avenue to Kent Street, through Kent Street and over a "dump" to Aspinwall Avenue, where a break was to be made. The hares reached this point where their trail was to end, and rested three minutes, refreshing themselves with lemons. By this time quite a crowd had gathered, and shortly after the hounds came in sight. They had been delayed a few minutes by losing the scent, but reached the breaking-point as follows,

— Hadley, Warner, Crane, and French in a bunch at 10.51, Batchelder a few seconds later, Adams and Schieffelin at 10.52, while Newell and Flint turned the corner at 10.54 $\frac{1}{2}$. However, the hounds failed to overtake the hares, and as Delano's wind held out a little the better, he succeeded in winning the hare's prize, reaching Tech. at 10.56, having made the course of 7 miles in 45 minutes. Mott crossed the line two and one-half minutes later. The leading bunch of hares took the railroad track at the three parks on Beacon Street, but Newell kept down through Commonwealth Avenue, and although the track was a shorter way, yet the road was the best going. The hounds reached Rogers as follows: French, 11.10 $\frac{1}{2}$, Newell, 11.10 $\frac{3}{4}$, Batchelder, 11.11, Crane, 11.12, Warner, 11.12 $\frac{1}{2}$, Adams, 11.18, Flint, 11.19 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Hadley, 11.20, French thereby winning the hound's prize. The run was a perfect success, and the Cycling Club deserves great praise. The prizes are handsome mugs.

College Notes.

A Freshman won the debating prize at Princeton, competing with a number chosen from each of the other classes.

The University of Kansas, at Lawrence, has lately refused more than a hundred applications for admission, owing to lack of room.

It is said that the Cornell students are practicing a new college howl with which to greet President Cleveland next June, when he goes to lay the corner stone of the new library building connected with the University.

A wealthy American has just subscribed \$300,000 toward the erection of a university at Nankin, China.

Oars are gradually coming into use in which the blade is made of highly tempered sheet steel.—*Princetonian*.

F. J. K. Cross, an amateur runner of Oxford, Eng., has succeeded in breaking the half-mile record made by Myers, the American, which has stood for six years. His time was 1 min. 54 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.—*Ex.*

At University of Mich., the medical course has been extended to four years.

The largest and most widely organized college society is the college Y. M. C. A. It exists in nearly five hundred institutions of learning in the United States, Canada, Japan, China, Syria, and Turkey. Over eleven thousand students are connected with these organizations.—*Ex.*

Trinity Freshmen celebrated St. Patrick's Day by raising a flag which they now defy the Sophomores to take down.

Two members of the same family are rivals for class honors in the college at Hillsdale, Mich. They are C. H. Jackson and Geo. A. Jackson. The former is fifty-three years old and the father of the latter, who is twenty-two years old. Both are members of the class of '88.—*Ex.*

It has been proposed to have an international foot-ball contest between England and America, and have the English eleven, which is now on its way to Australia, come to New York, and play the winning team in the Yale, Harvard, and Princeton League.

The *New York Press* has sent circulars to the Yale Seniors asking the question, "What kind of a girl does a college boy like best?" Rates of \$6 a column are offered for answers to the question.

Since 1881, Cornell has realized \$7,000,000 from the sale of land.

The buildings of the University of Virginia are soon to be lighted throughout by electricity.

Four men of the Johns Hopkins nine hold scholarships from the University.

Cornell University has been shut out of the State Intercollegiate Athletic Association, because for a number of years she won nearly every event at their State meetings, and left a very poor show for the other colleges. It is thought that she will now endeavor to enter the league of the Eastern Colleges.

There are fifty-three different student organizations at Harvard.—*Ex.*



REDRESS.

From lips where worlds of bliss
Tempting lurk, I stole a kiss.

In return

I feel,—oh, joy! delight!
A responsive pressure light,
Gently burn.

Up the tell-tale crimson flies;
See the anger in these eyes

I adore!

"Thieving knave!" Yes, I confess;

And I give you as redress,

Twenty more!

—*Ex.*

A TRAGEDIE.

In Mohawk vallie

(1804)

Ten pritie maids

And youths — a score —

Went out upon

A sleighing partie.

In Mohawk vallie

(1804)

A band of Indians

Spilt ye gore

Of pritie maids and youths (a score)—

A slaying partie.

—*E.* in "*Williams Weekly.*"

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

It was at a small reception

At a charming house in town,

That I sat beside my dear one

With the glorious eyes of brown.

The occasion seemed propitious

To speak just our little word;

Surely, 'mid this talk capricious,

Our swift whisper'd ne'er be heard!

Yet, alas! I could not do it;

Not because I courage lacked,

Though I have ne'er ceased to rue it,

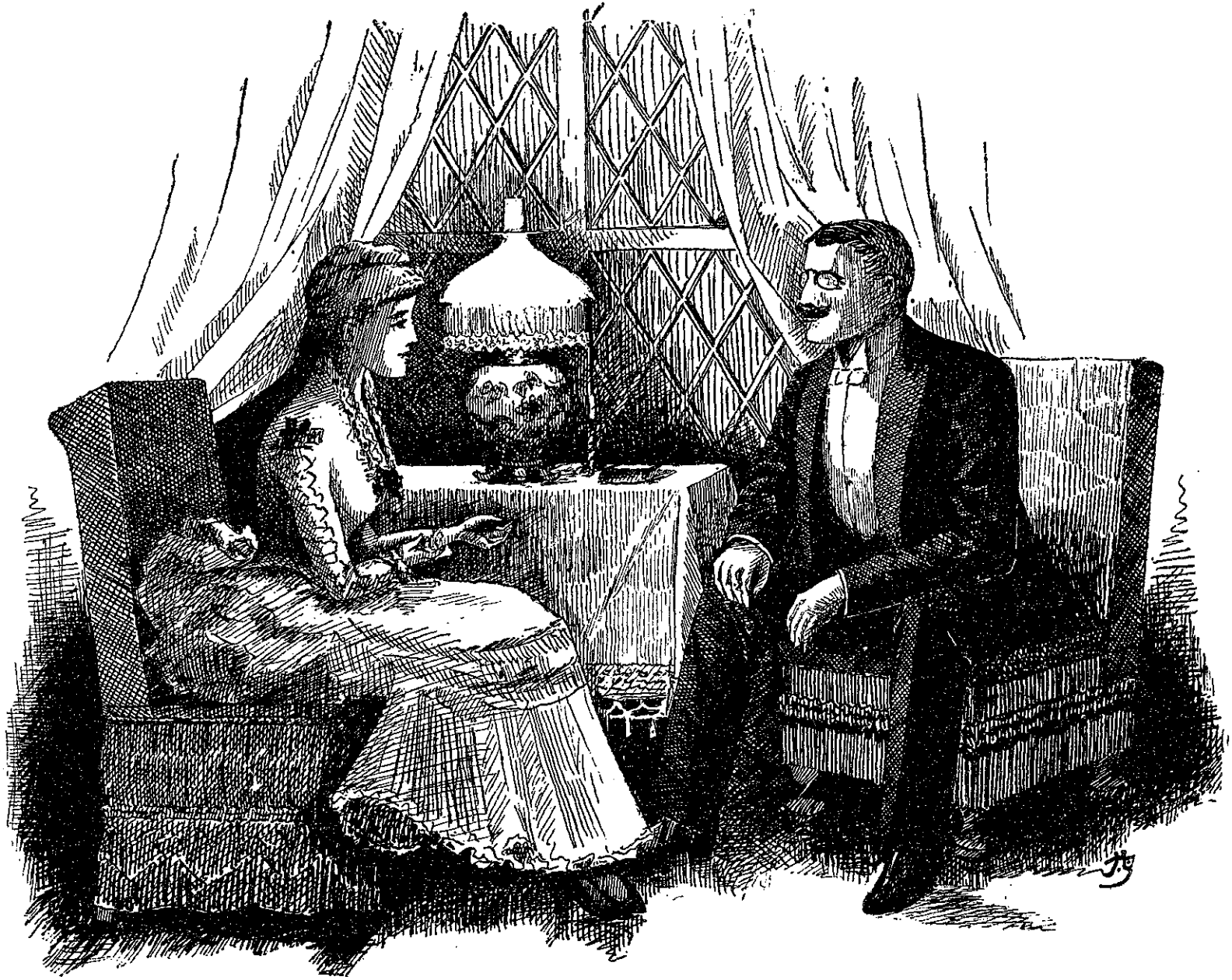
And with regret my soul is racked.

Yes, 'twas at the last reception

Of the lovely Mrs. F——,

That I failed to pop the question,

Just because my love was *deaf*.



PALMISTRY.

He (telling her fortune): "I AM AFRAID, MISS ALICE, THAT YOU ARE A VERY SLY AND CRAFTY CHARACTER."

She: "WHY SO?"

He: "BECAUSE YOU HAVE SUCH A *cunning* HAND."

ICH LIEBE DICH.

I stole your dainty handkerchief,
Because — *Ich liebe dich* ;
Over my heart it was closely pinned ;
Then did I wrong? I only sinned
Because — *Ich liebe dich*.

But your cold looks have pierced my heart,
Because — *Ich liebe dich* ;
So back again I humbly bring
This tiny, soft, and silken thing,
Because — *Ich liebe dich*.

Down deep into your eyes I look,
Because — *Ich liebe dich* ;
And looking deeper, see the while
The shadow of a kindly smile.
Then tell me — *Liebst du mich ?*

— *Vassar Misc.*

CRIB! CRIB! CRIB!

Crib, crib, crib,
'Neath thy cold gray eye, O Prof. ;
I would that my pen could fashion
The words that are on my cuff.

O well for thee slender roll,
Concealed in the palm of my hand ;
O well for me thou art with me,
Held tight by thy rubber band.

The exam. goes on apace,
The scratching of pens is heard,
But oh for the crib on my cuff,
For the pointer so long deferred !

Crib, crib, crib,
'Neath thy watchful gaze, O Prof.,
Oh what would I not give to steal
A glance at the crib on my cuff !

— *Yale Record.*