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THE TECH.

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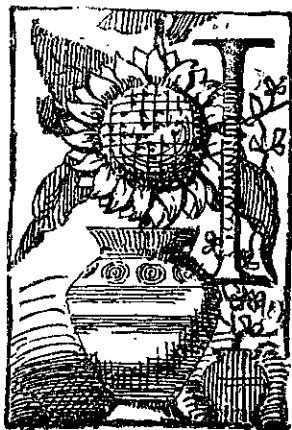
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It seems very peculiar to us that Tech. students do not take more interest than they do in affairs which directly concern themselves. A meeting is called for some purpose, and the class appoints a committee. After this is done the class thinks it has done its whole duty, and leaves everything to the committee, no one ever thinking of helping the committee in any way whatsoever, without direct solicitation. The editors of "Technique" have thus far received only one design for a cover, and there seem to be but few indications of any more coming in. This is a thing which all members of the Institute, and especially of the Class of '89, should try to remedy as soon as possible, either by drawing something themselves, or inducing some one else to hand in a design.

IN view of the fact that at the Dartmouth game last week the crowd at one time surrounded the players on all sides, we think that the Foot-Ball Association ought to appoint from the Institute men, some six or eight who shall act as a foot-ball police in keeping the grounds clear. We do not mean that the Dartmouth game was the only one at which the crowd was in the way, but that it was much more so than at any time before. The men appointed to do this duty could easily keep the grounds clear, as it is more from thoughtlessness than anything else that each individual crowds on to the field, and all would willingly keep behind the lines if some one did not, every now and then, crowd to the front in order to get a better view. We believe that the Foot-Ball Association are already considering this matter, and that possibly by the time of appearance of this editorial, the "foot-ball police" will have been appointed.

SOME evil genius seems to have taken possession of the Literary Department of the Institute. We are sorry to chronicle this fact, and greatly deplore it; but it remains a fact, and a very stubborn one, nevertheless. From among seven hundred and more students, the literary matter contributed to the only organ that represents them is so slight, both as regards quantity and texture, that it is as much a matter of surprise as regret.

We say that the Institute has but one representative organ, and in so saying we do not wish to be understood as taking ground against either the *Quarterly* or "Technique,"—far from it. They both have their field, and occupy them well. But they are distinctive,—the one being purely scientific, and largely under the management of the Faculty; and the other, an annual of a strictly class nature. But THE TECH has other

views. Its founders launched it with the intention that within its covers should be gathered the best efforts of a purely literary character that student ability could furnish. It was expected that each class would contribute, and that its pages would act as a sort of mental stimulus in another direction, after the hard, dry study of the entirely scientific.

Looked at correctly, THE TECH is the means to no uncertain end, and is as much a branch of study as any other in the curriculum. Here it is possible to form style, expression, strength, and all the qualities that go to make up good writing. The student may say, "I am not here to get a newspaper or magazine degree, or to qualify for either of these professions." True; but if in his after life he should desire to communicate his ideas, either verbally or in writing, he will find that the small amount of time employed in training his wandering ideas into form and order, was not lost.

It is also the means of communication between the student and his classmates, carrying news and good cheer even after college life is done, and stern reality begun.

Harvard has four literary papers,—one a daily; Yale, three; Dartmouth, two; Princeton, three,—and in the larger ones, the matter is progressively better.

There should be an *esprit de corps* among us that would not necessitate so many statements of this nature.

LAST year a good deal was said on the subject of class colors, and it was proposed that each class should choose its colors, and that these colors should be perpetuated at the Institute, by the graduating class handing over its colors to the incoming class. Although each class last year chose its colors, nothing was done by all to insure the carrying out of this plan. We think that this plan of class colors is an excellent one, and would propose that the Freshmen choose colors for themselves as soon as possible, and that then a mass meeting should be called to finally settle this question. Or perhaps it would be better for the officers of each

class to meet and discuss the matter, and then present it separately to each of the classes. By either of these methods the matter would be definitely settled in a short time, and we think it well worth while that something should be done about it.

IN regard to the cheering at the foot-ball games, there remains much to be desired. There are no recognized leaders, but whoever takes it into his head at the moment to start a cheer, does so. This is something which we should remedy immediately; and either some of the more prominent Institute men should lead the cheering of their own accord, or the classes should each appoint some one. Let each one of these men appear with a flag or some distinctive badge of Institute colors on his cane, and we are sure that our cheering will go off much more evenly, and will not contrast so poorly with the cheering of the other side, as our cheering did to that of Dartmouth last week. In speaking of the cheering, we wish to say to all the Techs., that it is the best policy for them to refrain from cheering just as our center-rush is about to snap the ball back to the quarter. The men are unable to distinguish the quarterback's signals, as they are lost in the cheering, and so do not know what to do. If you are so anxious to cheer, wait till a time when you will interfere with no signals, or until the opposing center-rush is about to snap the ball back.

Coy Maiden.

He kissed me, and I know 'twas wrong,
For he was neither kith nor kin:
Need one do penance very long
For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand; that wasn't right.
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It wasn't for a minute, quite,
But in it there were days and days.

There's mischief in the moon, I know;
I'm positive I saw her wink
When I requested him to go,—
I meant it, too, I almost think.

But, after all, I'm not to blame;
He *took* the kiss,—I do think men
Are quite without a sense of shame,—
I wonder when he'll come again?

Karl Ernst.

The Pack Train.

IN much of our Western territory, particularly where the population is sparse and the country mountainous, provisions and other supplies are carried to the mines and ranches by trains of mules, which, on their return, pack ore or wool to places of shipment by rail or water. Such a pack train consists usually of about forty mules, with a bell-mare; and to run it to the best advantage, requires the services of a bell-boy and two sturdy packers. The bell-mare is usually white, well along in years, and wears a small cow-bell suspended from her neck. Mules raised for packing purposes have learned to associate a bell with a parent and sociable companions, so that as long as the bell-mare wears the bell, and rings it occasionally, the mules will never stray far from her. If, however, the bell is lost off, the mules will after a time become uneasy, and stray away; or, if the train is in motion, will not exert themselves so much in order to keep up, as they do if even the faintest tinkling is audible. When two trains pasture in the same locality, they usually mix indiscriminately; but if one bell-mare be led away, all her own mules will follow her, and none from the other train, provided there is a difference in the notes of the bells.

The bell-boy is usually a young Indian; and it is his duty, when on the move, to ride the bell-mare in the lead, and to keep along the proper trails. When the train is to be stopped, the bell-boy must do it by stopping the old mare—for were she to keep moving, a dozen men could not keep the mules still; their cunning would then display itself, in their endeavors to join the bell. The bell-boy need not halt if only one or two mules are to be stopped; the packer can do this by simply jumping right in front of the mule to be stopped,—when it will stand as if rooted to the ground, and allow itself to be handled.

When the train is busy packing, the men usually rise at daylight, immediately catch the bell-mare, and lead her to camp, the mules following. While the bell-boy prepares breakfast, the packers saddle the mules, each one of them having

a name and a saddle of his own. The mules wait, unloaded, while the men are at breakfast, and that over, the packing begins. Each mule carries, on an average, three hundred pounds; and this weight is divided, as near equally as possible, into two portions, which balance each other on the saddle. Were a novice to put this load on the mules, it would probably have to be repacked a dozen times in going as many miles, for there is only one way to put the pack on tightly and quickly. This is done with two ropes, and when well done the pack will ride as long as the mule can carry it. The first rope is fastened at its center to the saddle, and in each half of the rope a loop is rigged. The equal portions of the load are put in these loops, which are then tightened and made fast. The second rope, which is by far the more important, is fastened by one end to the ring of a canvas sinch, at the other end of which a hook is fixed, the farther end of the rope being free. What is known as the "diamond" is thrown with this rope, and this holds the pack in its place on the saddle, preventing any slipping forward or backward. Two packers are necessary in throwing the diamond, the man on the left of the mule having all the rope at first. He throws a loop, which sits on the top of the pack; then over this another loop, which is fixed in the hook on the sinch, the free end of the rope not having moved. By a moment's manipulation the ropes are ready to be tightened, and first the sinch draws up. Taking in the slack tightens the sinch still more, and brings a heavy pressure to bear on the hind end of the pack. Taking in this slack rope tightens the sinch further, and makes secure the front half of the load. The tying of the end of the rope in half hitches, makes the load still firmer. The diamond is now thrown, and, as the name indicates, the course of the ropes has made a perfect diamond on the top of the pack. This hitch is quite difficult to learn, and exceedingly hard to remember, constant use alone keeping the process familiar to one's mind. Another combination, known as the "one-man hitch," is often used when one man does the packing; but as it

comes out very much like the diamond, it is not necessary to go into its details.

When the mules are all loaded the bell-boy rides off in the lead, the train following in single file. One packer brings up in the rear, while the other rides along in the middle of the train, the two hurrying the loafers along with shouts, whistling, and effective use of the whip. This last is a sort of "cat-o'-nine-tails," fastened to the blind which is thrown over the mule's eyes while being loaded. The packers usually have also braided reins, which end in a stout lash, capable of doing good service. The train moves along at the rate of two miles and a half per hour, till about noontime. Then, if a good camping-place is reached, the train goes no farther that day; the mules are relieved of their burdens, and after all have had a roll, lose sight of their hard lot among the luscious wild sunflower and nutritious bunch grass, which abounds everywhere. The bell-boy immediately sets to work and prepares the dinner, which usually consists of fried bacon, coffee without milk or sugar, and baking-powder bread baked in the frying-pan, bacon grease doing service as butter. When nature has been satisfied in this direction, the men doze off in shady places, or perhaps read, if lucky enough to have a book or newspaper. An hour or so before the sun says good-night from behind the western hills, the bell-boy shoulders his rifle and marches off in search of game. Deer are ordinarily very plentiful, and grouse, jackass-rabbits, gray and "digger" squirrels, swarm like bees. If better game fails, there are always trout in the streams waiting to pounce on an unsuspecting hook.

The life of the packer is by no means an easy one. The packing of the mules, the slow riding along, and the enforced idleness of half the day, become very monotonous when the novelty has worn off the occupation. When the train is moving, the packer must be always on the watch, for the mules are very prone to lie down when they think they have gone far enough, at the risk of breaking their legs and injuring the packs, besides the trouble to the packers of re-packing. But there is a bright side, as well, to

this lonely life. As the men gather around the camp-fire at night, pleasant stories come from the lips of all, laughable incidents constantly occur along the trail, and pleasant company often tarries with them. Most of them are perfectly content with their lives, for they love the wild country and their obstinate mules, and, above all, they know no better life.

I very distinctly remember a few of the nights I have spent with pack trains, my experiences being associated more with the mules than with the packers. Upon one occasion a fellow-camper and I took two riding-mules out of the train for the purpose of hunting that evening, and did not return till midnight. We passed by the bell-mare when within a mile of camp, and the mules without doubt heard the bell, though it was too dark to see far. Thinking that the mules would remember where the bell-mare was, we turned them loose when we got into camp; but, alas! instead of going directly to the bell, they ran around as if bereft of reason, braying most fiendishly. For two whole hours this chorus continued without signs of stopping, and ended only when we guilty ones were pulled out of our blankets by the other campers and made to lead our long-eared friends back to the object of their noisy search. Another time, we same two rode a couple of mules to a ranch where we expected to stay over night, and arriving at our destination, turned them loose into a large pasture strongly fenced. When we were ready to return on the following morning we searched for those mules time and time again, but in vain. They couldn't get out of the pasture, none of the fence was broken, so we concluded they must be hid in the brush, just from meanness, and sought accordingly. Finally we gave up the search, and sadly walked back toward camp, wondering where those mules could be, for they could not evaporate. Imagine our astonishment when we came suddenly on the bell-mare with all her mules around her, even the two rascals we had ridden the previous evening. They all looked up as we passed by on foot, laughing, I am sure, at the neat joke two of their number had played us.

Down Along The Dee.

Paper read before the first graduate meeting of the Society of '87.

THERE is one town in England which all tourists visit. Not London, which is not merely a city, but a howling wilderness of houses, a desert of bricks and slates, or in fact anything but a town; nor Liverpool, which tourists go to because they have to, and leave as soon as they possibly can, and so can hardly be said to visit; but a place not far from Liverpool, and associated in the average mind with sidewalks on the elevated railroad principle, Cheshire cheese, and old Roman camps. Not that these are the only attractions, but the proximity of the town to Liverpool unfortunately makes it likely to be either first or last on the list of attractions of a European tour. In the former case, the travelers have not yet been shaken down by the friction of journeying into that state of philosophic resignation and enduring receptiveness necessary to ignore those annoyances of travel which are not mentioned in books, and enjoy despite them. In the latter, all the unforeseen and accumulated delays of the journey combine to force the unhappy sight-seer to "take in" remaining attractions with a boomerang motion and velocity not conducive to the appreciation of anything but the joys of home, and their remoteness. The true way is: Leave a broad margin of time—even a week—at the end of your prospectus; then when you return to Liverpool, gather up the boxes of mementoes and other truck shipped from various parts of the Continent, pack your trunks, and have all heavy baggage sent therewith on your steamer. Then, with nothing but your "grip" and umbrella, retire to that restful old town for a brief breathing spell which will enable you to saunter calmly aboard, the morning of sailing, with the air of a man at peace with all the world, and old Neptune in particular; while your unhappy friend who came on, from Heaven knows where, last night, rushes wildly around after missing valises and steamer-chairs, and gets himself in fine trim for an early rally on the leeward rail.

It was my fortune to belong to a party which

followed the first mode of procedure. With us, the agonies of packing and re-packing were now over. All weighty articles, and with them all weighty cares, were off our hands, and four months of rapid travel and frenzied sight-seeing had amply prepared us to enjoy three days of peace and quietness. Less than an hour's ride from dirty, bustling Liverpool, part of it through immense chemical works, whose odor recalled the Freshman laboratory, and we were in the oldest, quaintest, and most be-written town of England.

Chester is rather a fraud, after all. You walk around the wall, drop in at the Cathedral and a couple of other churches, stare at the elevated sidewalks, and wonder what on earth they were put up there for, look at the very few old gabled houses with wooden carvings remaining, and then you may consider the town exhausted, and go boating on the Dee;—boating being such an all-sufficient diversion of our English cousins, that it is almost impossible there to find a ditch big enough to drown a cat in without a boat containing a maiden pulling and youth ballasting the stern on it. However, if you have antiquarian tendencies, you may hunt up what is left of the Roman forum, or bath. We saw a sign up, "Roman Bath, 3 d.;" and as we had been paying anywhere from twenty cents to forty for baths, we thought that was dirt cheap, and went in. It was a very small pastry-shop; and when the woman saw us, she kicked a barrel or did something which brought up a young man. He lit a candle, and led us down a flight or two of ladder-like stairs, and into a regular cellar, with stone walls, no window, dirt floor, and a rectangular hole about the size of an ordinary bathtub in it, nearly full of suspicious-looking water. He told us it was always full, being fed by a spring, and stirred it up with a pole to illustrate how spring-like and clear it was. Then he opened a door in the stone wall at about the height of one's head, and showed a little, low, oven-like place, full of short stone pillars about as thick as a man's arm. He pointed out some small holes in the roof of the place, and said that this was where they used to build the fire,

and that the heat went up through the holes into a chamber above, now destroyed, where the bathers sat. But he didn't say where the smoke went to; and I don't think he knows where he will go to if he keeps on running in innocent strangers to take Roman baths, and then makes them pay six cents apiece just to look at an embryo ditch full of water and a hole in the wall. We didn't visit the forum.

The walls of Chester retain the shape of the old Roman camp, and form nearly a perfect rectangle—twice as long north and south as it is east and west, and two miles around. They vary in height from ten feet to nearly a hundred, are flagged on top, and being guarded by a stone balustrade on the outer, and an iron railing on the inner side, with ample space between for two to walk abreast, make a favorite promenade.

There are four principal streets in Chester (and I am speaking all this time only of that old Chester which lies within the walls), which run, and take their names, from the principal gates of the town,—the North gate, East gate, etc., to the center, which is called the Cross. It is only on these streets that we find the peculiar sidewalks. They are not simply elevated against the sides of the houses, as might be expected, but cut into their second stories so deeply that between them and the edge there is room for steep, perpendicular flights of steps from the sidewalks running along the ground-floor below. There is room, too, between the pillars of all sizes which line the edge and support the third story, for an occasional stand of cheap goods,—generally a branch of the more pretentious store which walls the walk on its darker side. On these streets, too, are a few old houses, half-raftered,—like Shakespeare's birthplace, of which the picture is so familiar,—and bearing carvings whose disproportionateness is a perpetual wonder and impossibility to the modern mind.

Quite near the eastern wall and gate stands the great Cathedral, dating back almost to the Conquest, and the time when Hugh Lupus received this region in fief, with instructions char-

acteristic of the time—to hold on to it, and take as much more from the Welsh as he could; for from the walls of Chester can be faintly seen the blue Welsh mountains—and thence the Dee brings down the flavor of jaw-breaking double consonants, while the shop sign-boards never weary of repeating the name of Jones and all his relations. The Cathedral is of the early English style, rejoicing in its low, pointed arch, and escape from being lost in a mass of flying buttresses and gables like its more modern compeers. It is in other respects like most cathedrals, except being built of the reddish-brown sandstone which constituted the walls and principal churches of Chester; it is even more crumbly and decayed than the average. Within are some queer inscriptions and monuments. For example: against a pillar above the tomb of a man who reposes with his first and second wives to keep him company, the wooden, painted busts of all three, the lord and master between the others, images not over six or eight inches high, and crude and dauby to the last degree, with epitaph to match. There is also a beautiful carved screen, surmounted by a pretty little screen organ, worked from the larger one to the left up over the chancel, and on Sunday a marvelously High Church service, including crossings and genuflections toward the altar by the retiring rector. The cathedral graveyard stretches from it to the east wall, on which (at this point only a few feet high) you can obtain the best view of the Cathedral, or walk along and read the inscriptions on the mouldy old slabs below. I remember one quite modern one, dated 1815, running:—

Affliction sore long time I bore;
Physicians were in vain,
Till Christ the chief gave me relief,
And eased me of my pain.

Those who have read Charles Kingsley's charmingly unique book, "Water Babies," may remember his epitaph on a little boy who died of studying too hard (perhaps he might have been a Tech., if they have them in England):—

Instruction sore long time I bore,
And cramming was in vain,
Till Heaven did please my woes to ease
With water on the brain.

As the first epitaph seems to have been written four years before Kingsley's birth, it is not impossible that he saw it. If from the Cathedral the pilgrim continues along the wall through a forest of chimney-pots,—for the modern city stretches on to the north and east of the old,—he comes, at the northeast corner, to the Phoenix Tower, on which Charles I. stood and saw his army routed by the stubborn onset of the Parliamentary troops; for Chester has always been a conservative old town, and stood out loyally for the king. Not far outside this same east wall, but off to the south, near the Dee, stands the superb old Norman church of St. John, which served the Roundheads as a headquarters during the siege, and suffered accordingly. Shorn of half its length—for in its restored condition it contains only four of the eight magnificent arches which once lined each side, and hardly anything of the choir,—it is still one of the finest interiors of the kind existent, rivaling, in the severe grandeur of its smooth, massive pillars, which a man can only compass with three spans of his outstretched arms, its Roman arches and double clear-story, the chapel of the Conqueror in London Tower, and the Norman chapel of Dryburgh Abbey.

The Dee runs along the south wall of the city, makes a wide sweep out, leaving a broad semicircle of perfectly flat meadow on the west, and disappears through the immense brick arch of the railroad bridge,—one of the longest in the world, with a stretch of two hundred feet between the pedestals. As we passed along the wall, a score or more fellows in gay uniforms were playing foot-ball on the meadow left by the river. Even admitting they were only practicing, it seemed tame enough to Yankee eyes. Not a hand touched the ball. One man would kick it gently along in front of him, as in "hockey," till another rushed up, when he would give it a solid kick; then some one else would get it,—and so it went lifelessly on, never getting very near either goal.

The sojourner in Chester is not obliged to depend entirely on the town for amusement. One Sunday our party drove over to the pretty little

stone church at Hawarden (pronounced *Hawarden*), where we heard the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in his capacity as reader there, give for the first lesson the story of Naaman, and for the second, a chapter from Corinthians. Mr. Gladstone, whose portrait is so familiar, was dressed in a straight-front black coat, against which a full-blown red rose, backed by a spray of fern, showed out effectively in his button-hole. Although as erect as ever, his face seemed deeply lined, and his deep chest-tones showed the huskiness of age. Altogether, he didn't look like as if he would cut down many more trees. His son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, who has even a larger and more prominent nose than his father, preached the sermon.

Another pleasant excursion from Chester takes the tourist by boat up the Dee, or in a carriage for three miles through a regulation English park, full of oaks, tame deer, and half-wild pheasants, to Eaton Hall, the magnificent residence of the Duke of Westminster, whence he returns through the back gate,—a modest exit opening on another drive straight as a die for a mile and a quarter. But space will not permit me to describe further the pleasures of a region which every one returning via Liverpool should try to make their last resting-point before the voyage.

L.

Noticeable Articles.

THE new *Princeton Review* for September contains a valuable article on the origin of the U. S. Constitution, by Professor Johnston, author of the useful little *History of American Politics*, and of perhaps the best school history of the United States. Of the often quoted but very absurd saying of Mr. Gladstone's, that "the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," Professor Johnston well asks, "Is this sentence in its full force within the range of possibility? Is it possible for even the wisest and most patriotic of human beings, through debates of less than four months, to create out of nothing a scheme of government which shall endure, with no practical change, for a hundred

years of the most active national life that modern times have shown? Would such an origin justify Sir Henry Maine's admission (Popular Government, p. 110) that the American system 'has been adequately discussed, as well as tested by experiment'? Would it not be more exact to say that the work of the Convention was mainly that of selection from the provisions of the State Constitutions in which they had been adequately discussed, as well as tested by experiment?" And he goes on to show that this was really the case more fully than I have seen done elsewhere. Old John Adams, who was not wont to hide his light under a bushel, and who was the real framer of the Massachusetts Constitution, used to boast that he had thereby made himself the framer of the U. S. Constitution also; and doubtless our own venerable document was really, in many ways, the pattern both of the United States and of other State Constitutions. How well prepared he was for such work may be seen in his "Defense of the American Constitution," which fills three volumes of his collected writings, and which, though it has lost much of its value now, was a work of considerable importance in its day.

Third-year students will perhaps be interested, in connection with a recent lecture of mine, in a paper in the same number, on Essays and Essay-Writing. "I doubt," says the writer, "whether any term in literary nomenclature is so indefinite as the word 'Essay.' In histories of literature we rarely find the essayists classified by themselves, but under the head of moralists, critics, humorists, and the like; or if used, the term is little more than a convenient way of designating whatever may not very well be otherwise catalogued. As ordinarily understood, the essay is simply a comparatively short prose composition on a single theme. The special object of this article is to protest against this confusion of thought, and to vindicate the essay proper as a distinct species of literary production, both in form and quality."

The *Andover Review* for October contains a highly appreciative review, by the Rev. Julius H. Ward, of the just published and long-looked-for biography of Mr. Emerson, by Mr. J. Elliot Cabot. "There is not a line too much," says Mr. Ward, perhaps with the recollection of the unfortunate biography of Carlyle in his mind, "nor hardly a line too little, in the entire work; the biographer is not thrust forward at the expense of the hero, nor

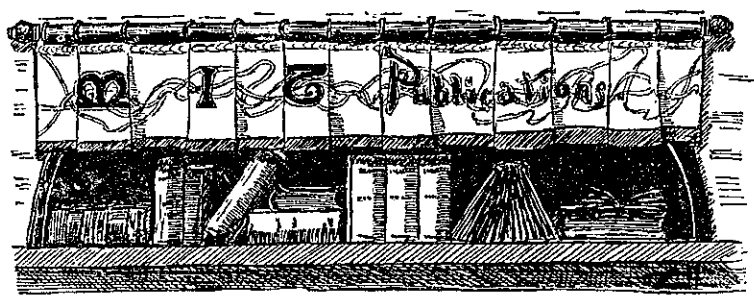
are there any remarks that do not grow out of the plainest necessity. The biography is as judiciously written as if the eternal gods had held the pen, and administered justice on every page. But with all this repression, there is nothing wanting to a full elucidation of Emerson's career, or to a sufficient explanation of his secret. It is a biography of our most distinguished literary American of which even Plutarch might have been proud to be the author.

"It is now forty years," he goes on, "since Theodore Parker, with the magnanimity of a great scholar, rose to an appreciation of Emerson's merits as a leader of American literature in an essay contributed to the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*, from which there is not a word of praise to be discounted to-day. He saw Emerson as one of the immortals, and dedicated to him his best work, the 'Ten Sermons,' as the one in whom their spirit is best fulfilled." What would have been said if such praise as this, of New England's two great heretics, had appeared in whatever was the *Andover Review* of forty years ago? Of the excellence of Mr. Cabot's biography, no higher praise can be given than to say that it fully deserves a place by the side of the writings of the man whose life it depicts.

The class in literature may also be interested in a paper in *Macmillan's* for October, on "Coleridge and the Quantock Hills," the beautiful region in Somersetshire, where Coleridge spent the only happy portion of his unhappy life. And in the *English Illustrated* for October, there are some pretty pictures of that region. How many readers of THE TECH know whereabouts in England Somersetshire lies, or stop to think how much added interest may be given to the study of English History and English literature by a good knowledge of the local geography of our old mother country? Let them provide themselves with Mr. Greene's excellent little "Short Geography of the British Isles," and with Phillip's handy little "County Atlas of England," or, failing that, with a pretty little county atlas that may be had for an English shilling.

W. P. A.

There are many Institute men who would like to join the Photographic Society, but who do not know the exact method of procedure to do so. The Society should post a bulletin explaining this to those who are desirous of knowing.



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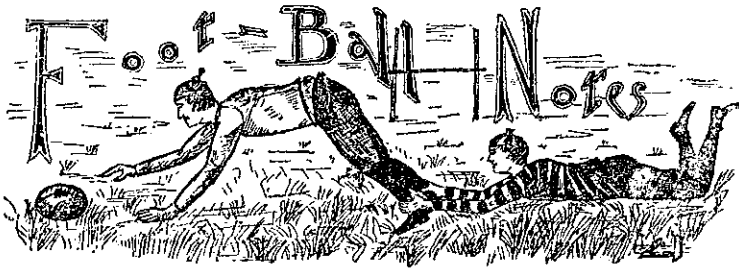
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Tech. vs. Exeter.

THE foot-ball team went to Exeter on Saturday, October 22d, and were badly beaten by the Phillips Exeter eleven.

The sides lined up as follows:—

Exeter,— Rushers, Brooks, Kales, Vail, Stickney, Frazer, Knowles, and Hill; quarter-back, Harding; halves, Morison, and McClung (Capt.); full-back, Van Inwagan.

Technology,— Rushers, Macaulay, Dame, Ladd, Roberts, Willard, Tracy, Vorce; quarter-back, Herrick (capt.); halves, Duane and Germer; full-back, Devens.

During the first half the wind was slightly in Tech.'s favor. In five minutes Tech. made her first goal, which was kicked by Duane. Then Exeter took a big brace, and soon got three touch-downs by some very good rushing; from the last one only a goal was kicked. This made the score 16 to 6, Exeter's favor. Just before time was called Exeter got another touch-down, but failed at goal.

The second half opened by Tech.'s rushing the ball rapidly toward Exeter's goal, and making two touch-downs. Exeter then got the ball, and by some fine work got a goal a few minutes before the time expired. Score: Exeter, 26; Tech., 14.

Duane made some fine rushes, and Devens numerous good tackles. The half-back work of Exeter was exceptionally good.

One of the reasons of Tech.'s poor showing was the absence of the regular centre-rush. Mr. Filmore acted as referee very acceptably.

Tech. vs. Dartmouth.

TECH. played her first championship game of foot-ball on the Union Grounds, October 26th, Dartmouth being the opponent. Mr. Kelly, of the Harvard Medical, was referee, and the play-

ers as follows: Tech., rushers, Macaulay, Dame, Vorce, Mitchell, Ladd, Tracy, Hamilton; quarter-back, Herrick (capt.); halves, Duane and Germer; full-back, Devens. Dartmouth, rushers, Hurd, Eaton, Ellis, Fassett, Upham, Cauty, Odlin (capt.); quarter-back, Cunningham; half-backs, Dennison and Scruton; full-back, Cobb. The game began at 3.06, Dartmouth having the kick-off. They lost the ball shortly, and Tech. forced it to their twenty-five yard line. Dartmouth here gets the ball, rushing it near Tech.'s line before losing it. A fair catch, about thirty-five yards from our goal, gave Dartmouth a try for goal, in which Odlin succeeded. On the kick-off, Tech. made a touch-down without losing the ball, Devens good run gaining much ground. The punt-out was muffed, and Dartmouth got the ball. She only kept it a few moments, and then Tech. scored another touch-down by good work of Duane and Herrick, and the former kicked a goal. For a time the ball was in Dartmouth's territory, but they succeeded in scoring by a series of good rushes. No goal. The second half began at 4.06, Tech. forcing the ball near to Dartmouth's line in a few moments. Dennison here makes a good run of the whole length of the field, making a touch-down, which was not allowed, as Dartmouth snapped back the ball when it did not belong to them. Presently Tech. scored, and Duane kicked a goal. Dartmouth, on the kick-off, rushed the ball over for a touch-down, and Odlin kicked a goal. Likewise Tech. scored a touch-down on her kick-off, Duane kicking the goal. Shortly before time was called a good kick by Duane was fumbled by Dennison, and Dartmouth was compelled to make a safety.

Dennison, Hurd, and Odlin did the best work for Dartmouth, and for Tech., Duane, Devens, Ladd, Hamilton, and Vorce excelled.

Score: Tech., 4 touch-downs, 3 goals; Dartmouth, 2 touch-downs, 1 goal, 1 goal from field, 1 safety; 24-15.

Tech. vs. Tufts.

TECH. easily defeated Tufts in a good-natured game of foot-ball on the Union Grounds, Octo-

ber 29th, the score for two half-hour innings resulting 36-0. The players were: Tech. rushers, Hamilton, Tracy, Roberts, Mitchell, Ladd, Dame, Willard; quarter-back, Herrick; halves, Germer and Duane; full-back, Devans. Mr. Gallatly of Tufts refereed satisfactorily. Tech. had the kick-off at 3.21, and in three minutes scored a touch-down, from which no goal was kicked. On the kick from the twenty-five yards line Tufts kept the ball in the middle of the field for a short time, but Tech. finally forced it over their line, and Duane kicked a goal. Tech. secured the ball a moment after Tufts kick-off, and soon scored another touch-down. The punt out was muffed, and on lining up, Tech. scored again; but this was not allowed, as the ball was passed ahead. Tufts was nearly forced to make a safety, but a good kick warded off danger just before time was called. The second inning began at 4.03, Cromwell taking the place of Tracy, who hurt his knee. Very soon Dame made a touch-down, getting the ball on Tufts' fumble. The try for goal was blocked, but Tech. secured the ball close to the line, and clever work by Mitchell and Duane forced it over. A goal was kicked by Duane from this touch-down. On the kick-off a good run by Edgerly carried the ball into Tech.'s territory; but Tech. got the ball on four downs, and made a touch-down by good rushes of Devans, Dame, and Duane. No goal. Short rushes by Dame, Herrick, and Duane gave two more touch-downs to us before time was called. Edgerly did the best work for Tufts; and for Tech., Duane, Herrick, and Dame excelled.

The final score: Technology, 8 touch-downs, 2 goals,— 36.

The Trinity eleven defeated the Amherst team at Hartford by a score of 26-6. It is said that Amherst's scoring was accidental. The game was protested by Amherst, on the ground of an improper ruling by the referee.

Germer tackles well.

The foot-ball management has found it impossible to keep up posters advertising games.

It shows a laudable interest in the eleven when posters are wanted as mementoes, but it is not just to the Association to tear down a notice days before a game comes off.

The following men have been appointed by the Foot-ball Association as stewards to keep spectators off the grounds while a game is in progress: W. L. Harris, '88; Russell Robb, '88; J. Ray, '88; A. S. Warren, '88; J. C. T. Baldwin, '88; H. J. Horn, '88; J. S. Newton, '88; J. L. Mauran, '89; N. Durfee, '89; J. H. Towne, '90. Badges in Tech. colors have been assigned them. Their duties are far from pleasant, and all Techs. should assist them as much as possible in keeping back the crowd.

Class and Society Organizations.

Society of '87: President, T. W. Sprague; Vice-President, G. W. Davenport; Secretary, G. F. Curtiss; Treasurer, W. L. Harris; Directors, F. E. Shepard, H. C. Spaulding, and G. W. Patterson.

Class of '88: President, Arthur T. Bradley; Vice-President, L. A. Ferguson; Secretary, G. E. Claffin; Treasurer, S. Fukuzawa.

Society of '88: President, G. U. G. Holman; Vice-President, J. C. T. Baldwin; Secretary, Benjamin Buttolph; Treasurer, W. Keough; Entertainment Committee, A. T. Bradley, H. J. Horn, and L. A. Ferguson.

Class of '89: President, R. L. Russell; Vice-President, G. M. Basford; Secretary, W. H. Merrill; Treasurer, S. Bartlett; Executive Committee, the above, and W. B. Thurber, Hollis French, S. Hazard, A. W. Ayer, and F. W. Ranno.

Class of '90: President, G. F. Weld; Vice-President, G. W. Calkins; Secretary and Treasurer, W. B. Poland.

Society of '90: President, R. G. Brown; Vice-Presidents, W. B. Poland and J. H. Towne; Secretary and Treasurer, E. B. Stearns; Executive Committee, H. B. Roberts, C. E. Ripley, G. W. Calkins, and W. L. Creden.

Class of '91: President, E. M. McVickar; Vice-President, W. J. Steel; Secretary, C. B. Pratt; Treasurer, C. C. Waterman; Sergeants-at-Arms, Messrs. Lincoln and Highlands.

Technology Quarterly: Editor-in-Chief, W. E. Mott, '88; Secretary, W. L. Harris, '88; Treasurer, G. E. Claffin, '88; Business Manager, A. T. Bradley, '88; Editors, H. O. Binney, '88, H. P. Edgett, '89, I. G. Greene, '88, O. B. Roberts, '88, C. W. Smith, '88.

"Technique": Editor-in-Chief, J. Lawrence Mauran; Business Manager, R. L. Russell; Advertising Agent, A. W. La Rose; Editors, J. W. Cartwright, F. L. Dame, G. C. Wales, C. W. Pike, N. Durfee, and A. L. Davis.

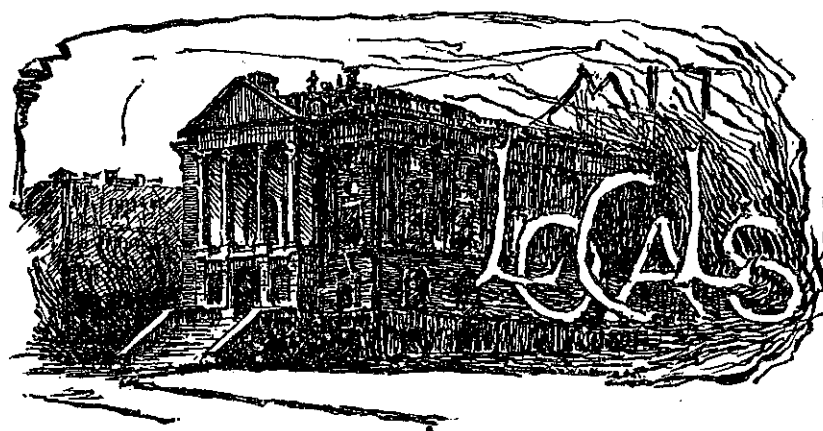
Co-operative Society: President, L. A. Ferguson, '88; Vice-President, G. M. Basford, '89; Secretary, S. Fukuzawa, '88; Treasurer, Prof. S. W. Holman, '76; Directors, J. C. T. Baldwin, '88, W. H. Merrill, '89, W. B. Poland, '90, ———, '91.

Athletic Club: President, H. G. Gross, '88; Vice-President, Russell Robb, '88; Secretary, N. Durfee, '89; Treasurer, R. L. Russell, '89; Executive Committee, R. Devens, '88, F. L. Dame, '89, ———, '90, ———, '91.

Foot-ball Association: President, G. C. Dempsey, '88; Vice-President, H. G. Gross, '88; Secretary and Treasurer, O. B. Roberts, '88; Captain of Eleven, E. W. Herrick, '88; Manager, R. Devens, '88.

Tech. Tennis Association: President, H. J. Horn, '88; Vice-President, J. C. T. Baldwin, '88; Secretary, E. M. Beals, '90; Treasurer, N. Durfee, '89; Directors, W. E. Mott, '88, J. L. Batchelder, '90, H. C. Forbes, '91.

Technology Cycling Club: President, W. H. Merrill, '89; Vice-President, M. Rollins, '89; Secretary and Treasurer, G. M. Basford, '89; Bugler, G. A. Hilton; Captain, E. S. Hutchins, '89; 1st Lieutenant, C. H. Warner; 2d Lieutenant, C. Hayden, '90; Color-bearer, W. B. Read; Executive Committee, H. D. Bates, '88, G. B. Lauder, and C. Hayden, '90.



A Spanish class has been formed, under Mr. Machado.

The 2 G Society met at the Thorndike, November 1st.

There is some talk of resuscitating the Banjo-Club.

Mr. H. Souther, '87, is at present studying in Freiberg, Germany.

The prospects are good for an excellent "Technique" this year.

Is there going to be a Freshman-Sophomore foot-ball game this year?

The new foot-ball uniforms much improve the appearance of our boys.

Mr. C. H. Bates, '89, is in the insurance business in this city.

Mr. A. P. Gaines, '89, has become a member of the Sigma Chi Fraternity.

It seems to be the fashion now to smoke a pipe at all the foot-ball games.

What has become of the Glee Club this year; is nothing going to be done to keep it up?

The members of the Board of Instructors turn out well at the foot-ball games.

A pamphlet describing the Architectural Course has recently been issued by the Faculty.

Dartmouth and Stevens played a tie game of foot-ball at Hoboken, October 25th, the score being 4 to 4.

A number of Tufts men were present at the Dartmouth game, besides the delegation from Dartmouth.

It is said that a number of incandescent lamps will soon be placed in the Mechanical Engineering drawing-room.

G. L. Harvey, '88, recently had his hand severely injured at the shops, by getting it caught in the gearing.

The Architects are much pleased with the new blocks for drawing-board rests which have recently been given them.

The '88 Miners have finished their course of Ore Dressing lectures, and will soon take up a course of German reading.

The Class of '90 have desired that all their subscriptions to the support of the eleven should be expended in providing uniforms.

The Society of '89 held a theater party, Saturday evening, October 29th. Lagardere, Kiralfy's new play, was the attraction.

A Freshman recently called at the supply-room and asked for a wick for his Bunsen lamp, as none had been furnished him with it.

THE TECH has recently received from Mr. J. E. Simpson, Secretary of the Class of '86, a very interesting history of the Class.

It seemed to be the universal opinion of those who watched the Dartmouth game last week, that Germer was about thirty pounds too light for his position.

Mr. Sully, '88, wishes to announce that he will give a reward to the person returning to him a valuable piece of agate which he recently lost in the Mining Laboratory.

Mr. G. O. Draper, '87, received a mention in the awards of the prizes offered by the U. S. Protective Tariff Association, for the best essays on "Protection" last year.

The following men report the Tech. doings for the Boston papers: T. W. Sprague, '87, the *Herald*; F. W. Hobbs, '89, the *Journal*; and W. I. Finch, '90, the *Globe*.

The tennis courts are at present marked out by pouring the whiting from a watering-can without a nozzle,—and they look it, too! Is the association too poor to get a marker?

We clip the following from the *Cleveland Leader*: "Jerry Thompson, an insane young

man, was taken from the jail to the asylum yesterday." Can this be the shining light of '87?

The Hammer and Tongs Society has limited its membership to twenty-five; Messrs. Bigelow, Harris, Mott, Horn, and Warren of '88, and Cartwright and Bliss of '89, have recently been admitted.

Through an unfortunate error, the date of the game with Trinity was omitted from the schedule of games published in the last number. The game will be played on the Union Grounds, November 5th.

A new cheer was tried at the Dartmouth game, which met with poor success,—possibly owing to lack of practice. It was owing to this that the cheering was so poor during the first part of that game.

For the benefit of the Freshmen, we would state that THE TECH box in the corridor is not a mail box, and that letters dropped therein will not go as soon as they would if they were dropped in their proper receptacle.

For the second time since the 110 to 0 game with Tufts, the eleven have been carried off the field by the exultant Techs. The last time was after the 22 to 0 Amherst game last year. However, Ladd has always walked off the field.

A Freshman touched off a mixture of two volumes of H with five volumes of air, and got an explosion. He explained the phenomenon by saying that two vacuums were formed, which rushed together and exploded when they struck.

The Athletic Club held a meeting October 18th, and elected R. L. Russell, '89, Treasurer, to succeed Lyman Farwell, '88, who does not return to us this year. F. L. Dame has been elected a member of the Executive Committee from '89.

Prof. F. W. Clark will give a course of twelve laboratory exercises in assaying as one of the Lowell Institute courses this winter. They will begin November 12th, and the exercises will be held once a week, on Saturday afternoons.

The K₂S have elected the following officers for the year: President, C. W. Smith, '88; Vice-President, A. J. Conner, '88; Secretary, J. W. Cartwright, Jr., '89; Treasurer, F. L. Hopkins, '89; Executive Committee, Messrs. Heath, '88, Walker, '89, Merrel, '88.

Preliminary thesis subjects have been assigned to the Senior Miners as follows: The Tin Mines of Cornwall, C. F. Hastings; Mine Surveying, J. M. Sully; Mining Law, A. S. Warren; Does Mining Pay? A. E. Woodward; The Iron Mines of the South, H. G. Woodward.

The Society of Arts met, October 27th, at the Institute. Mr. N. M. Lowe exhibited and described an electrical apparatus for the accurate measurement of water; and Prof. F. H. Bailey read a paper on the cosmophere in teaching phenomenal astronomy, exhibiting his apparatus.

The '88 Miners are finding references in most unexpected places, while reading up for their first mining essays. One of them was recently found reading the Bible, having found some reference to mining in that book. He wasn't reading up about King Solomon's Mines either.

Where can the Architects be this year? They have not yet claimed the Institute championship in foot-ball. Is it possible that we will never again hear the old familiar yell, "Ah There, T Square, Rah, Rah, Rah," which was first brought out when they won the base-ball championship of the '88 league?

The *Columbia Spectator*, which unfortunately was unable to publish its full volume during the college year, was obliged by its advertising contracts to continue publication all summer, in order to get out its eighteen numbers. We understand that the *Spectator* has to depend on its editorial board even more than THE TECH does.

All students of the Institute who are members of any fraternity which is not represented here, will confer a favor on the editors of "Technique" by handing in their names, together with the name and chapter of their fraternity, to Mr. J.

Lawrence Mauran, '89. A note may be left at the letter-rack, or in THE TECH box in the corridor.

We would state for the benefit of those who may not know, that THE TECH editors are elected by the Board of Directors, on the recommendation of the Editor-in-Chief. This recommendation is only given to those who have convinced him that they are capable of filling the position, by the merits of the contributions which they have handed in.

The Technology Orchestra has been revived, principally by members of the Sophomore Class. The officers are as follows: H. P. Spaulding, '90, President; De Lancey, '91, Secretary and Treasurer; Gary Calkins, Musical Director; De Lancey, Gary Calkins, and Newell, '90, Committee on Music. It is expected that the orchestra will contain 18 pieces.

The Sophomores taking the General Course are having rather "weird" subjects assigned them for essays. Recently they had to write one on "The Character of the Baron Bonny, or Cadeaux, from Erminie. For their essay they were allowed to choose any subject they pleased; and those who know the men, expect that several startling subjects will be developed.

A Freshman notorious for bad spelling received back his chemical note-book the other day marked "Consult Webster." He scoured the laboratory for the assistant of that name, but in vain. He inquired at the office for this personage, and was told that Webster was the man who wrote the Dictionary. History does not tell us whether the "fresh" crawled inside his desk, or vanished in some other way.

If it is found possible this year, THE TECH will publish a special Christmas number, which will contain a heliotype of the eleven, and as many suitable illustrations as the editors can obtain. We should be glad to receive any drawings, etc., from those who feel interested enough to contribute. This will be an excellent opportunity for the Architects to show the rest of the Institute and the College world what the Tech. Architects can do in the line of sketching.

College Notes.

Lehigh has 115 Freshmen.

Williams has seventy Freshmen.

Harvard has established a French Debating Society.

Thirteen foreign countries are represented at Yale this year.

The corner-stone of Clark University was laid Saturday, October 22d.

Fifty-one Princeton graduates have served in the United States Senate.

West College, where Mrs. Cleveland graduated, is now overflowing with students.

The University of Pennsylvania has \$50,000 in hand for the erection of a classical theater.

The Junior Class at Cornell will give annually a fifty-dollar prize to the best general athlete.

Cornell supports sixteen Greek-letter societies, three of which are composed entirely of ladies.

The Princeton Sophomores have issued a printed code of rules to guide the Freshman's actions.

New York City sent twenty-three to the Freshman Class at Harvard and thirty-two to Yale.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin, is an enthusiastic tennis-player, and thinks the exercise second only to rowing.

The Yale Faculty has decided to allow members of the Glee Club three days extra vacation at Christmas.

A university, to cost two million dollars, is to be established in Wichita, Kansas, in honor of the late President Garfield.

The members of the Williams foot-ball team are allowed ten cuts. Members of the Yale team are allowed eight cuts.

It is said that the composite photograph of Amherst Class of '87, is an exact likeness of Guiteau, just before his execution.

Professor Palmer, of Harvard, has secured the photographs of men in his section, to better familiarize himself with their faces.—*Ex.*

Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, has offered a prize to the college man whose form is nearest perfect physical symmetry after two years' training.

It is rumored that base-ball and foot-ball are to be abolished at St. Paul's School by the rector, Dr. Coit, leaving cricket as the school game.

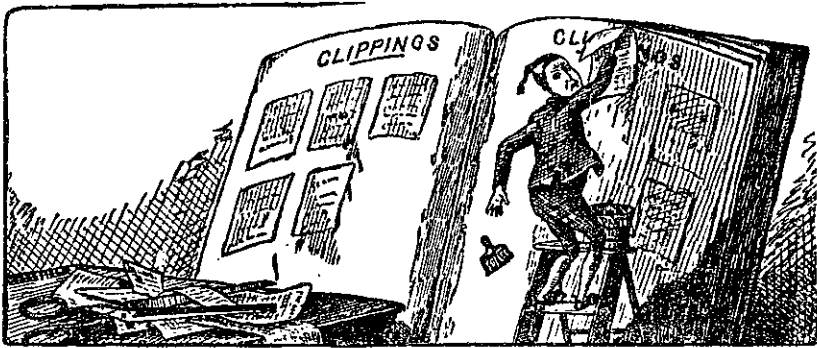
Captain Keyes, of the Harvard 'Varsity crew, has been spending the summer in England, looking up points among English oarsmen, with a view to strengthening Harvard's form next season.—*Ex.*

Of seventeen Presidents of the United States, eleven were college graduates; of twenty Vice-Presidents, ten; of twenty-nine Secretaries of State, nineteen; of forty-one Associate Judges of the Supreme Court, thirty.—*Ex.*

Mr. Crawford D. Henig, University of Pennsylvania, '87, has won the prize which was offered last year by the United States Protective Tariff Association for the best essay on "The Advantages of a Protective Tariff to the Labor and Industry of the United States."—*Ex.*

Dr. Sargent says in *Scribner's* for November: "Of all athletic sports, foot-ball is the best game to test a man physically. In the pushing and hauling, the jostling, trampling struggle for supremacy, few muscles of the body are inactive. In spite of the accidents attending this game as at present played, no sport affords better opportunity for vigorous training."

President Seelye, of Amherst, has expelled from college Ernest E. Smith, '89, for instigating a rush between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The subject would properly come before the college senate, but the President has given out that in this case his decision is to be final. The junior class has unanimously voted that the matter ought to be submitted to the senate, and if the President refuses to change his position the three senators from '89 will resign. Smith is prominent in college matters, and plays on the eleven.



NOT THE SAME.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"To the photographer's, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"Yes, if you wish to, sir," she said.

"And now, fair one, a boon I ask,"

He then exclaimed in an eager tone,

"More than all else the world affords,

A likeness of you I fain would own."

She hesitated, then archly smiled,

And to him expectant, raising her head,

"If what you say is really true,

I'll give you the negative, then," she said.

—S. A. Y. in "Yale Record."

REPARTEE.

They had whirled around in the steps of the waltz,

And dismay had spread o'er his face,

For he found just then at the end of the dance

A button was caught in her lace.

He colored, and then in embarrassed tones,

When the dance they had gone quite through,

"Pray pardon my boldness," he said with a smile,

"But you see I'm attached to you."

Then roguishly glancing, she answered at once,

"Don't let that worry you so,

For quickly you'd see, if you'd only half try,

This attachment is mutual, you know."

—Yale Record.

"Isn't it dreadful," asked Miss Lilybud, "to run over a man?" "Yes, indeed, mum," replied the stoker of the express. "It jolts the engine up wuss nor a cow."—Beacon.

"Pa, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Yes, my child." Well, then, if a man is born in Holland is he a hole?" "Tut, tut, my child."—Beacon.

Noah was the first pitcher on record. He "pitched in the ark with *in* and with *out*." The game was finally called, on account of rain.—Colby Echo.

REVISION.

I wrote some lines, from end to end

In praise of dearest May;

I showed them to a critic friend,

To see what he would say.

"They're crude," said he, "and so are you."

(He was a grouchy fellow!)

"Just let them lie a year or two,

To ripen and grow mellow.

"Go over them from time to time,

And polish bit by bit;

Perfect the meter and the rhyme,

And sharpen up the wit:

"In half a year, but for the theme,

And for the lady's name,

They'll be so changed you'll hardly dream

The lines could be the same."

I let them lie, I worked them o'er,—

Changed epithet and rhyme:

I hardly knew them any more,

They'd mellowed so by time.

"Black eyes" had mellowed into "blue,"

And "ringlets" into "strands;"

"One dimple" ripened into "two;"

"Small," grown to "shapely" hands.

And what was once "*nez retroussé*,"

Was now a "Grecian" nose;

In fact, the very name of "May,"

Had mellowed into "*Rose*."—Ex.

BECAUSE.

I met her last fall, when the ground

Was strewn with leaves, which dulled the sound

Of passing feet.

Fair as a blooming rose she was:

I loved her madly then, because

She seemed so sweet.

I wooed her all the winter through,

Till spring far into summer grew;

She was divine.

I won her, and, without a pause,

I married, and rejoiced because

I called her *mine*.

But, though she was the first in face,

In form, in carriage, and in grace,

Of all that crowd,

In spite of justice and of laws,

I'll be divorced from her, because

She snores so loud.—L. I. in "Yale Record."

Wong Chin Foo asks in the *North American Review*, "Why am I a heathen?" Because, O most wise and courtly mandarin, thou wast born a boy. Hadst thou been born a girl, thou wouldst have been a she, then. Send us the chromo. Or, hold; we'll take an ulster.—Burdette