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THE TECH.

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THE Semies are past, and once more we are all back again at the Institute. Well, not all, but most of us are. THE TECH extends its greetings to each and every one, and hopes that you have all successfully passed in everything. We trust that you will all keep those good resolutions made about two weeks ago; but, alas! we are pretty sure that you won't. The Annuals are four months off, and so now for a good time while we may, thinks every one. So much for our good resolutions! THE TECH has seen them all made before,—yes, and broken, too, quite unconsciously. And let us hope that it is not so very far off in the dim future, that we shall have some system of examinations and marks that will be satisfactory to most of us.

WE are afraid that there has been a certain amount of unkind comment about the reduced size of the last TECH. We are sorry for this, but it is unjust to expect the editors to always do all the work.

THE project of forming an Institute Banjo Club seems to have entirely fallen through; and this is due to the unwillingness of any one to take hold and give it a good start, and not to the lack of good banjo-players here. From a consideration of the facts, we are led to think that if a banjo club is to be started, it must be by the energy of some one of the lower class men; for although there are plenty of upper class men who play the banjo, there are none willing to do the work necessary to start a club. Therefore we think that if there are any of the Sophomore or Freshman Class willing to take the trouble to start the club, they should not be any longer held back by waiting for the matter to be started by the '88 or '89 men. In view of this general unwillingness to start a banjo club, we are glad to state that there are some prospects of the formation of one by some of the members of the Hammer and Tongs Club, to be known as the H. and T. Banjo Club. This, however, can in no way take the place of a representative banjo club from the Institute, so no one should be restrained by this fact from doing his best to start into life an Institute Banjo Club.

LAST year the Society of '87, in co-operation with the Class, gave a reception to the Faculty of the Institute, which was most successful and enjoyable. Such meetings, we think, cannot fail to be of benefit, as they bring us in closer connection with the authorities here, and in a different and more pleasant way than in our ordinary association with them. Why could not the Class of '88 keep up this pleasant custom? All the members of '87 whom we have spoken to on this subject, were unanimous in saying that this reception was a pleasant experience to all of them. Let the Society of '88 take this matter into consideration, though it

seems to us that this matter more properly belongs to the Class, especially since the Society seems to be but little more than a name this year. At any rate, one or the other would do well to discuss this matter, and see what the feelings of its members are in regard to it.

APPLICATION has been made to THE TECH and Athletic Club to extinguish the debt of \$37 still remaining as a souvenir of the bonfire held in honor of the prowess of our football team. THE TECH guaranteed \$10, with the condition that the Athletic Club should pay the rest of the debt; and there the matter now stands, for the Executive Committee of the Athletic Club will not meet again till February. In the meantime let us consider why these institutions should be appealed to in order to wipe out the debt. The procession and bonfire of the memorable evening was an affair concerning the students at large, and those that ate the pudding should pay therefor. It seems incredible that a debt of this size cannot be canceled by subscriptions among the students, and we are inclined to think that the fault lies with the managers of the affair, who have not been active enough in canvassing the classes.

Look at it in another light, and ask the question, Shall THE TECH and Athletic Club establish the precedent of patching up debts contracted by other organizations that are not willing to hustle in their efforts to pay it off? Suppose the students, instead of taking out their fun in torches and bonfires, had chosen to show their joy by having a spread, which was charged, the cost to be met by voluntary subscription; if those running the affair had failed to ask for subscriptions, would THE TECH and Athletic Club have been called upon to settle the bill? No. Just so, then, these moneyed organizations ought not to be called upon on this occasion. Taking it for granted, then, that the Athletic Club has better use for its surplus wealth, what is to be done toward liquidating the debt. Will a committee of representative men from all classes take it in hand,— or what?

WE understand that the Technology Orchestra has, after a feeble struggle for existence, failed for lack of interest and support. Why this is so, is hard to understand. During 1884-5 there was a strong orchestra, which gave a concert with the Glee Club in Chickering Hall, besides appearing elsewhere. And, again, in '85-6 there was a successful orchestra. If the Tech. orchestra has been successful once, why can it not be so again? A good orchestra is, in its way, as much a help to a school as a good foot-ball team, and its members should feel that they are working for the honor of the school, and not merely for their own personal pleasure. As far as we know, the reasons why the orchestra has gone to pieces, were such as could have been avoided if every man had been properly interested in the success of the orchestra.

There is still time left before the close of the year to make a new start. With fewer men,— say ten or twelve,— more carefully selected, an orchestra could be formed which might yet accomplish good work, and appear in public once or twice with credit to themselves and to the Institute.

THE question of physical culture should be one of great interest to all. More especially is this the case with the student—the college student in particular—who is fast developing into manhood. While in the adolescent stage, the body as well as the mind responds readily to any attention given it, and by judicious treatment under the eye of a competent director, the rude health so necessary to success in any calling is preserved or induced, as the case may be, notwithstanding the long hours of study essential to good standing in our classes.

The institution which gives its entire attention to the mental development of its students, and allows, either by lack of encouragement or by poverty of appurtenance, their health to suffer by reason of their studies, can never expect to graduate men fully equipped for the severe battle of life.

This is not the erratic idea of some zealous athlete. It is the opinion of all men of reading and understanding, as borne out by their published statements. The importance of this principle is also exemplified by the expense and care to which all our leading institutions have been to provide suitable places and competent instructors, looking to the attainment of the highest possible degree of excellence physically among its members.

Success has attended this movement in more ways than one. The graduates of a college where compulsory training in the gymnasium is required, are remarkable by their strong physique and manly bearing. The motto of such an institution is, *Mens sana in corpore sano*.

On the other hand, the weakly, puny student, study he ever so hard, can expect but a transitory success. Sickness, to which the weak are ever prone, soon steps in and claims him as her own. And even if he be so fortunate as to have graduated, his profession must be given up, and travel, or medicine, or both, must be resorted to, that the light hold of disease, or worse, may be loosed. If he be yet in his classes, studies must be laid aside, and complete rest given to body and mind alike, involving generally the disappearance of the unfortunate from the halls of learning forever.

People are awakening to the importance of physical training, and its effect upon the mental capacities of the young men of the community. Parents, in sending their sons to college, no longer consult the curriculum of studies or the names of the professors alone; they now instruct themselves in reference to the equipments of the gymnasium, and as to the *campus*. The reader can well imagine the feelings of both father and son upon inspecting our "gym" and our *campus*!

Any one cannot compare the size of our entering classes with that of those about to graduate without great surprise. For explanation, one is told that "the standard of scholarship is so high," etc. This is undoubtedly true, but only partially so.

Away from home, in a city boarding-house,

with few friends and many studies, the average Tech. student inclines toward a sedentary life. He grows thin, pales, has the headache, can't sleep, becomes nervous, can no longer fix his attention, and finally — fails. The standard of scholarship may be high, but does this alone, think you, account for the disappearance of four-fifths of every entering class?

The Institute, in conjunction with Chauncy Hall, boasts a "gym," and a janitor thereto attached. Here the Freshman drills for an hour three times a week. Here we hold our in-door winter meetings, and once in awhile a Tech. is found attempting to exercise, but he must at best be working at a great disadvantage. Even if our "gym" were large and airy, and well fitted with appliances,—which it is not,—the exercise which an uninstructed student might take would be as likely to injure as to improve. We do not attempt to study chemistry, for instance, except under the guidance of one competent to instruct us therein; and it is not exaggerating to add that for rational physical culture a professor is just as necessary.

The gymnasium may be enlarged, the appliances may be increased by the addition of numerous and costly apparatus, a *campus* may even be given us, but never until we have a competent instructor in the science of bodily development can we expect to retain but a small per cent of our entering classes, or to graduate men fully prepared for the exercise of their profession.

All those interested in the welfare of the Institute would do well to consider this question deeply. With the foundation of a chair for physical culture, our success and renown as a model scientific institution will be more rapid and wide-spread than ever before.

IT is about time that we should begin to hear what the Glee Club intends to do this year. This organization, we know, has been practicing during last term, and it is about time that it should do something. By this time the Glee Club has usually appeared several times, and if

it is going to keep up its former reputation, it will have to brace up. As for the failure of the Orchestra, that is a new association this year, and therefore but little has been heard about it. From some reports which we have heard, we learn that there were doubts in the minds of its members whether it was advisable to have a concert at all,—the main idea of forming the Orchestra seeming to be for practice. Whilst this cannot be anything but praiseworthy, we are inclined to doubt its wisdom; for we think that much interest would have been awakened by a concert, and the future of the organization placed on a much more secure footing by bringing it out into prominence. It would be the best plan, we think, for these organizations to combine in giving a concert if the failure of the Orchestra is not too entire; and perhaps by the time this comes off, a banjo club may have got under such headway as to join them.

IN the grand rush for knowledge of everything sensational, which is now going, there is nothing which escapes,—nothing which is not roughly, and often untruthfully handled. Colleges and universities suffer along with the rest, and are made to appear every now and then as if the set of young men who are their students, were a pack of border ruffians and fiends. It almost seems, sometimes, that newspapers take a most particular, devilish delight in running down the students of some institution of learning. Or if it is not that, their sports, foot-ball, base-ball, etc., are made the subject of endless and pointless jokes, of which the editor seems never to tire, when they long ago should have been shelved along with the mother-in-law, plumber, and such class of jokes. Whilst in many cases the intention of these so-called witticisms may be harmless, nevertheless, an entirely wrong impression of college life is conveyed, which cannot fail to be injurious. It is no one paper that does this, but all. The *Boston Record*, which is one of the fairest-minded of the Boston dailies, said recently, in speaking of the Williams hazing, that those men who were suspended

should have been sent to the penitentiary for six months, instead of being given a vacation for six weeks, as it was pleased to call their suspension. We wonder what the *Record's* idea of justice can be, when we learn that the worst part of the whole hazing was merely making the man sit in an empty wash-basin and row with a pair of toothpicks. It certainly does not talk that way about outside affairs, and we are almost led to believe that it must have some personal animosity against colleges.

A great deal of the harm is undoubtedly done by foolish talk among college men, who are apt to exaggerate things of this sort when talking about them; and a great deal is done by the writings of the college correspondents of the newspapers, who are writing to fill up space, and know that sensation pays. If these would only be guarded in their sayings and writings, and adhere strictly to the letter of the truth, there would be much less of this foolish and harmful talk in the newspapers.

Analogy.

Upon the level window-panes' expanse
 King Frost has drawn, with his witchery,
 Many a feathery plume and glittering lance,—
 Quaint pictures, in delicate tracery,
 Beautiful patterns, mystic signs,
 Intricate puzzles, with endless lines:
 Yet nothing so beautiful e'er was designed,
 Or so intricate, either, as a woman's mind.

— *Yale Record*.

Donña Costa.

IT was during the era of the Carbonari, when political zeal, if not directed according to the ideas of the governing council of that secret and extensive order, meant death. Fathers were suspicious of their sons, and husbands of their wives, touching all political matters; the ramifications and intrigues of the Carbonari being such that one's dearest friend might turn out a spy, and send in a report that would bring a summons from which there was no appeal.

A united Italy seemed to mean disunited families, severed ties, assassination, and disappearance.

Andrea Belloti Jesus Bianca, son of an aris-

crat, although himself an ardent Republican, found, on returning one evening to his room, a summons affixed to his table by a poinard, telling him that the next night, after the great bell of the palazzo had ceased to toll, a servant of the Order would be at his door to conduct him before the tribunal. "Farewell, and fail not."

Andrea felt that the suspicious eye of the Directory was upon him; and although conscious of his own innocence, he read his fate as clearly in the few lines he held in his hand, as if sentence had actually been pronounced against him. Between the lines he could read the name of the person whose tongue had trained him thither, and felt with the poet that as "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned," so, as far as he was concerned, no wile or cunning would be left untried that could insure his condemnation. It was the old story of rejected love, and the venom that rankled in the scorned heart. She was beautiful, educated, and highly connected, but, sinuous in both body and mind as a Borgia, she undulated and glided from place to place as a snake noiselessly makes its way and charms one with its grace and beauty, while at the same time it repels, and strengthens every hand against it.

He had lucklessly caused the savage breast to throb with softer emotions than was its wont, and gentled the eye that had basilisked a pathway of slain. But the tide had turned, and here the first lapping of its oncoming waters was heard. He was aware that from the moment his name had been recorded among the suspects, his every movement would be watched until he rendered himself before his accusers.

Turning out his light, he opened the Venetian blinds sufficiently to reconnoitre. Before him lay the Plaza della San Marco, crossed by the deep shadow of San Marco Church, that cut the moonlight as if with a knife. In the corridor facing it a few café lights twinkled, revealing the sleepy servants moving the tables closer to the wall, and dragging the lately occupied chairs into the building. The steps of the few passers rang out clear and sharp on the silent air, which seemed bending to earth as if listen-

ing, so quiet and pulseless did it hang over the city; or off on the Grand Canal the song of some belated gondolier came softly wafted to his window, telling the sweet and bitter story that all Eve's sons and daughters have undergone since earth's first revolution. The young man listened, and it echoed in his ears and brought before his working brain the scene that blasted his future, if it did not cost him his life.

He waited until every light was out and the old church had pushed its shadow over the whole square. All was silent save the *Ave Maria Sanctissima* of the watchman as he paced his rounds. Deep in the shadow of San Marco, clinging to the wall as if a part of it, the eager watcher saw a figure that from the first moment of his vigil had hardly moved its position. "The leash is cut; the hound is ready for the trail!" murmured Andrea, as he pulled the string that closed the shutters.

"Shall I abide my time, and answer the summons?" Whatever the answer was, he cut his meditations short, and from the recesses of his closet drew forth, after a long search, a quantity of feminine apparel. A short peasant's skirt of a bright red color, and a blue bodice, over which he threw a shabby snuff-colored cape to which was attached a gay-colored hood. By the aid of these, he quickly metamorphosed himself into a strapping peasant lass, with a curly head and short black mustache. "San Antonio! this will never do," said the young man as he viewed his features in the glass by means of the moonlight strayed in through the shutters. The young man's glory fell beneath the sharp edge of his razor, a sacrifice almost equal to that intended by the father of the Israelites.

One more close scrutiny, and Andrea wrapped the cloak about his head, and placed an empty basket on his arm, covered with a clean towel. He waited until the first flush of light in the eastern sky told of the breaking day, and the increasing stir of the street below, the awakening of the troubled heart to its duties of sorrow, contention, and, too often, defeat. Pressing a button in the wall, a door flew open that had been concealed by a picture, disclosing to view

a narrow staircase. Drawing the door after him, he descended. He soon was on the quay that jutted into the Canal Della Rizio. Hailing a passing market gondola, he bargained for a place, which, after some good-natured chaffing as to his good looks and inquiries as to his capabilities of taking care of a husband, he succeeded in obtaining, and was shortly transported to the Grande Mercado, or market-place, which even at that early hour was filled with peasants who had come in from the country with their produce.

He had escaped thus far, but he knew that the next moment might be the end of his tether; whither should he turn? In the small town of Poncevat, that stretches along the shores of the Adriatic, an old friend with whom he had rolicked and reveled in his academy days, lived in a sort of feudal state, surrounded by his vassals, and lording it over a wide extent of country. Here would he flee, and throw himself upon the generosity of a heart that he had never known to fail.

After a long and tiresome journey, during which he more than once found himself on the verge of discovery, and was brought face to face with persons whom he had reason to suppose were engaged in hunting up his whereabouts, he arrived, foot-sore, travel-stained, and ragged before the chateau of his friend. Here his heart failed him. How could he present himself, before this sovereign lord, a destitute vagabond?

Connected with the castle was a ruinous-looking pile that, in the last Austrian war, had suffered at the hands of the invader, but although shattered, and seemingly about to fall, was yet used as a place of worship for the villagers and peasantry. Andrea entered.

The noble columns that supported the domed roof guarded the main aisle to the altar; and although many of them were broken, and some prostrate, yet, even in this mutilated condition, they claimed the eye of the visitor, so beautiful was the workmanship and classic the design. The dim religious light that filled the ancient edifice; the sacred lamp that ceaselessly burned before

the altar — emblem of eternity; the sculptured saints and martyrs, who, robed in white, looked forth from the niches in which they rested, some as if to bless the wanderer's approach with promises of protection and peace, and others with frowns and menaces, — were all calculated to fill the soul of the fugitive with awe, as well as deep and painful contemplation.

Withdrawing himself behind some of the shattered columns in the darkest recesses of the church, he easily escaped the sacristan's notice and passed the night. Early morning brought the faithful to the door, and soon the peal of the Trinidades rung out over the land and sea. The worshipers entered, and the old priest intoned the service of the Mass, and offered the oblation that mercy dictated. As the people began to disperse, Andrea saw the well-known figure of his friend Victor enter the church, and walk slowly past him. Instinctively he made a gesture as if to detain him, and in so doing moved forward. The sound of footsteps behind him attracted the young man's attention, and he turned. Seeing only a rather dirty peasant girl of unusual stature, he tossed her a coin and resumed his promenade.

"Victor!" It was but a whisper, but the effect was electric.

"Who calls me?" said the young lord, wheeling on his heel. "You?" and he advanced toward the cloaked peasant. "Do you know, my girl, it is not seemly that persons in your station should thus address their masters?"

"But I am your friend," replied the girl.

"Friend! well, friend, take friendly advice, and never endeavor to force yourself upon your betters. There is such a thing as being too friendly. If others had chanced to overhear you, in sooth your acquaintance with Joseph and his wooden horse would have been assured.

"Has Victor della Fraçescolla forgotten his old schoolmate Andrea Belloti Bianca?"

"Never! Have you a message from him!"

"Yes, a message, and more."

"More?"

"Yes, I have him with me."

"Andrea? Andrea Bianca with you? Where is he? Lead me to him."

"He is here, signor," and the peasant's shawl dropped from his shoulder.

"Here? Where? Jest no longer, but lead the way! By heavens! it is Andrea himself!" and he grasped the disguised youth's hand. "Santa Maria! How came you in such a plight? Come this way; I hear footsteps, and we shall be interrupted. Andrea Belloti, and I not know him! If I had not been fasting since this time yesterday, I should say I had stayed too long at the bottle."

Rapidly Andrea recounted the circumstances of his summons; flight and hope for protection.

"And you judged me fairly. Andrea," replied his hearer, when he had finished, "and having put me to the touch shall not find me wanting."

"I knew it, Victor; my heart told me so."

"But you cannot rest here; the toilers will be on your track, hear me! are—but with the aid of the Saints we will foil them. I have a manor house forty leagues from here. Once within its portals you can bid Carbonari and the Devil defiance. But you must change your garb. Here, wait in the sacristy a moment,"—and he opened the door, which, after they had passed through, he locked, putting the key in his pocket,— "while I go for a fitting costume."

"See here!" and Victor entered with a complete hunting-suit for a lady of rank. "Here is the good father's basin for your ablutions, and I for the nonce will be your lady's maid. There! Half of Italy is now removed from your face, and Donna della Costa herself would be jealous if she should see me."

"And who, pray, is the fair Donna?"

"Ah! there hangs a tale. Let it suffice you to know that she is the innamorata of one who fondly loves her. I must convey her news of my sudden departure. We were to meet to-day at this very place. I will vie with Shakespeare on our way, and make sonnets for you on her eyebrows. But adieu to jesting; the horses await;" and taking his friend's arm, he led him from the building.

As they passed out a woman stepped from

behind one of the pillars, and watched them mount and drive away.

Tall and graceful in figure, over which a light mantilla fell, part of which was drawn around a face that showed a pair of eyes dark and flashing, and a countenance beautiful even in its set expression of passion. She leaned for a moment against the doorway, and then recovering herself drew from her bosom a letter, which she tore into a hundred pieces.

(To be continued.)

Books That Have Hurt Me.

WE are all reading nowadays in the reviews and magazines the opinions of various men of note as to "what books have helped them." Everybody, from the literary man up to the bank president, has told "How I was Educated," and added his mite to the bursting treasury of directions for achieving culture and success. We have thought that THE TECH, too, should participate in this glorious work of raising the public standard and educating the taste of the people, and we have therefore taken pains to write to some of the shining lights of the day, asking them to give to the world, *What books have hurt them.*

It is important that we should know what have been the stumbling-blocks, as well as the stepping-stones, in the paths of these great people. The kind and prompt answers which we have received go far to show that men in high places are not forgetful of their less fortunate brethren, but are always ready to lend a handful of sympathy and advice. It is hoped that our readers may be warned, as well as interested, by these records of human frailty. Many a man, now a stranded wreck on the shores of Time, looks back to reading a certain book as being the first downward point in his career. It is but a step from the library to the gutter, as well as to the palace. A book has been the fatal obstacle to scores of men who are still struggling in vain for fame and honor.

A rare opportunity is afforded us just now for the scrutiny of private thought, for which

we moderns have so great a liking. Every man likes to know that his neighbor is getting in coal, but to know why he did not get it in before the first of December—that is the supreme object. If we know all the whys and wherefores of a man's life, then we shall be able to solve the great problems of that life in a manner perfectly satisfactory to ourselves. In the flood of light cast by the letters we have received, we can see clearly the pitfalls and the snares, the delusions and follies, which these men might have avoided had they walked more circumspectly. In the words of Rollo's father, "I hope this may teach you a salutary lesson!"

I.

[We may begin with a letter from one prominent in literary circles and foremost among the writers of the day. He is a man famed for his incisive thought, his clear-cut sentences, and his poignant sarcasm. A critic of critics, he holds his own with the best of them. But he is, above all, a believer in Ideal Realism, and many men of many minds are now flocking to his immaculate standard. His letter has therefore a high and timely interest.]

EDITOR'S STUDY.

Dear Sir,—You ask me "what books have hurt me?" I cannot truthfully say that any books have hurt me very much. In the eyes of some shallow few, indeed, my own published works, and perhaps some recent numbers of *Harper's*, may have tended to injure me, but no one can imagine for a moment that these people are competent judges of what constitutes literature. It does not seem at all as if "the heroic grasshoppers, the self-devoted, adventurous, good old romantic card-board grasshoppers," were getting the better of my own pet "simple, honest, and natural grasshopper." *The latter seems to me at present to have an enormous advantage over all competitors.

I can but wonder at "the still-reverberating dissent of two continents" from my conclusions,

*For further information as to the battle of the grasshoppers, see *Harper's* for December last.

even in these days of the petrification of taste. It is passing strange that Penelope Lapham and Alice Pasmer are not at once accepted as true types of the great majority of American women. Is it not remarkable that people will not adopt my idea of the real for their ideal? The great mass of men still go on worshiping uncouth ideals and reading the silly child's tales of Mr. Stevenson and imitators.

Never mind! all the great and good are on my side. Hawthorne and James, Thackeray and George Eliot, are all with me. Every one who has achieved the slightest measure of success is a Realist. Every one else panders to the popular ignorance and love of sensation. However my writings may have injured me in the eyes of my contemporaries, be assured that my own view of my work is unaltered. As was ably expressed in a debate at Beaconville, the other evening: "Mr. H—— is a noble watchtower, rising above the mists of Romanticism and Folly."

Posterity will bear witness to the truth of this fine metaphor. Tolstoi and I will go down to future ages as the true representatives of literature in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century. The hurt from my writings will not be lasting (to me).

W. D. H.

II.

[This letter is somewhat rambling and unsatisfactory, and not wholly to our purpose, but we have inserted it that our readers might learn the ideas of a truly great and strong man. The writer is a well-known and striking character, and has left his stamp on all men with whom he has come in contact. In his public life he has struck many telling blows for liberty of thought and expression, and has invariably hit the mark.]

ENGLAND, December, 1887.

Dear Sir,—Very few books have hurt me. I have not gone near enough to most of them to permit of injury to myself. My business requires that I shall take the best possible care of my person. . . .

In general, my favorite works are those of anatomy, bound in leather. The two books

with which I am best acquainted are those spelt with only one o—to box. The prose work in which I take most delight is *Little Men*. My favorite short poem is that sonnet of Wordsworth in which occurred the lines;—

There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him.

Things are very pleasant over here. The Queen has a large library, but I have not been in it yet, though I have had several pressing invitations.

Yours, J. L. S.

III.

[The hand of a former citizen of New England may be recognized in this telling letter. It is written in the author's usual taking style, and quite carries one away with its dash and vigor. It displays a large stock of information, and remarkable freedom from the bonds of conventionality. His subject-matter is handled lightly, and without gloves.]

MONTREAL, P. Q.

Dear Sir,—I snatch a moment from the gayeties of society and the whirl of fashion to answer your request. Our climate here is not very cold, nor on the other hand do I find it nearly so hot as I should in B—. There is an even and genial temperature which is very soothing to a man of my nerves.

The two books which were most influential in injuring my reputation in a certain New England city, were the cash-book and the ledger. The *Pathfinder*, however, more than balanced their effect, and I am now living in the best American society. My wife and children have joined me here, and we are very happy in our little circle.

“Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar! Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village, than be second in Rome; and I think he was right when he said it.”

Mere books can do little to harm a man. Indeed, my checkbook alone is a match for all the cowardly assaults of a venal press.

Yours, D. FOLT R.

IV.

[Lest any one might possibly think this letter from Boston, we will just say, to disarm all criticism, that it was written in New York.]

Dear Sir,—I hasten to reply to your request. You remember in “Middlemarch” that Lydgate, some years after he had married Rosamond Vincy, called her one day his basil plant. When she asked for an explanation, he said that basil was a plant that flourished wonderfully well on a murdered man's brains. The daily newspaper is my basil plant.

Year by year I have striven against the evil, and year by year the burrowing roots have struck deeper into the palpitating soil. I am not alone in being the slave of the newspaper. How many of us there are who cannot sit down at the breakfast-table without some *Daily Mud-spatterer* to keep us company! What a pleasant custom we have of wading knee-deep in horror, of devouring four or five columns about the last railway catastrophe, and gloating over the mortal agony of our fellow-creatures!

Now it is magnifying the perils of a carnival of crime, and now lingering over the bill of fare at the dinner to Queen Kapiolani; now asserting that our party is always right, and now that the other party is always wrong; Monday crying up the Anarchist alarm, and Tuesday proclaiming a war between England and Russia. As the little newsboys said the other night: “Evening paper! Full account of the 'lection an' prize-fight!”

Do you wonder that I, who read the paper daily, am softened to a pulp of sensationalism? Life would hardly be endurable if we did not have a carnival of crime or a monstrous murder every s'ennight. I place the daily paper above all things that are harmful to my higher development. It supplies my brain with poison, and takes from it food. . . . True, we demand it. The arsenic-eaters of Hungary have to continue, after they once begin to take in the poison. Stopping means death.

AVERAGE MAN.

V.

[We all remember with pleasure the author of this charming and tender letter. The delicate sentiment and depth of feeling evinced by one so young is very remarkable.]

Dear Sir,—The books that have been very bad indeed for my body and for my mind, are two books on mathematics which we used to have when I was a Freshman. I have forgotten their names, and have lost the books. Anyway, I didn't pass. And then one day I dropped them through the window, and I had to pay \$2.68 for the glass. But, worst of all, they happened to light on the best hat of a girl who was going by, and she was the girl who lived opposite me, and used to smile sometimes, and made me forget to be homesick. And she never smiled any more after this!

Another book of which I must speak in terms of the greatest disapprobation and scorn, is J. P. M's record-book. No book has ever had a more evil and withering influence upon my career.

The whole matter of books is very distasteful to me.

Yours, SNIGGINS, '90.

VI.

[We do not need to introduce this letter to our readers with any words of superfluous praise. The writer is known as a man of ripe scholarship, and as one whose services as a politician have well prepared him for entering the field of literature. The success that has greeted his efforts is evidence in itself of his intrinsic worth and ability for pursuing many and varied lines of research.]

Dear Sir,—Most baneful and blighting to the human race have been the works generally attributed to William Shakspeare. The cause of their poisonous effect upon humanity is not that the books themselves have any admixture of evil, but that they have been assigned a false authorship. Never since Atlantis sank beneath the waves of the engulfing ocean, never since the great comet struck the earth, striated the rocks, and piled up the gravel, has a more ter-

rible and withering scourge visited the sons of men. The pernicious influence of the belief is simply incalculable. The prevalent agnosticism and anarchism, the overshadowing liquor monopoly, the corruption of the civil service, the decay of commerce, the labor troubles, the frequent railway accidents, the impending Anglo-Russian war, are but a few of the evils that have sprung from the hideous falsehood!

Shades of Francis Bacon! To actually believe that Shakspeare wrote Shakspeare's plays,—this is indeed a depth of intellectual and moral degradation at which a man may well shudder! The wonder is that we have so long allowed this hydra-headed monster of superstition to pass unchallenged. Its time has come.

Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and Shakspeare—

Yours for truth,

IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

Noticeable Articles.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for January is full of good things. First and foremost for American readers comes one of those vigorous papers which mark Prof. Goldwin Smith as one of the best of living prose writers. Professor Smith has been reading that excellent series of biographies entitled "American Statesmen," edited by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., and he justly says that "a marked change has been taking place in the American treatment of national history, both in point of style and in point of substance. What has been called 'the nauseous grandiloquence of the American panegyric historians,' is now almost a thing of the past. . . . The Fourth of July fiction is giving place to historical facts. A rational view of the schism in the Anglo-Saxon race begins to prevail." Whether the "rational view" is that the schism was altogether a mistake, may be a question, though that seems to be nearly Professor Smith's view; but without going so far as that, Americans may well submit to having some of the Fourth of July glitter rubbed off of their revolutionary heroes, and our English critic certainly does that with no unsparing hand. Yet no one can say that his views are not those which sober students of American history are everywhere beginning to take. His criticism reminds one of Matthew Arnold's amusing

comments on Macaulay's famous "highfalutin" paper on Milton. "A disinterested reader," says Arnold, "whose object is not to hear Puritanism and Milton glorified, but to get at the truth about them, will surely be dissatisfied. With what a heavy brush, he will say to himself, does this man lay on his colors! The Puritan's Oromasdes and the Royalist's Arimanes! What a different strain from Chillingworth's in his sermon at Oxford, at the beginning of the Civil War! 'Publicans and sinners on the one side,' said Chillingworth, 'scribes and Pharisees on the other.' Not at all a conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes, but a good deal of Arimanes on both sides. And, as human affairs go, Chillingworth's version of the matter is likely to be nearer the truth than Macaulay's."

Our incorruptible Sam Adams does not come off unscathed at the hands of Professor Smith, and certainly Mr. Hosmer's biography sustains him. He quotes a description of Patrick Henry from Professor Tyler, and coolly asks, "Is not this something like a philosophical description tintured with poetry of the *loafer*?" And of the famous "give me liberty, or give me death!" scene, he remarks: "It is not pleasant to think that such stage-play as this had a material effect in bringing on a bloody revolution, and rending asunder the Anglo-Saxon race. . . . His sublime aspiration after liberty or death being over, Cato went out to bargain with Scævola or Brutus for a slave."

But our English critic reserves his severest censure for Jefferson. "In theory," he says, "he was an anarchist." . . . "He somewhat resembled Robespierre in his feline nature, his malignant egotism, and his intense suspiciousness, as well as in his bloody-minded, possibly sincere philanthropy; though unlike Maximilian (Robespierre) he could ride." He certainly quotes some sufficiently Jacobinical sentiments.

Professor Smith reserves his admiration for three leading figures, Washington, Hamilton,—whom he calls "the founder of the American nation,"—and our greatest Chief-Justice, Marshall. "The rupture having once taken place," he says, "it was clearly desirable that the colonies should win their independence, and there should be no protraction or renewal of the fatal struggle. For this result we are indebted to Washington."

In speaking of Hamilton's protectionism, he tersely sums up one of the irrefragable free-trade

arguments thus: "The light of Adam Smith had but just dawned, and had scarcely illuminated the minds of any statesman except those of Shelburne and the younger Pitt. When he decided in favor of moderate protection, neither he nor any one else had been taught by experience how hard it is to preserve moderation in protection, and how the infant industry, when it has been fostered into manhood, instead of gratefully recognizing the favor which it has enjoyed, and readily resigning the privilege which is no longer needed, takes you by the throat with its strong political grasp, and extorts a continuance, or perhaps an increased measure of protection for the future."

He criticises Franklin and Randolph, and he admires sturdy old John Adams, "rugged and gnarled as an old oak, but not less firmly rooted in his patriotism." "Republican institutions," he says, "if they exclude hereditary title, admit family distinction. The Massachusetts house of Adams might, with some reason, call itself the first political family in the world. It has given in the direct line two Presidents to the Republic; it has produced an ambassador whose task was hardly less important, and certainly not less trying, than that of any President; and its fertility appears not yet to be exhausted, though the times are not propitious to its prominence so far as active politics are concerned."

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!"

sings Burns. Here is the way one of the most accomplished of living historical students, and one of the best friends of our Republic, sees us. I do not believe he is right in his implication that the rupture was a misfortune to either country. The conflict was "irrepressible," though it might have come in a better way; but it certainly is not unpatriotic to heed his criticisms, even when they are unpalatable, so far as they are founded in truth.

The other papers must stand over for another number.

W. P. A.

It is positively overpowering, the attention which some of us have been receiving. At least three men whom we know of have received invitations to champagne dinners, provided they should get through in everything. Will they get the dinner? Alas! let us draw the curtain upon the harrowing scene.



The Orchestra has disbanded.

An H. and T. Banjo Club will be organized shortly.

The prospects of the Athletic Club's paying the bonfire debt are but small.

Heard in the Biological Laboratory: "Is that a sketch of a kite's foot or embryo calf?"

New York seemed to be a favorite place of sojourn for the Techs during the vacation.

The Geological Department recently received a reduced topographical cast of the Sandwich Islands.

Professors Drown and Richards left during the examinations to make a short visit to the Bermudas.

The *Sunday Herald* of a recent date gave the opinions of General Walker concerning general exercise.

A large, glass case for storing instruments has recently been put up in the centre of the Biological Laboratory.

It is very probable that more than one Tech. record will be broken at the coming spring meeting of the Athletic Club.

An afternoon tea was given in the Biological Laboratory on the 14th, by Mrs. W. T. Sedgwick, assisted by Miss Gardiner. The only Institute students present were those taking courses in Biology.

The semi-annual examination in Freshman Chemistry has caused many members of '91 to accept lucrative positions, and, also, many to leave the Tech. on account of trouble with their eyes.

Owing to the intervening vacation week, we are obliged to make this number of THE TECH with only fourteen pages. No. 9 will contain eighteen pages, probably, to make up for the loss.

The *Architectural Review* has recently received some very flattering criticisms from several periodicals to which it had sent its proof-sheets. The *Inland Architect* gave an especially favorable notice.

It must seem strange to the '87 graduates connected with the Institute, to be present at an examination and not have to count up the chances of an H or FF.

A bright vista of class suppers, theatres, and a thousand and one enjoyments is now before us; and the Semies? Well, they are buried in the dark mists of the past, and let us hope by not too heavy a load of Fs.

College Notes.

Nearly \$500 was realized by the first performance of the Columbia College Dramatic Club, in aid of the 'Varsity crew.

Phillips Exeter Academy is to have a new physical and chemical laboratory in the spring.

The Johns Hopkins University now requires all undergraduate students to pass an examination in gymnastics before obtaining a degree. Vaulting, jumping, and simple exercises on the parallel bar, horizontal bar, and ladder are required. The maximum mark is 36, of which 20 is necessary in order to pass.—*Ex.*

Of the 365 universities and colleges in the United States, 87 are non-sectarian; of the 278 denominational institutions, the Episcopalians have 12, the Methodists 56, the Presbyterians 41, and the Congregationalists 28.—*Ex.*

The tuition at Amherst has been increased.

Amherst College has recently received \$60,000 to be used for scholarships.

Twenty Johns Hopkins students "suped" in the Booth-Barrett performances in Baltimore.

Rutgers is to have a school of electricity and an improved scientific department. The college has received \$15,000 by a recent act of Congress for experimental stations.

There is an advance of five per cent in college attendance in the United States this year over last.

Professor Webster, of Rochester, has been called to the presidency of Union College.

Columbia Law School has a membership of 461. Two hundred and twenty-nine of them are college graduates, representing fifty-six different institutions.

The new cage at Princeton, already finished, is not to be used until paid for.

At Harvard there are 271 men training for the various athletic teams.

The *Cornell Sun* complains of the attitude of the Faculty in dropping the athletic men at the examinations.

The question of a newspaper of frequent issue and a literary monthly, is being agitated at Columbia.

650 out of the 900 students at the University of the city of New York are in the medical department.

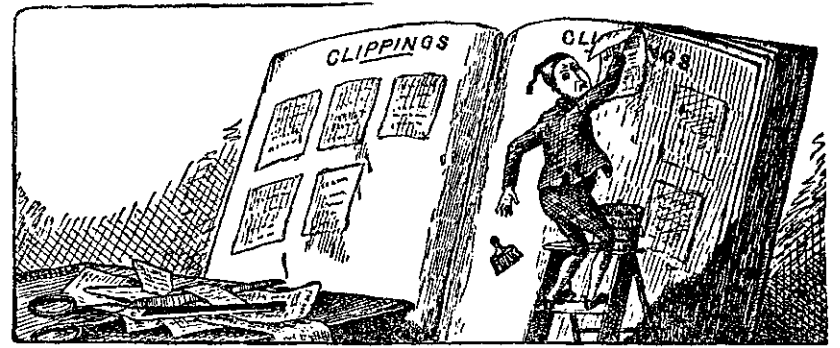
The alumni of Williams College have decided to raise \$100,000 for the creation of a memorial building to the late Mark Hopkins, to stand on the college grounds.

Three thousand students attend the University of Cairo, Egypt.

The Columbia College Library is said to be the best managed in the world. Writing materials are furnished for the visitors, and light meals are supplied to those students who are too busy to leave their work.—*Ex.*

Columbia has a total of 1,662 students in all departments.

The Senior Class of the College of Liberal Arts, of Boston University, have voted to hold no class-day exercises this year, but to add a number of valuable books to the library instead.—*Ex.*



TOTA CONTRARIA.

I.

She wandered down the pathway trim,
Where gilliflowers their sweetness shed,
And as she went the daffodils
Bowed every stately, golden head;
And where she trod — on every print
Of both her little feet, they say,
Sprang rosemary and cuckoo-pint,
To make her garden gay.

*Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Bright did your garden blow;
But far most fair of all things there
Was your sweet self, I trow.*

II.

Beside the wicket-gate he stood,
A golden youth and debonair,
Where clematis and southernwood
Sprang in the quiet summer air;
And dreamily she opened wide
Her pretty eyes of brightest blue,
Then pulled a rose or two — and sighed —
And turned away — (they always do).

*Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That lamb was sure to go.*

III.

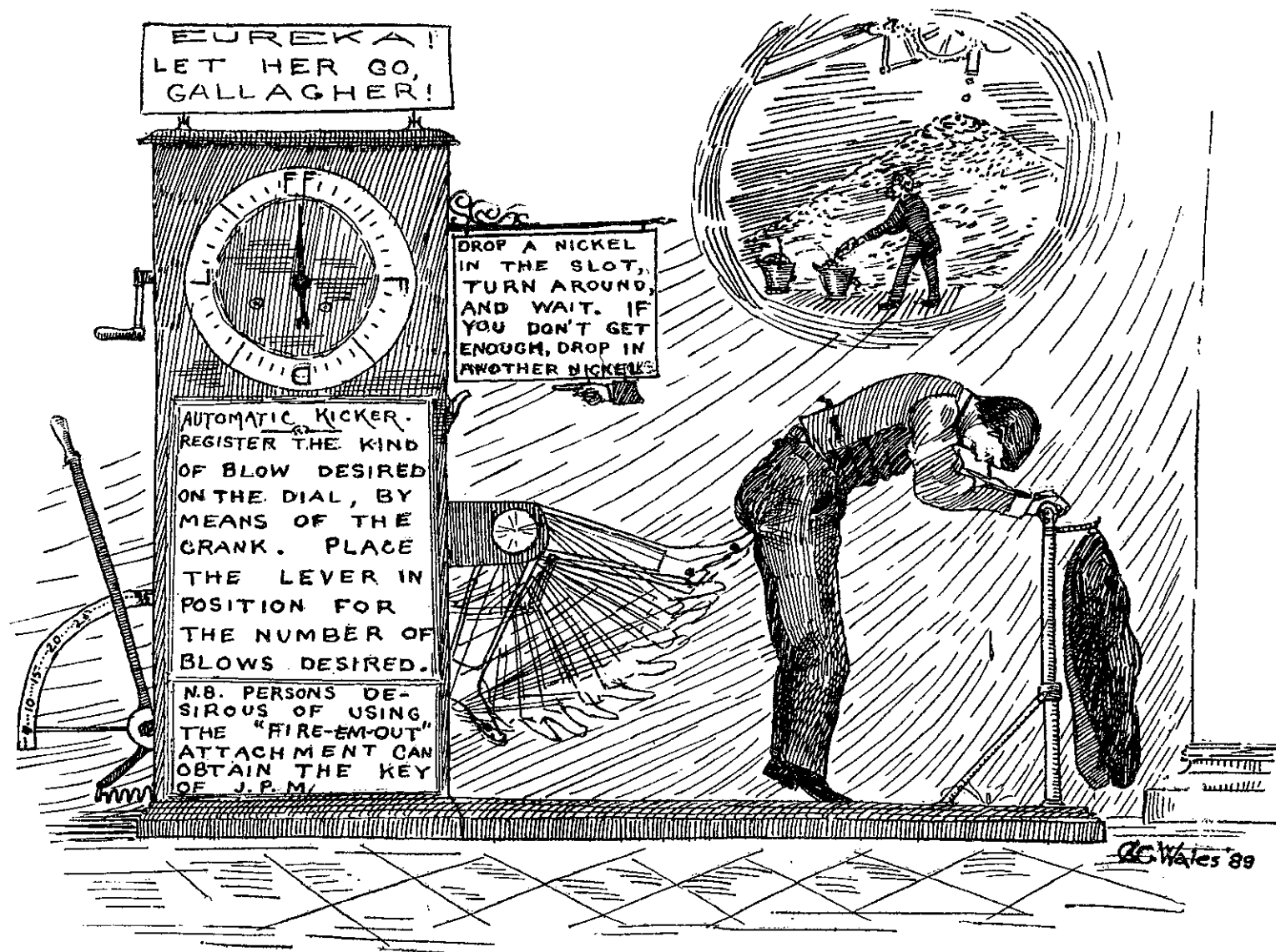
Her yielding hand in his he pressed,
His voice was whispering soft and low —
And then up bounced that little pest,
Her silly sheep, and bothered so.
He pressed between, he shoved and pushed;
So loud his peevish baaing grew,
That down the lawn the household rushed, —
So ended that sweet interview.

*She turned, and then in pensive tones
She said, "I've kept that lamb too long;
Cook, you may send to Mr. Bones, —
And mind that the mint-sauce is strong."*

—*Oxford Review.*

He had lent his stylographic pen to direct an envelope. She: "Oh, doesn't it write beautifully? I declare, I'm in love with the pen."

He: "I'm in love with the holder." She saw the "point."



The above sketch represents a machine, of THE TECH's invention, for the use of men whose brains have turned to Indian Pudding during an examination, and have forgotten things they were perfectly sure of. The large sketch shows the "kicker" in action, whilst the small one shows the profits which would accrue to the Faculty by the use of such a machine. Let us have one of these, by all means, in Rogers' corridor.

TO DAPHNE.

Daphne sweet, thy blushes prove
That thou surely hast a love;
One who for thy hand doth sigh—
Swears he'd gladly for thee die.

Daphne fair, he loves thee well,—
This his melting glances tell;
When he at thy side shall wait,
Then pray trust to him thy fate.

Daphne gay, he fears thy heart,
Fickle changeling that thou art.
Now he lingers at thy side,
Pleading, asks thee for his bride.

Daphne coy — (not always so) —
Will this patient lover woo.
Ha! you call him "dearest brother";
(Ting-a-ling!) he seeks another.

— Brunonian.

A gentleman who is somewhat deaf is the owner of a dog, which has become the terror of the neighborhood. The other day he was accosted by a friend, who said, "Good-morning, Mr. S —. Your wife made us a very pleasant call last evening."

"I'm very sorry," came the startling reply. "I'll see that it doesn't occur again, for I intend to keep her chained up after this."— *Youth's Companion*.

"Boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" politely inquired a fashionably dressed lady.

"Yes'm; a load of hay went through this morning," was the urchin's horrid reply.— *Atlanta Constitution*.