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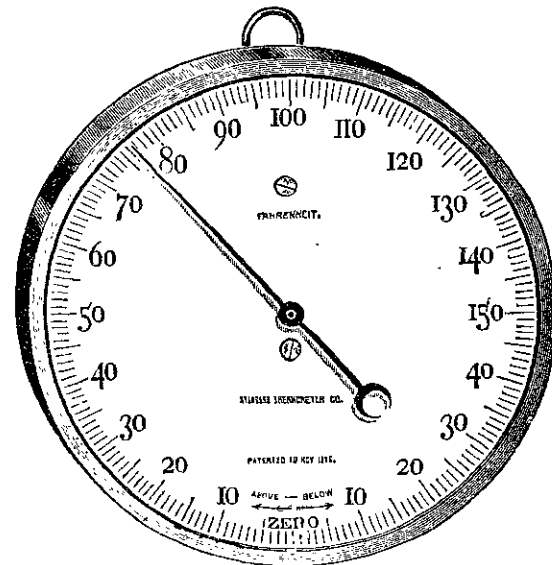
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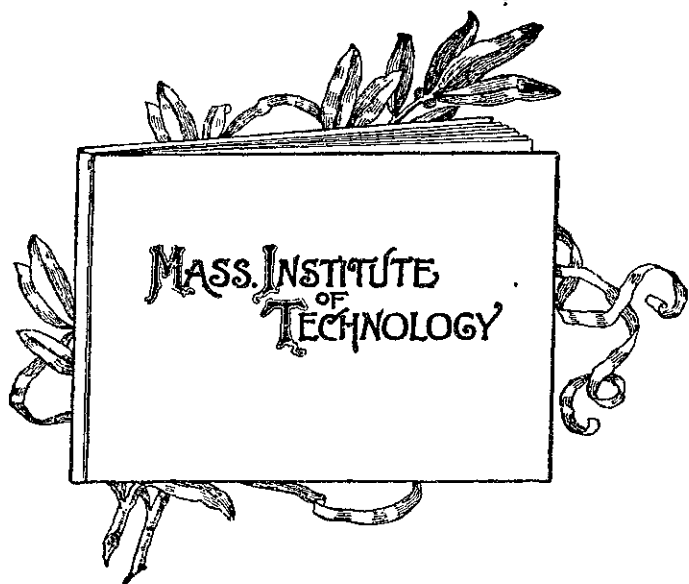
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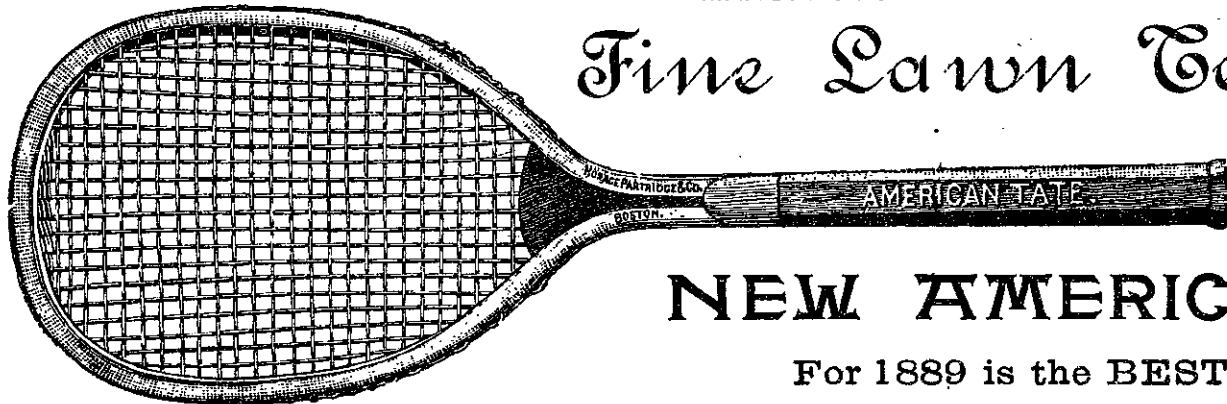
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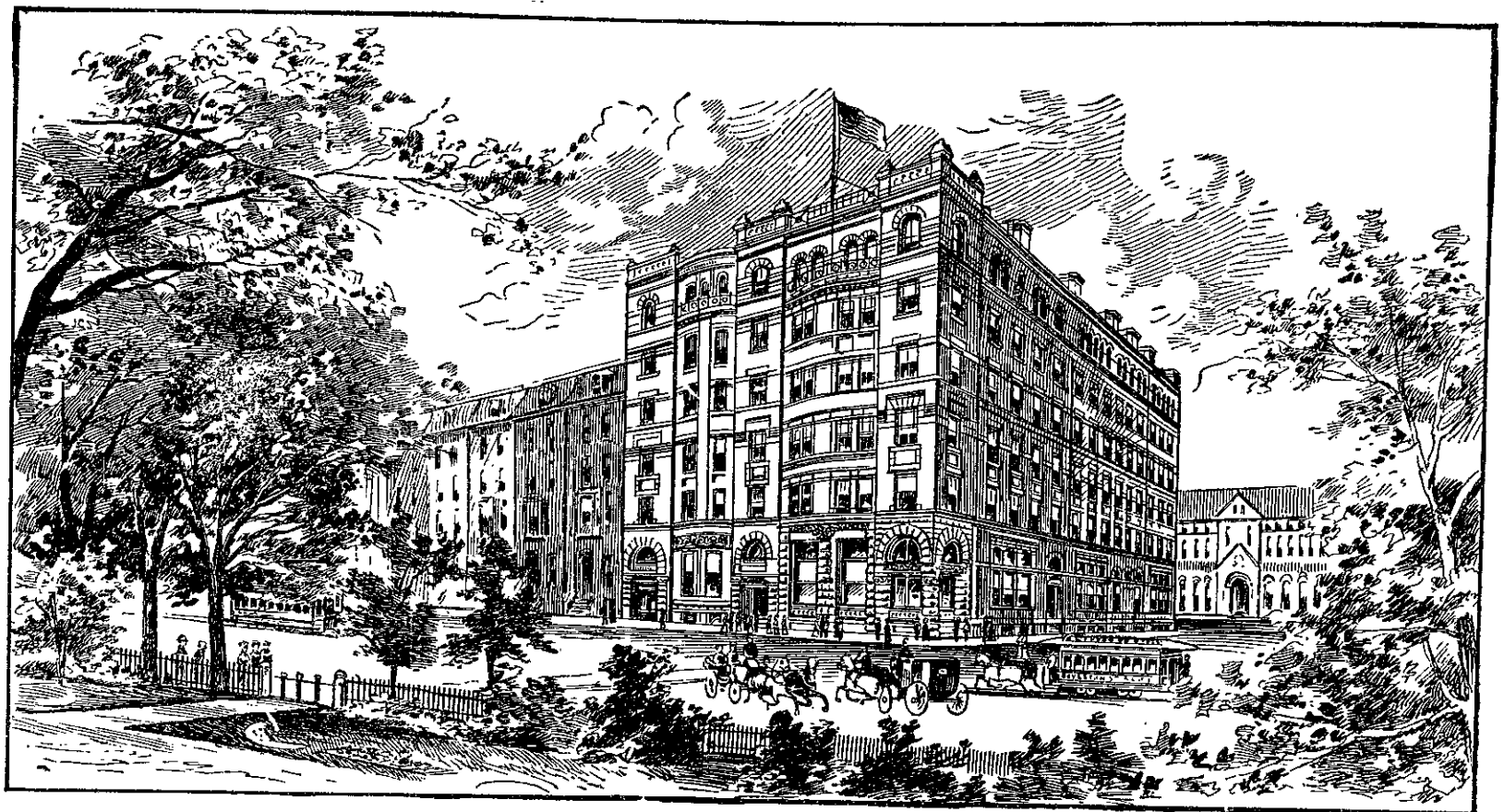


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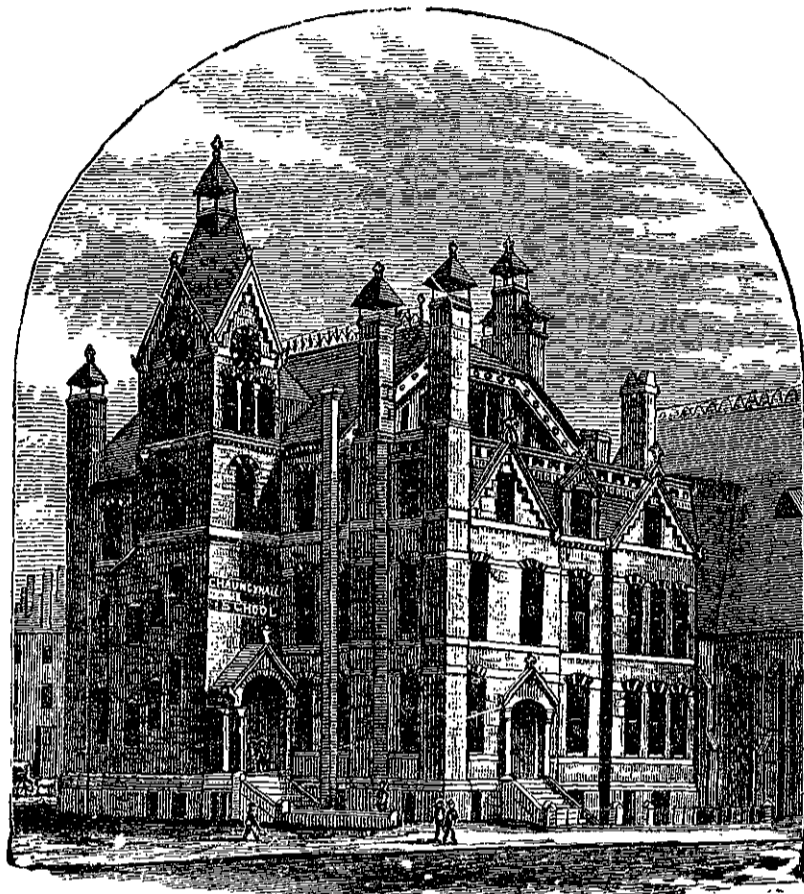
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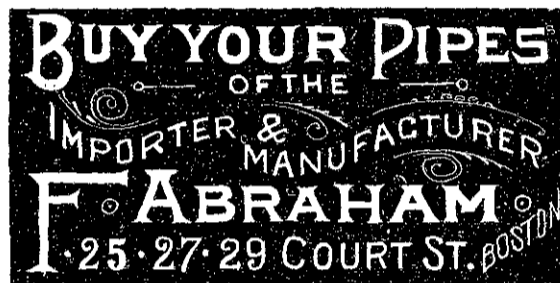
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The Tech.

VOL. VIII.

BOSTON, APRIL 18, 1889.

NO. 14.

THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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THE Freshman class has thus far, with a few exceptions, conducted itself very properly. We seldom see the drill uniform, save in its proper place; the boisterous conduct usual to the first-year men, especially in the corridors, has been noticeable by its absence. As a whole, we are well pleased with our Freshmen, and hope they will continue on in the path of dignity, self, and class respect. There is, however, a certain portion of this class that by its impolite, offensive, and wholly undignified conduct, reflects the greatest discredit, both upon its own class and upon the entire Institute. We refer to the custom of loafing on Rogers steps and insulting passing ladies. There are a certain few, we understand, who make a business of passing their unoccupied hours there for this purpose. It may be the height of

amusement to the young Freshies in question; but to the other parties it flavors of ill breeding, to say the least. If this little notice does not cause the discontinuance of the above grievance, we venture to predict that the matter will be taken hold of by others, who will see that there is a stop put to it.

WHAT easily suited, uncomplaining mortals we Tech. men are! Our grievances, if we have any, seem to be strictly personal; our demands are modest to a degree; our wants are either gratified or inexpressible; a general satisfaction prevails among us, and the existing order of things is found faultless by all. If we had time for their consideration, however, a few facts might be recalled which fail to accord with the general harmony. There might be some way of obtaining the Institute publications, which would not at the same time tend to the enrichment of our saturnine friend under the Berkeley; there might be a system of cuts, such as is arranged for our idle but athletic contemporaries at Cambridge, to save us the necessity of stealing an occasional hour away from our recitations; there might be an Institute post-office with a more regular delivery; there might be a gymnasium instead of a drill-shed. But who has time to think of what might be, when the work that must be is gaining every day, and the examinations are close at hand. This is the reason, we may suppose, that THE TECH is favored with so few communications from the chronic growlers. As long as we are busy we are contented, and, "as you well know," most of us are busy all the time. If you are of those who are not, then you are the one to introduce the spirit of reform where reforms are most needed. THE TECH is ready to hear all parties.

THE Boston Athletic Association has been given the use of the grounds back of the gym, and they, in turn, have made a generous offer to the Institute. As the grounds are in need of some repair, they are to be scraped, leveled, a few inches of loam thrown in, and then well rolled. The expense will be about one hundred dollars, and the B. A. A. will pay two thirds if we will pay the other one third, thus having equal rights on the grounds this spring, and also for football in the fall, and Athletic Association men to practice with.

The Freshman class has subscribed two hundred and fifty dollars for their baseball expenses, and it is to be hoped that they will see the importance of getting the grounds, and lend a helping hand in their repair.

If enough cannot be obtained in this way, the football Association will have to make a small canvass this spring; but this would hardly be just, as they will have expenses enough in the fall.

Let every man who has an interest in football and baseball, see the importance of obtaining these grounds and help out the project.

THE Tech-Harvard road race will take place Saturday, April 20th, at 2.30 P. M., starting from the corner of Beacon and St. Mary Streets. The course is $14\frac{7}{8}$ miles, extending through the Beacon Street Boulevard, around both reservoir basins, and returning over same route. The start is easy of access to everyone, and there is no reason why every man in the Institute should not be present to encourage our representatives, and cheer them on to a well-deserved victory.

There is no limit to the number of entries, so every man who can ride should enter, as the more entries we have the better are our chances in case of an accident. But only the first five men of each team count at the finish.

The Cycling Club has engaged two trainers to keep the men in good condition, and they

have trained energetically, and the outlook is very promising. When a club shows as much interest as this in the welfare of athletics at the Institute, no man should begrudge a small subscription, if it should become necessary, to aid it in its good work. With good weather there is every indication of a close and exciting race; so let every man be present at the start and finish, with his lungs in good order, and if it so please the fates, he may have occasion to use them for the victors.

SOME time ago the custom died out of giving second prizes in the Athletic Club games. Why it was given up is hard to see, for by it half the competition, which is the very spirit of athletics, was lost. We wish to bring the matter up, and advocate the readoption of the practice. In the first place, they have been successfully used everywhere else, and we confidently state that if "seconds" were given at the Institute games, there would be a great advance in the number and spirit of our athletes. It is indeed hard for the man who comes to the winning post half a yard behind, or is beaten in the vault or jump by only half an inch, to receive no acknowledgement of his merit; and to compete with six when but one can get the prize is discouraging, and enough to make the younger men hold back from entering against the older athletes.

But there is no use enumerating arguments that are already clearly understood by all. There is but one objection to the immediate readoption of the custom in the spring meeting, and with that we have to do. It is advanced that the fact of holding the meeting out of town will keep the attendance down to very small numbers, and as the meeting will thus be almost a dead loss to the club, the prizes could not be afforded. But the Athletic Club officers can surely afford a medal for each event, to be given as a second prize. The cups for first prizes might be made a little less expensive; though in a case

like this, when the benefit to be derived is so evident, expense should hardly be taken into account. We ask the Athletic Club Executive Committee to thoroughly consider the matter, and see if it is not practicable, as to outsiders it certainly seems to be.

BASEBALL is not without glory at Tech. this season. Ninety-one has a good team, and the Freshmen will endeavor to prove that they have a better one. As both are making excellent records, there will undoubtedly be a well-played game when they meet, which will have to be about the first of May, for after that time the Annuals put baseball and everything else but grinding quite out of the question.

The shortness of the playing season, with the limited amount of practice that can be obtained, and the melancholy examples of some of the teams that have taken the field here, have necessarily caused the national game to fall into neglect. Any success which is gained in it therefore is deserving of so much the more credit. But it is to be hoped that their bright career will not lead them to the idea of establishing another Institute Nine, that is sure to turn into another "Bijou," like the one of the season of '87.

IT is with much pleasure that we note the activity of the new officers of the Athletic Club in procuring suitable grounds for an outdoor meeting.

It is to be held May 4th, at Readville, and the following events will be competed for:—100, 220, 440 yards, half and mile runs; standing and running broad jump; 1 and 3 mile bicycle races, and throwing the baseball.

Our records in the running events are slow, and in view of the good running material we have at the Institute, there is no reason why they should not be lowered.

Every man who has any pretensions at all to running, should go at once into training, not only for the honor of the Tech. at large but

also for his class, because with this meeting, commences the class competition for the silver cup offered by the Athletic Club.

In addition to the regular silver cup given in each event, additional cups will be given to record breakers.

Last year there was no outdoor meeting, and it is the intention to make this one a success; but in order to do so there must be entries from each class in each event.

WHERE is the Tennis Association? Why does not this gorgeous weather lure it from its dormant state and awaken it from its lethargy?

In vain we look for the longed for preparation of the courts, and as time goes on, spring advances, and the Annuals approach without any sign of activity, we begin to feel that procrastination is the thief of something more than time, and that the season is not far off when we will be too busy to find fault, and the Association officers will be forgiven only because they will be forgotten.

Do something; get the roller that delay prevented our securing last year. Hire a boy to walk around the courts in leather leggings. "Tempus fugit," but don't let her "fuge" without making some effort to prove that this mild winter has not obliterated our once sturdy Tennis Association.

ENTERING upon the third year of a most prosperous existence, we wish to extend our warmest congratulations to the Co-operative Society.

The third series of tickets and lists are out, and this long needed society is an important factor and an appreciated aid in our Institute life. Congratulations to its able officers and long life to the Co-op.

THE EPIGRAM.

The epigram is the warp of wit—

Of letters the wisest Tartar;

Wee and wicked, it means to hit,

And the meaner it is, the smarter. —*Time.*

Two French Kings of Long Ago.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN a genealogical tree is so much a thing of the past that crumbled centuries lie at its feet, and still it goes on outlining itself against the day and the night, that great army of new humanity that lies within its mighty shadow, and whose small green heads have just emerged from the warm envelope which with such mysterious care has so long sheltered them, look up,—some with dislike, and some with a thrill of admiration, at the vast network of branch and shoot which fair dame and noble knight, priest and king, martyr or queen, have unconsciously sketched with their lives.

To those who are fond of carefully examining these trees, many sad blemishes appear;—long stretches of smooth shaft, where no cunning knot-holes are found; again, such a mighty rush of branches that the whole tree bends one way; again, some whose course is abruptly finished, or may have slowly pined away, until the delicate tracery of the feeble boughs no longer excite thoughts of hate or love.

Those who have lived in Normandy have many such examples before their eyes; the very strength of the air, and the force of the hills, which suddenly leap from the ground, and clothe themselves with verdure, should rightfully have nurtured a race powerful in mind and limb, and Love then as now played his part merry or sad. How many a broad branch incapable of control, has caught up to its heart some simple flower, whose exquisite face, bathed in the dew of youth and innocence, has looked half afraid of its bold lover. And so it chanced, many a long year ago, that Count Robert of Bearvais-Noir, looking from the window of his old chateau, fell in love with a flower that bloomed in a small house just outside the great wall. He must have needed a nearer view than any the window could have given him of this flower, but the road from the

chateau wound around beside the small house, and in the open casement one saw such a lovely vision that who could wonder if Count Robert, forgetful of all the fair dames in the neighborhood, always rode beneath that casement. Perhaps at first it was a little the fault of his pet horse, Tonnerre, who found there a certain aromatic grass which grew nowhere else so abundantly; and when once the horse had tasted the grass, and when once Count Robert had raised his eyes, sure it is that both grew to look forward to that morning ride. At first there had been a raised cap, with a quick glance, and a blush from behind the big pot of resada; then sometimes a hand tossed down a flower, which was quickly pressed to Count Robert's lips, although the giver was far too shy to watch the flower's fate. And thus grew up the old, old story, which has always been a-telling ever since Adam began its recital in the garden of Eden, or Rebecca coquettishly adjusted her veil before meeting Isaac as he walked in the fields in the gloaming. But Count Robert found himself far away from those charming Biblical times, when, if one studiously avoided the Canaanitish women, one could always choose a fair wife when the wearied cattle came slowly up to the precious well, and the damsels went trooping down to give them drink. But to roll the stone from the well's mouth in Count Robert's time was such a different thing,—in fact roll it would not,—and yet each time he sat under fair Marguerite's casement he felt a more decided inclination to do so. "What was birth compared with beauty," he would ask a dozen times a day; and when finally the lovely flower ceased to hide herself behind the pot of resada, but, leaning over the broad window-seat, showed herself a most coquettish flower indeed, Count Robert longed to pull her down upon his saddle, and flying up to the grim chateau, where dwelt in solemn state his old mother and two maiden aunts, to throw the exquisite blossom into their arms, crying, "Look what Love can make!"

But the deed never followed the wish, and the stately old ladies smoothed their worn brocade dresses with their soft hands, quite unconscious of Count Robert's wild desire. They had kindly hearts, these gentlewomen of long ago, when the sun was brighter, when more roses bloomed on one stalk, and a sweet peacefulness breathed in the summer air. Their once powerful branch of the family tree had dwindled and pined until sturdy Count Robert, with his curling yellow hair, his light but proud blue eye, and splendid form, was its sole representant. Added to this was a retired life in the old chateau, shut well within its walls, and the solemn light that the double line of elms before and behind threw upon the faded tapestries, and still more faded satin of the white and gold furniture.

It was the shadows in life and the shadows of the trees that had dulled and saddened these poor ladies, forever clasping and smoothing their pretty old hands, and growing each year sadder and more quiet. There was a grand inclosure of gardens, lawns, and clumps of immense trees stretching back from the chateau, and a noble avenue of the "tilleul," through whose long, leafy vista one saw Mont St. Michael, her miracle of towers and turrets and lace staircase standing out clear against the sea, blue as now. And everywhere one found stone benches greened with moss, and half hidden by tangled grasses,—just such as Borgearau in our days has given to "The Sleeping Jesus and his Mother." But the long walks had sad need of gravel, the rose bushes were untrained, the stones tumbled down from the old walls, and small trees sprouted and grew beside them, rugged robin craned aloft his red cap on the broken eaves, and the useful plants of the kitchen garden, wholly forgetting in the lapse of years their ignoble birth, walked quietly into the ladies' rose garden, and each summer brought up their respective families with great dignity. Often on sunny days the three ladies, Madame de Bearvais-Noir and her sisters-in-law, Mademoiselle Reine and

Mademoiselle Cecile, walked slowly along the grassy paths, their shadows, one very long and two equally short, following them at a respectful distance upon the high old walls. They kept up a gentle kind of chatter among themselves as they passed through the gardens, once so brilliant with flowers, so carefully tended, and their soft hands often detached some vine or too bold shoot which half barred their passage. Perhaps one of the sisters-in-law would gather a bouquet, a perfect gem when completed, Madame de Bearvais-Noir always regarding it with kindly, appropriating eye, and finding much to say in regard to the arrangement of the colors, and invariably manifesting much surprise upon refinding it in a delicate vase beside her plate at dinner.

The good curé used often to join them in the garden on a fine morning, and being asked in a perplexed tone would he seat himself, the three ladies always standing all the while, and their favorite stone bench behind them stolidly admitting its inability to hold four, the curé, the gentlest of men, after regarding the sundial, and finding that too high, would cheerfully spread his big red handkerchief on the grass, saying with much grace, "At your feet, mesdames, as is my place." Then having offered them his delicate tortoise shell snuff-box, and they having at once pulled out their own of thin gold, the conversation commenced. The curé was always most deferential in manner, and though remarkably clever and well read, seldom advanced any opinion too strongly. He was, in fact, like most priests, a man of tact, and allowed the ladies to keep up their harmless chatter, which only ceased when Adèle, clattering around the bare floors in her wooden sabots, had tucked them all into bed. This was the usual life in the chateau, broken by much church-going in good weather, and occasional visits of ceremony, when the creaking old family coach, loudly protesting against hired horses and coachman, rumbled over the rough roads sadly jolting the three ladies, all in best attire. Count Robert seldom accompa-

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CHAPTER I.

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Those who have lived in Normandy have many such examples before their eyes; the very strength of the air, and the force of the hills, which suddenly leap from the ground, and clothe themselves with verdure, should rightfully have nurtured a race powerful in mind and limb, and Love then as now played his part merry or sad. How many a broad branch incapable of control, has caught up to its heart some simple flower, whose exquisite face, bathed in the dew of youth and innocence, has looked half afraid of its bold lover. And so it chanced, many a long year ago, that Count Robert of Bearvais-Noir, looking from the window of his old chateau, fell in love with a flower that bloomed in a small house just outside the great wall. He must have needed a nearer view than any the window could have given him of this flower, but the road from the

chateau wound around beside the small house, and in the open casement one saw such a lovely vision that who could wonder if Count Robert, forgetful of all the fair dames in the neighborhood, always rode beneath that casement. Perhaps at first it was a little the fault of his pet horse, Tonnerre, who found there a certain aromatic grass which grew nowhere else so abundantly; and when once the horse had tasted the grass, and when once Count Robert had raised his eyes, sure it is that both grew to look forward to that morning ride. At first there had been a raised cap, with a quick glance, and a blush from behind the big pot of resada; then sometimes a hand tossed down a flower, which was quickly pressed to Count Robert's lips, although the giver was far too shy to watch the flower's fate. And thus grew up the old, old story, which has always been a-telling ever since Adam began its recital in the garden of Eden, or Rebecca coquettishly adjusted her veil before meeting Isaac as he walked in the fields in the gloaming. But Count Robert found himself far away from those charming Biblical times, when, if one studiously avoided the Canaanitish women, one could always choose a fair wife when the wearied cattle came slowly up to the precious well, and the damsels went trooping down to give them drink. But to roll the stone from the well's mouth in Count Robert's time was such a different thing,—in fact roll it would not,—and yet each time he sat under fair Marguerite's casement he felt a more decided inclination to do so. "What was birth compared with beauty," he would ask a dozen times a day; and when finally the lovely flower ceased to hide herself behind the pot of resada, but, leaning over the broad window-seat, showed herself a most coquettish flower indeed, Count Robert longed to pull her down upon his saddle, and flying up to the grim chateau, where dwelt in solemn state his old mother and two maiden aunts, to throw the exquisite blossom into their arms, crying, "Look what Love can make!"

But the deed never followed the wish, and the stately old ladies smoothed their worn brocade dresses with their soft hands, quite unconscious of Count Robert's wild desire. They had kindly hearts, these gentlewomen of long ago, when the sun was brighter, when more roses bloomed on one stalk, and a sweet peacefulness breathed in the summer air. Their once powerful branch of the family tree had dwindled and pined until sturdy Count Robert, with his curling yellow hair, his light but proud blue eye, and splendid form, was its sole representant. Added to this was a retired life in the old chateau, shut well within its walls, and the solemn light that the double line of elms before and behind threw upon the faded tapestries, and still more faded satin of the white and gold furniture.

It was the shadows in life and the shadows of the trees that had dulled and saddened these poor ladies, forever clasping and smoothing their pretty old hands, and growing each year sadder and more quiet. There was a grand inclosure of gardens, lawns, and clumps of immense trees stretching back from the chateau, and a noble avenue of the "tilleul," through whose long, leafy vista one saw Mont St. Michael, her miracle of towers and turrets and lace staircase standing out clear against the sea, blue as now. And everywhere one found stone benches greened with moss, and half hidden by tangled grasses,—just such as Borgearau in our days has given to "The Sleeping Jesus and his Mother." But the long walks had sad need of gravel, the rose bushes were untrained, the stones tumbled down from the old walls, and small trees sprouted and grew beside them, rugged robin craned aloft his red cap on the broken eaves, and the useful plants of the kitchen garden, wholly forgetting in the lapse of years their ignoble birth, walked quietly into the ladies' rose garden, and each summer brought up their respective families with great dignity. Often on sunny days the three ladies, Madame de Bearvais-Noir and her sisters-in-law, Mademoiselle Reine and

Mademoiselle Cecile, walked slowly along the grassy paths, their shadows, one very long and two equally short, following them at a respectful distance upon the high old walls. They kept up a gentle kind of chatter among themselves as they passed through the gardens, once so brilliant with flowers, so carefully tended, and their soft hands often detached some vine or too bold shoot which half barred their passage. Perhaps one of the sisters-in-law would gather a bouquet, a perfect gem when completed, Madame de Bearvais-Noir always regarding it with kindly, appropriating eye, and finding much to say in regard to the arrangement of the colors, and invariably manifesting much surprise upon refinding it in a delicate vase beside her plate at dinner.

The good curé used often to join them in the garden on a fine morning, and being asked in a perplexed tone would he seat himself, the three ladies always standing all the while, and their favorite stone bench behind them stolidly admitting its inability to hold four, the curé, the gentlest of men, after regarding the sundial, and finding that too high, would cheerfully spread his big red handkerchief on the grass, saying with much grace, "At your feet, mesdames, as is my place." Then having offered them his delicate tortoise shell snuff-box, and they having at once pulled out their own of thin gold, the conversation commenced. The curé was always most deferential in manner, and though remarkably clever and well read, seldom advanced any opinion too strongly. He was, in fact, like most priests, a man of tact, and allowed the ladies to keep up their harmless chatter, which only ceased when Adèle, clattering around the bare floors in her wooden sabots, had tucked them all into bed. This was the usual life in the chateau, broken by much church-going in good weather, and occasional visits of ceremony, when the creaking old family coach, loudly protesting against hired horses and coachman, rumbled over the rough roads sadly jolting the three ladies, all in best attire. Count Robert seldom accompa-

nied them,—it was truly too dull,—and his relations readily pardoned him on account of his youth. But notwithstanding the quiet life, the shabby turnout, the dilapidated manor house, Robert of Bearvais-Noir was too good a “parti” to remain unknown in families where one or two daughters were to be well settled in life; and so it happened that the inmates of a neighboring chateau grew very cordial, that the ladies often chanced to meet coming from mass, and that finally—well, that after some gentle discussion a marriage was all arranged between the bewitching Marie de Montfort and Count Robert. That is to say, the mothers fully agreed upon the fitness of the match, the fine “rentes” of Mademoiselle de Montfort fully compensating for her less noble pedigree, and from the black eyes of the young girl herself flashed a joyful consentment. She longed to cut herself adrift from her quiet life, and have whole winters in charming Paris, instead of the brief visits which only made the country more insupportable by contrast.

But Count Robert, when all was duly announced to him by his stately mother, with many an expressive gesture and quick lifting of the brow—Robert swore by the bones of all his ancestors that this could never be.

“What! dispose of me as one sells a horse! Never!”

“Will you disobey the wishes of your mother?” cried Madame de Bearvais-Noir, almost rising from her chair in her amazement and wrath, and looking sternly at Count Robert, who, standing in the middle of the room, his shoulders squared and his hands behind him carelessly holding his cap, returned the gaze with one equally steady, although respectful. Was this the obedience, even to her smallest wishes, that she had always received from her son, she asked, slowly re-seating herself, one hand still grasping either arm of the chair. And she saw for the first time, revealed as by a flash, that here was something she could never rule; she had never ruled the father; the very attitude of the son told the same tale.

With an air of mingled surprise and anger, Madame de Bearvais-Noir slowly turned her gaze toward the window, and happily for all concerned it met the smiling face of the curé, who, hat in hand, stood waiting to be recognized before entering the drawing-room. Count Robert, after saluting him, withdrew. The ladies pulled their chairs more closely together, the snuff-boxes were tapped by delicate fingers, and the curé soon found himself the recipient of the scene which had just passed. His smiling face grew thoughtful as he listened, and his gray eyes also, as they rested upon Madame de Bearvais-Noir’s flushed cheeks and irritated expression. This was not the charming afternoon to which he had looked forward after all his tiresome and often depressing labors among the poor and erring of his flock. He tapped his snuff-box gently, and pulled his *soutane* quite straight over his knee, but still nothing in the way of solution came to his mind.

“And to refuse such a match as that!” cried the irritated mother for the tenth time, raising her eyes heavenward as though to implore pardon for such imbecility. Poor soul! She saw the old chateau restored, the shabby rooms again brilliant with gay hangings, the gardens once more bright with flowers, the great avenue of tilleuls, “that time only made more majestic;” the charming girl who had worked all this change would be walking there, and Robert beside her. But no; Robert would not; he had refused all this.

“Ah, Monsieur le curé,” she sighed, “Heaven took my husband and my three oldest sons; my fortune slipped away, too; but I have been most patient, feeling sure my Robert would marry well, and our old name and place be itself once more. Ah, had his father lived this would never have happened! His father had a will, too—but I am only a woman!”

“The young lady is charming,” answered the curé, half speaking to himself, “and monsieur your son, has he no other attachment by chance?”

He looked at Madame de Bearvais-Noir as he spoke. Had he looked at little Mademoiselle Reine he would have remarked a flush on her round cheeks.

“Not any, I assure you,” replied Madame de Bearvais-Noir at once.

And finally, as the hours passed, came dinner, so modest, so charmingly served, and then a quiet game of cards, in which the good curé took his part, as he was expected, and wherein, by some strange caprice of fortune, all the luck remained with the lady of the house,—as it always did, indeed, by tacit agreement.

CHAPTER II.

When Count Robert quitted the salon, quite hot, and irritated, too, he walked around the old gardens a few moments with the air of one who sees nothing; and then quickly calling the shabby groom to saddle Tonnerre, he cantered slowly out the gates just as his mother had fully commenced her sad recital of the downfall of her plans. Count Robert gave the reins to his horse, half knowing the route sure to be taken; and filled with emotions which rendered him alternately angry with his mother, and then with himself, soon found that Tonnerre had brought him beneath Marguerite’s window. But no roguish face peeped from behind the big pot of resada; and descending and tying the horse to a rough post serving for a gate that was never shut, he entered the domain of Monsieur Geoffrey. Not inviting to eye or sense, this surely—a long stretch of house and barn, all covered by the same thatched roof, green with moss and fern; a great pile of manure quite near the entrance door, ricks of hay and straw, old carts, old wheels, little pools of water here and there. All this met his eye, but in no manner disconcerted him—he was accustomed to it; and quickly threading his way through them all, tapped with his whip at the open door.

As he did so his eye glanced quickly around the low, square room, at the end of which, bending over a table, stood Marguerite. The

earthen floor was uneven enough. Two beds, with fresh, white curtains, occupied one side, and opposite was an immense fireplace, leaning against one corner of which was a bundle of fagots ready to replenish the fire, above which, in a copper “marmite,” slowly simmered the pot-au-feu, destined to last a week. A tall dark-wood “armoie,” bright with brass hinges and devices, held the wealth of family linen, and nailed against the wall, quite beside the door, the stand for the “cuvette,” or wash-bowl, and the “cuvette” itself, magnificent in the consciousness of being pure hammered brass.

“Entrez,” cried the fresh voice of the young girl; “father will be here directly;” and then, turning her head, she blushed upon recognizing Count Robert. Not all with pleasure, either, did she blush; she was startled upon seeing him enter her house. Ah! how foolish she had been, smiling and chatting from her window; and yet how utterly charming he was, too! And so, half pleased, half annoyed, she advanced a few steps, and, dropping a courtesy which Mademoiselle de Montfort might well have envied, begged to know how she might serve Monsieur le Comte.

“I called to see your father about my dogs,” answered Count Robert, easily, having arranged this excuse on the way.

“Ah! he will be in so soon, in a little moment. Will Monsieur wait an instant, or shall I send my father upon his arrival?” All this with the prettiest possible business air, and one hand already stretched back to the piles of dried leaves and flowers upon the table behind her.

“I will wait, Mademoiselle Marguerite,” replied the Count, half amused and wholly puzzled by this new behavior. “I will wait to see what witches’ cauldron you are brewing there,” pointing to a strange glass machine, from whose long neck some drops of water slowly fell into a delicate porcelain bowl.

“Ah!” cried Marguerite, crossing herself, and quickly refinding her gayety, as she sorted

her leaves and petals with great care, "I am distilling white poppy juice from these flowers, which I gathered with the good sisters. As though witches—Heaven preserve us!—made anything nice like that!"

"And for what are all these dried leaves?" asked Count Robert, carelessly thrusting his hand among them as he spoke.

"Ah! Monsieur le Comte, a thousand pardons; do you not recognize the 'tilleul' flowers, to give one sweet sleep?"

"And the 'tilleul' flowers at the chateau—oh! Mademoiselle Marguerite, do you not know the great avenue of these trees there? Will you not come there and pick them?"

"I have no necessity, Monsieur le Comte; there is a great abundance of them with the good Franciscaines, where I was taught, and where I learned the uses of flowers and herbs. I often work at home to aid them."

She turned to face him as she spoke, and did ever man see a fairer picture than Marguerite—her masses of pure golden hair, coquettishly crowned by a small lace cap; her dark eyes, with their darker lashes, flashing from beneath its delicate border, and contrasting strongly with the white and pink skin for which Normand maids are famed; and her round throat, rising proudly from a white chemisette; and the slender hands, which no work could harden, slowly shredding apart the petals.

"Yes; come to pick the flowers, and to remain there!" cried Count Robert, wholly forgetting the distance between them, and advancing toward her. "Have you forgotten all that I said yesterday, Maguerite, ma chérie?"

"Not forgotten, Monsieur le Comte, but reflected, and yesterday," with a blush, "I confessed, too."

"Indeed! as though you had any sins to confess. Did you forget to feed Louis?"—turning to caress as he spoke, a fine pie, who, balancing himself upon the back of a chair, slowly waved his long black tail and glanced with restless eye at his mistress.

"No, no, Monsieur le Comte, truly; that is

to say, I"—looking down—"told the curé all about it!"

"All about what?" cried the Count.

"Ah, Mon Dieu, but it is difficult to say these things,—enfin, all about talking to you, and—and—liking you."

"And he said?"

"Ah, Monsieur, do not be angry with me! He said, 'The daisies do not thrive in gardens. You, little Marguerite, look among other daisies for your lover,' she achieved boldly; "and then the good curé told me never to address you again. Ah, *ma foi*, he rated me soundly."

"And so you were not at the window to-day; but though you are an humble daisy, good blood runs in your veins, or I am not a Bearvais-Noir. Hold," pointing to a sketch upon the wall beside him; "was it you who drew this?"

"Yes, with a bit of burnt stick. Father was taking his soup, and I drew him, lifting the spoon to his mouth. The night was chilly, and it smoked just like that," touching the imitation upon the wall; "ah, I succeeded very well."

"Well; why, it is masterly, and the very shape of your hands tells of good birth!"

Marguerite sighed, hesitated, and then with a blush, and a quick movement as though brushing her timidity aside,—

"So my mother used to tell me."

"Tell you what?" asked Count Robert, hotly; "what did she say?"

"She said, Monsieur, that upon her side I am of your family."

"Of my family! Heavens? How delightful! And can you remember the branch—quick, Marguerite, quick!"

"My mother said it was a Count Ludovic de Bearvais-Noir, who married his English governess. His family was displeased by the match; they grew apart, and finally when he died few came to his funeral; and I have forgotten how, but my mother came from that branch of your family."

"And you knew this all along, and have never told me?"

“Yes, because my dear father never knew it; and what difference has it ever made to me?”

“Marguerite, do you care enough for me to become my wife?” asked Count Robert, slowly.

Marguerite hesitated, retreated a step, turned pale, and then advancing a little,—“It is this way, Monsieur. I love you enough to be your wife, but as this can never be, I shall follow the good curé’s advice and remain with the daisies, unless indeed your own family should desire it, too.”

“Spoken like a true Bearvais-Noir!” cried Count Robert, tossing up his cap. “Au revoir, my lovely pearl; I start in quest of that particular branch of my family tree.”

(To be continued.)

Noticeable Articles.

The Fortnightly for March contains a paper entitled “Some Lessons of Antiquity,” by Max Mueller, the learned professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, whose clear and vigorous English a good many English writers may well envy. It is an address before the Society for the Extension of University Teaching, and begins with a lively account of a recent meeting at Oxford of nearly a thousand University Extension students from different parts of England to listen for ten days to lectures on courses of study they were pursuing under the guidance of the association. It leads the professor to discourse upon what he considers the true function of a university: the keeping up of the connection between the present and the past. It is charged, he says, upon the old universities that their instruction is antiquated, and useless in the fierce struggle for existence to-day. “We are told that we teach dead languages, dead literatures, dead philosophy, as if there could be such a thing as a dead language, a dead literature, a dead philosophy. . . . I should say, on the contrary, that all living languages, all living literatures, all living philosophy would be dead if you cut the historical fibres by which they cling to their ancient soil. What is the life-blood of the French, Italian, and Spanish if not Latin? . . . Is Greek a dead language? It lives not only

in the spoken Greek, it runs like fire through the veins of all European speech. . . . Is Plato a dead philosopher? It is impossible for two or three philosophers to gather together without Plato being in the midst of them.” He goes on to illustrate the connection of the present with the remotest part of history in a variety of ways. “Whenever we read a book or write a letter we ought to render thanks in our hearts to the ancient scholars of Egypt who invented and perfected writing, and whose alphabetic signs are now used over the whole civilized world, with the exception of China. Yes, whenever you write an *a*, or a *b*, or a *c*, you write what was originally a hieroglyphic picture. Your L is the crouching lion; your F the cerastes, or serpent with two horns; your H the Egyptian picture of a sieve. Our numerals came from India. We call them Arabic figures, and that tells its own tale. But the Arabs call them Indian figures, and that tells its own tale likewise. Our figures came to us from the Arabs in Spain, they came to them from India; and if you consider what we should be without our figures I think you will admit that we owe as much gratitude to India for our arithmetic as to Egypt for our reading and writing.”

“Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, etc.? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty. The Babylonian way of reckoning time was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and strange to say it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins, and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain Babylonian.”

In like manner bi-metallism and the fixed ratio of gold to silver dates back to Assyria and Babylonia. But the greatest example of historical continuity is the Aryan language, and here the professor is on his own ground, if we only had space to follow him. He clearly has little faith in the new theory of the

European origin of the Aryans. Among reasonable people he says there is little doubt that the Aryan home was somewhere in Asia, and he calls the Aryan language "the classical language of the past, the living language of the present, and in the distant future the true Volapük—the language of the world."

"Let me not be misunderstood," he says. "I do not want everybody to be a classical scholar or antiquarian, but I hold that it is the duty of all university teaching never to lose touch with the past. It seems to me the highest aim of all knowledge to try to understand what is, by learning how it has come to be what it is. That is the true meaning of history," and he thinks it is of good augury that this great movement for the extension of the higher education which is going on in England should have started from the old universities. The whole paper is well worth reading. W. P. A.

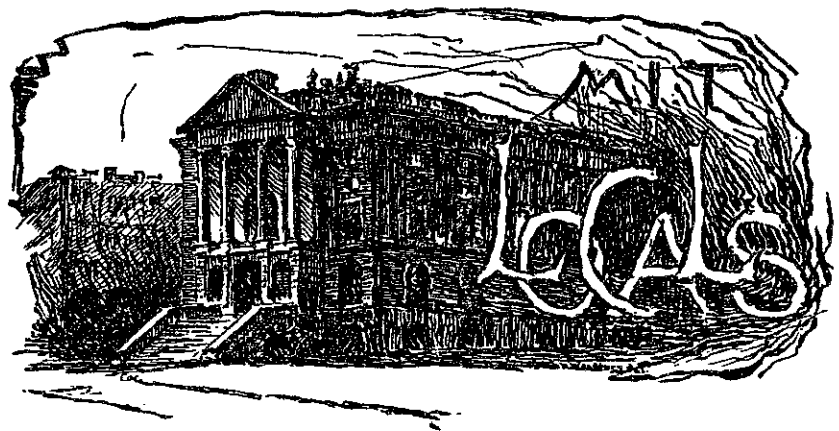
PARADISE LOST.

I took her to the play one night,
I cannot tell you my delight
At sitting with a maid so dear,
And chatting low, that none might hear;
At looking in her lovely eyes,
As deep and blue as summer skies,—
It seemed to me like heaven.

I saw her at the play again,
She did not smile upon me then;
Another man had brought her there,
She met my glance with cruel stare,
And as she looked I thought that she
Turned up her nose in scorn at me,—
She saw me in "the heaven." —*Brunonian.*

THAT HABIT.

My Nellie has a habit
She recently acquired;
And now that she has got it,
It clings to her like wax.
It may seem quite affected
That one so young and pretty,
As she, is in a habit,
And proud of it beside.
She's conscious it is pretty;
She knows that it's admired:
She "puts it on" a-purpose—
To tell the real facts.
But could you only see her,
You'd think it was *no* pity:
This so tenacious habit—
She wears it when we ride. —*Record*



Less than a month more for the Seniors to work up their theses.

The Institute views will probably be out in another week—or so.

Beaman, '89, has again taken up his thesis work at Nantasket Beach.

The Glee Club gives its annual concert in Boston, April 29th in Y. M. C. A. Hall.

Ayer, '89, has left the Institute, on account of sickness, and will not return this year.

W. B. Poland, '90, spent Fast Day in surveying an estate near Lexington.

The electric cars run all right now, don't they? "Keinen Fliegen daran."

The Seniors will please hand in their statistics at an early date, and oblige the Statistician.

E. B. Stearns has completed a survey of an old graveyard, near Cambridge, for the Historical Society.

The Annual Dinner of the Directorial and Editorial Boards of THE TECH will be held on April 23d.

Mr. Cartwright, of THE TECH, will have an article upon "Institute Colors and Institute Clubs," in the April *Collegian*.

The Glee Club is to give a concert in Salem on the 23d, accompanied by the Banjo and Quintet clubs.

On the 9th inst. a set of photographs of the Institute buildings was sent, bound in book form, to the Paris Exposition.

The last design this term for the second year regular and third year Special Architects

was given out last week, and is to be a game-keeper's lodge.

Fenn, '90, Babb, '90, Delano, '90, and Carlton, '90, are working on a contour map of the Natural History Park, adjoining Franklin Park, near Boylston.

Fast Day morning the Freshman baseball team played the West Roxbury nine, in West Roxbury Park. Ninety-two won, with a score of 25 to 5, in seven innings.

Ninety-one's baseball team played a six-inning game on Fast Day, with a nine from the Boston Athletic Association, and defeated them by the score of 10 to 9.

The Tennis Association are losing good weather in which to roll their grounds. If they wish to increase their membership they ought to show more push and vim themselves.

The Course I. men have all been advised to watch the erecting of the roof on the new armory. This explains the crowd of uniformed workmen on the Dartmouth Street bridge.

"Closed on account of lecture," appeared upon a door in the Rogers Building recently. Beneath it some wag had placed: "Will call again. G. Cleveland, and D. Lamont."

The third and fourth year students in Civil Engineering made an excursion last week to the Boston Bridge Works, in Cambridgeport, where they passed an instructive afternoon.

Mr. Kean, '89, who has been conducting investigations on the lily-blight at the Bermudas, returned to this city April 3d, as brown as a berry from his exposure to the tropical sun.

The men who have been working so well for the hare and hound races will keep in condition for the spring out-of-door meeting. Some of the records ought to be considerably lowered.

It is an unpleasant duty to remind those who have not paid their year's subscription for THE TECH, that the end of the year is almost here, and the present officers would like to make a full report.

The Department of Civil Engineering has already received a considerably greater number of applications for this year's graduates to engage in railroad work, in permanent positions, than it is able to fill.

The Co-op. had seven hundred members last year, and they sold one hundred and fifty tickets last Monday at the first sale. It is not necessary to write up the good points of this flourishing society to increase the sale.

Mentions were awarded in the Architectural department as follows: I. First, Müller. II. First, Wait, second, DeGersdorf, third, Codman. III. First, Reed, second, Spaulding, third, Shedd, fourth, Miss Howe.

Subscribers would confer a great favor upon this office by handing in Nos. 5 or 7 of Vol. VIII. (the present volume). The regular price will be paid for copies of the above returned in good condition.

The Hammer and Tongs met at the Vendome Saturday evening, April 13th. Twenty-five members were present. After enjoying the dinner, Messrs. Geo. W. Vaillant, '91, and Geo. B. Wood, A.B., '90, were initiated.

Messrs. Gannett and Hobart, '89, having been disappointed in their hope of obtaining an electric car from the West End Company, for the experimental work of their thesis, have been forced to change the subject to the "Efficiency of various makes of incandescent lamps."

The library of the Department of Civil Engineering has recently been enriched by the addition of several hundred books and pamphlets from the library of the late Edward S. Philbrick, which have been generously presented to the department by Mrs. Philbrick. Among these accessions are many rare reports and other pamphlets now difficult to obtain.

The Glee Club concert at Malden was not as successful financially as it was musically. There is no reason why, with the material in this year's club, it should not have a more marked success. And the conduct through-

out the entire concert, and especially after it, was decidedly more Freshman like than that of a glee club should be.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs gave an interesting programme to a small, but appreciative, audience at Malden, Wednesday, April 3d. The yodeling was excellent, but otherwise the Glee club shows need of more training; but they show good results, considering the adverse circumstances under which they have had to work.

The Tennis Association held its regular annual meeting for the election of officers, Tuesday, April 2d. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, D. A. Cater, '91; Vice-President, H. G. Bradlee, '91; Secretary, P. W. Mead, '91; Treasurer, G. E. Keyes, '92. It was decided not to open the tennis grounds this spring.

All students interested in college journalism should subscribe to the *Collegian*. This may be done by handing their name, accompanied by the subscription price, in at this office. The *Collegian* is a monthly journal devoted to the publication of the best college literary productions, and containing from time to time articles upon subjects prominently before all students. The price is \$3.00 per year.

The Sixth Annual Directory of the Class of '84 has been received at this office. It is a neatly gotten up pamphlet of about twenty pages, containing the constitution and by-laws of the class, a report of the annual reunion and dinner, and a directory of the members, giving their addresses and occupations. A dagger (†) before a man's name indicates marriage; hence the expression common among the '84 men, "Is this a dagger I see before me?"

The organization of the Sub-committees of the '89 Class Day Committee is as follows:—Printing, Engraving and Music, Cartwright, Chairman, Ranno, Durfee; Police, Ushers, etc., Dame, Chairman, Mott, Whiting; Rooms, Mauran, Chairman, Russel, Basford; Dressing-Rooms and Refreshments, Gilbert, Chair-

man, Thurber. The Executive Committee having general superintendence is composed of the three marshals,—Fiske, Hobbs, and French. All communications should be sent to the chairmen of the committees.

At the third and last winter meeting of the Harvard Athletic Association, Tech. made a good showing in all the events she entered. Wason did not jump in his usual good form, but was a close contestant for second place in the standing high jump, and finally lost, Beane taking it. In the rope climbing we had three entries, but two withdrew, leaving French, '89, who climbed first and in very good form, winning second place. In the running high kick Wason had a decided walkover. The rest of the events were excitingly contested, but we had no entries. The meeting was by far the most interesting of the series.

The annual dinner of the Electric Club was held at Young's, Monday, April 8th. The guests present were: President Francis A. Walker, Prof. Charles R. Cross, Prof. Silas W. Holman and Mr. H. E. H. Clifford. At the close of the dinner the president of the club, Mr. Hale, '90, spoke briefly of the history of the organization, and then introduced Mr. Walter Ellis, '90, as toastmaster of the evening. Mr. Ellis called upon President Walker, who made a short address, after which Professor Cross spoke at some length on the establishment and purposes of the course in electrical engineering. Various toasts were responded to by members of the club, and a poem read by Mr. Greenleaf, the entertainment concluding with a few vocal selections by the club in general.

The B. A. A. hare and hound race, held Saturday, April 6th, was a grand success for the Institute runners. There were twelve Tech. men in the run, three entering from the B. A. A. The trail was through dust and slush, covering about seven miles. The hares started at 4.05, and seven minutes later the hounds took the trail, numbering eighteen in

all. In 1 h. 8 m. 28½ s. after the start the hares crossed the line, and in 1 h. 14 m. 22 s. Batchelder, '90, crossed the line, followed by Andrews, '92, in 1 h. 14 m. 29 s.; Dame, '89, a close third, in 1 h. 14 m. 30 s., being second up to ten feet of the line, Andrews passing him by a pretty spurt; Delano, '90, in 1 h. 14 m. 48 s.; French, '89, in 1 h. 14 m. 53 s.; Wilson, '89, in 1 h. 15 m.; and Bemis, B. A. A., in 1 h. 15 m. 3 s. We cannot help but feel proud of this record.

THE LAST SUPPER.

For the last time in their college life the members of the Class of '89 have met each other around the festive board. The fourth annual dinner of the class was held at Young's Hotel upon the evening of April 5th—seventy-five members of the class, including those now at the Tech., and also many of our friends who have gone before. After every one had been introduced to Mr. F. L. Dame, the treasurer, the class filed into the dining-hall and were soon seated at the table, which was arranged in the form of the letter E. As the dinner went on, or rather off, the sparkling wit, a characteristic of the class, bubbled out, and peals of merry laughter broke forth ever and anon from all sides, especially from the central arm, which contained the '89 minstrel troupe.

Upon the advent of the *cafe noir*, Mr. J. P. B. Fiske, the president, arose and introduced to the class that inimitable toastmaster, Mr. J. Lawrence Mauran. As soon as the wild applause ceased Mr. Mauran called upon the president of the class to respond to "The Class," to which Mr. Fiske answered in a few well-chosen words, treating briefly upon the good times, hard work, good records, and true genius of '89. When Mr. Fiske had finished, the Class song for '86 was sung with a will.

In a neatly turned couplet the toastmaster next introduced Mr. W. B. Thurber, who replied to the toast "Our Sheepskins." The sergeant-at-arms spoke upon some of the stumbling-blocks in the way, and finally said that as parchment was found to be of very high

cost this spring, the Faculty had seen fit to grant but few degrees. Mr. Thurber very neatly worked in the fable of "The Ass and the Sheepskin." The song for 1887 was next rendered with great feeling, particularly when it came to $\frac{p}{v} = vdu$.

Mr. Merrill, in a very bright speech, replied to the toast "Futurity." During the course of his remarks the motto of the class, "'89 has done her duty as usual," was used effectively. The '89 class song, music by D. P. Goodrich and words by J. L. Mauran, was next sung.

Mr. Mauran then called upon Mr. J. T. Greeley to reply to "The Institute." After congratulating the class upon their escape from darkness, Mr. Greeley read a clever original poem relevant to '89's connection with the Institute.

Mr. Wales' song for 1888 was sung, and the toast, "THE TECH," was responded to by Mr. Hollis French. According to him, '89 has always stood high in literary circles, and is now represented by six out of fourteen members of the staff of THE TECH.

The tables and *debris* were now cleared away, and the class arranged itself at one end of the room to listen to the entertainment of the evening, a minstrel performance. A circle of chairs was soon formed, and eleven fine-looking Seniors took seats in the chairs. In the centre sat the writer of each year's class song, Mr. G. C. Wales. Mr. Hopkins as "Bones" occupied one end, and Mr. French as "Tambo" the other. In the circle were seated Messrs. Gannett, Durfee, Hutchins, Lauder, Mauran, Merrill, Marsh, and Cartwright. The programme included songs by Messrs. French, Hopkins, Marsh, and Cartwright, with choruses by "The Troupe," a banjo solo by Mr. Lauder, and a banjo trio by Messrs. Lauder, Durfee, and Gannett. The musical part of the programme was interspersed with jokes and tricks. At a late hour the sounds of mirth ceased, and each and every member went to his home with the impression that "the last supper" had been a great success.



IN our last issue the Lounger gave expression to the general desire that the Seniors should hold their annual "orgies" at the Institute dinner instead of at their own, as has hitherto been the custom. But the Seniors have not seen fit to do this, and perhaps it is just as well. Of course a class cannot be blamed for preferring to have its fun all to itself, and besides, there is doubtless considerable unbending of the Seniorical dignity on such occasions, and our sensitive members naturally shrink from exposing their beloved customs to the eager gaze of underclassmen. Of course the disappointment is not so keen with those who look forward to the time when they, too, shall become Seniors, but that growing majority who have long since abandoned their sheepskin aspirations and settled comfortably back in the slough of conditions, cannot but mourn that they have been denied this peep at unbended dignity.

For the consideration of one tenth of a dollar, the Lounger was permitted to try to find a seat at one of our palatial up-town theatres the other afternoon. Just as he succeeded in doing so, the curtain rose on one of those one-act tragedies for which this particular house is famous. The "toot assembly" of the stage was simple. A party of four were seated in various school-of-acting attitudes around a restaurant table. A burnt-cork waiter with an apron which looked like a laboratory towel danced attendance (and a clog by way of variety). After each of the stars had done his best to outstrip the others in singing and dancing the merits of Erin's

sod into the susceptible hearts of the audience, all discovered that they were hungry (in the play, you know), and proceeded to re-seat themselves at the table. The following gem dialogue then took place:—

First Star: "Waiter, get me a beefsteak and coffee!"

Second Star: "Give me some cakes brown on top."

Third Star: "You may bring me some ham and eggs on toast."

Waiter (yelling vociferously at a scene-shifter): "One slaughter-house and a black-swim! One stack of whites with a copper! Adam and Eve afloat in mid-ocean on a raft!"

Third Star (interrupting): "I guess I'll change that ham and eggs to scrambled eggs, Waiter!"

He of the laboratory towel (yelling as before): "Shipwreck Adam and Eve and smash a canary bird!"

The Lounger departed, satisfied that he had got his ten cents' worth.

EXCHANGE GLEANINGS.

Oxford University has appliances for printing in one hundred and fifty different languages.

The President of Pekin University, China, is translating Shakespeare's works into Chinese.

A number of Yale students found themselves charged on their term bills for pieces of the old fence which were found in their rooms. The janitor had been ordered to search the rooms. The item has caused much indignation.

A cup has been offered in the Columbia spring games for the longest drop kick with a football. The winning kick must exceed ninety feet.

An average of forty per cent in every class at West Point graduate.

Wellesley was chosen to represent the typical woman's college of America at the Paris Exposition, and Ogontz as the typical young ladies' fitting school.

Our paper has gone to press to-night; so has our exchange editor.

Six cups have been offered to the University of Penn. class winning the inter-class championships in rowing, baseball, general athletics, tug-of-war, tennis, and cricket.

The Japanese Government has issued an order that English be taught in all Japanese schools.

Kettleman, of Yale, recently broke the record for the hundred-yard dash, making it in $9\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.

It has been proposed to unite all the Greek-letter fraternities in New York in one large and splendidly appointed club-house, each society to have a separate room, but to have one large billiard-room, bowling-alley, etc.

Princeton is to have a new chemical laboratory costing \$80,000, and also a new dormitory which will cost \$75,000.

The captains of the Yale, Harvard, and Columbia Freshman crews are all from St. Paul's School.

Wadsworth, '91, M. I. T. '89, has left college and has gone into business in Boston.—*Crimson*.

The Harvard Co-operative Society has a membership of 609, and does a business of about \$50,000 a year.

Several of our Seniors expect to go to Europe before the Class Day and the Commencement exercises.

At a meeting of joint committees from Yale and Harvard, at Springfield, in regard as to where the Harvard-Yale football game will be played next Thanksgiving, it was decided that if satisfactory arrangements could be made with the park authorities of Springfield, it will be made the permanent meeting place of the two teams.

The Columbia Freshman class has refused to row against the Yale Freshmen this June, at New London.



It was by chance that I happened to call
And catch Mistress Peg unawares in the hall;
Where, scolding and pouting, as pretty maids do,
She was just pulling on a refractory shoe.
And oh, how the lace fluttered back to disclose
The highest of heels, the most pointed of toes,
With a smart silken stocking, snug-fitting and trim,
Round the ravishing ankle, seductively slim!
"From extreme to extreme," says the sage, and the view
Of her exquisite foot in its gay little shoe,
The spark of my passion to flaming so fanned,
That I went the next morning and asked for her hand.
—*Life*.

Why should I not repine?
I asked her to be mine;
She answered "Yes" (oh, day accursed!)
And added, "This is April first!"
—*Life*.

"Do you think your son has the necessary qualifications to become an artist?"

"I'm sure of it. He can do without food for three days, and he knows the position of every free lunch in the city."—*Life*.

"Bleasure pefore peesness," remarked Kohnberg, as he watched the cane rush, and afterward gathered a harvest for his second-hand store.—*Puck*.

A TIMELY RHYME.

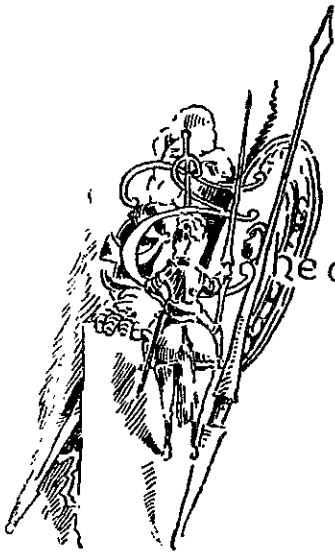
Codfond dthis gopy,
No sprig pombe!
Imb id dno shabe byself do wride,
I've sudgh uh cold, I gannod holler,
Idthink I'll ave do dry sobe Hood's Sarsbarilla do-nide,
Wud udred dozes wud dollar.

—*Courant*.

A LETTER HOME.

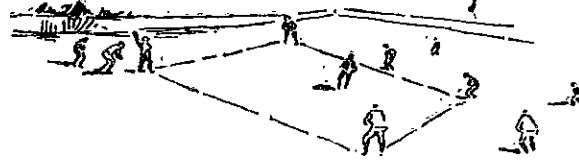
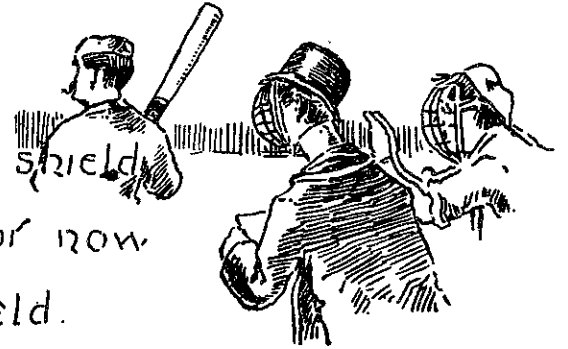
DEAR FATHER,—I am well, and am studying hard. We have just reached "Demand" in Pol. Econ. The supply is always equal to the demand. Please send me fifty dollars. Your affectionate son, J. LOAFER.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

NOW AND THEN.

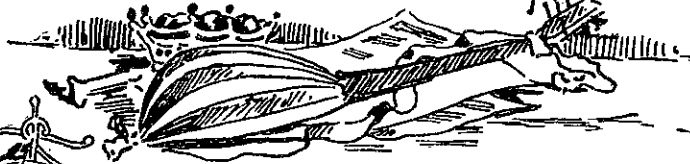
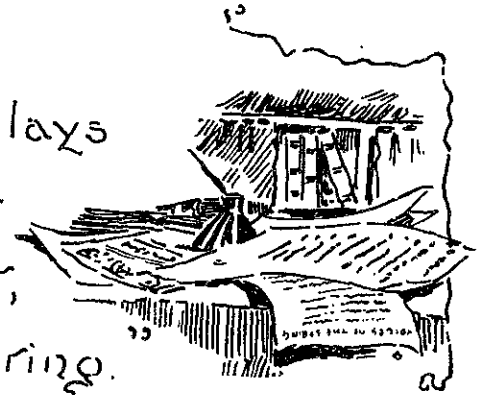


The days of chivalry are gone

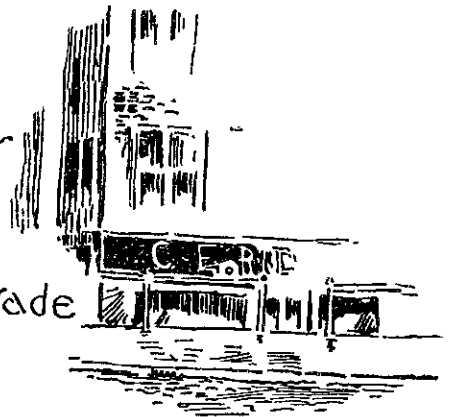
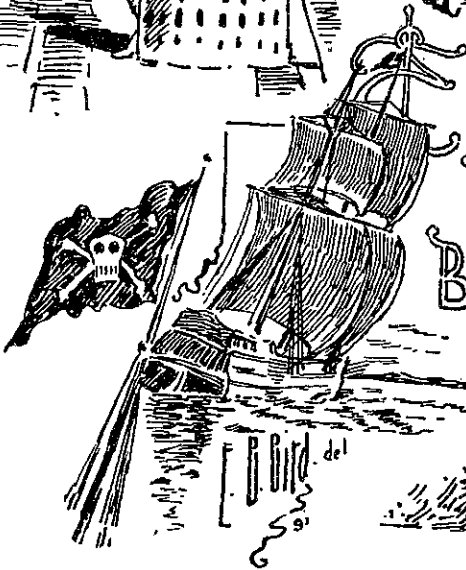
With knightly lance and shield,
The umpire wears the armor now
Upon the diamond field.



No more the minstrel tunes his lays
To tell a drowsy king,
He mails them to the editor,
As, "Voices of the Spring."



The bold and lawless buccaneer
No longer sails the seas,
But Red-r carries on the trade
And robs you at his ease.



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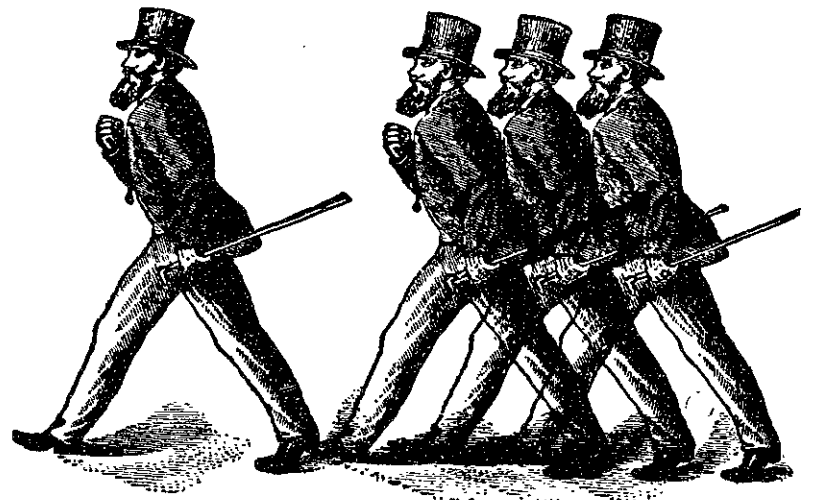
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