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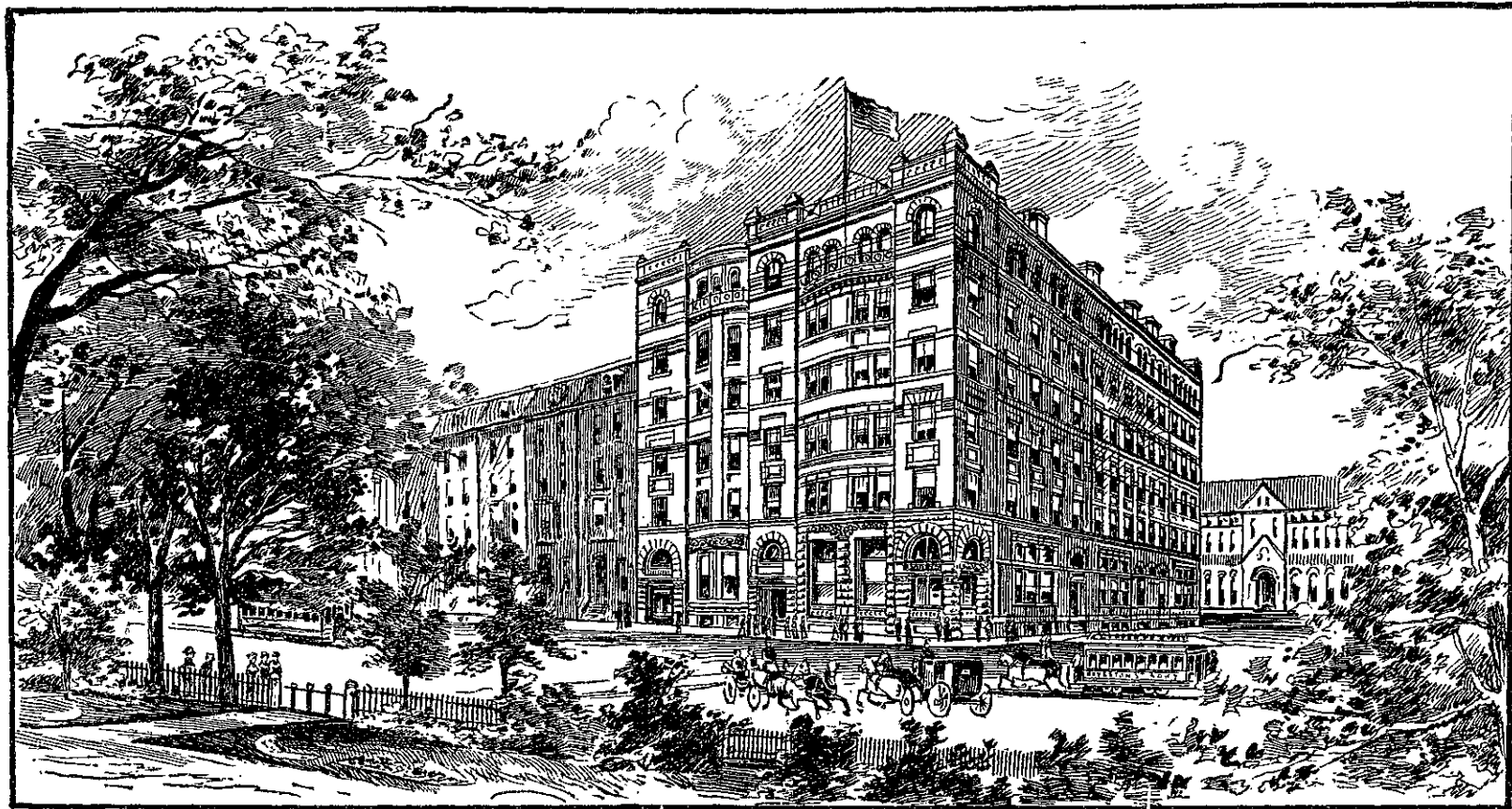
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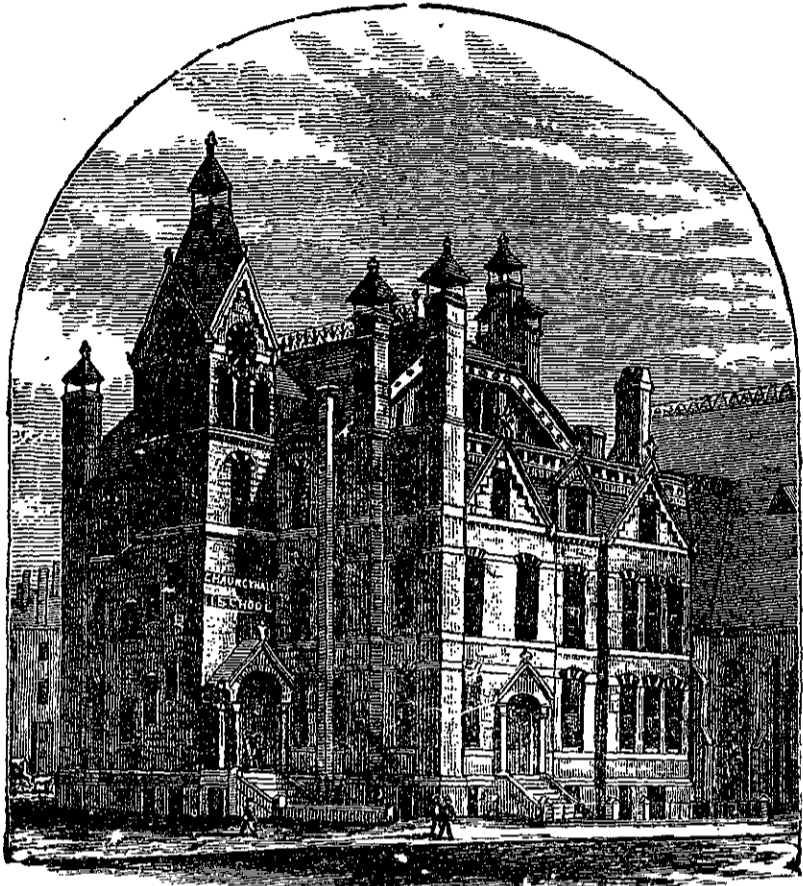
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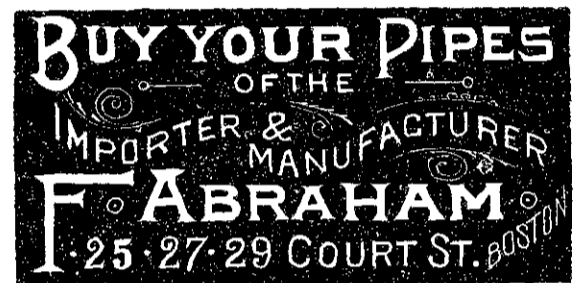
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“**H**URRAH for Harrison and Morton!”
“Hurrah for Cleveland and Thurman!” And therein lies the gist of the coming struggle. With good men thus leading the two principal parties, the course pursued by either of them after election will not widely differ from that of the other, in its results, so long as victory is assured.

It has been remarked by a partisan leader that “the coming contest was a question of brains or Blaine,” and this merry quip was loudly applauded by his followers; but campaign alliterations and clever mud throwing already play too important a part in our politics, carrying more conviction to the thoughtless than a fair statement of facts requiring personal reflection and judgment.

Without doubt Blaine has been trotted out before the public by Republican managers to the extent of bad taste and offensiveness; but to characterize this able statesman as brainless, is as idle as declaring in the infallibility of Grover Cleveland.

Tariff is the sticking point, and here lies the chief decision of the independent—extreme conservatism on one side, and a step toward a needed reform on the other. Neither party mean absolute protection, or absolute free trade, even in the remote future; a reform is necessary, which must come sooner or later, and the Democrats have been fortunate enough to take the initiative; but here they seem to stop, appearing to be too thoroughly imbued with self-satisfaction to further detail their platform.

The Republicans, however, forced to originality, have boldly outlined a course, which, if pursued, would do more credit to the inventiveness of its creator than good to the public at large.

Past experience shows, however, that the proposals of a victorious party made before election are seldom adhered to when the smoke of battle has cleared away; and we are still left in the delightful position of the man who swore by tariff reform after reading Mills' speeches, only to be converted to rank protection on hearing the eloquent exhortations of Mr. McKinley.

THE Freshmen have shown the right kind of spirit by entering into the tennis tournament, and giving so heartily the support which is so necessary to the welfare of the Club, and this in the face of the fact that the grounds were in so poor a condition and the weather so inclement. It is only those who have had no experience in arranging the tennis grounds who growl at the delay in the laying out of the courts, which, together with the poor condition of the soil, render the results highly praiseworthy.

ALTHOUGH the subject may be rather trite, we still feel justified in calling attention to the little enthusiasm and spirit which the majority of the students show in regard to encouraging athletics.

This fact was forcibly illustrated in the last Tech.-Harvard game, where the number of Institute men present was very small indeed. It seems a great pity that the foot-ball team, for instance, should not be able to arouse enough enthusiasm to make it almost a duty to attend the games. Foot-ball being the most popular game at Tech., may be taken as the representative sport, and even then it lacks proper encouragement. One could not find so much fault if the game were played in a distant city, but when it takes place within a half-hour's ride from Boston, there certainly should be a better showing of Tech. men.

Of course, no one expects that the Institute will attain, at least not for many years, a national reputation as foster-mother of athletics. A good start has, however, been made, and its further progress will now be in proportion to the hearty support it shall receive.

There is hardly a student, no matter how hard he may work, whom a little exercise, and if not participation, at least an interest as on-looker in the games, will not benefit. Out of eight hundred students a better showing can surely be expected.

It will certainly be obtained if every one henceforth will consider it an obligation to promote by his presence the success of all Tech. athletics.

IT has been customary for the cheering to be led by the foot-ball police, but individual enthusiasm often carries a certain fellow away so that he attempts to raise a cheer himself. This is commendable enough, only this fellow generally gets his cheer in at the wrong time. It is important that the team should always have a spoken signal from the captain, and if fifty fellows are exercising their lungs within a few yards of the rushline at the time the

ball is snapped back, a wrong play is very liable to result. The cheering should always be done after the ball has been put in play, and before the rushers have lined up for the next play, or when the other side has the ball. For the field the short yell is a great deal better and livelier than the long-drawn-out Institute cheer.

IT is encouraging to hear from the Harvard men such very favorable opinions of our foot-ball team. Many of the prominent foot-ball men have expressed the opinion that the present team is the best that the Institute has ever produced. They say that the vim and snap which is put into the team play is something to be proud of so early in the season. If the men only show up in the championship games as they did at Cambridge, victory is assured. We are proud of our team, and are sure that it will be in the van, as heretofore.

NOW that we are assured of the torchlight procession, it would be well to say a few words about it. In the first place, we want as many men as possibly can come; this is necessary to the success of the plan. In the last campaign four hundred men paraded; and now, with our much-increased numbers, it is not unreasonable to expect at least five hundred. But we cannot have this amount unless the Freshmen go in full force. Out of their total of over three hundred men, only about a hundred have promised to go. Now this is not as it should be, that only one third of our largest class should turn out. This is largely due, we think, to the want of acquaintance among the Class of '92; the class feeling is not so strong as it will be later, when the members of the class are more closely bound together by the ties of friendship and common interest. But there can be no close relationship unless the members show a desire to come together as often as possible, and to

welcome the chances of becoming acquainted which are presented by such an occasion as this. But besides the class feeling of pride in making a large showing, each class owes something to the other classes and to the Institute. We are all dependent upon each other for the support necessary to the success of such an occasion as the torchlight parade; and even if it be to the detriment of a recitation or two, that support should be given.

There are some men who will not turn out on account of the cost of the uniform, or because they have no interest in the procession. That a man, a member of such an Institute as ours, where four years of his life are passed, should feel so little interest in an affair common to all the students as to be unwilling not only to go, but also to contribute to the subscriptions raised to defray necessary expenses, is something of which to be most deeply ashamed. Such a man, who has no public spirit at all, or no thought beyond his own little affairs, is not hard to find, but we hope that there are few of them at the Tech. As regards the cost of the outfit, no one should hesitate when he thinks of the pleasure it will bring him. Four years of a man's life are spent at college, and these years are the happiest, always. At a college like Harvard the men are always together, and there are many public and private gatherings. But at the Tech. there are few assemblies of the students, and all such occasions should be well attended. During a man's after life the recollection of these meetings will be sources of great pleasure, and will grow dearer and dearer to him the further he is removed from his college years; and surely a few dollars, and the giving up of a single evening's study, is little enough to pay for such reminiscences.

Of course no objections will be raised as to the politics of the procession. The Institute has voted to go in the Republican demonstration, and it would be too extravagant for any one to refuse to go because he is a Democrat. Out-of-town fellows may perhaps find it a little

inconvenient, but for those who are unable to return home that night, cots will be provided in the Gymnasium, as they were four years ago, and we hope that they will all be occupied. And now once more let us say that the cost of the uniform ought to make no difference in the number going; we must pay for our fun, as for everything else.

THE duties of the foot-ball police are far from pleasant to either themselves or the spectators. Their services, then, should be required as little as possible.

If one man crosses the ground lines a dozen others are sure to follow, and this means a general crowding in order to see the game. A large number of police have been appointed this year, with a view to keeping this first man where he belongs; but if every student will endeavor not to appear as this "first man," a great deal of unnecessary interruption will be done away with.

THE Glee Club is about to begin regular rehearsals, and we wish it great success for the coming year. When we have the regular Boston concert, we would suggest that it be given as a joint concert of the Glee Club and Orchestra,—that is, if the latter is formed. Last year there was some talk of having a concert of this kind, but as the orchestra died so young it could not be done. We hope that very shortly there will be a good orchestra started with this purpose in view. We would also suggest that the Glee Club give more out-of-town concerts than it did last year. Of course we have not enough time to go far away, but there are plenty of places comparatively near Boston where a concert would be a success, and we want to show people that we *can* do something besides grind, and, also, that we support a first-class musical organization.

Couplet.

Last night a star,
From regions far
Beyond the gates of heaven,
Dropped from its place
Down, down through space—
To earth a soul was given.

To-night a light
Hath spread full bright
Far out o'er heaven's dome,
And through it's beams
A swift flash gleams—
Another soul gone home.

—*Carl Ernst.*

In the Maine Woods.

ONE of the pleasantest recollections of my boyhood is of a lumber camp in Maine. When I was twelve we spent a summer there, —my father, my uncle, my two elder brothers, and myself. In the camp we necessarily came into contact with many rough characters, and one of them, the roughest of all, yet to me the tenderest, was Jacques Ladousac. He was a queer man, a French Canadian, the strongest one in camp, and the most skillful workman. But for his being such a workman he would have been turned off, for at times he was liable to fits of madness, when all were afraid of him. I heard little of his mad times,—they kept them from me; and I only knew that, although with the others he was sullen and moody, to me he was gentle. So quite a friendship sprang up between us, which my father allowed, thinking that my company did Jacques good.

But this came to an end one day when Jacques, in a quarrel with a man, killed him in a burst of temper, and then took to flight. He escaped, though pursued, and nothing more was seen of him, and he passed out of men's minds, and I, among the rest, forgot him, too.

Since then I have spent most of my summers in Maine, sometimes with my father and brothers, and sometimes with my friends. My college vacations I spent with Jim Randall, my chum, and good times we had, too.

The summer after I graduated I spent with Jim on one of our trips. We went to a place even now not heard of,—a little lake far from any settlement. It was twenty years ago, and then Maine was much wilder than it is now. We took our canoes, fishing tackle, rifles and ammunition, but little else, for we were to live on what we shot or caught. It was an exceedingly pretty little lake, and very wild. Deer, moose, and even bears were there in plenty. It was not a bad place, either, for such game as lynx, wild cat, or wolverine, and once Jim got a shot at a panther. Perhaps it was dangerous to go to this wild spot, but we took good care of ourselves, which we knew pretty well how to do, having spent most of our time in the back woods. And no dangerous adventure befell us till the day before we started for home.

Our provisions for the homeward trip were few, so we drew lots to see who should go and hunt for meat. It fell to me, and I started off at six, hoping to get a shot at a moose or a deer, and leaving Jim to pack up. As we had hunted all around the shores of the lake for the last three weeks, I laid my course away from it. The morning passed, and though I came across plenty of tracks, they were all old. I visited all the likely spots I thought of, but not a fresh trail did I strike, and never a deer did I see. But two incidents came to my attention.

A couple of hours after I started I came across a place, in some thick underbrush, where something had evidently gone by before me, leaving a trail at right angles to my own. I examined the trail closely, and followed it some little way, but I could not conjecture what had made it. It had evidently been made by some large animal, but no footmarks were discernible, and I could only say that the trail was about a day old.

An hour or so after this, as I came out on the bank of one of the little rivers that flow into the lake, I suddenly saw what I thought to be a human form, about a hundred yards

from me, on the other bank of the river. I only perceived it indistinctly, as it entered the bushes, and I could not be sure that I saw it at all. I hastened at once as near the spot as possible, and examined the place from the bank on which I was. But I came to the conclusion that I had seen nothing, as on the grassy bank there was no mark, and the bushes looked as if they had not been disturbed. I did not connect this incident with the other, and they both soon slipped my mind.

About three o'clock, after a long tramp, having had only a little lunch, I started for camp, and at about four I found myself very near it. Passing through a pretty little glade, that I had often admired, I thought I'd stop for a minute, and take a good look at it for the last time.

Through the scattered trees on one side of the glade I could see the lake, about fifty yards off. The trees on the other three sides loomed up grandly, and their high tops, forming a canopy overhead, shut out the sky. How beautifully the shadows were cast by the sun coming across the lake, and the depths of the woods behind me looked sombre in their loneliness. I turned to look down the long aisles of the forest, and saw a sight that drove the half-formed words from my lips, and the fancies from my brain.

Creeping from one tree to another in a stooping posture, quietly, noiselessly nearing me as I had stood looking away, but now suddenly stopped by my seeing him, was the form of a man. A man it was, but in such a condition that but for his face, on which the sunlight fell full, I should never have known him. With a wild, matted shock of hair, and a beard falling down over his chest, which was half covered by the skin thrown over his shoulders, he looked like some demon of the woods creeping about on his malicious errands.

But he gave me no time to wonder. Straightening up he rushed right at me, uttering at the same time a roar, half human, half brutish. I brought up my gun to a ready, but as I did so

he hurled at me the hatchet he held in his hand. It came so swift and true that I barely had time to throw up my rifle to shield my head. The missile struck it at the breech and shattered the lock. I can still see the look he gave as he leaped over a fallen log within ten feet of me. I swung my broken rifle round with both hands full at his head.

Catching the descending barrel in his palm he flung it aside, striking at me at the same time with his other hand, half open like a gorilla's. I caught the blow on my upthrown elbow, and then the weight of his onset carried me to the ground. As we fell, I dropped the gun and caught him round the body, twisting over so that we fell on our sides. His head struck a root, and for a moment he lay half stunned. I leaped to my feet. Then—I know not why—a sudden horror seized me, and I turned and ran. I made for the beach; it was good for running there. As I passed out of the glade I turned my head and saw him groping for his hatchet, looking like a goblin, with the sunlight striking on him and all the woods behind in shadow. Then he rose and gave chase.

Everyone knows that horrible feeling in dreams when, trying to flee from some awful thing, one cannot move, and is caught. Something akin to that I felt now as I ran along the little beach, and felt, rather than saw, that terrible creature gaining rapidly on me.

The beach curved round into a little cove now, and I plunged again into the woods. How close he was I did not know. I dared not turn my head. Something suddenly whizzed past me, and I saw his hatchet, hurtling onward, strike in a tree full thirty feet before me at the height of my head, such was the terrible force of the throw. The next moment I stumbled and fell at full length, shooting forward on my face. He rushed up panting like a dog, and threw himself on me, twining his hands round my throat.

Then how I struggled! I threw him off and gained my feet, but he grappled me again be-

fore I could get in a blow. Swaying and straining, we wrestled, and I put forth all my strength to throw him, but he withstood me like a wall, and then slowly bent me backward. Back, back to my knees he forced me, and then we stopped braced up by a tree. His hands sought my throat. I lost all hope, and looking into the bright fierce eyes so close to mine, I tried to pray to God. But suddenly, as I gazed steadfastly into his eyes, resolved to look my foe in the face to the last, what did I see? Surely there was nothing familiar in that low, broad forehead and the features, scarcely distinguishable under that long beard. But in those eyes, in their peculiar color and glitter,—that brought to my mind the lumber camp of years gone by and Jacques Ladousac.

I felt his hands close round my neck, and I cried despairing, "Jacques! Jacques Ladousac!"

He let me go and staggered back, pressing his hand to his forehead. I rose to my feet, and saw the look in the eyes soften; then with a wild cry he rushed away into the woods.

And I was saved! saved! Never before had I been so near death, with the grasp of that wild man on my throat and his face so close to mine. Saved by a recollection, a sudden memory, causing in the mind of the mad man who knows what old memories to spring up, and softening him by the mention of his name.

The Merrimack Circuit.

"**B**UDGY! O Budgy! five o'clock! Star-bowline!" This exclamation bursts upon the tired and sleepy canoeist with anything but a pleasing sensation; however, he stretches his arms two inches beyond their natural limit and arises, giving vent to a most startling yawn. A cup of cocoa is soon steaming before the caller and callee, and a lunch is partaken of, which, though light, serves to raise their spirits a point or two. By 5.30 A. M. all is ready, and each paddler takes his seat for a brisk thrash to windward.

From City Point a straight course is made for Charles River; and after backing, turning, and sheering, to avoid tugs and steamers, and paddling in the teeth of a brisk northwest wind, the Navy Yard is reached. A short rest is taken, which short respite brings back wind and muscle, so the regular dip of the blades does not again cease until the Harvard Boat-house is reached.

After waiting an hour and a half the Peterborough is joined by "the doctor" and "Bob" in a Racine canoe. The more the merrier, so up through the delightful marshes of the Charles push the voyagers, until the dam at Watertown causes shallow water. Anything for variety, so the canoes are shouldered and manfully struggled with through the streets of the town. The dams are finally passed and dropped all along the streets, when rounding a corner a group of urchins send forth in shrill tones, "Tippecanoe!" More damns, not on the map, are left behind.

Next comes Waltham, a busy place,—that is, if the obstructions in the river signify anything.

Here "Bob," who has raided a pie wagon, is suddenly in need of brandy in a temperance town; but luckily "the doctor" is along, so a prescription is forthcoming, and soon Robert is himself again.

Three P. M. finds the boats at Riverside, where "the major" and "the Blink" are impatiently awaiting their arrival. A short rest is enjoyed, and a chat with the new companions; and then more paddling.

The crew of the Peterborough are tired, having already paddled twenty-five miles; hence they do not overwork themselves, but take it leisurely. Newton Lower Falls and its dams are carried around; then a short run and the Upper Falls are treated in a like manner; after which a sigh of relief breaks from all, for there are no more carries between them and their nights haven, Dedham. The sun has hidden his face behind the clouds which hang heavy upon the horizon, and the cool evening

air braces up the tired ones, so that at 8 P. M. Dedham is made, and a good supper at "Bob's" house is disposed of.

"The skipper" and "Budgy" having paddled forty-five miles in thirteen hours, are ready to turn in; and their feelings being seconded by the other crews, there is soon to be heard nothing but the sullen roar of the sleepers.

Sore and weary on the morrow the cruisers grip their paddles and push on, gradually warming up to their work, and forgetting pain. A carry is made at Charles River Village, and early in the afternoon South Natick is reached. A meal is eaten at the Bailey House, the team is harnessed, and the canoes, four in number now, having been joined by "the artist" and "B," are packed into the wagon; for here the Charles is to be left, and Lake Cochituate is the objective point.

Many songs and canoeing choruses fill the air, making heads pop out of the houses as the wagon, with eight men on it, their legs dangling over the horses and wheels, goes merrily along the three miles to the lake.

As soon as camp is made foraging for supper is in order, and corn, butter, milk, bread, and eggs reward the hunters. There were many unbidden guests present at that meal, since those nocturnal birds that fly into one's ears with a biz-z-z-z, are out in force to welcome the newcomers. A hot night and plenty of mosquitoes, and you can imagine, gentle reader, that the tempers shown the next morning are not so sweet as might have been under other circumstances. Camp is soon broken, and photographs by the "special artist" are taken.

A bold strike is made for the Sudbury River. There are five basins to Cochituate Lake as one after another was entered, men said, "The outlet is just around the corner." Finally it was found, and after carrying over two dams, the canoes and crews find themselves afloat in Cochituate Brook with the current for the first time. A couple of miles down comes another

dam, with but little water below it, but, nothing daunted, the Peterborough and the Adirondack are put into what little water there is, and paddled, poled, and towed about three miles into the Sudbury River at Saxonville. While going down Cochituate Brook the canoeists are subjected to the scrutiny of several gentlemen cows, through whose domain the brook runs.

The Racine and the "artist" and "B." having carried by team are in consequence somewhat in the lead.

They were soon found resting, which is quite characteristic of "A." and "B."; lunch is eaten and early in the afternoon a camp is made upon an island in the marshes above Wayland. A swim is enjoyed, and "the major" and "Doc" with their customary agility and luck, procure milk, butter, bread, and eggs. Pleasing manners with the farmers' daughter bring forth the largest loaves, the fattest pies, and the greasiest doughnuts, for stomachs that can now digest rocks.

For once the mosquitoes are foiled, for black-fly cream turns those who use it into regular mosquito-nets, and the open mouth is the only vulnerable point; so in self-defense it is kept shut, and snoring for the time quieted.

Saturday is pleasant, and Fairhaven Bay is reached without incident. Below the bay lunch is eaten and a swim indulged in. Numerous parties of young men and women are rowing up the river from Concord, and are electrified to see fourteen feet, out of water, projecting from under a boat, and a very active bucket on the water bottom up. It is only our travelers hiding behind the boat in shallow water, and "Bob" swimming around with the water-pail on his head.

At Concord, Mass., the Sudbury and Assabet join to form the Concord River. At this junction is a point of rock which the Indians used to inhabit, and there is an inscription chiseled on the rock to that effect. Up the Assabet go the cruisers, bent on tasting the water of all streams in their way.

Camp is made during the afternoon near a

couple of farmhouses, one of which is particularly interesting on account of a buxom farmer's daughter. Sunday is like every other day while cruising, so the start is made early in the morning, and after a carry at Billerica, Wannisit is reached. The "artist" and "B." having left, there are but three canoes to transport. A drunken teamster is hired to take the canoes through Lowell and below Hunts Falls.

After putting the canoes across a small wagon, and attempting to drive an unsteady course up a twenty-foot street with a sixteen-foot canoe across his team, he is discharged, the canoes and duffle unloaded, and a large express wagon telephoned for.

The carry is made very comfortably in the new conveyance, and late in the afternoon the boats are launched upon the then placid bosom of the Merrimack, below Lowell. A few miles are covered and camp made upon a high bluff near the Narrows. A rousing camp-fire is made, and the aroma of boiling coffee and frying bacon is wafted to the nose, causing the eating utensils to be brought quickly forward. What a relief, with "Tippecanoe" still ringing in one's ears from Lowell urchins, to sit in perfect quiet, and eat hot toast and bacon, and drink good coffee. As the steam rises, one's thoughts go up into space with it, and a perfect quiet reigns save the crackling of the fire. Supper over, the pipe of fragrant weed is indulged in, and its quieting effects make all ready to turn in. Let us turn in with them until the morrow.

ILEX.

(To be continued.)

Her Answer.

"Dearest," he whispered soft and low,
 "This tiny ring to me pray lend;
 It typifies my love for you,—
 For, like my love, it has no end."
 "I have no rings to spare," she said;
 "My heart you have no chance of winning.
 My love to you is like the ring
 In this respect,—there's no beginning."
 —*Yale Record.*

Noticeable Articles.

ENGLISH literary papers like the *Academy* and the *Athenæum* contain just now long lists of new works which the London publishers have in press for the forthcoming literary season. To read such a list gives one an impressive idea of the vastness of modern English literature, and of the activity of the London publishing world. I have selected below a few titles which seemed likely to interest the readers of THE TECH.

In English literature Macmillan announces a new edition of Wordsworth's Poems in one volume, with a preliminary essay by John Morley,—an essay which will have to be very good to excel the one to be found among those of the late Professor Shairp, and which Emerson said should be prefixed to every edition of the poet's works. It is greatly to be hoped that the poems will be arranged in chronological order, as they are in the costly edition of Professor Knight, and not in the rather fanciful way in which the poet himself arranged them. They also announce a complete edition of the works of Edward Fitzgerald with a memoir. This is the accomplished scholar whose charming translation, or perhaps, rather, paraphrase, of the verses of the Persian poet, Omar Khayam, has been so universally read and admired. The same publishers have a Life of Charles Lamb, by Canon Angier. This is a revised edition of the one in "English Men of Letters," and is intended to accompany the new edition of Lamb's Works and Letters, on which Mr. Angier has expended so much loving labor,—an edition which supersedes all others. They have also A History of English Literature in the Eighteenth Century, by Edmund Gosse. This is a new volume of a history intended to be complete, each period of which has been intrusted to a different writer. The Elizabethan Period, by Saintsbury, is the only one that has appeared. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., announce "Selections from Wordsworth's Poetry," prepared by the Wordsworth Society, and edited by Professor Knight. This ought to be a judiciously selected anthology, and the greatest admirer of Wordsworth has to admit that the poet himself printed a great deal of poor and mediocre verse along with that smaller portion which has placed him at the head of the poets of his generation.

The "Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge" announce in their long list a new vol-

ume of one of their numerous series of useful books, entitled, "The Dawn of European Literature: French Literature," by Gustave Masson, the venerable teacher of French at Harrow, who died this summer. Anyone who chances to pass down the stately new Northumberland Avenue in London, on his way to the magnificent Hotel Métropole, can hardly help noticing the handsome shop of this wealthy society, which by no means confines its publications to religious books technically so called. The student of history and literature is much beholden to it for the publication in cheap form of many useful aids to study; as, for instance, the series of little volumes entitled, "Early England," including "Celtic England," "Roman England," etc. The Anglo-Saxon volume, by Grant Allen, is particularly readable. Then there is a series entitled, "Early Chronicles of Europe," giving a popular account of the original documents on which the history of France, England, and Italy is based; and their long catalogue contains many other useful titles.

In history and political science the most important announcement is that of a work on American institutions, by Prof. James Bryce, the well-known author of "The Holy Roman Empire," one of the best historical monographs that has been written in this generation, a book indispensable to every student of mediæval times. Apparently Professor Bryce's work is to be as elaborate as the famous, and perhaps a little overrated, book of De Tocqueville, now half a century old.

There is also announced a new edition of Mr. Justice Stephen's "History of Criminal Law in England"; a work as valuable to the students of history and sociology as to the lawyer.

In the *Contemporary* for September, Professor Seeley has an interesting discussion on the subject of "Literary Immortality," wherein he takes a view of the writers of past times which is none the less true for being somewhat novel. "Do not writers," he asks, "seem to live on from century to century, and to hold the rank of classics, who have little resemblance to Shakespeare or Dante, and a good deal of resemblance to the ordinary successful writer of the season?" Even of such writers as Addison, Johnson, and Pope, he ventures to say, "Classics of this kind, after having discharged a useful function for perhaps a century, are allowed to retain a conventional rank ever afterward. They keep their title after they have retired from active

work. There is such a thing as a classic *emeritus*. The present generation does not really use Addison as a model for prose, nor Pope for poetry. Their reign is over long since, like the reigns of the Stuart dynasty. Yet they are still called classics, but the title is honorary or conventional; and from the habit of using the term in this secondary sense we gradually lose all clear perception of its meaning. On our long list of national classics we allow to appear, by the side of the two or three names which are truly immortal, not only a number of such retired classics, but also a good many who never had any real right to the title."

This is excellent good sense. Any one who looks at the crowd of names which fill a history of English literature, is in much the state of mind in which he finds himself on examining the names on the monuments of so many of the illustrious obscure which crowd the aisles of Westminster Abbey; the state of mind in which good George the Third found himself, according to Peter Pindar, while contemplating the apple dumpling. Or let the reader try the experiment of turning, in the huge collections of the British poets of Anderson or Chalmers, to the works of some of the worthies commemorated in Dr. Johnson's still racy and entertaining "Lives of the Poets." Yet these lives were expressly written to accompany a similar collection of poets whose works were current in Dr. Johnson's day. Is not much of Addison's *Spectator* exceedingly commonplace? Is it half so well worth reading as, say, Sir James, now Mr. Justice, Stephen's "Essays from the *Saturday Review*?" "As the demands of contemporary literature grow more importunate, and less time can be allowed to the so-called classics, we shall begin to call in question these honorary and complimentary titles. Literary immortality will begin to be defined more strictly. . . . We might indeed almost fear that in the growing abundance of new books we may be driven to a sort of literary statute of limitations."

Of course these strictures do not touch the *historical* value of older books. From that point of view the leading writers of every age will still continue valuable, and even the most worthless may become interesting. The unrivaled brilliancy of some of Macaulay's pictures of the past comes from the untiring diligence with which he turned over the very literary garbage of the times he was describing.



Tech. vs. Harvard.

THE game at Cambridge on the thirteenth was highly satisfactory, as it shows what our team can do under the most adverse circumstances. The weather was cold and rainy, the attendance consequently slight, and the enthusiasm feeble. But in spite of the small encouragement given in the way of applause, the Techs played an exceptionally good game. Of the eighteen points scored by Harvard, twelve resulted from two fumbles by our full-back. Six points were earned. The Techs also failed to take advantage of their position in the first part of the first half, when a goal from the field would not have been difficult. With the exception of the above the Techs' game was errorless; the tackling, blocking, individual and team playing extremely brilliant.

Game was called at five minutes past three.

In a few minutes Lee got round the end of our rushline, but was finely stopped by Slade. Lee hurt his hand, and retired from the field. The Techs kept the ball in the middle of the field for some time, but their opponents gradually forced them back, and at twenty-five minutes of four the first touchdown was made, and from it a goal was kicked. During the rest of the first half no more points were made. In this half the Techs played well and tackled finely.

The second half was not so exciting, but the Techs continued their steady good playing, and the best the Harvards could do was to secure two touchdowns, from each of which a goal was kicked, the score standing 18 to 0.

For Tech., the best playing was done by Duane, Germer, Godchaux, Dame, Hamilton, and Kales; the tackling of Germer, and the excellent quarter work of Godchaux, being particularly fine.

For Harvard, the best work was done by Cumnock, G. Harding, and Perry.

The following is the personnel of the teams. Harvard—rushers, Cumnock, Van Schaik, Finlay, Dexter (centre), Trafford, Davis, G. Harding; quarter-back, Dean; half-backs, Lee and Perry; full-back, Fitzhugh. Technology—rushers, Kales, Tracy, Meade, Hammond (centre), Highlands, Hamilton, and Dame; quarter-back, Godchaux; half-backs, Germer and Duane; full-back, Slade.

The officers of the game were: Umpire, V. Harding, Harvard, '89; referee, Kelly, of Harvard Medical School.

The following, from well-known authorities, may be of interest:—

The Institute of Technology has every reason to be proud of its foot-ball team. Yesterday afternoon the club visited Cambridge, and in a game with the Harvard 'Varsity eleven held it down to eighteen points, which much surprised the wearers of the Crimson, who were accustomed to have everything their own way—in regard to contests with local athletes, at least. The rushline of the Technology team was not so heavy as that of Harvard, but they were good runners, tackled well, and kept forcing the ball up the field, scoring only being prevented by the good work of Harvard's defense players. Finding that they had met a foeman worthy of their steel, the Harvard men began the reckless, rough style of playing that has already brought the game somewhat into disrepute among the class that does not care to see men, maimed and bleeding, carried from the field of battle.—*Boston Courier*.

The Harvard Foot-ball Team, to use a slang phrase, "caught a Tartar" when it played with the representatives of the Institute of Technology on Jarvis Field, Cambridge, yesterday afternoon. Although the latter did not win, they held the Harvard men down to eighteen points, which much chagrined the Cambridge collegians.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*.

The Technology team as a whole played with vigor. They got through and tackled well. The playing of the Harvard team needs no comment.—*Harvard Crimson*.

Tech. vs. Exeter.

THE large attendance at Saturday's game was a pleasant surprise to all, especially to the managers. Tech., on the whole, played a good game, and earned every point scored. The first half was decidedly satisfactory, although the safety, which was not allowed, should have been a touchdown. The second

half the sun was in Tech.'s eyes, but this cannot account for the apparent listlessness which developed into good playing only when the ball approached our goal line. The ball was snapped back well every time, showing a marked improvement since the Andover game. The tackling, also, with a few exceptions, was fine. The weakness of the team was in the rushline. Exeter followed the ball up very closely; in fact a goal from the field was lost by a failure in the rushline to hold its men. The team cannot expect to win the pennant unless it pays more attention to blocking and getting through, and plays the second half with as much vim and snap as the first. Exeter played a good steady game from beginning to end, with few errors. The following is a summary of the game.

At 2.40 Exeter started with the ball, and by short rushes gained some ground. On the third down Exeter kicked to Durfee, who returned it nearly to Exeter's 25-yard line, where Graves fumbled it and Kales downed him. Short rushes by Exeter gained little ground, so they again kicked to Durfee, who made a fair catch. A fumble by Tracy gave Exeter the ball almost on her line. A safety was made here but not allowed. Play continued near Exeter's 5-yard line till a kick by Duane was fumbled by Graves and touch-downed by Dame. Time, 2.55. The try for goal failed, and was fumbled by Exeter. Durfee fumbled the long kick, but fine rushing brought the ball to Exeter's 25-yard line, from which Duane kicked a goal from the field. Time, 3 o'clock. Fine work by Godchaux, Tracy, Germer, and Duane, brought the ball back to Exeter's goal line, over which Duane carried it, together with five or six Exeter men. Time, 3.15. Durfee failed to kick a goal. Time was called with the ball at Exeter's 5-yard line. Score: Tech., 13; Exeter, 0. The second half Exeter braced up wonderfully, and Tech. seemed to have lost much of its snap. No scoring resulted in this half, although the ball was alternately in dangerous

proximity to Tech.'s and Exeter's goal line. In the latter part of the half Pierce replaced Duane, who hurt his leg. Time was called with the ball in the middle of the field.

The teams were made up as follows: Tech.,—Rushers, Kales, Tracy, Ross, Hammond, Highlands, Hamilton, Dame; Quarter-back, Godchaux; Half-backs, Duane, Germer; Full-back, Durfee. Exeter,—Rushers, Hill, Bardwell, Beattie, Stickney, Watson, Erskine, Heffelfinger; Quarter-back, Barbour; Half-backs, Brooks, Morse; Full-back, Graves; Referee, Mr. Dudley, of Exeter; Umpire, Mr. Kelly, of the Harvard Medical School.

The best playing for Tech. was done by Duane, Durfee, Dame, Hammond, and Godchaux; for Exeter, by Graves, Hill, Barbour, and Heffelfinger.

October 13th Princeton did up Stevens Institute to the tune of 80 to 0, and yet the *Princetonian* considers Princeton's game as extremely poor.

It is reported that Ferriday, '92, the promising foot-ball player, who was recently injured in a practice game, will soon be back at the Institute.

In the last TECH it was remarked that Captain Duane would have some difficulty in finding a man who could satisfactorily fill the important position of quarter-back. The Harvard game seemed to show that the difficulty has been overcome.

Abbott, Dartmouth's rushman (left guard), broke his leg in a practice game.

Amherst vs. the Amherst "Aggies," at Amherst, scored 58 to 0, the largest score Amherst ever made against the Agricultural eleven.

Yale vs. Williams, at New Haven, on Saturday last, was only able to make 30 to her opponent's 0.

Harvard vs. Wesleyan, at Middletown, October 20th: Harvard 34, Wesleyan 0.

Nine of Williams last year's team play with the eleven this season.



Kern, '90, has entered Lehigh University.

'91 has under consideration a theatre party.

Fitz, '91, is not back this year.

The Co-op. has signed about five hundred members.

Baldwin, '91, has returned to his old love, Room 21.

Germer has been elected captain of the '91 foot-ball team.

The number of Harvard men entering Tech. is larger this year than ever.

The "studio" in the new building is being fitted up with electric lights.

B. Willard is a candidate for captain of the '92 foot-ball team.

President Walker attended the Harvard-Tech. foot-ball game.

What is the matter with putting that clock back in Rogers corridor?

Bates and Kimball continue as editors of the "Architectural Review."

Friday, October 12th, the Boston Latin School eleven beat the Tufts, 6 to 0.

Ferriday, '92, who was hurt playing foot-ball, is now at his home in Pomfret, Conn.

Several instantaneous views of the parade were taken from the Architectural rooms.

The society of D. Y. D. X. held its regular business meeting, Tuesday, October 2d.

In the future, when THE TECH office is not open copies can be had at Cox's.

"Technique" has received numerous orders for copies from the Alumni.

New temporary officers for the Freshman battalion were appointed at drill, Wednesday, October 10th.

The prospect of the Sophomore-Freshman foot-ball game is bringing out a great many new players.

Both the Freshmen and Sophomores are busy manufacturing "yells" for the coming foot-ball game.

Now is the time for everyone to subscribe for the expenses of the torchlight parade, so as to make it a great success.

Poland's coal-cart declamation compares favorably with the efforts of some of our greatest masters in the noble art.

Here is a chance for the bright ones! Drop six grinds in the slot (in the "Technique" box), and get five dollars.

Officers of '91 for the ensuing year: President, Hammond; Vice-President, Spencer; Secretary and Treasurer, Young.

'92 has furnished some good material for foot-ball this year, and it is very probable that several Freshmen will be on the 'Varsity.

'91 has elected the following men to take charge of their battalion in the political parade: Marshal, Blanchard; Aids, Douglass, Dart.

A recent bulletin board showed the following inscription: "Dear '92,—a Grind is a Gag on some fellow-student."

The K₂S met last Friday evening and initiated Graham Robinson, '90, and W. B. Douglas, '91.

J. H. Batchelder, '90, and Allen French, '92, have been elected to THE TECH editorial board.

The '90 Quintet Club had its first meeting October 5th. Members, Robinson, Harvey, Spaulding, Swanton, Calkins, Meyer.

A good number of Sophomores have procured the latest patented fish-horn, which they intend to use during the parade.

The tennis courts are in a very poor condition, which accounts, in a great measure, for the scarcity of players.

The book census at the Institute shows a library of over 12,000 volumes, exclusive of the private libraries of the professors.

At the drill hall, Saturday, October 13th, volunteers were called upon for the torchlight procession. Out of the battalion but 79 men showed up.

Flint, Harvard, '88, is taking the partial course in architecture. Mr. Flint has of late been most successfully associated with the Harvard *Lampoon*.

Four or five of our men played with the Newton High School eleven, on Saturday the 13th, against the Harvard Freshmen, and beat them 20 to 0.

The training table at the Thorndike is now in full blast. It certainly reflects great credit both upon the hotel chef and the committee on training.

Only four members of last year's Glee Club will continue in it this year. This affords a good opportunity for new men to become members.

There are few things so annoying in the architectural room as to have the electric lights go out just when one has half finished tinting a large sheet.

The fourth-year students in political science are writing an abstract on Plato's Republic. A lecture system has also been adopted in certain branches, each man to make a twenty-minute lecture upon a subject assigned.

At a meeting held on Saturday, October 6th, '92 elected F. I. Davis as TECH director, Kales as captain of the class foot-ball eleven, and Curtis as major for the torchlight parade. A constitution was also adopted.

The Tech. buildings were never blessed more by the men than on the day of the parade, especially by the Sophomores, who, seated in the Rogers balcony, did much to lend "tone" to the review.

Would it not be a good idea for the committee in charge of the procession to order suits for all the students who desire to take part, in-

stead of each man having to buy his own at a higher price?

The 2 G Society held its first annual meeting at the Thorndike, October 16th. An instructive paper was read by Mr. Whiting, entitled, "Tin Mines of Australia, the East Indies, and the United States."

A life class has been formed by the students in the Architectural Department. The main feature of the class will be drawing from models. The class meets every Friday night from 8 to 10, and is under the direction of Mr. H. B. Pennell.

The Hammer and Tongs had their first dinner of this season Saturday, October 13th, at the Thorndike. President Hollis French presided; and Geo. B. Lander, '89, Charles Neave, '90, and W. B. Poland, '90, were initiated.

The new campaign torch is a success if the one recently let off in front of Rogers can be taken as a sample. It began with a shriek sufficiently loud to be heard down to Arlington Street, and ended with a bark that made the small boy wonder if an H & T "initiate" was monkeying with a cannon.

At a meeting of the Photographic Society, held on Thursday, October 18th, the following officers were elected: President, F. R. Hart; Vice-President, Ernest M. A. Machado; Secretary, F. W. Swanton; Treasurer, E. W. Gannett; Member at large for Executive Committee, G. E. Hale.

The course in Mechanical Engineering seems to have attracted most men in '91, four sections having been formed. That this course, one of the most difficult in the Institute, should have been chosen by the majority of the Sophomores, goes far to show the earnestness of the men in their work.

'89 has elected the following class officers: President, J. P. B. Fiske; Vice-President, F. W. Hobbs; Secretary, J. P. Gilbert; Treasurer, A. W. Ayer; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. B.

Thurber, Executive Committee: Z. W. Bliss, S. Bartlett, N. Durfee, G. M. Basford, and E. S. Hutchins.

The following officers have been elected to have charge of the Glee Club this year: President, A. H. Adams; Manager and Treasurer, E. M. A. Machado; Secretary, H. B. Roberts. Candidates are to be tried very soon, and before long we hope that the club will be in regular training.

We must be getting in our dotage! It is reported that B-rtl-tt spelt "axiom" on the board "axium," and that L-nz- recently spoke of a "cylindrical section" of something. Em-r—, too, must be careful, as not long ago he was caught trying to make the Freshmen believe that "appostion" spelt "apposition."

A most interesting meeting was held by the Society of '91 on Friday, in order to elect new officers. The interest soon decreased, however, when it was found that a quorum was not present, and a motion to adjourn having been lost, the proceedings came to a decided standstill; needless to say, nothing was done.

A very interesting match in the tennis tournament, and one which attracted a large number of spectators, was that between Mott, '89, and Keyes, '92. Keyes, though small, proved a very good match for Mott, and the sets were close, though Mott won. Some of Keyes' plays were very brilliant, and were well applauded.

At the meeting of the Class of '92, September 13th, a constitution was adopted. Mr. Fiske, '89, then addressed the meeting on the subject of the torchlight procession, and, after a short discussion, it was resolved to turn out *en masse*. The campaign officers were then elected: Senior Captain, Potter, and Captains Curtin, Wales, Davis, and Gill.

Mr. Frank Goodwillie, who was elected as one of the artistic editors for '90's "Technique," has not returned to the Tech. this year, having accepted a position in a New York architectural office. He will be greatly missed;

and, although it is a great undertaking, we have no doubt that Mr. Pennell will be able to do the entire artistic work of the Board alone, as it has been decided not to elect anyone else to take Mr. Goodwillie's place.

The Architectural Society held its first meeting of the year on Monday, October 8th, at 7.30 P. M. Officers were elected as follows: President, J. L. Mauran; Vice-President, H. B. Pennell; Secretary and Treasurer, A. V. Edwards; Executive Committee, W. H. Kilham and A. W. Rice. The following men were admitted to the Society: C. H. Alden, F. H. Boynton, E. A. Emery, W. P. Henderson, R. Hooker, L. C. Newhall, W. B. Reed, H. G. Ripley, and L. A. Simon.

The second meeting of the Architectural Society was held on October 11th. A forty-five-minute sketch problem was given; subject, A Monument to Commemorate a Great Battle. The problems were judged by a committee of associate members, and criticised by Mr. Dwight Perkins. Mentions were given first to T. H. Yardley; second, L. A. Ford; and third, E. M. A. Machado. A. D. Ropes, G. H. Taylor, E. W. Howe, and Degersdorf were admitted to the Society.

In a series of experiments made last spring in the Biological Laboratory on the water from the cooler in the hall of the Rogers Building, and of the tap alongside of it, it was found that the water of the cooler contained 271 bacteria to the cubic centimeter to every 126 per cubic centimeter in the tap water. This is certainly a suggestive fact, and would indicate that, however pleasant the iced water may be, the warmer water from the tap is much better for drinking.

The Athletic Club met Saturday at 12 to revise the constitution. The following extracts from the constitution relate to the joining the Club, etc., "Article IV.: Any member of the Institute or School of Mechanic Arts may become a member of the Club by paying the initiation fee of fifty cents (50 cts.) and all taxes which

have accrued during the college year previous to his becoming a member, provided he is not a professional athlete. Any member on becoming a professional athlete shall lose his membership in the Club.

“Article X. : An assessment of two dollars shall be levied every year upon all members of the Club, as follows: An assessment of one dollar (\$1.00) on the 15th of March, and an assessment of one dollar on the 15th of October every year. Any member failing to pay his assessment some time during thirty (30) days following the date of levying, thereby ceases to be a member of this Club.”

'90 held a class meeting on Monday, October 8th. The following were the officers elected for the ensuing year: President, G. N. Calkins; Vice-President, E. B. Stearns; Secretary and Treasurer, W. B. Poland. Executive Committee: Waite and Hamilton; third member not elected on account of a tie between two men. Officers for the torchlight parade were also elected, as follows: Major, R. G. Brown; Captains, Burdett, Moody, and H. C. Clapp; Lieutenants, Babb, Glidden, Creden, Rogers. All minor matters relating to arrangements for the parade were left to the officers.

The class of '87 held a most successful re-union Friday evening last at the Thorndike, forty-five members being present. Frank Shepard officiated as toast-master. The following is the list of responses: “The Tech.,” W. S. Hadaway; “The Legal Profession,” Geo. W. Patterson, Jr.; “The Society of '87,” Timothy W. Sprague; “The Modern Light,” E. G. Thomas. At this point the class cup was presented, with appropriate remarks by H. C. Spaulding, to Robert John Carpenter, son of F. G. Carpenter. Then followed “The Telephone,” H. D. Sears; “Athletics in the Stock Exchange,” Solomon Sturges; “General Course in Politics,” G. O. Draper; “Personal Experiences in the Wreck of the Merrimack,” Guy Kirkham; “Auld Lang

Syne,” J. E. Keeps. Robert John Carpenter was here made an honorary member of '87, and after music by Dr. C. D. Underhill, the re-union was declared adjourned.

College Notes.

Seven hundred and twenty-one dollars was raised at a meeting of the foot-ball association at Dartmouth, to support the eleven.

Yale has won 117 out of 162 games in baseball, and 82 out of 87 played in foot-ball.

There are seventeen men from Andover in Harvard '92.

The average annual expenditure of the Class of '88 of Yale was \$1,000.

Boston College has given up the publication of its periodical, *The Stylus*.

W. W. Williard is Captain of the Harvard Nine.

J. R. Finlay, Captain of the Harvard Crew, is 18 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall, and weighs 190 pounds. He is at present playing with the Eleven.

Funk, of Andover, is Captain of the Yale Freshman Eleven.

The students of Cornell have set out to raise \$2,000 for the purpose of furnishing an eight-oared crew for the races; \$500 have already been raised.

Woodruff, '89, is Captain of the Yale Crews.

Dennison, the Dartmouth half-back, is at the Harvard Law School.

The Senior elections at Williams resulted as follows: President, W. P. Sidley; Orator, R. M. Blackburn; Poet, E. I. Merrill.

It has been the custom heretofore for the college marshals in torchlight processions to go on horseback; but as only one of the nine marshals of the upper classes recently elected has ever ridden a horse, this part of the ceremony will be omitted this fall.—*Harvard Crimson*.

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THE TECH'S SUGGESTION FOR "TECHNIQUE'S" SIX GRINDS.

An Altered Case.

Only a letter, large and square,
Written him by a lady fair
Whom he had seen in a public square,
And with whom he had flirted.

Only throbs of glad surprise
From a heart near which the letter lies;
Oh for some corner in the skies
In which to read this missive!

Only a shriek of wrath and fright,
As he reads: "Deer Georghie, cawl too Nite,
The Kitching Dore—Twill bee awl Rite—
Yur luving freend, Maria."

Williams Weekly.

A giddy young girl of Dubuque
When her father tried to rebuque
Her for dressing decollete,
Said, say what you me
I shall have my own we,
And at once his hearth she forsuque.

—Ex.

AT THE PLAY.

New York aunt (when the curtain falls):
Come, child. Don't you see they are married,
and everything is settled?

Chicago niece: But, aunty, wait a few min-
utes for the divorce, can't you?—*Town Topics.*

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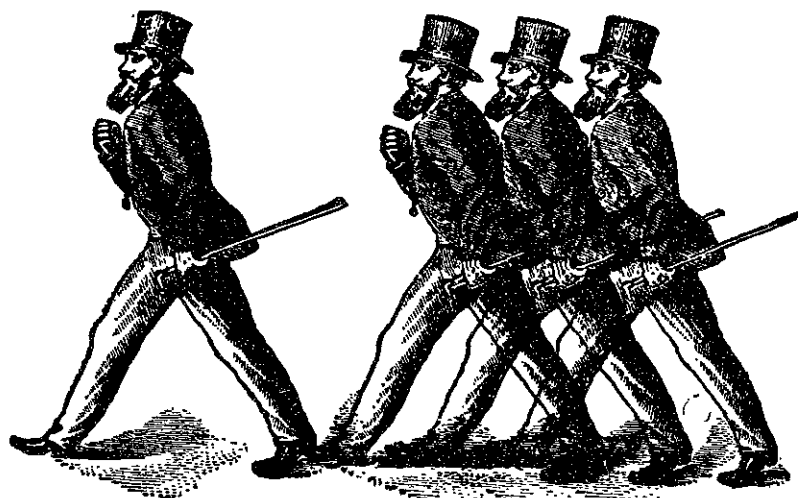
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Hismark: "Actually?"

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