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1880.  
Vol. VIII, No. 9.



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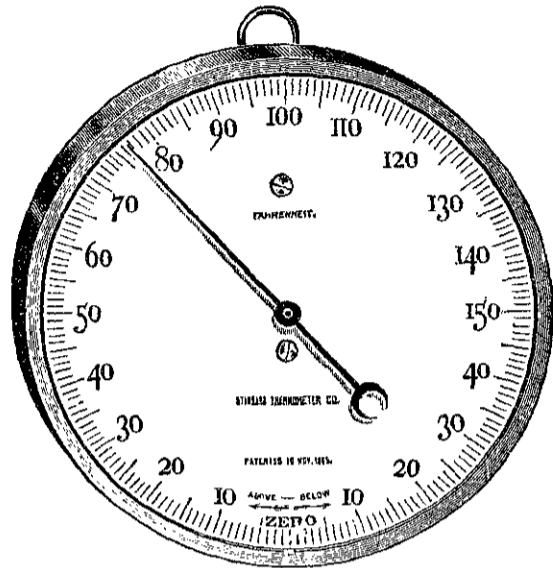
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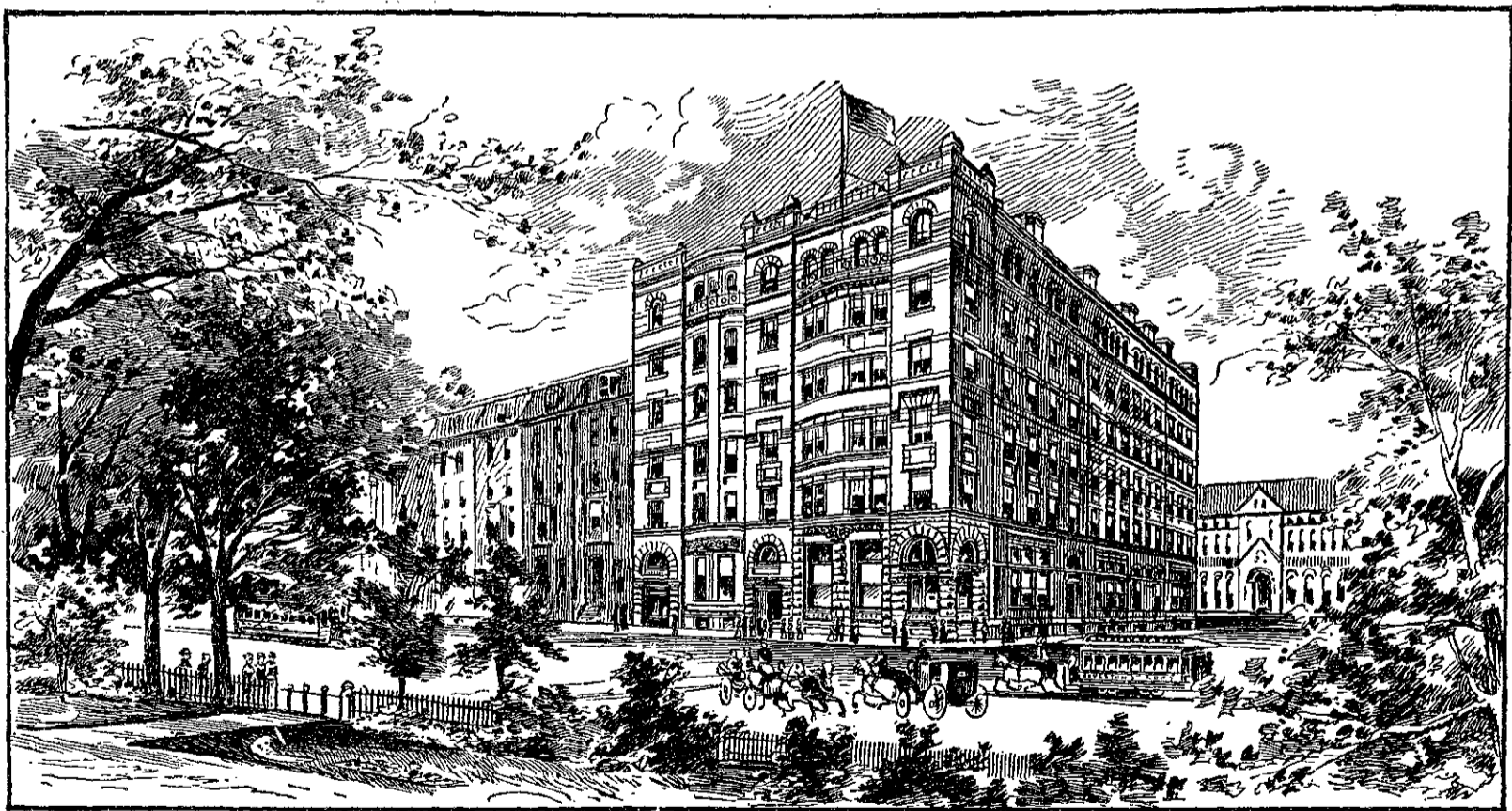
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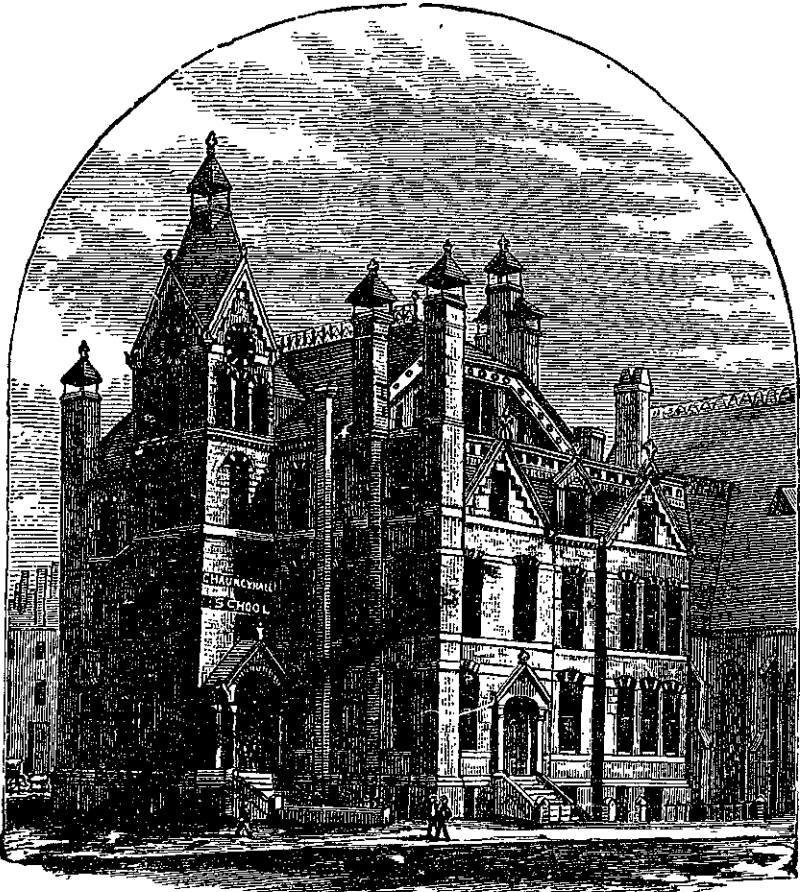
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# The Tech.

VOL. VIII.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 7, 1889.

NO. 9.

## THE TECH.

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

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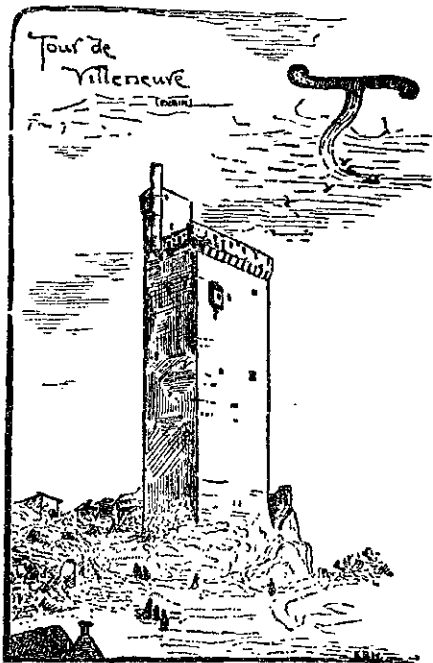
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THE TECH regrets to announce the temporary resignation of Mr. James Thornton Greeley from the position of Editor-in-Chief. Owing to a pressure of outside work Mr. Greeley will not be able to continue, for the present, as an active member of the Editorial Board. THE TECH flatters itself that its publication under Mr. Greeley's direction has been most successful, and the Board of Editors wish to express their hearty appreciation of his skillful management. For the present THE TECH will be edited by the Editorial Staff as a whole. All outside contributions of a literary nature may be addressed to Mr. W. H. Merrill, Jr.

A BASEBALL league has been proposed, comprising Tufts, Holy Cross, Brown, Boston University, and Technology. With memories of the famous "Bijou" nine still lingering with us, it does not seem right to try and support a nine this spring, much less to enter a league. There are, altogether, about twenty-five good and substantial reasons why Technology should not support a ball team. We have not space to delineate them here, but they exist, nevertheless. What THE TECH would like to suggest in the way of upholding the national game, is the formation of Sophomore and Freshman nines.

We can't do anything in the way of a 'Varsity team, but Freshman teams of the past two or three years have done very well with a small amount of practice and with but little expense. Ninety-one has excellent baseball material, and did well in games played last spring. Let each class form a team and give us a Sophomore-Freshman game. This will give '91 a chance to experiment in celebrating a victory, which will be novel, or will add to the laurels of '92. It will be interesting anyway. The Athletic Club should have a good outdoor meeting in the spring, and should look for grounds at once. Give us some fast events, three or four bicycle races, end up with a Sophomore-Freshman ball game, and the bloated treasury of the association will be further increased by many bright and shining *piasters*.

There may still exist among us some persons who favor the organization of a 'Varsity nine. If so, let them air their arguments through the columns of THE TECH. It is well to take time by the halter, so let us have the baseball question settled. We don't believe we want a 'Varsity nine, but the class batteries should go to work at once.

EIGHTY-NINE wishes to thank the three lower classes for the very pressing offer to tender her a Senior Ball, but feels that she must decline the honor.

A careful census has been taken of the class; and while but one man thought "he'd like to be in on the racket," the rest, without exception, "positively hadn't time to go."

The Seniors are a hard-working crowd. But to come down to cold facts: last year '89, seeing the way in which each year the committee came out behind, and taking into account the fact that the Seniors were principally noticeable, at the Ball, for their absence,—thought it advisable to send a committee to confer with the Class of '88, and get her opinion on the advisability of giving up the custom. Much to the surprise of the three lower classes, '88 got up on a high horse and felt quite insulted at the idea. She refused to be comforted, and the result was that the Ball was again given, and with the usual financial loss.

Soon after that '89 expressed her opinion in such a marked manner that she thought the matter would be dropped. She was therefore very much surprised to hear that the scheme was again to be started; and though '89 feels deeply the interest that naturally the other classes should have in her, and fully appreciates the honor which she is offered, she thinks if her wishes are to be carried out, the custom will be given up.

IT has been proposed by some men that the Institute follow Amherst in giving a minstrel performance in aid of the Football Association. Imitation is the sincerest flattery, and Amherst should be given credit for a good idea. Could not some of the prominent musical men take this matter in hand and get up a first-class show? It seems as though all must be more or less interested in the game that has been so successfully played here for the past three years, and doubtless if such a performance were to be given, it would find the ready support of the students.

NOW that the semies are over, it is time to resurrect some of the outside interests of our student life which died with the approach of our first examination. Look into "Technique," which became smothered with textbooks during the late unpleasantness, and see if you are not in a club or a society that needs a waking up. With the exception of the Sophomores none of us have been to a Class Society dinner for months, while after the annual election of officers most of our other organizations have lapsed into a state of undisturbed rest.

We all wish to do our week's work every week, and our day's work every day. We all returned from the vacation resolved to pitch in and "make 'em up" in May, but we all wish and need some outside pleasures. Pull your Class Society together and have a dinner! Go to the Cotillion Hall dances, and if you have no fair partner, you can easily secure three or four dances from the friends of the obliging managers. Arrange some sort of an affair where you can talk to your classmates without asking them what results they obtained to their examples, and where you will not have to speak across a desk or an engine. Have a laugh once in a while, and your work will be easier.

THE prospects of having suitable football grounds next season are not very encouraging. The building of the State armory will, of course, prevent the laying out of a full-sized field on the Union Grounds, although there will probably be enough room after the grand stand is taken down for practice games. For championship games the Boston Baseball Grounds are the only ones available, and it remains to be seen whether they can be hired for anything like a reasonable sum. There are only two championship games to be played in Boston, and we can probably arrange for them, as the attendance is usually very large. The Football management should bestir itself, and make some definite arrangements before the end of the present term.

## A Story.

(CONTINUED.)

SO it happened that when, many months later, the —th *Cuirassiers* marched back into their old quarters at Siout, Capt. Cordella Darcy was not with them. The return of the garrison was the signal for renewed social flutter; and as it was understood that the —th were only waiting for orders to depart again on an indefinitely long trip, Siout society made the most socially, of the brief opportunity accorded them. Captain Darcy's exchange was the principal topic for a day or two, and then it was dropped. Many were the conjectures as to the causes which had removed this particular bright social star, but nobody came anywhere near to guessing the real reason. Colonel Erhart, with much of a soldier's bluntness, and, withal great kindness, told May the news, good and bad. She was still weak from her severe illness, and this new shock nearly prostrated her. But with her, the knowledge that, after all, she was Cordella's lawful wife, outweighed all else. She cared not that he was banished from his regiment, and she forgot almost that he had been cruel to her. Had he not showed that he cared for her by acknowledging to another that she was his wife? Had he not shown repentance that he had been unkind to her? Who shall analyze her reasoning when her love guided it? She loved him, and that was enough. The past was put behind her. Colonel Erhart watched her struggle with herself with ill-concealed anxiety, but his advice amounted to little with her; and when at last she announced her intention of finding her husband and going to him, he carefully refrained from giving expression to his doubts as to the result, and lent what assistance was in his power.

A journey to Cairo revealed the fact that Captain Darcy had stayed there only a short time after his arrival. It afterward transpired that it was while there that he received the news of Lord Chellingworth's death, and his own accession to the title. It was easily ascer-

tained that from Cairo he returned up the river to Benisooet, where he stayed for some time. From here he went to Medinet and the lake region, and there all traces of him were lost. The most diligent inquiry failed to reveal any further clue. It was found that he had been taken sick at Medinet from the opening of an old wound, and recovered only after a long illness. Where he went after leaving Medinet was not known. It was thought by an acquaintance, however, that he had joined an expedition inland to the border of the desert. But there was no positive clue, and Mrs. Darcy was compelled to give up for the time being in despair. The better part of a year had been spent in the search, and she was no better off than when she started. A letter from Colonel Erhart advised her return to Siout, to which place the quarterly remittances of her husband came with great punctuality. Mrs. Darcy took Colonel Erhart's advice and returned with her little girl, but she was restless and dissatisfied,—so much so that the Colonel began to realize that he had shouldered a great responsibility in punishing his junior officer.

So when Mrs. Darcy proposed going to England and enlisting the younger brother into the service of finding her husband, he concluded that since the old earl was dead, it might be just as well that the brother should know about it, and he felt that in a measure it would shift some of the responsibility from his own shoulders.

Mrs. Darcy had expected opposition on his part to her proposal, and so she was considerably surprised and gladdened by the readiness with which he fell in with her plan. It was arranged between them that the Colonel was to look after her interests, and forward her remittances regularly; and after a brief preparation she and the little girl started for England.

## CHAPTER V.

MANY hours had passed since Mrs. Darcy began her story. The brightness of the early afternoon sun had faded into dusky twilight, and twilight had deepened into

night. The little golden-haired girl had long since wearied of the endless panorama of the street below, and sought to be taken up in her mother's arms; she was gently repulsed, and sent back to her window. Finally, the little head drooped on the leathern cushion of the broad window-seat, and Darcy, rising for the only time during the long hours, went and gently covered the little form with an afghan. Then he came away, letting the heavy folds of the curtain fall softly together behind him.

Just before dusk, tea had been brought in, and Mrs. Darcy gratefully partook of a cup, but Jack neglected the one poured out for him. Poor fellow! he was in no humor for tea. For the greater part of the time he had sat with his face leaning heavily on his hand, gazing straight before him and seeing nothing. It was a terrible ordeal for him. The story as we have told it, sketching only the main facts, gives no adequate conception of the way it sounded to him, with its humiliating details, every point vivified by the emotion of the speaker. But we can understand the crushing sense of disgrace which overpowered him,—the proofs of his brother's cowardice; his humiliating dismissal from his regiment; the thought of the scandal to be connected with the name of which he had been so proud; and last, but greatest of all, the awful wrong done to this sweet woman and her child,—his brother's child! Time and time again he shuddered as he thought of Lena,—the sweet girl who had seemed so proud that she was going to bear his name. And he had felt proud, too, that he had such a name to offer her; and *now*, to think that it should be thus sullied and dishonored—oh, it was almost too much to bear!

It must not be supposed that Captain Darcy was handled quite so roughly in his wife's version of the story as in ours. Poor woman! It was only too evident to Jack that she loved his brother still. At times she spoke very tenderly of him, even trying to find excuses for some of his actions; and when she had to tell of acts whose lovelessness toward herself were only

too evident, a wan little smile would come over the pale face, and a sigh from the lips would seem to say that it was not like Cordella, and that she could not understand it. Even Jack, in the midst of the cloud of misery which was gathering so fast around him, could note her pitiful attempts to shield his brother, and the gentle instinct which caused her to spare him all unnecessary pain.

She had not told her story steadily; she seemed very weak, and Jack noticed that at times she breathed with difficulty; twice, during the afternoon, violent spells of coughing interrupted her, and left her in such a weak state that she was compelled to rest for some time before continuing her narrative.

But the end was reached at last. Jack sat with his head bowed between his hands, and made no move to indicate that he was conscious that she had stopped speaking. She leaned forward and gazed in an anxious, yet impassioned way, toward where his form was dimly outlined in the dusk. Through the side window back of her a high electric lamp of the street threw a flood of pale light across her chair, making her face plainly visible amidst the surrounding darkness.

For a moment she sat thus, waiting for him to speak; then she asked in a low tone, "Do you know where he is?"

"No," replied Jack, hoarsely.

An expression of disappointment came over her face; she had not expected this. It had seemed to her that his brother must surely know, but she had made up her mind not to ask him until he knew the whole story.

She clutched nervously at the arm of the chair, as she asked the next question. "But you,—you will help me to find him?"

Jack rose quickly from his chair, and paced rapidly back and forth across the room. She watched him for a moment, and then a sudden pallor spread over her face, and she sank back in the big chair. The next instant a terrible fit of coughing seized her, she struggled to her feet, but immediately fell back again. In an

instant Jack was at her side, and helped her to an upright position. It was terrible; she seemed unable to catch her breath, and the coughing racked her whole body; a hemorrhage came on, and lasted for what seemed hours to Jack. At last the coughing ceased, and Darcy, holding her, felt her become heavy in his arms; then her head fell back. She had fainted!

Jack let her gently back into the chair, and rushing to the bell rang it vigorously. A servant appeared.

“Go to Dr. Jellet’s rooms, and send him here at once!” Jack commanded.

In a very short time the man reappeared, with the doctor close behind him. While waiting, Jack had lighted the gas.

As the doctor entered, Jack pointed to the limp form in the chair, and dismissing the servant, closed the door. The doctor turned a very serious face to him as he came back, but he merely said, “Help me get her on the lounge.”

Together they lifted her to the lounge, and the doctor set about restoring her to consciousness. Darcy stood by for a moment, and then suddenly remembering the child sleeping in the window-seat, went and peered through the curtains. She was still fast asleep, with her little hands cuddled up under her dimpled chin, and some rebellious locks of the long shiny hair nestled across her cheek. The sight brought many thoughts to Darcy’s mind, and he stood there for a long time, until a word from the doctor brought him back to the couch, slightly startled.

Dr. Jellet looked earnestly at him. “This is a very sick woman,” he said, finally. “She has a high fever, and has been much weakened by the coughing and hemorrhage.”

“What is to be done?” Jack asked, anxiously.

“Well, this lounge is no place for her. She must be provided for at once;” and Dr. Jellet glanced inquiringly about the room, and then at Darcy. Jack flushed a little beneath the searching gaze, but there was too much trouble on his mind for him to care for trifles.”

“Shall I summon an ambulance?” he asked.

“Summon nothing,” was the curt reply; “she cannot be moved—just now at least. Where’s your sleeping-room?”

For answer Jack pulled away the *portière* over the door connecting his rooms. The doctor glanced in. “That will do,” he said. “Now we must have a nurse,” he added; and sitting down at the table, he wrote a brief note on the flyleaf of his book. Finishing, he folded it, and handed it to Darcy.

“Send this up to the Invalids’,” he directed.

Jack took his hat and left the room. “I’ll take it myself,” he muttered, glad of an opportunity to get out into the air, and a chance to collect his thoughts.

When he returned with the nurse, an hour later, they found that Dr. Jellet and one of the women had conveyed the invalid to the bedroom, and the bottles and glasses on the table made Jack realize that he was “in for it” indefinitely.

The nurse from the Invalids’ Hospital took possession at once, and settled herself as a fixture,—in that way which nurses have,—and after a few instructions, Dr. Jellet took his departure.

Jack looked on with a rather hazy idea that he was left out of the calculations of these two disciples of medicine, and he wandered disconsolately up and down his sitting-room, wondering what was to be the end of it all. Of one thing he was certain,—his cup of misery was pretty nearly full. He felt humiliated, disgraced. His brother had degraded the name, and soiled the family honor; perhaps he exaggerated it a little, but his frame of mind was conducive to distortion of facts. About Lena he scarcely dared to think. He had an idea that now he could never ask her to marry him. He pictured her proud face turning from him, and he found himself wondering what his life would be like without her. He never for a moment thought of doubting the story he had heard. Mrs. Darcy was a lady beyond a doubt, and there was an irresistible

conviction that she had told the truth; besides, her story coincided only too well with the strange actions of his brother during the past year. He thought of all this, and a great deal more, as he paced nervously up and down. After a while he looked at his watch—*half-past eight!* He had had no idea it was so late as that, and yet it seemed to him a very long time since he drove up to the door from the club. He had not yet dined, but he had no appetite. Then he thought of the child! What in the world was to be done with the child? She certainly ought to have something to eat, and be put to bed *somewhere*.

He threw back the curtains of the bow-window, and looked in. She was still asleep. Jack thought it was a wonderfully sweet face. Sitting down by her side, he gently woke her.

Slowly she sat up and rubbed her eyes. Then she looked at the empty arm-chair. "Where's my mamma?" she demanded quickly.

Jack hesitated for a moment; he hardly knew how much he dared tell this child. She saw his hesitation, and became a trifle alarmed. The little face grew very serious, and the question was repeated with vehemence, "Where's my mamma?"

Jack foresaw that there would be a storm, presently, unless this little party found her mamma. So he answered quickly, "In the next room." In an instant the little one was off the seat, and started for the door. Jack, hardly knowing what to do, caught hold of her, and told her to wait a minute.

"But I don't want to wait a minute," was the prompt response."

It is hard to say what would have happened, but just then there was a quick rap at the door, followed immediately by the entrance of Dr. Jellet. "Well, Mr. Darcy," he commenced, "how,—eh! What's this? *A child!* Humph!" and the doctor's lower jaw dropped, as he stared from one to the other. In return, little Golden-hair took a brief inventory of the doctor, and then walked straight up to him and said, "I want my mamma."

Dr. Jellet's stern face relaxed, and seating himself he drew her to him, and proceeded to explain to her that her mamma was very sick, and must not be disturbed. Then the child amazed them by a display of sense beyond her years.

"Mamma was sick in Siout," she said, quietly, "and nurse said she was going to die, but I went in to see her every day, only I had to be careful not to 'sturb her. Mamma said I was better than any med'cine, 'cause when she was very sick and fev'rish I used to go and speak to her, an' then she would go to sleep."

The doctor looked approvingly at her. "You will do, I guess, my little one," he said, kindly. "Come; we'll go and see mamma,—only you must be careful not to 'sturb her';" and he laughed softly to himself as he took her up in his arms and went into the sick-room. Jack turned away with a sigh of relief. "What a bright little body she is," he thought to himself; "and devilish sensible, too. By Jove, though, I thought I was in for it when I woke her." But what was to be done with her? The mother would probably be sick for some time, perhaps weeks, and in the meanwhile the child must be cared for. But how? A bright idea struck the perplexed young man. There was Mrs. Crump, the housekeeper, and her two little girls. She was a kind-hearted soul, and her children would be company for the child. Jack left the room, and hunted up Mrs. Crump. Not until he found himself face to face with that estimable lady, did it occur to him how difficult it was to satisfactorily explain the situation. Some explanation was certainly necessary. But he rose to the emergency, and carefully referred to the sick lady as a *relative*, while he explained her visit and unexpected illness. But his anxiety proved needless. Good Mrs. Crump was all sympathy, and offered to go to the child at once. Greatly relieved, Jack brought her back to his rooms, and they entered just as Dr. Jellet came from the sick-room with his charge. There were tears in the little one's

eyes, but she bore up bravely, and bowed in a quaint, dignified way when Darcy led her up to Mrs. Crump, that made the brusque old doctor smile.

Now that she had seen her mother, and made sure that she was near her, she was content, and made friends with kind-faced Mrs. Crump at once. Suddenly she announced, in her straightforward way, that she was hungry, and Jack felt ashamed that he had not thought of the child's being hungry. Dr. Jellet had not dined, either; and so the three went down to the dining-room, Golden-hair walking between, holding a hand of each, while Mrs. Crump hurried about preparing a place for her to sleep. Opening out of Jack's sitting-room, on the opposite side of the room where Mrs. Darcy was, was a little square room used as a sort of storeroom for such of Darcy's possessions as were not needed for constant use. There was a small window in the room, which lighted it very well. While the three were at dinner, Mrs. Crump had this room cleared out, and proceeded to draw on the great storeroom of the hotel for furniture, bedding, rugs and linen; so that by the time they came back, she had metamorphosed the bare little storeroom into a very cozy little chamber. The doctor looked his approval, and the little girl, when told that it was for her, looked pleased, and exclaimed, "I am glad, 'cause I can be near mamma!"

The doctor took her in and let her say good-night to her mother, and then she willingly let Mrs. Crump put her to bed, while the two men sat down and conversed in low tones.

Dr. Jellet had evinced little curiosity in regard to his patient and her relation to Darcy, but Jack had noted his quizzical glances, and realized that some explanation must be given. What he was to do he did not know, poor fellow! The startling events of the day had unrolled themselves one after the other in such bewildering succession that his poor brain was all in a whirl, and it was almost impossible for him to think. As he sat now by the table, he

knew that the doctor was regarding him attentively, and evidently waiting for him to speak.

"Do you think she will die, doctor?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"Can't say, as yet," was the reply; "she is evidently much run down by previous sickness, and she is a very sick woman to-night."

Jack felt his heart sink within him. What if she should die, and leave the child—his brother's child—with him? He roused himself with an effort. "Dr. Jellet," he said, "she must not die. You must save her."

The doctor looked calmly at him. "What is she to you?" he asked, bluntly.

The door opened and Mrs. Crump came out, softly closing it behind her. Dr. Jellet arose impatiently, and went into the sick-room. Mrs. Crump announced that the child was asleep; and after telling Jack that a room across the hall had been prepared for himself, said "good-night," and went away to look after her own family. Dr. Jellet emerged from the sick-room, and silently picked up his hat and walked to the door. Then he stopped, and, turning around, eyed Jack curiously. "Who is she?" he asked, slowly.

For a moment there was no answer, and then it came, low but distinct, "*She is Mrs. Darcy.*" Without a word Dr. Jellet opened the door and went out.

(To be continued.)

We regret to announce the resignation of Mr. A. L. Kean from the Editorial Board.

With Mr. Greeley's temporary withdrawal, this leaves the Board of Editors consisting of but five men. Five men cannot do the whole work of THE TECH. Spend your spare time by attempting something in a literary way. If you cannot do this, hand in some newsy locals. One never knows what he is good for until he tries, and you may find the fire of true literary eminence mixed up with your mathematics.

### Noticeable Articles.

THE January number of the *Nineteenth Century* has an excellent notice by Frederic Harrison of Professor Bryce's "American Commonwealth,"—the most valuable account, one must conclude, not even excepting the famous work of De Tocqueville, that has ever been given of our institutions. It is a big book—two volumes, in the American edition, of seven hundred solid pages each; but I cannot imagine so valuable a bit of political study as the careful reading of the whole work from beginning to end. Mr. Harrison points out how much more it contains than any work that has preceded it. "He has drawn the portrait of a nation," he says, "by virtue of his being at once an accomplished jurist, an experienced politician, a learned historian, an acute man of the world, and an indefatigable traveler"; and he says well that "mere book knowledge of a constitution is as worthless as a mere paper constitution; and a bare abstract view of political institutions is as delusive as a working model of a machine, which in practice will not work at all." So Mr. Bryce is not contented with giving a most learned and exhaustive view of all parts of our systems,—national, state, and local,—but he supplements it with an account drawn from careful personal observation of their actual working. "Though he has gone quite as deeply into ultimate problems of government as DeTocqueville, Mill, or Austin, he has not been afraid to lower the dignity of social philosophy by explaining to us all about the 'Lobby,' the 'Machine,' the 'Politicians,' 'Rings and Bosses,' 'Spoils,' 'Women's Suffrage,' the 'Bar,' the 'Bench,' the 'Press,' 'Railroads,' 'Wall Street,' the 'Universities,' the 'Churches,' and so on. The book, in fact, is not one, but two books,—an exhaustive account of our political institutions accompanied by a book of travel, written by a most learned, acute, and observant traveler." The special strength of Mr. Bryce is this: that he is a rare example (one may almost say a unique example) of the constitutional jurist, who compares institutions and constitutions, step by step, with social habits and practical results on the spot. Is not this the only way to give life to the study? Constitutions are not dry abstract formulæ; they are the outgrowth of the habits, manners, and ideas of the peoples who make them. Mr. Harrison's paper is an excellent account of a book which, as student of political science, no American citizen can afford to neglect.

The same number contains another interesting political paper, entitled, "Australian Side-lights on English Politics." We have room only to notice that part of it which describes what would seem to be an almost crucial experiment on the results of Protection and Free Trade. Two Australian colonies, Victoria and New South Wales, very similarly situated, but the former having considerably the advantage at the start, began their career, one under the protectionist, the other under the free trade system. The protectionist, Victoria, made the greater progress at the outset, but soon the inevitable evils consequent upon the system began to tell; till now it seems the relative position of the two colonies is completely reversed, to such an extent that "in nine years the trade of Victoria has fallen off by £1,194,095, whereas in the same period the trade of New South Wales has increased by £8,797,348." The details of this remarkable experiment as given in this paper are an interesting lesson for the economic student.

W. P. A.

### THE LOUNGER.

THE Lounger sat in his sanctum vigorously chewing ideas off the end of his pen-holder. It was too dark for him to gaze out of the little oval window, as he is wont to do, and abstract ideas from the vista of chimney-tops and church steeples, and so he was forced to resort to the pen-holder. It is a cozy little den, the sanctum. Now that the Lounger is firmly established as an adjunct to this wide-awake publication (sworn circulation, 1,500 copies) it is well that he should have a local habitation as well as a name, and so several days since, armed with a bit of paper from the secretary, the Lounger hunted up Janitor John, and was escorted forthwith to the little room now raised to the dignity of a *sanctum sanctorum*.

As you will probably hear much about the sanctum, and also as you will probably never see it, as it is in a queer little place, away up under the roof of Rogers, and the dark and tortuous way thereto is known only to Janitor John, the editors, and the printer's devil, it may be well, perhaps, to describe it to you. Not that one's powers of description are much overtaxed in picturing a little eight by ten hole, with only one diminutive and oval-shaped window in one corner, and a dingy, black steam-

pipe, which, coming through the floor and disappearing through the ceiling in another corner, makes one feel just as if he were shut up in a cigarette box impaled on a gigantic lead-pencil. Janitor John was given *carte blanche*, and in fitting up the aforesaid cigarette box he has had a chance to display his excellent taste.

There is a brand new plot of oil-cloth on the floor, upon which burnt-umber hoptoads eternally disport themselves with venetian-red pollywogs. The pattern is an intricate one, and reminds you of one of Opper's colored puzzle cartoons in Puck. Your humble servant discovered the pollywogs, and our noble chief, during a brief official visit to the sanctum, readily recognized some yellow snakes in the corners. Merrill is of the opinion that the predominant figure in the margin is meant to represent either Ben Butler's eye or a craw-fish; he hasn't quite made up his mind about it, however. Janitor John has also provided a neat little desk, so placed that when the Lounger sits in his twirling chair he can look out, through the dusty panes of the little oval window, over the before-mentioned vista of housetops and chimneys. There is a stool over by the steam-pipe, and on the floor near the desk a small box, labeled "chemical soap," does double duty as a waste-basket and receptacle for cigar stubs. For wall adornment, a photograph of "Fleur de lis" hangs between last year's editorial group and the illustrated sayings of Benjamin Franklin. Truly a pleasing variety. For the rest, there are, of course, the usual hooks for exchanges, shears, and writers' paraphernalia, arranged along the wall by the desk. And then there is the light; I nearly forgot the light. By dint of much of the proper kind of persuasion, Janitor John procured an electric lamp from one of the disused desks in the Mechanical department, and connected it in the sanctum. So here it hangs, and sheds its effulgent glory on the continuous stage performance going on between the umber-colored hoptoads and venetian-red pollywogs. Let us hope that some of its electricity may trickle down through the tip of the Lounger's pen this coming term.

It was a pleasant scene in Rogers corridor on the morning of January 29th. Yet though the crowd that gathered there was on the whole a jolly one, there were exceptions. Some, with gloomy faces,

glowered from corners, or stalked moodily among the crowd to find a brother malcontent, and swear with him vows of dire vengeance against some villainous instructor, and here and there whole courses gathered for that fell purpose. But these were the exceptions, not the rule, and the oft-repeated question, "How did you come through?" was more times answered cheerily than despondently. Such exclamations as "Good for you, old man!" and "By Jove, that's good!" filled the air, and the despondent ones were almost overlooked in the general content.

A jolly crowd at the Freshman bulletin board constantly organized rushes against itself, and the condescending upper classmen looked leniently upon it. "Tabulars" were eagerly scanned and compared. Here some one related his escape in some exam. and how the expected flunk was turned into a credit; while, as an offset to his gayety, some one else cursed his luck in getting an FF, when he "ought to have had a credit, by Gad!"

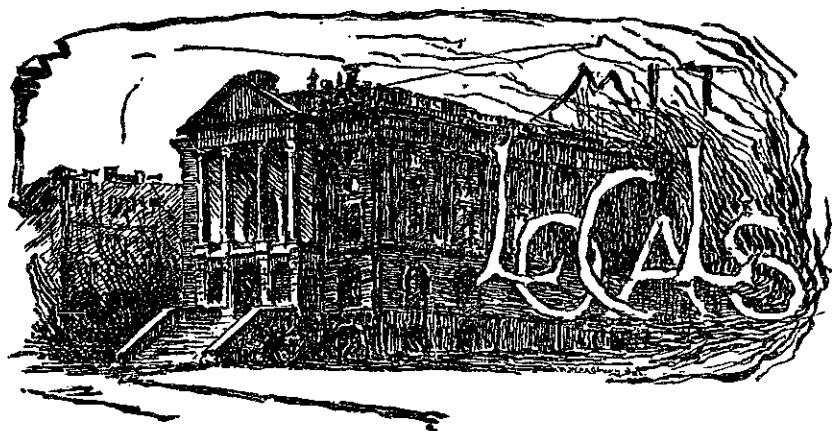
But bad fortune, as well as good, must be met and borne; success is to him who struggles best, and the consolation remains that, in spite of the adage "Misfortunes never come singly," one F, or even a double F, does not necessarily bring others in its train.

#### CAN THIS BE TRUE?

The pearly gates opened wide to let in a young man who recently left this world for a better one. As he wandered along the golden streets, uncertain of his course, he came upon a little cherub who was playing a harp on the place where the top of the fence ought to have been, and stopped to inquire the direction in which the city lay. The cherub, removing his fingers from the strings, politely answered his question, and then, with an eager voice, asked, "*Have yer got any cigarette pictures, mister?*"—*Harvard Lampoon*.

*Eli Smith, '90*: "I see the Harvard nine are going to play with professionals this year."

*Eli Brown, '89*: "No; the professionals are going to play with them."—*Lampoon*.



Eight Tech. men very pleasantly spent their vacation in Rutland, Vt.

Some of the faces are not so happy now as they were three weeks ago.

It is stated on good authority that Durfee, '89, has beaten his great crawl.

We have not received an overwhelming number of "Institute songs" as yet.

It is stated that Mr. E. V. French is assistant professor in Locomotive Engineering.

A name has at last been found for the Class of 1900. It is to be the "noughty class."

The class of '91 met at Young's, Friday, February 1st, for their annual class dinner.

It is said that one third of the Junior Class failed in Heat, and that there was great slaughtering among the Civils of the same class.

The tennis court at the new Athletic Club was, in the vacation, the frequent resort of the Tech. men that have recently been made members.

If present indications signify anything, the General Course (IX.) will, in the near future, be pretty well up in the list of popular courses at the Institute.

The locomotive engineers have commenced calculations on a Boston & Albany standard passenger locomotive. Last Saturday they made an excursion to the Old Colony Round House.

The new Thomson-Houston alternating current dynamo has arrived, and has been set up in the new dynamo room. Messrs. French,

Fiske, Bulkley, and Lauder are to use it in their thesis work.

The language used by the officers of the B. Y. C. A. in their pamphlets posted in the hall of Rogers, is, to say the least, unique and startling. Here is a sample: "All students are invited to attend, and make this meeting a red-hot one."

Mr. Francis Hart, '89, editor-in-chief of the *Technology Quarterly*, has fallen ill through overwork. His untiring efforts in publishing the *Quarterly* had much to do with his sickness. Mr. Hart's place has been taken by Mr. Geo. M. Basford, '89.

The *Princetonian* has shaken THE TECH from its exchange list. It is only with great difficulty that we can sustain this loss. Thank goodness THE TECH is on a financial basis strong enough to admit of unlimited exchanges. There is no occult sarcasm in the above.

Dr. Gardener went to the Bermudas during the vacation to collect specimens for the class in Zoölogy. He was very successful, and brought home a large number of corals, polyps, etc., which are very abundant in the waters surrounding those beautiful islands.

It has been proposed to the Athletic Club that a cup should be provided by it to be competed for each year by the different classes. The class winning the greatest number of events, should have its name inscribed on the side each year. The idea is a good one, and will be acted upon by the Athletic Club at the next meeting.

From Tuesday, January 15th to Saturday, January 19th there was held an exhibition of meteorological apparatus, and charts, photographs, etc., of interest in connection with climatology. The seismometer, or earthquake register, the banograph, or self-registering barometer, self-registering thermometers, hygrometers, rain-gauges, and measurers of atmospheric electricity were exhibited, together with a very complete set of weather charts, and many excellent instantaneous photographs

of clouds, approaching tornadoes, ice, frost, snow, moon haloes, and wave forms. The exhibition was held under the auspices of the New England Meteorological Society, and under the immediate supervision of Prof. Wm. H. Niles.

The open meeting of the Athletic Club will probably be held in Winslow's Rink the first Saturday in March, so as not to interfere with the Harvard games which are to be held on the three succeeding Saturdays. By fixing the date of our meeting just before that of the first Harvard one, many men will enter our games just to see what they are good for; feel themselves, as it were. Their entries, together with those from the new Boston Athletic Club will make this meeting one of the most successful ever held. All Institute men who have any athletic qualifications should immediately commence training. The plea of study cannot be used as an excuse, as it is the beginning of the term, when every man has more or less time at his command. A representative tug-of-war should go into training at once, so as to keep up our reputation in that branch of the games.

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### EXCHANGE GLEANINGS.

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There are eighteen men trying for the Princeton nine.

The photograph of the students at Cornell is the largest group ever taken, containing over 1,100 faces.

There will be thirteen events in the coming winter meeting, held by the students of Exeter Academy, among which are heavy and middle weight sparring.

A new running track has been built in the gymnasium at Amherst.

A Gun Club has recently been formed at Yale.

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

A prize of \$100 is to be offered for a college song, at the Boston Institute of Technology.  
—*Yale News*.

One fifth of the whole number of students at Amherst come from the State of New York.

The Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard, has established a course in Electrical Engineering.

Out of sixty-two men in the Senior Class at Exeter, all but six will enter some college at the end of the current year. Four will come to Tech., twenty-six will go to Harvard, fourteen to Yale, two to Princeton, and the rest to smaller colleges.

The entire edition of 1,000 copies of "Technique," the annual publication of the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was sold within two hours. What a paradise Technology would be for *Epitome* editors!—*Lehigh Burr*.

It would perhaps be well to compare *Epitome* and "Technique," before the editors of the former publication try the paradise act around in this vicinity.



ELECTRIFIED.

*Positively.*

When first I caught the winsome smile  
That dwelt within her perfect face,  
I fell a victim to her wile,  
Thrilled by her fascinating grace.

*Negatively.*

But when I came to know her well,  
Ah! then I felt a lover's woe;  
Before her on my knees I fell,  
And heard her softly whisper, "No."

—*Brunonian*.



*Brown:* "By jove! SMIF, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW WARM YOU ARE IN HERE; WHY, IT'S LIKE AN OVEN."

*Smif:* "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN. THIS IS WHERE I MAKE MY BREAD."

#### THE SWEETHEARTS.

Over the meadow and down by the stile,  
Where fire-flies dance as their lamps they trim,  
The night-bird singing his song the while,  
She watches and waits for him.  
The moon on her fair, sweet face looks down;  
The night is so calm, and the air so still,  
She hears far off toward the distant town  
The note of the whip-poor-will.

Over the meadow and down by the stile,  
Her sweetheart comes to the trysting-place,  
And, softly humming a song the while,  
He kisses her blushing face.  
Afar in the sky the stars shine bright,  
About them the fairies weave their spell,  
While eyes that are filled with a tender light  
The old, old story tell.

Over the meadow and down by the stile,  
Roses with fragrance are filling the air;  
Somebody's fingers caressing the while  
A maiden's sunny hair.  
Oh, what can be sweeter than Love's young dreams!  
Oh, what can be fairer than summer skies!  
Yet brighter than all to a lover seems  
The blue of his sweetheart's eyes.

—*Yale Record.*

The humorist who said the Potomac was running for Congress, was little familiar with popular Congressional beverages.—*Life.*

"I wish it would stop raining," sighed a St. Petersburg gentleman; and he was promptly arrested for having referred to the Czar as "it."  
—*Ex.*

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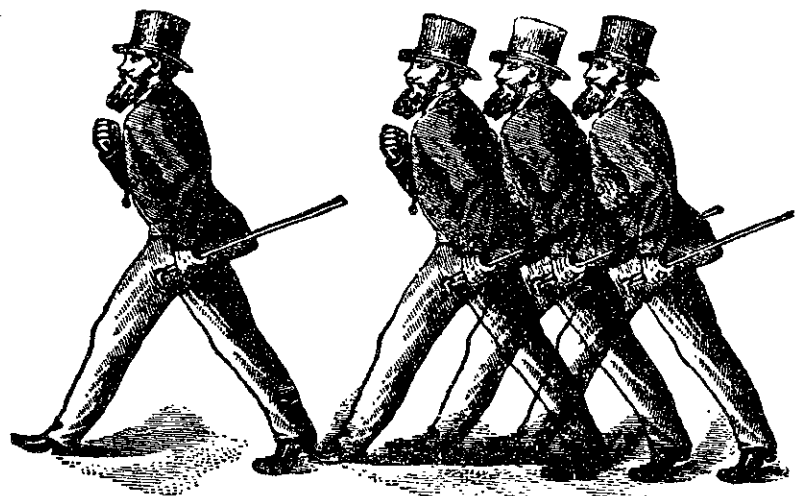
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At the Boston Theatre, Booth and Barrett still present their masterpieces of acting to crowded and appreciative houses. This week, "Julius Cæsar" on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and "Hamlet" at other performances. February 11th, Booth and Barrett's last week, followed by Harbor Lights, February 18th.

At the Globe, for this week only, the celebrated *comedienn*e Maggie Mitchell will appear in her latest triumph, entitled "Ray." February 11th. The first appearance in this city of Gilbert and Sullivan's latest success, "The Yeoman of the Guard," New York Casino cast. Sale of seats commences February 7th.

*If you read this others will also.* This space for reading notices for sale for advertising matter of all descriptions. For terms, write to Advertising Agent of THE TECH, Mass. Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.

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