

The Tech.

VOL. IX.

BOSTON, MAY 22, 1890.

NO. 16.

THE TECH.

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

BOARD OF EDITORS.

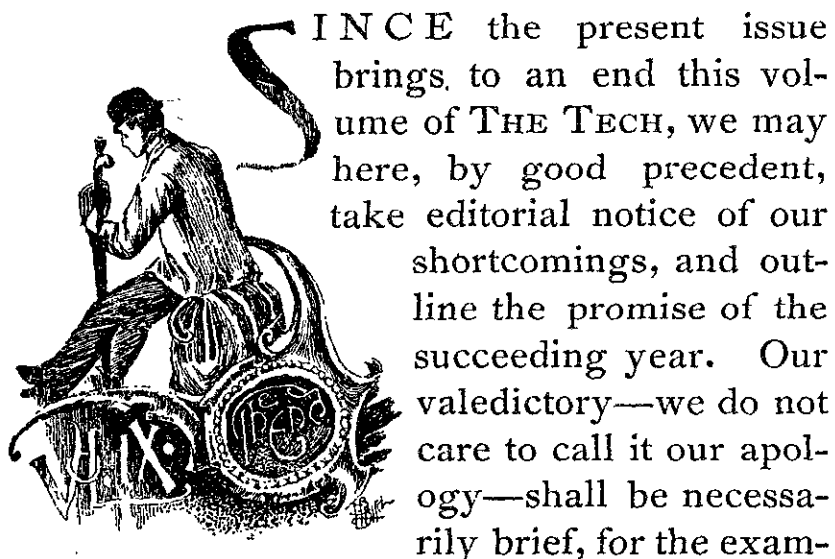
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Subscription, \$2.00 per year, in advance. Single copies, 15 cts. each.

FRANK WOOD, PRINTER, 352 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.



SINCE the present issue brings to an end this volume of THE TECH, we may here, by good precedent, take editorial notice of our shortcomings, and outline the promise of the succeeding year. Our valedictory—we do not care to call it our apology—shall be necessarily brief, for the examinations press hard upon every other employment.

The year which has just passed has been, in the case of THE TECH, of the nature of an interregnum. The dissolution of the Board of Directors and the withdrawal of a majority of its editors, left the staff of THE TECH at the beginning of the year without organization and depleted in numbers. The former need has been but lately remedied; the latter is still unsupplied. Our experiment has been conclusive, in that it has proved that THE TECH

can be published unencumbered by a Board of Directors. Our regret is, that the time and energy which have been expended by a few might not have been multiplied with a larger and better-organized Board, to the needed improvement of the paper.

For Volume X., however, the prospects are bright. The present editors, with but two exceptions, will resume their work next fall, with a year of added experience, which is sure to tell in the future management of the paper.

In conclusion, we have to thank all those whose courtesy, aid, and appreciation have made possible whatever success we have attained.

IT is a convenient time to put forth again the appeal, so often repeated in these columns, for support that shall be more than passive and impersonal. We see yearly the work of this paper carried on by a handful of the students, who, limited in time and opportunities, undertake to make it representative of the school. How far it falls short of that demand its editors unaided are not competent to judge. They cannot escape the conviction, however, that in attempting to raise its standard and extend its field, they undertake a thankless, almost a hopeless task.

It is not the pens of its editors that will in the future make or mar THE TECH; it is the attitude and support of the students, of whom it aims to be representative, and by whose encouragement it has been able to continue. If the publication of such a paper as THE TECH is a mistake, it is an error that has been strangely perpetuated; if its publication is a good thing, the support it receives should not be half-hearted. In athletics, and especially football, the efforts which have been made have met with generous support, and the Insti-

tute eleven has been enabled to compete on an equal footing with the elevens of other colleges of the second rank. There ought to be no reason why the same should not be said of the only undergraduate publication.

To speak specifically, Volume X. will be in need of subscriptions and contributions from the students. Without these aids its editors will be hampered and restricted; with them, THE TECH may hope to increase its usefulness and prosperity.

This is a general invitation to contribute, and is also personal and special, in the hope of a favorable response. THE TECH will hold you blamable if, in the four months of *dolce far niente* which are at hand, you do not evolve and put on paper some thoughts that you of all others can best express, and by the aid of printer's ink, immortalize.

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In our last issue appeared an editorial on the summer schools which we supposed to be authenticated, but which has been proved to be unfair in some of its statements. In justice to ourselves and to the course in Civil Engineering we desire to set right any wrong impressions that may have been created. The summer school which has been established has given the students an opportunity for more extended field work than was possible during the regular term. Instruction has been gratuitous, although the work has received no financial aid from the Institute. For various reasons it will be impossible for the professors who have previously had charge of the course to be in attendance this year, but the work on that account will not be less thorough, nor the methods less rigid. It is our hope that all those who drew the wrong idea will now see matters in the right light. In voicing what we conceived to be the students' ideas we had no intention to misrepresent or exaggerate.

FOR several years past the tennis courts have not been opened in the spring, and the members of the Association have thus lost many excellent opportunities for pleasurable exercise. The reasons given for not putting the grounds in order have been various,—lack of time, bad weather, scarcity of funds and so on; this year, without waiting for good or bad excuses, the officers of the Tennis Association have put the courts in order early in the season, and have given every one a chance for a set or two whenever it may be agreeable. The fact that the new men who are in charge of this matter have had enterprise enough to open the grounds in the spring is a proof that the T. T. A. has entirely recovered from its lethargic state of a year or two ago. More than a passing word of praise is due to the energy that has brought about such a result.

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THE EDITORS OF "TECHNIQUE."



EVERY one, it is said, must have a hobby, and he is a lucky individual who has but one. It is my fortune to have several. Besides a fondness for baseball and lawn-tennis,—as becomes a youth of the present day,—I am a devotee of amateur photography, and have a strong passion for the delights of woodland sport with dog and gun.

I spent the summer of 1886 at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, in the Alleghany Mountains, and found pleasure and amusement in strolling about the surrounding country with my camera in search of picturesque views of mountain scenery. During my sojourn there in the fall, I learned of the fine deer-hunting to be had at a place called Davis; and immediately the spell of the woods came over me with such overwhelming force that I hastily packed up my traps, including my camera, and set out for the interior.

A day's journey over a newly constructed railroad brought me to Davis, a town of half a dozen houses, a tavern, a tannery, and a saw mill. It is located in the midst of the forest on the margin of the famed Blackwater region, known in story and in song as the "Land of Canaan," where trout, wild turkeys, deer, and bears abound.

In my journey thither I fell into conversation with a fellow-passenger; and as he was but a few years older than myself and our tastes were congenial, the acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy. He proved to be a young man named John Phillips, Jr., from Pittsburgh; which fact, as Pittsburgh is but

ninety miles from my home in Wheeling, made him seem a near neighbor. When I told him the object of my trip, he readily consented to postpone his business engagements and join me in a hunt.

At Davis we soon ascertained from our landlord that a noted professional hunter and guide, named Bob Eastham, had a camp up the river, but was then at his house in town. This was just to our hand and we lost no time in finding him. After some conversation concerning the prospects of getting a deer, we arranged with him for a deer drive.

The next morning, after a good night's rest, we set out on foot for the camp, Eastham having the lead. Through the dense forest we went, carrying our guns and traps, and fighting our way manfully along, foot by foot,—for fight it was from start to finish. At every step the wilderness grew wilder; up and down we tramped, through swamps, stumbling over logs, crawling through the underbrush, and falling over the gnarled and twisted roots of the laurel that projected themselves offensively in our pathway, until it seemed as though we never should get through. At last, after what appeared to be an interminable journey, and was really a very fatiguing one, we reached the banks of the Blackwater.

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delightful contrast to the slow and laborious march of the morning.

Our trip up the river was full of interest to a novice. The stream, not more than twenty-five yards wide, was dyed a dark, rich amber, by the roots of the laurel and the cones of the pine. It was inclosed, on either hand, by mountains of noble form, covered with a thick growth of hemlock and fir, of massive oak, and chestnut, and wild cherry trees. The sombre shadows of the dense forest, the perfect stillness, and the utter solitude around, gave one a feeling of awe as our oars dipped into the darkened waters and our slender bark shot along this dim aisle of the wilderness.

At length we reached the camp. Here we found two small log cabins located on the bank above the river, and two of Eastham's men in charge.

Eastham, our host, who is familiarly called "Bob" by everybody, is one of those original characters that Cooper delighted to delineate. He does not have that peculiar simplicity which characterized Leather-Stocking, but he has a native shrewdness, intelligence, and capacity which give him pre-eminence among his fellow-mountaineers. He has besides a history, for he was one of Mosby's famous band in "the late unpleasantness," and an active participant in many stirring encounters, the narration of which has still a power to charm the listener.

After supper we looked about us, examining the dogs and guns with much interest. All the dogs were not at camp, but there were four large deerhounds and six or eight small beagles present and fit for duty. They were fine specimens indeed. In a straightaway race the deerhounds are best, but in the laurel thickets, where size is a disadvantage, the beagles are preferred. Of guns, there were two breech-loading shotguns, including my own, one muzzle-loader, and one Colt's rifle.

That night, as we all sat around the fire talking, I mentioned the project I had formed

of taking my camera with me in the morning and of trying to take a picture of a deer, well as to kill it. I was received with uproarious laughter by every one save Eastham. "When the 'buck fever' takes you," said the "there will not be a deer shot nor a picture taken, either." But old man Eastham seemed to think it a good idea, and explained to us that we should be stationed along the river in places where the deer were known to cross. The dogs would then be taken out, and the deer driven toward the crossings. "Now," said he, "you take my gun, which will kill a deer if you only pull the trigger, and I will take your 'poke-stalk,'" giving a sort of contemptuous glance at my smaller but neat gun, "and when you reach your stand set up your machine, get everything ready, and when the deer comes along in the water, yell. It will get up out of the water and you can pull on it. Only keep cool, and you will be all right."

Phillips and I were awakened at four the next morning. We found that Eastham and his other man had been gone with the dog for some time. Hurrying through our breakfast we took the boat and rowed to our stations. Phillips was placed at the first station myself at the second, and Nathaniel, one of the men, at another.

My stand was in a large, elbow-shaped curve of the river, where I could see up and down for several hundred yards. I arranged my camera, although it was so misty I could scarcely see the opposite shore. Now came a long wait, which was the most tedious and monotonous part of the hunt. But although it seemed an age, it was probably not more than half an hour before I heard the dogs in full cry behind me. Instantly I began to shake from head to foot with nervous excitement, and soon realized that I had a very bad case of "buck fever" to contend with. Fortunately, while trying to summon up my nerve, the deer turned back, and as the cry of the dogs receded I gradually recovered my

self-command. Recalling Eastham's instructions about keeping cool, I was well prepared, when, after another tedious wait, I heard a splashing, and saw a deer about two hundred yards above me coming down the river, its large ears flapping and its eyes dilated with fear. When it was directly opposite, I yelled, but it only turned and looked at me. As nothing but its head was above water, I despaired of getting a good picture, but nevertheless made an exposure. Then seizing my gun I put a charge of buckshot through the deer's head, and its body floated to the shore a short distance below. Another hour's wait was required before the boat returned; then we went to camp and received the congratulations of everyone. On comparing notes, it seemed that Eastham and myself were the only lucky ones. He said that when out with the dogs he saw a doe, and thinking to scare her with the despised "poke-stalk," had shot at and killed her, much to his own surprise.

On the following morning we started on our return,—Nathaniel and myself going in the boat, while Eastham and Phillips walked. The only arm we had in the boat was a revolver. When about half-way down the river Nathaniel uttered an exclamation, and turning, I saw a doe coming up the stream. "What shall we do?" said Nathaniel; "we have no gun;" and then remembering his revolver he pulled it from his pocket, while I crouched low in the boat. When the doe was within twenty feet, Nathaniel jumped up and began to fire. We could see that the shots took effect, but they did not stop the doe, which swam past and took to the woods. Immediately we pulled to the shore and ran back to camp, Nathaniel getting a dog, while I snatched up the rifle. When we reached the boat we found another dog, which had escaped Eastham, and had been chasing this very deer; so we started both dogs on the trail, and posted ourselves on the bank,—Nathaniel going below, and I above. I soon

heard the sound of shooting and yelling, and in a few seconds I saw the doe coming. When opposite me she struck deep water, only her head and shoulders appearing. I fired three shots from the rifle before I succeeded in dispatching her, all three having taken effect in the head.

Nathaniel soon came up; and, after taking the dogs and the gun back to camp, we proceeded on our way down the river with our two deer. When we arrived at Davis, we surprised both Eastham and Phillips with our second prize. Thus ended our Blackwater expedition.

I shipped one of the deer home, and its skin now decorates my room; while on the wall above hangs a picture of the first wild deer I ever saw.

A Photographic Romance.

IN what follows I intend to take the reader wholly into my confidence, and if he is of the class to which I hope he belongs, he will never divulge my folly. There are some happenings in our lives which we cannot even tell our most intimate friends, however great our regard of their integrity, and it seems to me that among such affairs those of the heart stand pre-eminent. If we wish to hide our infirmities from ourselves, does it not cause us a pang to confide in another. The very act of confession only buries deeper the point of the dagger of conscience.

I sincerely believe that there are few of the younger generation in this fair country of ours who have not, at a certain age, been stricken with that deadly disease known as the "camera fever," which, after robbing its victim of health and wealth, and staining his hands a raw sienna tint, leaves him estranged from the rest of his kind. His fellow-men point the scornful finger at him behind his back, smirk before his instrument, and call him a "fiend."

What a mysterious attraction photography has for the uninitiated! I became a disciple

of the shutter. How it all came about is unimportant, but suffice it to say that, after being waylaid and plundered by that modern bandit known as a stock dealer, and after trying innumerable developers and plates, each the best on the market, I emerged a full-fledged "fiend."

Every plate exposser has had numerous adventures, many of them comical, most of them aggravating. I recollect how, in the early days of my trials, I invited two pretty young ladies to have their photographs taken. They came one afternoon, and, after posing them and drawing the slide, I made a very short exposure, at which they exclaimed in a breath: "Oh, my! did you really take a picture in such a short time? Why, how nicely you do. Isn't photography awfully nice?" I assented to its nicety, and inquired if they would like to see the development of the negative. Of course they would; so taking the young ladies to the dark room, I arranged my solutions and withdrew the slide in the plate-holder, when, behold, no plate was there. There was one in the other side, and I had exposed the empty one. After a few more such incidents as are common to the making of every amateur, an event happened to me, through photography, which was of infinite influence in my life.

To retard events and to make a short story long, this was my experience. Two gentlemen, who were visiting at my house, came into the focus of the camera, as was the fate of all my friends at that time. They made a very effective group, one sitting, the other standing, under an old apple tree; but in the negative, when developed, I noticed upon the black coat of one of my subjects two small spots, one beside the other. Not thinking that they were anything more than an imperfection in the plate, I went on with my printing; and imagine my amazement, upon finishing the prints, at finding, where the spots were in the negative, a pair of human eyes, and, furthermore, a shadowy, yet perfectly

tangible face and features. Only these, and nothing more.

The countenance was that of a girl of perhaps eighteen summers, which must have been bright and happy ones, for the face was very lovely; thick, dark, and wavy hair, cut in a graceful curve across the forehead, and large eyes, which could be imagined of a hazel or melting brown color. Her lips, so gracefully curved, more than hinted at the cherry redness, which losing its brilliancy, but none of its beauty, must have glowed in her rounded cheeks. My fate was sealed. Up to that time no beauteous image had effected entrance to my heart. Photography and youth's first wonderment at, and dabbling in, the beauties of science were the only claimants upon my fancy. I kept my secret, told the persons concerned that the photograph was a failure, which caused no remark, and then began an existence for and in that shadowy presence which had so completely enthralled me.

Picture, if you can, my serfdom to a mere spirit, to a shadowy semblance of a feminine face. It became my life, as, sleeping or waking, it was ever before me. How imagination bedecked my mental picture with every lovable and divine quality which I have since learned belong solely to such creations. She must be lovable—her full lips and deep, soulful eyes showed that. Intellectuality also should be hers; did not her forehead and clear-cut features shine with it? I could only picture the form which belonged to the possessor of that face, but to compare with it, she must be a creature—well, though perhaps girlishly developed, and supple, with willowy grace.

I attempted, by a process of photographic enlargement, to get a more definite image; but the trial served only to increase the indistinctness of those features already so faint upon paper and so vivid in my imagination. It was always reaching for something I could not grasp,—a striving for the unattainable. I, who had previously been so neutral to femi-

nine attractions, now found myself a slave to an almost fantastic creation of the mind. How can I describe my existence then! Viewing it in the distant past it appears a weird dream, full of unsatisfied longings, mingled alternately with hope and despair.

Then I began a search for that which was rendering life unbearable, but which, if found, I fondly believed would bring me the *ultimatum* of content and happiness. I looked for that face among crowds in the city, often wandering for hours through the most populous streets. Although every type and variety of features was there, the ones I sought never evolved themselves from among them. How wonderful, thought I, that among all these beings, there are no two alike, and yet, though so similar in ambitions and purposes, none remind me of, or resemble, the one so distinctly before my mental vision. I felt that more would be accomplished if I mingled among my fellow-creatures than if I brooded by myself, as I gladly would have done. At dances I seemed most inattentive to my partners, for I would glide about mechanically, thinking how different it would be, how like a ravishing dream, could I only clasp that form existing, alas! only as an illusive ideal. I attempted to free my mind in the enjoyment of society, but it was no use; the fatal image could not be banished by a perfunctory pretence of enjoyment. I was distraught as a companion, disinteresting as an acquaintance, and inattentive as an escort. Indeed, I wonder that people bore with me as kindly as they did.

But this state of things could not, from its very nature, last indefinitely; and I, of course, could not escape the remarks and wondering comment of my friends. I became melancholy and absent-minded; and, above all, my physical condition, at a time of life when vigorous growth was nature's rule, was getting precarious. My appetite fell away, and outdoor exercise was not attractive to me. My family noticed all these appearances, and sought to discover their origin; but for a time

I would confide in no one. Finally, after an unusually long day of tormenting desires and unquenchable yearnings, I felt that I must share my misery with some one. I could not tell Harry, my best friend; for, though very dear to me, he would not understand my feelings, and very likely would find them ludicrous, which would be unbearable to me. So I turned, as many a man has and will, to that ever sympathizing and most discerning of friends,—my mother. I told her my experience; and, as a confirmation of it, showed her the fatal image. She looked at it a few moments; and all at once, like sunshine breaking through the clouds of an April sky, she seemed to clear all the mystery. "Why," she said, "it is Harry's face."

I could not believe it, but time and a certain cooling of my first love revealed all to me. It was most certainly the features of my chum, though very indistinct, and much altered by photographic processes. The strong features, the full lips, and even the slightly curling hair, which he allowed to fall over his forehead,—all were his.

Long after, I remembered that before taking that important picture I had attempted, late in the evening, to make some pictures of my friend. I tried to develop one, but it was so indistinct that I left the other in the plate-holder, and had exposed it in the next photograph. The face being white, had appeared distinctly against the dark background of a black coat. Agreeable to my desires, my mother kept my secret; and as I became well healed of my wounded heart, my friend Harry assumed a place in it which I had hitherto thought it impossible for a man to hold. I am still waiting to gather courage to tell him everything, as I have told you, dear reader.

Thus we go on every day falling in love with fancies of our own creating, and endowing them with qualities which, with a little deeper insight, we might find in those around us.

Outdoor Spring Meeting.

THE outdoor spring meeting of the Athletic Club was held at Readville, Saturday, May 3d. The roughness of the track, and the cool wind, which at times blew quite strongly, interfered considerably with the possibility of good record-making. Nevertheless the men made an excellent showing, and the two hundred spectators were well repaid for being present.

Four Institute records were broken,—the one-mile walk, standing broad jump, running broad jump, and quarter-mile run. Records were made for the first time in the 50-yard dash, 220-yard hurdle, and throwing the hammer (16 lbs.). There were in all over fifty entries. First and second prizes were given in all events.

The first event was the 50-yard dash, in which eleven out of the fourteen who entered, tried for the prize. The first trial heat was made up of the following men: Crane, '90, Waite, '91, French, '92, Buchholz, '92, Swift, '92, and Lord, '93. Buchholz won, time, 6 seconds; Crane second, time, $6\frac{1}{3}$ seconds. In the next trial heat the entries were as follows: Henderson, '90, Vielé, '91, Cogswell, '91, Howland, '91, and Gorham, '93. Vielé took the lead, winning in $6\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, with Cogswell in next place; time, $6\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

Next came the half-mile run, in which there were four entries: Batchelder, '90, Harvey, '92, Kales, '92, Stanwood, '93. Batchelder took the lead for the entire distance, finishing in 2 minutes 14 seconds, with Kales second, 2 minutes $17\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.

In the 100-yard dash there were six contestants: Waite, '90, Jacobs, '91, Buchholz, '92, French, '92, Gorham, '93, Lord, '93. Buchholz finished first in 11 seconds, and Lord, '93, in $11\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.

In the mile walk Selfridge, '91, took the lead, but was disqualified toward the end of the course for running, and Alley, '91, finished in 8 minutes $5\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, breaking the former Institute record of 8 minutes 16 seconds, made by J. Duff, '81.

While the above was taking place the following contestants were struggling with the 16-pound hammer: Hooper, '91, Ferriday, '92, and Harvey, '92. The event was won by Ferriday, distance, 67 feet. Hooper won second, distance, 65 feet.

The standing broad jump was the next event, in which there were four entries: Wason, '90, Vielé, '91, Conant, '91, Parker, '92. Wason won, jumping 9 feet 9 inches, and breaking the Institute record held by himself of 9 feet 7 inches. Vielé won second prize; distance, 9 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The winners of the first and second places in the trial heats for the 50-yards dash now ran off the finals. The men were Buchholz, Vielé, Crane, and Cogswell. Buchholz, '92, won in 6 seconds, followed by Vielé, '91, $6\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.

This was followed by the 220-yards dash, in which the following men entered: Spencer, '91, Buchholz, '92, Lord, '93. Spencer won first in 25 seconds; Buchholz and Lord ran a dead heat for second place.

Five men entered for the 220-yards hurdle. Waite, '90, Swift, '92, and Henderson, '90, ran in the first trial heat, which was won by Waite in $32\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, followed by Henderson in 33 seconds. Dearborn, '93, and Stanwood, '93, ran the second trial heat, Dearborn, 32 seconds.

The running broad jump was the next event, in which there were six entries: Wason, '90, Crane, '90, Vielé, '91, Swift, '92, French, '92, Reed, '93. Reed and Swift withdrew. First place was won by Vielé, '91, distance, 17 feet $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches, thus breaking the record of 17 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, held by M. E. Cobb, '87. Wason, '90, and Crane, '90, were tied for second, and were obliged to jump it off. In doing so, both won the record again, Crane winning at 17 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, thus making three points for '90.

While the running broad jump was being contested for, the mile run was started. The entries were: Batchelder, '90, Leeming, '91,

Walker, '92, and Harvey, '92. Batchelder finished with quite a lead, winning first place in 5 minutes 11 seconds. Leeming came in second, in 5 minutes 15 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

The trial heat for seconds in the 220-yard hurdle was then run between Henderson, '90, and Stanwood, '93, the winner to run in the finals. Henderson won in 34 seconds.

Buckholz, '92, and Lord, '93, now ran off the dead heat for second place in the 220-yard dash. It was won by Buckholz in 26 seconds.

In the quarter-mile run the three following men took their places: Spencer, '91, Harvey, '92, and Palmer, '92. The event was won by Spencer in 55 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, breaking the former record of 58 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, held by L. R. Cobb, '86. Palmer took second place in 57 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

The last event was the final heat in the 220 yard hurdle. The entries were: Henderson, '90, Waite, '90, and Dearborn, '93. Dearborn was the winner in 31 seconds, with Henderson in second place.

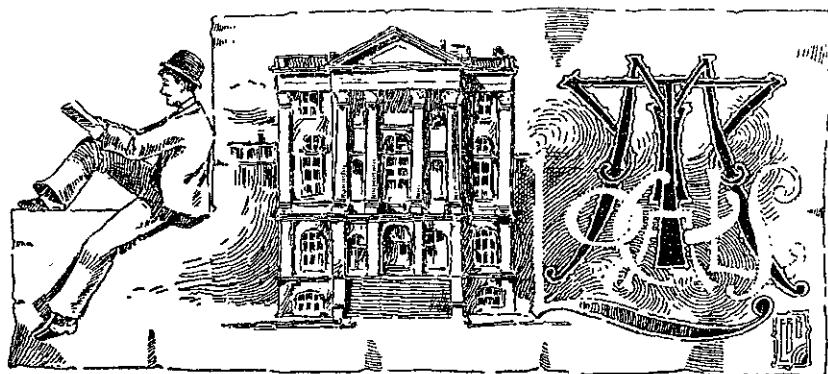
The referee of the events was E. L. Hamilton, '91.

Clerk of the course, H. M. Waite, '90; assistant clerk of the course, P. Manchester, B. A. A.

Judges at the finish, E. L. Hamilton, '91, J. Taylor, B. A. A., and J. E. Morse, B. A. A. Judge of walking, H. S. Cornish, B. A. A. Timekeepers, C. M. Lincoln, B. A. A., W. H. Merrill, Jr., '89, W. L. Kingsley, B. A. A. Aids, E. Cunningham, '91, T. Spencer, '91, W. C. Dart, '91, J. M. Ferriday, '92, H. S. Potter, '92.

A summary of points for the Class Cup shows the following result: '90, 11; '91, 14; '92, 9; '93, 3. At the Winter Indoor Meeting the points for the cup were as follows: '90, 14; '91, 5; '92, 7; '93, 5. Combining the two, the final result, therefore, stands: '90, 25; '91, 19; '92, 16; '93, 8; and the cup goes to '90.

The Athletic Club is to be congratulated upon the large number of entries and the great success of the meeting.



The schedule of examinations gives general satisfaction.

The Tech. Quartet sang at Newton, Thursday, May 15th.

Census-taking will occupy a number of students this summer.

The K₂S held its annual dinner at Young's, Tuesday, May 13th.

'90 should be congratulated upon the success of her photographer.

The Editors of THE TECH have had a group photograph taken at Holland's.

The Sophs have played eight games of baseball this season, of which they have won three and lost five.

The department of Civil Engineering has received applications for men this year in greater number than ever before.

The Seniors, to the number of about one hundred, held their last undergraduate dinner at Young's Hotel, Friday, May 2d.

The Architectural Society have had their photograph taken. The group contains about 35 persons, including members and professors.

Professor Chandler, of the Architectural Department, has received several communications offering work to draughtsmen and designers.

The Architects, '92, and Division I., of '93, met in a game of baseball behind the Gym, Friday, May 2d. The Architects were defeated, 7-12.

'93 closed her baseball season with her game at Providence with the Brown Fresh-

men. The team has played five games, winning two and losing three.

At the meeting of the Mechanical Engineering Society, Friday, May 9th, Mr. Winslow Blanchard discussed the management and firing of steam-boilers.

A number of changes are contemplated for the Architectural Department, to take place next year. There is some talk of abolishing the partial course, thus making all two-year men Specials.

The Freshmen went to Providence on Saturday, May 3, and played Brown, '93. The game was a close and exciting one, but was lost by the careless base-running of the Freshmen. Score, 7-6.

Occupants of the upper part of the New Building were given, last week, a sample of the traveling powers of HCl. A quantity of the acid was overturned on the floor and soon made itself quite disagreeable.

G. B. de Gersdorff and C. N. Cogswell, who have been taking on a Post-graduate Course, sailed for Paris, May 10th. They will continue their study of architecture. J. R. Coolidge, Jr., expects to leave June 1st for the same purpose.

The K₂S met at Young's, Wednesday evening, May 7th, and elected the following officers: President, A. F. Shattuck, '91; Vice-President, H. E. Hathaway, '91; Secretary, G. H. May, '92; Treasurer, H. R. Moody, '92.

The Tennis Association have laid out two single courts and one double one on the Institute "Campus." When the thoughts of the coming examinations are not too overwhelming, members now have a chance to spend their leisure hours with wisdom on their side.

The Tech. Quartet, assisted by Mr. R. Whitman and the Mandolin Club, gave a very enjoyable concert at the Association Hall last Saturday evening. All the selections were very well rendered and the con-

cert was musically a success. About hundred persons were present.

The Class of '89, School of Mechanic Arts, M. I. T., held an annual dinner and election of officers at the Boston Tavern last evening. Edward F. Sherman presided at the business meeting. President Edward F. Sherman, Secretary and Treasurer James J. Killam were re-elected.

The last undergraduate dinner of the Class of '90 was held at Young's, Friday, May 9th. It was not quite as largely attended as might have been, because of unfinished theoretical work. W. Z. Ripley officiated as toastmaster, while President Calkins presided at head of the table. The event, as a whole, passed off excellently.

The fourth annual dinner of the Architectural Society was held at Young's, Friday, May 9th. Twenty-five members were present besides a few of the professors of the department. President Alden presided and delivered his annual address to the society. E. V. Seelee officiated as toastmaster. The following speeches were made: Post-graduate Goodrich, on "The Office of the Professor Chandler, on "The Future of the Course IV.;" F. E. Newman, "The Architecture of the Museum;" F. H. Meserve, on "The Annex and lastly C. H. Walker, on "The Value of Foreign Travel." The dinner was pronounced by all a grand success.

The annual game of baseball between the Freshmen and Sophomores took place at the South End Grounds, on Wednesday, April 30th. The brass band furnished by '92 was much enjoyed and appreciated by '93. The latter, to show their thankfulness for the favor allowed their opponents to win the game. Until the score became too one-sided, the interest was quite intense. Features of the game were: the all-round playing of Moody, '93, and Locke, '92; brilliant plays by Higginbotham, '92; and the base-running of Ashton, '93. Up to the end of the third inning '93

made a very good showing; but after that she gradually fell behind, until in the ninth inning the score stood 15-6, in favor of '92.

Ninety-three did herself justice at the annual prize drill in Mechanics Hall last Saturday. To say that the drilling was better than in former years would be a wrong, both to the Freshmen and their predecessors: but to say that it was as good is surely true. The large hall was crowded with spectators. Music was furnished by Baldwin's Cadet Band.

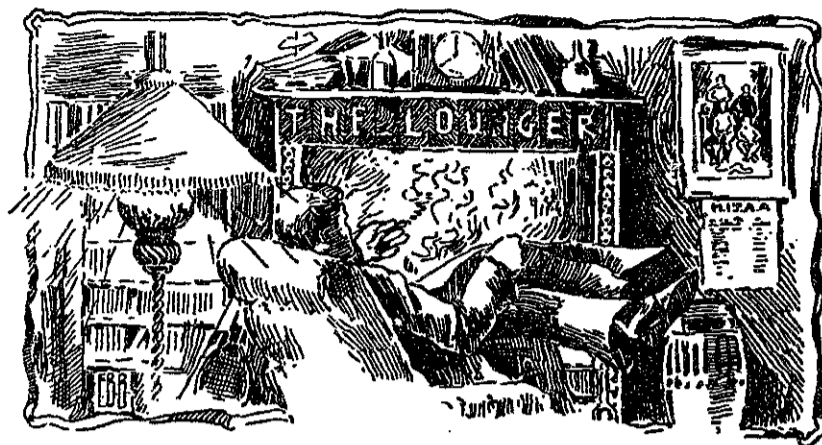
The first thing to take place was the manœuvring of the entire Battalion under the command of Major Guppy. Then followed the competition Company drill for prizes presented by '92; then a competitive individual drill, free to all, under the command of Adj. F. F. Phinney. In this there were about forty entries. The last contest for a prize was one by those who had never drilled before they came to the Institute.

The Battalion was then drawn up in dress parade and the prizes awarded. Col. Wm. M. Strachan of the 9th Infantry, and F. L. Locke of the 1st Battalion Cavalry, were the judges. The latter once belonged to the Tech Corps of Cadets. In the absence of President Walker, Professor Runkle, after addressing a few words to the Battalion, announced the prizes as follows:

First Company prize, Company B, Captain Kimball; Second Company prize, Company C, Captain Houghton. The sword presented by President Walker to the Captain of the Company showing the best setting up, was awarded to Captain Kimball, Company B.

First individual prize, 1st Sergeant W. I. Hahn, Company C; Second individual prize, private W. B. Hill, Company B. Special prize to those who had never drilled before, private Beddall, Company C.

All the Companies were loudly applauded, the Drum Corps, perhaps, being the favorites. The day ended with dancing.



"Did the drill bore you?" said the Lounger to the Editor-in-Chief, as the latter nonchalantly clipped a joke from the *New England Farmer*.

"Hammer that into the janitor," retorted the editor, sharpening his shears with a file of the *Quarterly*.

"Your honor," said the Lounger, "what is the difference between the entrance to our gymnasium and the annual examinations?"

"One lets the Freshman in, and the other puts him out."

"What a waste of wit," said the Lounger, with a D. H. smile; "come again. No? Well, the difference is this: one is a barn door and the other is a d—"

The Lounger dodged the shears that shattered his piano lamp.

"You light out," said the editor; "any other questions?"

The Lounger worked round between the editor and the plate glass window of the sanctum, and remarked, "Can you tell me why No. 16 is later than usual?"

"The last number is always the latest, you poor, ink-driveling idiot!"

"Work your position for all it is worth, your editorship; after this issue you'll be nothing but a pen Dennis."

"You're as well read as Dr. Rand's ink," said the editor. "Come out of the waste-basket; I've something to say to you. Are you grinding any?"

"Exceeding small," whistled the Lounger to the tune of fifteen dollars.

"How do you expect to get through?" continued the editor.

"For good," said the Lounger. "Will you miss me when I'm gone?"

"If we miss anything else, there'll be trouble," said the editor. "Shall you take an S. B. with you?"

"Change the subject. I'll take a B. S. with you, if you haven't overdrawn your account with the business manager."

"Against the rules, I'm afraid. To return to business; have you any news?"

"Yes. What has Linus got to do with the examination in Physics?"

"Nothing."

"Well, what I want to know is, what's it's Cross hatched for?"

"Lounger, you're a bad egg. Beware, or you'll be stepped on."

"Your honor, do you want a little item for the next issue? I've got a little story—"

"Drag it in."

"Well, A—, '92, got a check from his father, Saturday. It wasn't large enough for a pair of trousers, so he made a vest of it. How's that for an investment?"

When the Lounger crawled out from under the Unabridged Dictionary and two arm-chairs, he remarked: "Has it gone to press yet?"

"You had better be satisfied without a second proof," muttered the editor; "just subside until I read this love story by a Co-ed."

"Excuse me, I've something special," said the Lounger, standing the dummy on its head. "Have you heard what '91 made on 'Technique?'"

"You mean they made a raise on the price."

"Exactly, and the profits were four dollars and thirty-seven cents."

"That's a grind for '92; put it in the box, and get five dollars."

"Thanks; can't you advance me two and a half on my prospects?"

"WHAT!" said the editor, in large caps, so loud that the office boy fell off his stool. "Do you think this is a loan office?"

"It will be alone all summer. Say, why don't you discharge the clock for running on tick?"

"We've had enough of this," retorted the editor, sternly.

"That's what '93 said about baseball," added the Lounger. "Is the Secretary's hat a tile, or—"

"There'll be a vacancy on this corps," shouted the editor.

"Yes, and a corpse to fill the vacancy," said the Lounger, picking up a leaded editorial.

"Put down your arms; I'm no road agent."

"I took you for a book agent," said the Lounger,

extending the broken mucilage bottle; "Do you swear to keep the peace and stick to it. Never mind the thanks. I must go."

"Hold on a minute; where's your copy?" said the editor.

"Notman's; six dozen," said the Lounger as he made for the door. "Be good," he added, as he shut it on the editor's fingers.

"Thank heaven, I'm out of that," he said, as he heard the editor's objurgations. "Here's to my successor; may he live long and prosper."

College Notes.

The Trustees of Columbia College have decided to establish a school of philosophy as a step toward the establishment of a higher university education. It is also intended to found a new chair of history.

Treasurer Hooper estimates that the wealth of Harvard doubles every twenty years.

Ground will soon be broken at Lehigh for an electrical laboratory.

The semi-annual meeting of the Inter-collegiate Football Association was held in New York on May 10th. The resignation of Harvard was unanimously accepted.

Charles Butler, President of the Board of Directors of the Union Theological Seminary has given \$100,000 to endow a chair in biblical history. He gives a like endowment to the New York University.

The Columbia College Boat Club has decided definitely to put a crew on the water this year, although the men at present training are in bad condition. The Freshman crew has several good oarsmen, but they will, if possible, be kept in the Freshman boat.

The committee of Yale graduates, who have in charge the collection of money for the choice of plans for the new gymnasium report that the fund for the building is still \$30,000 short of the \$180,000 which will be necessary.

There are twenty-nine men training for the Harvard Mott Haven Team.

President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins' University, is at present traveling in the Holy Land.

James Robinson, who has been college trainer at Princeton for the past seven years, has accepted the position of trainer for the Manhattan Athletic Club for five years, beginning next October.

The Seniors at Trinity have voted the lemon-squeezer to the Class of '92 by a large majority. It is given to the class which has shown the most class spirit, done the best work for the college, and generally made the best record.

Four men fainted in the dead heat pulled by the Columbia and the Berkeley A. A. tug-of-war teams at the gymnasium of the Jersey City A. C., April 29th. Columbia pulled Princeton nine inches at the same meeting.

The annual football game between teams representing England and Scotland, played at Hampden Park, Glasgow, April 5th, resulted in a draw each side scoring one goal.

Twenty-five thousand dollars has been expended on the Princeton athletic field during the last two years.

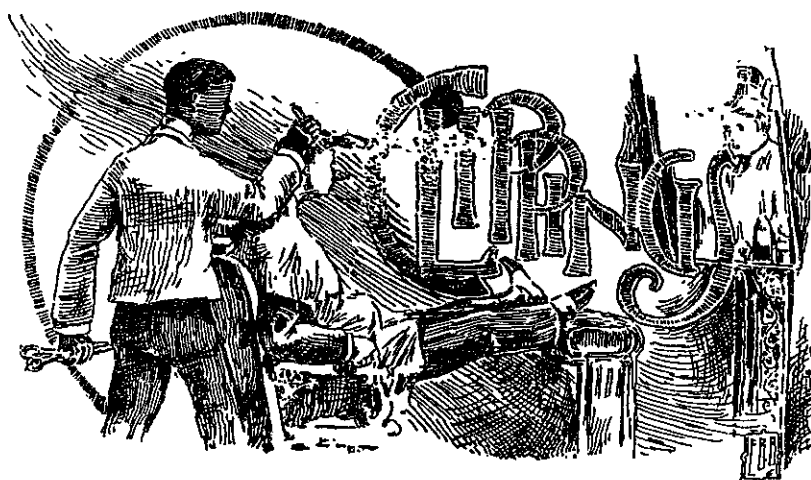
A gold watch was awarded to each winner, and a silver watch to each second, in the M. A. C. games on May 10th.

The semi-annual meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association will be held at Providence, May 30th. The delegates will be entertained by the *Brunonian* and the *Brown Magazine*.

The new library of the University of Pennsylvania will soon be completed. It is fire-proof, and the book-shelves, which are of iron, are calculated to contain 200,000 volumes.

The Senior Class at Williams has voted to abolish class day, together with the exercises connected with that day.

A number of students of the University of Pennsylvania have undertaken to raise money for the establishment of a chair of pedagogy.



She: "You tell your sister I meant to write her a note, but didn't."

He: "Thanks; she'll be glad to hear it."

"I shall forbid Clarence to enter my house," said papa, sternly.

"Would you break the boy's heart?"

"No; I'd break his neck."

Aunt: "Yes, Maudie dear, heaven is a land of everlasting bliss; but what must the other place be?"

Maudie: "I don't know, auntie, unless it's a place of everlasting blister."

"It seems to me I have seen your face before."

"Quite likely. That's where I carry it."

Madge: "Oh! isn't that a bull?"

Charlie: "Yes; but you needn't be afraid so long as I'm with you."

Madge: "I'm afraid you won't be with me long if he comes this way."

Policeman: "Come along!"

Howling Inebriate: "Whazzer want?"

"I arrest you. You are full of whiskey."

"You betcher life! I'm a 'riginal package o' whiskey an' y' can't touch me! Thatsh th' law! Handsh off! Whoop!"

We have heard of young men who have pushed themselves to the front, but have never witnessed that highly entertaining operation. A man must have to go back on himself before he can get into a position to push himself. On the whole we'd very much like to see this performance.

A good instance of a neat diplomatic rejoinder is embodied in a story regarding Count Herbert Bismarck on the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to Rome last year. It appears that at the railway station Count Herbert, who is not renowned for the suavity of his manners, pushed rudely against an Italian dignitary who was watching the proceedings. The dignitary was greatly incensed, and remonstrated very forcibly against such unceremonious treatment; whereupon Count Herbert turned round haughtily and said, "I don't think you know who I am. I am Count Herbert Bismarck." "That," replied the Italian, bowing politely, "as an excuse is insufficient, but as an explanation it is ample."



“ARE YOU INTERESTED IN PHOTOGRAPHY, MISS BRIGHTON?”

“I MUST CONFESS IT IS HARD TO HELP BEING TAKEN WITH IT.”

SAME AS EVER.

How well I can remember, when I was but a lad,
How my mother'd tack restrictions upon everthing I had.
If 'twas a knife, she'd hand it me with—“Take it Henry;
but

Keep it always in your pocket, dear, and

Don't
You
Cut.”

Now when I went to college, I found, save in the name,
That the state of things at young Cornell was very much
the same.

Says the Prof., “Ahem! young gentlemen, we've no re-
strictions,—but

My private advice expressed aloud is,

Don't
You
Cut.”

—*Cornell Era.*