

The Tech.

VOL. IX.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 24. 1889.

NO. 2.

THE TECH.

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

BOARD OF EDITORS.

HERBERT EMERSON HATHAWAY, '91, *Editor-in-Chief.*
JOHN LANGDON BATCHELDER, JR., '90.
HENRY MATSON WAITE, '90.
ELISHA BROWN BIRD, '91.
ALLEN FRENCH, '92.
HENRY NYE WILLIAMS, '92.

ALLEN FRENCH, *Secretary.*

HENRY NYE WILLIAMS, *Business Manager.*

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

FRANK WOOD, PRINTER, 352 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.



HEARTY response has been received by THE TECH to its appeals for contributions, and for the first time on record the Editorial Board has had an opportunity for a few hours leisure. For this relief many thanks. The greater number of the articles handed in have been well written and very acceptable; to their authors THE TECH returns its acknowledgments, and asks for more of the same kind in the near future. The Board of Editors will be increased as soon as the present staff are warranted in choosing new men from those handing in articles, and it is hoped that until such selections are made, the competition will increase rather than diminish. Beyond enrolling a large Board of Editors, THE TECH wishes for contributions from everybody interested in the paper's welfare or the welfare of

the school. Unless such articles are published, THE TECH cannot truly call itself the organ of the students; and as we wish to voice the popular sentiment in all matters of general interest rather than the individual convictions of the Editorial Board, it is essential that everyone should do some writing for the paper. If anything don't suit you, write to THE TECH about it; the paper has a column heading for letter-communications, which has not been used since last winter, and there is always space for well-written articles on any and all good subjects. Keep up the work that has been so well begun, and let us make THE TECH truly and wholly the paper of the students of Technology.

IT is very evident, even to an enthusiast, that Technology has hard work before her if she expects to make a creditable showing on the football field this year; the defeat at Andover may be excused on account of lack of practice, and that at Exeter because of the crippled condition of the team, but with so many new men on the eleven, vast improvement must be made before the championship series is begun.

It is unfortunate that so few of the members of last year's team should return to the Institute this fall. It is doubly unfortunate that the few who have returned should be forced, from one reason or another, to discontinue work with the eleven. The management and the new players are both trying to fill the vacancies to the best of their abilities, and nothing but praise should be given their efforts. Could they have more time for practice each day, or could they have begun work earlier in the season, the prospects would not look so uncertain. As it is, the mem-



He lit a match for his cigarette,
And said to her, as their eyes had met,
"I'll smoke a 'foolkiller,' by your leave;
You don't object to them, I believe?"

"'Foolkillers' call you your cigarette?
It's a funny name," she said,—“and yet,”
And she looked up at him with eyes half closed,
“You haven't smoked very many of those!”

A daisy nodded its golden head,
The sun sank down as the day was dead,
And ceased his hum had the busy bee,
But the boy—oh! where—oh! where was he?



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bers of the team must accept the disadvantages under which they are placed, and try to follow the examples of their predecessors, who labored under the same difficulties, and came out at the head of the list after all.

THE Junior annual, which will be brought out by '91 later in the term, promises to more than equal the success of former issues. The artistic department has always received special attention, and in this year's "Technique," if what we have seen is a sample, the excellence of the work in this line will attract especial notice. It is a mistake, in our judgment, to publish "Technique" in the fall instead of in the spring, as is the custom at most colleges. In spite of the short time necessarily given to their preparation, "Technique's" social, athletic, and general statistics, by their accuracy and convenience of reference, have made it the *vade-mecum* of Tech. undergraduates. The labor involved in such a publication is best appreciated by those who have a hand in it; the result reached in former years has been matter for congratulation. A few more weeks will show how much '91's efforts deserve the same judgment.

ALTHOUGH it is some time since we first received the news of Secretary Munroe's resignation, the shock of surprise has hardly left us. The idea that Mr. Munroe could, under any circumstances, be separated from those surroundings of which he seemed so much a part, would have seemed almost incredible before it was actually forced upon us. We can be excused for denying, as did the rest of the Institute, the news when first it reached us. But it is true, and the resignation having gone into effect, Mr. Munroe has removed from among us, and an unfamiliar, though not unknown face, occupies his place.

No one will more sincerely deplore the loss of Mr. Munroe than THE TECH. Always

courteous and obliging, he has assisted us materially, and more than occasionally in our search for official information about the doings at the Institute, often inconveniencing himself to authenticate some rumor. And in return we may have done little to express our gratitude,—that hardest of things to express; we may have called him "Jimmy," and at times inserted mild "swipes" upon him, but we know he took it as it was meant, in good nature. It was not the man, but the more unpleasant duties of his office that were attacked.

Mr. Munroe graduated from the Mining department of the Institute in the year 1882, and immediately became the registrar and assistant secretary under the secretary then in office, in 1884 himself receiving the secretaryship, which place he has since held. Mr. Munroe's remarkable memory, enabling him to carry in his head all the details of the administration of the Institute, his unflagging industry in performing the duties of his office, and the kindness he showed to every one who came to him for assistance or information, greatly endeared him to the officers of the Institute and to the students. His loss will be regretted, not only by the Faculty and corps of instruction, but by the whole body of students, and their good wishes will follow him in his future life. We are sure of his success in his new vocation, yet, hoping it will do no harm, but smooth his path in some degree, we wish Mr. Munroe all the happiness and peace of mind, in his new pursuits, which comes from the knowledge of duties successfully performed.

THE Glee Club has never in our recollection started on its work with more promise of a brilliant career than at present, and we hope to see this organization at the head of its contemporaries.

The Club thus far received but very little financial aid from the Institute. To remedy this fault the present managers are aiming to in-

terest the students, and bring them into closer relationship with the Association.

No representative organization reflects more credit on the school than a club of this kind, and it should therefore receive earnest support. It is expected that every student will do his share, not only in contributing toward expenses, but in competing and inducing others to compete for positions in its ranks.

The management will give careful attention to all applicants handing in their names with the position desired.

THE eleven opens the championship series at Amherst on Saturday, and from all appearances, the result of the game can be said to be anything but certain.

To be sure, Tech. and Amherst came out at different ends of the list last year, but their relative positions at that time comes far from being a safe criterion for this year's play.

As good an eleven as possible will of course be selected from the present chaotic mixture of players and captains to represent Technology on the Amherst field, and THE TECH hopes to see a large number of men accompany whatever team is selected, and to see the eleven heartily supported whether they win or lose the game.

There is nothing which will give a team greater encouragement than to hear their college cheer applaud them in a game away from home, and the turning-point of a match has often been decided by the amount and quality of the cheering given.

Therefore every man who can possibly leave Boston should take the Amherst trip with the eleven, for our later prospects may be greatly dependent upon the result of this first game. The cheering at the Brown game last week lacked the snap and force which is generally given to a Tech. football cheer, and we hope the men who go to Amherst will make themselves heard in a good old-fashioned way, and also that there will be a sufficient number of

men present to give enough force to the noise so that it can be well heard by everybody in the surrounding vicinity.

AT a meeting of the Board of Editors of THE TECH held Friday, October 18th, Mr. Herbert Emerson Hathaway, '91, was elected Editor-in-Chief of THE TECH. Owing to the publication of the Junior annual occupying all of Mr. Hathaway's time which can be devoted to interests other than those of his studies, he will not assume the active duties of his office until after the semi-annual vacation. At the same meeting Mr. H. N. Williams, '92, was elected Business Manager of the paper, subject to the reconsideration of the Board.

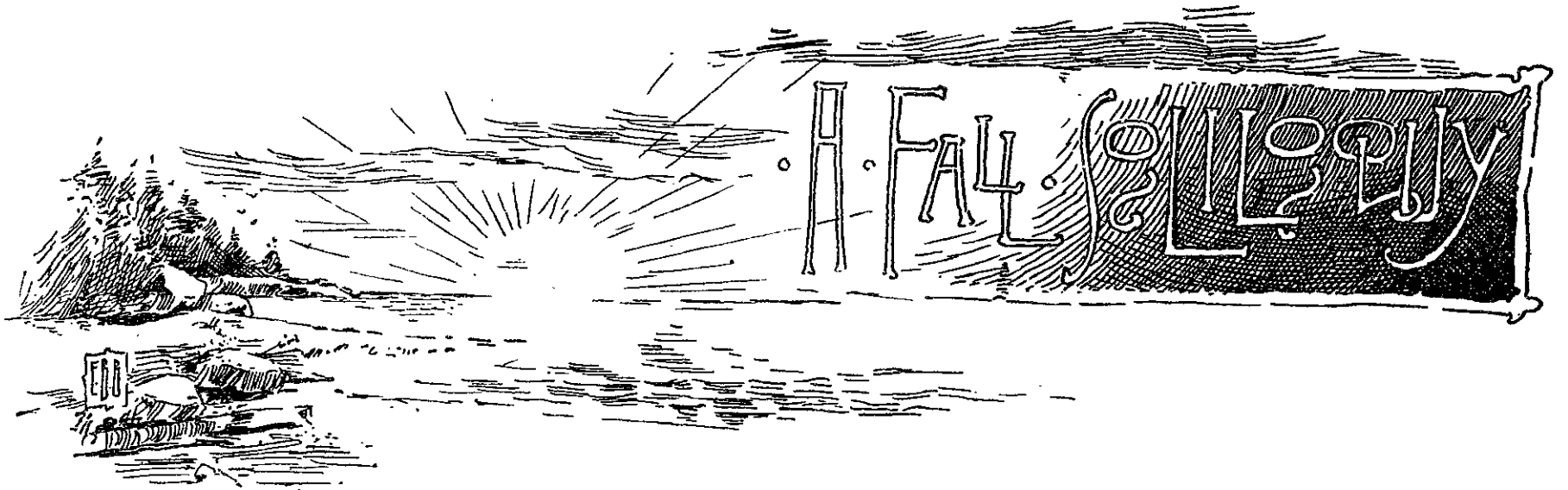
Kath'aleen.

In a land of smiles and sunshine,
In a land of summer skies,
Where the bob-o-link, clear noted,
Charmed the meadows with his cries;
There, enshrined by nodding rose-buds,
Lived miladi, Kath'aleen,
Far away from work and studies,
Far away from city scene.

And I loved the mellow maiden—
Loved her true and loved her well;
Loved her long and loved her constant—
Loved her more than tongue can tell.
Envious was I of the sunshine,
That it kissed my Kath'aleen;
Envious of the sparkling water,
That it passed her lips between;

Jealous grew I of all creatures,
Of all things, and of all space;
Of the bee that hummed about her,
And the wind that touched her face;
Of the grasses she had walked on,
Of the kerchief round her drawn,
And the smiling, blushing rose-bud
As it nodded her good-morn.

Till one night I met my maiden
In the twilight's afterglow,
And I told her of my loving,
Of my jealousy and woe.
Soothed she then my sleepless spirit,
Calmed my angry, stirring blood;
For miladi loved her lover:
Jealousy, thy name is mud!



DICK HOWLAND was thinking. Thrown back in his easy-chair with his legs stretched toward the coals of an open fire, and his lips closed on the amber stem of a huge meerschaum, he blew meditative whiffs of whitish-blue smoke, which clothed the room in hazy shrouds of unreality.

It is rare that fellows like Dick often give much thought to anything, except, perhaps, themselves and their own pleasure, and until lately he had been very selfish indeed in this respect. There seemed to be no particular reason why he should be otherwise, for he had been brought up in a hot-bed of aristocracy, and taught to believe that the charity of the family was entirely in the keeping of his mother and sister, and should not be brought forward to trouble him. Petted as a boy and bowed down to as a man, he, of course, was somewhat conceited; which quality, together with his fine figure and face, made him exceedingly popular with the fair sex. It was of his accomplishments in this direction that he particularly prided himself, and he had indeed made many conquests worth a brag. Since seven years back, when a freshman at college, he had met every style of feminine excellence that the greater part of the United States could furnish, and had never yet,—but this was exactly what he was thinking of to-night. The subject and basis of the whole matter was Jean Chinter; and Jean had been

“the matter” with Dick ever since he had left her at the little Connecticut station three weeks before. He had boarded the train and tried to forget her in half an hour, as he had the others, but somehow Jean was not easily forgotten; so into the intervening three weeks he had crowded more happenings than the same space of time had ever held for him before, in hopes of calming this disease of his imagination, as he thought it; but through the whole, remembrances of Jean’s face and the sound of her voice had remained with him until he had, at last, returned home to,—think of her.

As he smoked before the fire to-night, everything she had said, and every glance of her eyes, seemed to come back to him with intense vividness.

He thought of the note of his old college classmate, “Happy” Davis, which had taken him to her. Happy had graduated, after a style, and had since engaged in the rather unprofitable business of writing plays.

SHANTY-ON-PUDDLE,
BLANKBURG, CONN.

MR. RICHARD HOWLAND, New York:

Idiot,—I have a house on a pond here for a month. Some great fishing and shooting. Can’t you come up for a week or so? There is also a rustic beauty, so you won’t be out of your element.

Yours,
DAVIS.

He remembered how Happy had met him at the station and explained that the rustic beauty was Jean.

“Her last name is Chinter,” Happy had

said; "but I call her Jean because she prefers it, and then sometimes I call her Jeanie because she likes that better than Jean."

They drove over the hills to the "shanty," which was just such a place as Dick had expected to find when he left the city,—a tumbled-down house gloriously situated, two or three young fellows, an old negro who did all the work that was ever done about the place, and over the door a placard which read:—

BREAKFAST

When you get up.

LUNCH

When you can get it.

DINNER

When it's ready.

There was the lake high above the sea-level, and the wooded hills that rose still higher; the sun that had seemed like a different planet with its face washed of the smoke of the city; the glorious air, the bracing weather, the birds, the flowers,—and Jean!

He had met her first the very evening of his arrival, as Davis and he were climbing one of the neighboring hillocks to view the surrounding country. The sun was setting over the top of the hill as they stopped to rest at a point overlooking the lake, whose waters shone like molten gold as the sunlight kissed them. There was a snatch of a song, ending in a laugh, behind them, and he had turned to see a girl coming down the path from the hilltop. The sun blinded his eyes so he could not see distinctly, but the fancy struck him for the moment that she might have been an elf or a fairy tripping down along the sunbeams, she seemed so light and lovely. When she had stepped from her background of splendor, two glorious eyes were turned toward him, two pretty lips spoke in response to Davis' formal introduction, and a dainty hand was held out in greeting. In ten minutes he felt as though he had known her a year, and at the end of the walk down along the lake to her house, it seemed to him that

they had been acquainted all their lives. His idea of a country "beauty" had been a young lady of buxom appearance, with a red-and-white face and immense hands and feet, who always stood in some awkward position chewing the corner of her apron, and responding to all remarks and queries with the expression "Law!" And here in the wildest corner of Connecticut, was the freest, brightest, most original and most fascinating little creature he had ever met. She wore no apron at all; in fact, her dress resembled some of the plain gowns of his sisters which he remembered cost such extravagant prices. Not only were her hands and feet well proportioned, but her whole figure was a model of symmetry; and her face,—well, Dick retired that night very much disturbed in mind over Jean's face. They met again the next day because he intended they should, and because he had volunteered, without any apparent cause, to row down the lake to the Chinter house for a supply of milk and eggs, which the shanty was not in need of the least bit in the world.

Dick had wondered if he should find her washing dishes or helping in some other household affair when he arrived, and he kept his eyes on what he supposed were the kitchen windows as he walked up from the shore, until somebody called from a group of trees near where he had left his boat, and he returned to find the real object of his visit very comfortably arranged in a hammock swung between two immense oaks. This so disconcerted him that, after saying "Good-morning," he blurted out something about hoping he wouldn't keep her from her duties if he stopped a moment; at which she laughed rather longer than seemed necessary, and arising from the hammock with a grace which he had never thought possible in any human being where a hammock was concerned, said:—

"O dear; no! I called you back from the house because there is no one there. Uncle and Aunt have gone to town."

He then explained that they were out of

milk at the shanty, and that Davis had sent him down to borrow a little; Dick was going to say "buy," but somehow, when he looked at her, he changed it to "borrow." She signified her willingness to give him all the milk he wished, and busied herself folding a shawl preparatory to starting for the house; but by this time the man of the party had recovered his composure and was comfortably established under one of the trees, earnestly requesting Jean not to leave the hammock on his account. Jean resumed her airy couch, and after a time all feeling of awkwardness wore off, and they entirely forgot the milk subject.

He told her of the happenings in the city he had left, and because Davis had told her he was dubbed "Jove" while in college, he explained in a modest way the reason of the appellation, and ended by going over some of his college scrapes, which delighted her immensely. She talked somewhat of herself, and pointed out the attractions thereabouts, and they got on famously,—so well, in fact, that by the time she had invited him to lunch with her instead of going back to the shanty, it was "Jove" and "Jean," and the feeling of good fellowship which they had had when with Happy Davis the night before held sway again, and Dick stayed until Mr. and Mrs. Chinter returned, and then went back to the shanty without a drop of milk or a sign of an egg.

So things went on, and he spent much more of his time at the Chinter house, and in wandering over the hills with Jean, than at the camp, much to the discontent of Happy and the other fellows, who evidently had some hopes in the direction of Miss Chinter themselves.

The more he saw of her the more he wondered how she could have lived her life so far removed from civilization, and yet be so thoroughly sophisticated.

Her choice of words, her seemingly studied ease and freedom and grace of movement,

her every look and tone, could hardly have been excelled by the most finished coquette; and yet she seemed so wholly unconscious and natural in it all that Dick gave up the problem, and simply admired and enjoyed her, and thanked his fates that she was just as she was, and that he had met her.

One night she sang to him while they were sitting before the house looking over the lake, accompanying herself on a guitar, and Dick realized that she was gifted with a wonderful voice, and one that had received careful training. After that she sang often, and sometimes they sang simple things together, which she seemed to enjoy, and which "Jove," as she always called him now, delighted in.

Until he had known her a week he had never realized how really beautiful she was. When she had come to him out of the sunlight the first time they met, he thought she was unusually pretty, and not a bit of a "farmer," as he had thought to style her to Happy. He had noticed that her eyes were fine and rather large, that their lashes were long, and that she had dark-brown hair.

Now he realized that she was as beautiful a woman as he had ever seen,—not a senseless girl, nor in any way resembling a well-made doll, but a superb woman. She was not large to the extent commonly styled "plump and pleasing," but a trifle slight. She would have been judged remarkably handsome by every man in a city ball room, and desperately unattractive by most of the unmarried girls. Dick thought her superb, and his opinion in such matters was recognized as correct in most of the cities of the East.

But a telegram came over to the shanty one afternoon about two weeks after his arrival, addressed to Mr. Richard Howland; and when Dick opened it he saw that his outing was over, and that business in New York, and afterward his duty to society, as it is termed, would keep him from Happy's shanty and Jean for an indefinite time. So he picked up his luggage and prepared for an early start,

after which he went to make his adieux at the Chinters. As he walked along the shore, great dark clouds rolled up over the hills to the eastward as gloomy as Dick's own troubled thoughts, and when he had reached the Chinter house the first drops of the approaching storm began to fall about him. The family were at supper, so he sat on the piazza and watched the wind and rain come across the lake, thinking how he should tell Jean of his near departure, and if she would feel sorry at his going.

Before he was aware of it she stood beside him, a half-questioning smile, that was always her welcome, playing about the corners of her mouth. She burst into a merry laugh at his melancholy expression, and perceiving her, he rose and placed a chair; then wholly forgetful of his customary tact he spoke what was uppermost in his thoughts, and bluntly told her of his summons home. The laugh left her lips and she turned from the proffered seat to the edge of the piazza, where the rain had begun to drive in before the wind; but it was only for a moment, and as she came back she was smiling as before. It was unpleasant outside, Jean thought, and he had best come in and tell her why he left.

She passed quickly by him through the hall to the comfortable sitting room, where Mr. and Mrs. Chinter were awaiting them, and seated herself in a low chair removed from the newly-lighted lamp.

Then Dick told them of his unwelcome telegram, and how wonderfully he had enjoyed his outing, and Mr. Chinter insisted on his staying over night with them rather than plodding back to the shanty in the rain. "Jeanie ken drive ye over to th' train herself in th' mornin' right from here," insisted the old man, "and you ken stop at yer shanty fur your duds."

So he had stayed, and allowed Mrs. Chinter to beat him a game of backgammon, persuaded Jean to accede to her uncle's proposi-

tion, and retired wishing there were no such things as partings in the world.

The next day was warm and pleasant as he started out with Jean over the road he had come with Happy, as it seemed, such a short time ago. The boys at the shanty seemed sorry at his going, though they had seen but little of him during his stay; and of course it was but natural that they should themselves wish to see something of such an attractive young woman as Jean. They gave him a hearty good send-off, however, and the old horse's head was turned toward the hills, away from the lakes and the meadows which had been so pleasant to Jean and Dick during the past fortnight. The conversation on the way to the station was not exactly brilliant, nor nearly as personal as Dick had wished to make it. Jean was evidently more than sorry at his going, but with true feminine pride endeavored to keep her feelings from his knowledge. So instead of talking of themselves, as they should have done, they discussed Mr. Chinter, and Mrs. Chinter, and Happy, and the horse they were driving, horses in general, and had nearly fallen into remarks concerning the weather when the little shed which made apologies for being the railroad station came in sight at a turn in the road.

Dick found he had twenty minutes to wait for the train, and the first fifteen passed in a decidedly more doleful state than the ride over. Jean was continually looking at the horse, to see that he did not run away, when it was perfectly evident to any fair-minded person that the horse himself was physically incapable of any such proceeding; and Dick consulted his watch a dozen times in as many minutes, without obtaining the slightest knowledge as to the hour of day. But when the faint appearance of life that heralded the train's coming at the little place bestirred itself, and the engine's shrill voice was heard echoing among the hills, they both realized what the parting would mean to them. The feeling of restraint disappeared as he took her hand in

farewell, and told her, speaking hurriedly, how pleasant she had made his stay, how highly he regarded her, and how he hoped she would remember "Jove," for a time, at least. Then he spoke of the future, grasped both her little hands and held them firmly within his while he told her all—all but that he loved her, and should always love and cherish her, and would come back to take her with him, which was what she seemed to wait for him to say as she stood there listening with her eyes cast down and her face turned slightly from him. The train rumbled into the station, and she had not spoken in return. There were few people leaving the cars, and no one but Dick to go away. She raised her great, sad eyes to his, and mechanically said some words of Godspeed; but he hardly understood her, he was looking so intently on her face. Then there was the hissing of steam, and the train began to move away. Her little hand was pressed firmly within his, and leaving her he leaped on the platform of the last car. She stood gazing after him with the same intense look as the cars moved on, and until the station was shut from his sight by a bend in the road he saw her still standing there alone.

The train roared and crashed its way down into the city, and since then other trains had carried him to different places along the shore, all equally unenjoyable, until he had given up the farce and come back to New York to think the matter over. Whether it was sympathy that made him think of her, or whether he really loved her, was what he had left to time to tell him; and while, beyond the fact that she lived her life comparatively alone, he could see no reason why she was to be pitied, still, this isolation of a girl so lovely as Jean was worthy of anyone's whole thought and consideration. She was a country girl, and yet, among all the city bred young ladies he had met since leaving her, he had found none better mannered, nor apparently better educated, than Jean herself; and as far as beauty went she was certainly superior to them all.

Did he really love her,—that was the question. Or if it was that he was incapable of wholly loving any woman after knowing her but two weeks, would he really love her if he went back to her now?

"Cupid will tell you when your lady love's a-weeping"

she had sung to him once while they were in the grove of oaks by the shore, and he seemed to feel that she would like to have him near her now; for he had known that she would miss him, and that she cared for him ever since they parted at the station. She had given him a toy whip gayly decorated with ribbons, once, in jest; and as it now hung across the antlers of a deer's head opposite him, he wondered what his aristocratic relatives would say if he should ask for the little hand that had wielded it, and it should be given him. What would the world say? And then, again, should he go back to her, or not?

Dick's pipe burned low, and the coals of the fire which the chill wind of the November night had fanned into light and warmth grew fainter and fainter, and turned into ashes, as his thoughts traveled back over all the happy days with Jean,—for they had been happy days, happier than he had known in his life before. He had always felt gay while with her; she seemed to have an influence of mirth and joy over him, and he was never bored with Jean as he has been with so many girls. He had not written since he left, because he had wished to cut himself entirely off from her and try to forget, but to-night he wished he could have heard in some way how she had taken his departure. Suddenly he remembered that he had received a letter from Happy in the afternoon, and had thrust it into his pocket when some business prevented his opening it. He quickly reached for it in hopes of some news of Jean. As he drew the missive from its envelope a newspaper clipping fluttered to the floor at his feet. He opened the letter and read:—

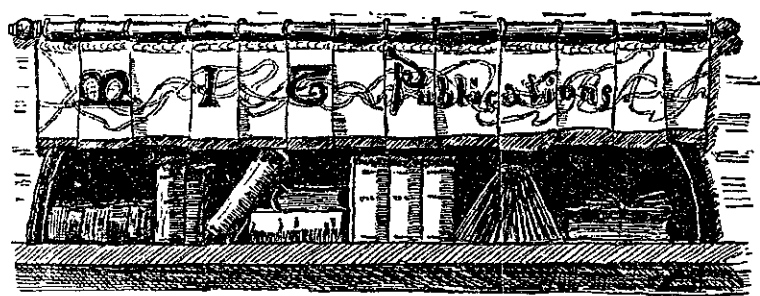
ON BOARD SLOOP MARJORIE,
November 2d.

My dear Dick,—The inclosed item is self-explanatory. I wanted to tell you before, but she wouldn't let me. Left the shanty a week ago and am now on the water, as you see, so if there is any vengeance to be wreaked you will have to wait till I get ashore. Feared you would see it in the papers yourself, and therefore take this opportunity to explain matters. I didn't want to agree to the blamed business in the first place, but she said it was necessary to the success of the show,—and you have to let 'em have their own way, or there's the deuce to pay. I thought you would catch on after a day or two, and she scared me blue after that, so I had to keep mum. Isn't she a star, though?
Yours, ARTHUR C. DAVIS.

With a confusion of possibilities crowding through his brain, Dick stooped and picked up the newspaper clipping. It was only this:—

Miss Isabelle Nightingale, who is to star this winter in Mr. Arthur Davis' new play, "A Country Lassie," has been spending the summer at the country house of her uncle, Mr. James Chinter, in the northwestern part of Connecticut. She has been busily engaged on the lines of the play all summer.

The little whip is not upheld by the deer's antlers in Dick Howland's room now-a-days, and his mother and sister say he is one of the greatest cynics alive. They did not know Jean Chinter.



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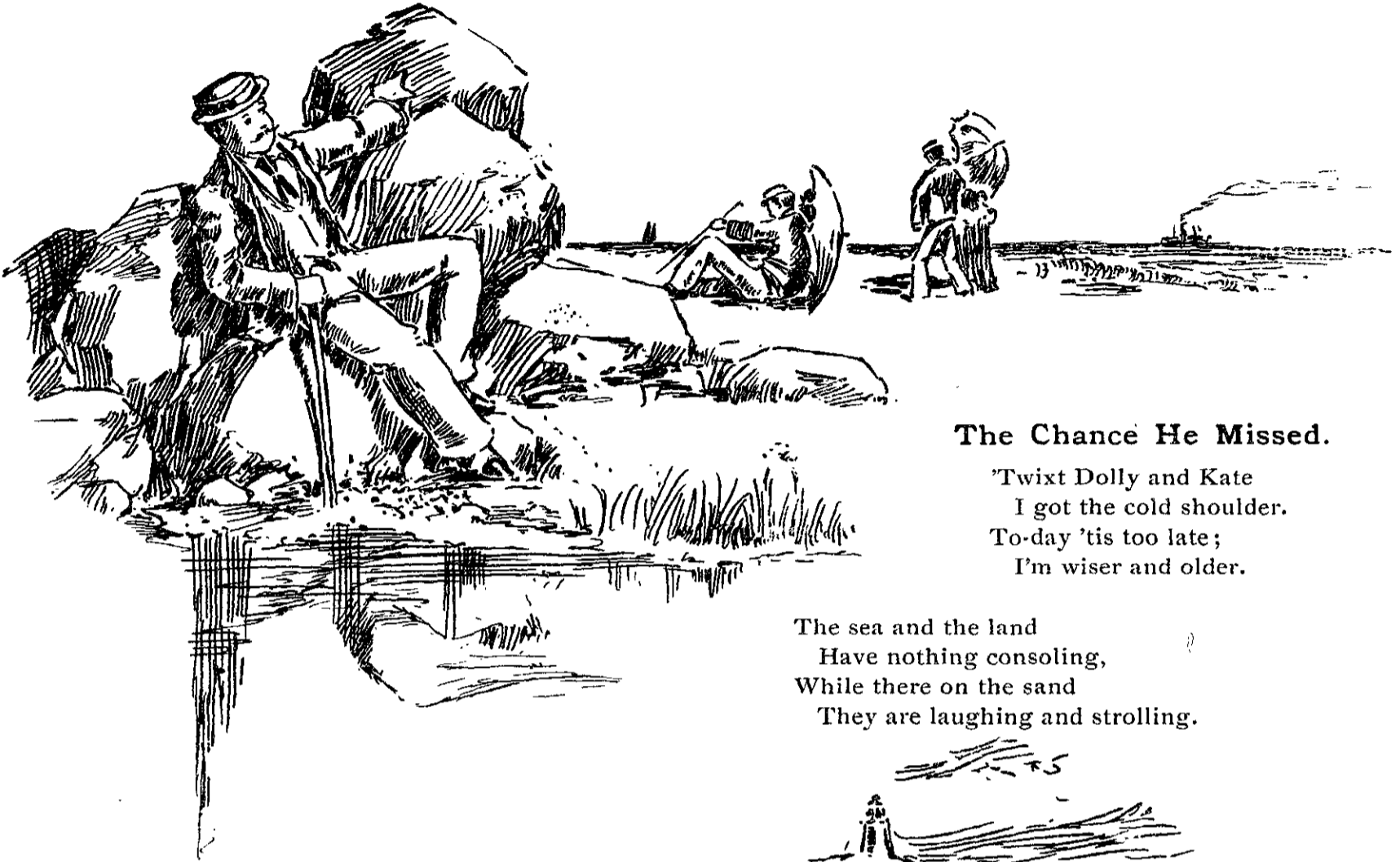
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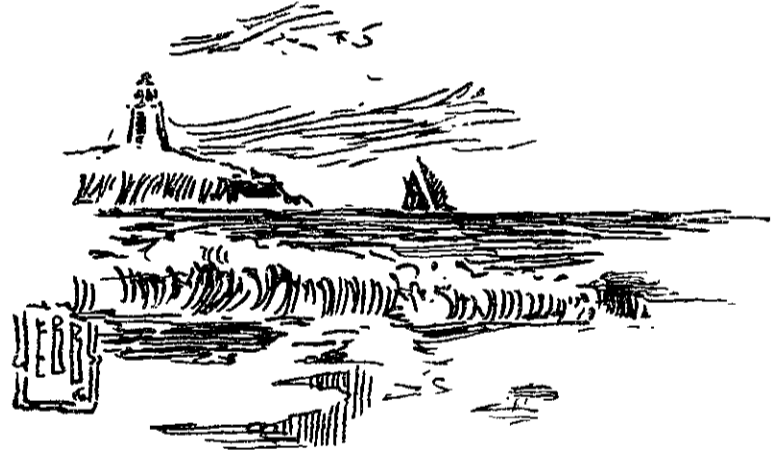
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The Chance He Missed.

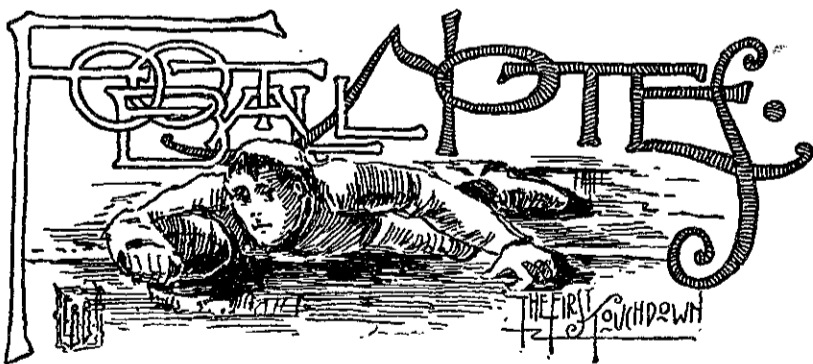
'Twixt Dolly and Kate
I got the cold shoulder.
To-day 'tis too late;
I'm wiser and older.

The sea and the land
Have nothing consoling,
While there on the sand
They are laughing and strolling.



How fortunes miscarry—
So fickle is fate!
See Dolly with Harry,
And Charlie with Kate.

On Kate or on Dolly
I never decided.
To please both was folly;
I know, for I tried it.



Andover, 4; Tech., 0.

FIFTEEN of the most promising candidates for the eleven went to Andover, Wednesday, October 9th, and represented Technology in a closely contested and rather exciting game. Neither side scored until one minute before time was called at the end of the second half,

when Stone, Andover's full-back, succeeded in extricating himself and the ball from the general confusion, and running half the length of the field for a touchdown. Hamilton, of Technology, acted as referee. The elevens were composed as follows: Technology—rushers, Weis, Yeorg, Harvey, Hammond, Highlands, Beattie, Waite; quarter-back, Kales; half-backs, Germer (capt.), Black; full-back, Vorce.

Andover—rushers, Gilbert, Colt, Ogilvie, Perkins, Addis, Leavitt, Hinkey; quarter-back, McCormick; half-backs, Bliss (capt.), Brown; full-back, Stone.

Andover won the toss and took the ball, Tech. choosing the upper goal. Short rushes

were made by Bliss and Brown, when the ball was lost to Tech. on a fumble. Germer advanced 10 yards, and on the third down Vorce kicked to Stone, who was tackled after a short run across the field. Bliss kicked to Germer, who was downed on Andover's 50-yard line. Tech. lost the ball on four downs, and Stone broke through the line with an open field in front of him, but, on a claim of interference, the ball went to Technology. Several scrimmages then took place, neither side gaining, and the first half was called with the ball in the centre of the field. In the second half Garrison took Black's place, and Weis played centre, Baker filling his position at end. The ball was in Andover's territory during the first 20 minutes, and a good run by Kales carried it to their 5-yard line; but Tech. failed to score, and lost the ball on four downs. Bliss made a long punt which Vorce captured, but Gilbert tackled him near the centre of the field, and Tech. was forced to kick. Stone caught the ball, was thrown by Weis, but, getting on his feet again, ran half the length of the field for a touchdown. The try for goal failed, and time was called with the score 4-0 in favor of Andover.

Tech. vs. Exeter.

Two hundred Exeter men left the campus Saturday, after witnessing their eleven defeat Tech. handily by the score of 14-0. Tech.'s inexperience and lack of coaching account for the defeat. Aside from this there was too much fumbling the ball and a lack of brace on the rush-line, which was taken advantage of by Exeter in getting through. Both teams suffered more or less from having their men disabled, Tech., however, being crippled from the start. The result, though unpromising, must not be taken as a criterion of future work.

Exeter took the ball on the toss, and by short rushes soon had it down at Tech's

twenty-five-yard line, where Stothers failed at a goal from the field. Vorce punted the ball to the centre, but hard rushes by Exeter brought it back again, and Phelan succeeded in downing it within three yards of Tech.'s line. Tech. held well, and Exeter's rush-line lost ground in attempting to force a touchdown. Vorce secured the ball from Stothers' unsuccessful try at goal and punted down the field, and Waite made a fair catch from Stothers' return. Tech. lost the ball on a fumble, and Phelan carried it outside about five yards from the corner. Stothers made a long run across the field, and secured the first touchdown for Exeter, from which Word kicked the goal. Tech. played a stronger game for the remainder of the half, and Exeter was unable to increase her lead. Borden, half-back for Exeter, injured his hand, and was replaced by N. Ewing. Tech. got the ball on four downs within thirty yards of Exeter's line, but lost it on a fumble. Stothers was tackled by Kales after a long run, and the half closed with the ball near the centre of the field.

At the beginning of the second half several changes were made in the positions of the elevens; Lord went on as left end, Kales was replaced by Weis, and Noblit took the latter's place as half-back. I. G. James played instead of Colburn as Exeter's left end. Tech. started the ball on this half, but it soon went to Exeter on four downs. Exeter kicked and got down on the ball near Tech.'s goal, and Vorce kicked to save a touchdown. Ewing was laid off and replaced by Borden. Tech.'s line was unable to hold the Exeter rushers, who succeeded several times in getting through on the backs. Exeter's quarter made a long rush, but the ball went to Tech. on a foul; Weis and Yeorg advanced the ball twenty-five yards for Tech. Vorce kicked, and Stothers was compelled to down the ball. Rushes by Borden and Gilliam brought the ball in toward Tech.'s goal, and Phelan made the second touchdown for Exeter;

Word failed to make the goal. After several minutes play at Tech's end of the field Stothers touched the ball down, making the score 14-0 in favor of Exeter. Highlands made a long punt which Stothers returned, and Gilliam downed the ball within five yards of Tech's goal-line, when time was called.

The teams were made up as follows: Tech.—rushers, Andrews, Beattie, Highlands, Nilson, Harvey, Yeorg, Potter [Lord]; quarter-back, Kales [Weis]; half-backs, Weis, Noblit, Waite; full-back, Vorce.

Exeter.—R. C. James, Colburn [I. G. James], Gilliam, Squires, Furman, Howland, Newell; quarter-back, Word; half-backs, Phelan, Borden [N. Ewing]; full-back, Stothers.

Referee—Mr. Hamilton of Tech.; umpire—Mr. Brooks of Harvard.

The best playing for Tech. was done by Kales, Weis and Waite; for Exeter, by Stothers, Phelan, Gilliam and Word.

Harvard, 62; Tech, 0.

AN entirely new team played with Harvard on the 16th. Without a single exception there was no last year's Varsity man on the eleven. Considering this, the team cannot be very severely censured for their general lack of snap and all around slowness.

The game began at a few minutes before four, and in three minutes Harvard had scored a touchdown and a goal. The rest of the game was on the same plan, Harvard having its own way, making a score of thirty the first half, and thirty more the second, while we were, as was expected, unable to score. The Tech. men were weak in the rush-line and in kicking, and could not retain the ball long when they got possession of it. The work of the Harvard rush-line in getting through and making holds was good. Lee and Fearing rushed finely, and Trafford made some beautiful kicks. Their weak point was fumbling

and losing the ball. The game was called just at 4 o'clock. Tech., after failing to gain on the kick-off, kicked. Fearing made a long rush, and after a down was rushed over, scoring the first touchdown in three minutes. Trafford kicked a goal. Score, 6-0. Harvard soon secured the ball from a kick, and advanced it by short rushes to the fifteen-yard line. Trafford kicked a goal from the field. Score, 11-0. Harvard again worked the ball down by short rushes, and Trafford tried at goal, but missed. After some loose play by Garrison and Trafford, Harvard secured the ball and Lee and Fearing rushed it down the field, the latter carrying it over the line. Goal; score, 17-0. It took three minutes more for Harvard to score again. Tech. lost the ball on a poor pass by Noblit. Fearing broke through the rush-line, and Lee ran around it, bringing the ball to Tech's 25-yard line. From there Trafford kicked a fine goal. Score, 22-0. Waite made a good rush, gaining twenty yards for Tech. Fearing caught a kick, and rushed the ball back to where it was kicked from. Lee and Fearing both fumbled, and Lee lost the ball a second time, but Hutchinson secured it near the goal-line and carried it over, in twenty-five minutes. Goal; score, 28-0. Waite missed Trafford's long kick, but Cumnock had tackled him the instant he touched the ball. This left four Harvard men alone to get the ball as it bounded away from Waite, and Hutchinson took the opportunity to make a long run and touchdown. No goal; score, 32-0. Time was then called.

Tech. began the second half with a rush of ten yards. Rushes by Lee and Blanchard and Trafford's kick returned the ball to Tech's fifteen-yard line. Lee rushed over, aided by good blocking off. No goal, score 36-0; six minutes. In four minutes more Trafford kicked a goal from the field after short rushes by Harvard. Score, 41-0. Garrison made a good rush, but was soon compelled to kick. Fearing took the ball and rushed from the

centre of the field, accompanied by Trafford, who blocked off well. Goal; score, 47-0. Fearing soon made a touchdown, goal by Trafford. Score, 53-0. Fearing made a good rush, and Lee carried the ball over. No goal; score, 57-0.

From this time the play was very lively and both sides did good work in the three remaining minutes. Cranston secured the ball by stopping a kick, and Trafford kicked his fourth goal from the field. Score, 62-0. Nothing more was accomplished before time was called. For Tech., Garrison and Waite played well; for Harvard, Trafford, Fearing and Cranston did the best work. The teams were made up as follows: Harvard—rushers, Cumnock, Upton, Blanchard, Cranston, Goldthwaite, Johnson, Hutchinson; quarter-back, Dean; half-backs, Fearing, Lee; full-back, Trafford.

Tech.—rushers, Vorce, Potter, Harvey, Hammond, Nilson, Beattie, Kales; quarter-back, Noblit; half-backs, Weis, Waite; full-back, Garrison.

Referee, Hamilton; umpire—Harding.

Tech., 48; Brown, 0.

THE eleven played their first game on the home grounds Saturday the 19th, defeating Brown University 48-0. The Tech. men out-weighted and out-played their opponents, and were able to force the playing from the start. This is the first season that Brown has put a team in the field, and her men showed want of practice. Both teams were slow in lining up. Tech. played a stronger game than at Exeter, but will have to do better work to win the game with Amherst.

Tech. put the ball in play at 3.15, but had gained only ten yards when it went to Brown on a fumble. They soon lost it on four downs, and rushes by Waite, Weis and Beattie gained thirty yards for Tech. On three downs Slade kicked to save the ball, and Harvey followed

and downed it near the twenty-five-yard line, from which Weis gained twenty yards, and with the aid of the rush-line made the first touchdown for Tech. Slade missed the goal. On the kickout Walker lost the ball to Hammond, and Highlands carried it nearly to the line. Hammond made the second touchdown, from which Slade kicked the goal.

Brown put the ball in play from the centre of the field, but was unable to make anything, Tech. getting through on the backs, and securing the ball on four downs. Rushes by Waite and Beattie gained ground for Tech. Near the twenty-five-yard line the ball was passed to Slade, who missed it but recovered it before Brown could reach him, and made a long run, securing another touchdown for Tech.; the goal was not kicked. Good work by the Brown backs prevented Tech. from scoring during the rest of the half, and time was called with the ball in Tech.'s hands. Score, Tech., 14; Brown, 0.

At the beginning of the second half, Nilson took Hammond's place at centre, and Yeorg played left tackle instead of Potter. The ball soon went to Tech. on four downs. Slade punted, and by hard running put Tech. on side, and Highlands secured the ball and downed it within fifteen yards of Brown's goal. Time was called while one of the Brown men removed the spikes from his shoes, after which, when play was resumed, Waite made a touchdown and Slade kicked the goal. Brown took the ball to the centre of the field, but played loosely and lost it. After several minutes indecisive play at Brown's end of the field, Beattie ran with the ball twenty yards, and made a touchdown. Slade missed the goal. From the twenty-five-yard line, good rushes by Walker and Mendenhall gained ground for Brown until the latter missed the ball from the quarter-back, and Highlands got through and took it nearly to the line. Here awkward playing by Tech. enabled Hovey to get the ball and make a brilliant rush. He succeeded in passing Tech's line, and had a

clear field before him when he was overtaken and downed by Noblit. Hovey kicked the ball outside, where it was secured by Weis, who put it in play and by quick work secured another touchdown, from which Slade kicked the goal. For the remainder of the game Tech. had things her own way. Hovey kicked well for Brown, and Slade returned. A long run by Slade and hard rushing by Waite secured the next touchdown, and Slade kicked the goal. Brown lost the ball as before, near the centre of the field. Beattie rushed twenty yards, and Slade made a long run the rest of the distance and carried the ball over the line. The goal was missed and Brown downed the ball about five yards in front of the posts, and was forced to make a safety. Hovey kicked from the twenty-five-yard line, and after several downs Slade ran about forty yards and made a touchdown, from which he kicked the goal. Score, Tech., 48; Brown, 0.

The positions of the teams were as follows: Tech.—rushers, Andrews, Potter, Harvey, Hammond, Highlands, Beattie, Vorce; quarter-back, Noblit; half-backs, Waite, Weis; full-back, Slade.

Brown—rushers, Aldrich, Grant, Filmer, Webb, Dowd, Casey, Sexton; quarter-back, Lindsey; half-backs, Walker, Mendenhall; full-back, Hovey.

Referee—O. Germer, Jr., '91; umpire—E. W. Herrick, '88. Time of game, two half-hours.

Hovey, Casey, Mendenhall and Walker did the best work for Brown. Weis, Slade, Waite Beattie and Noblit for Technology. About two hundred and fifty Tech. men saw the game.

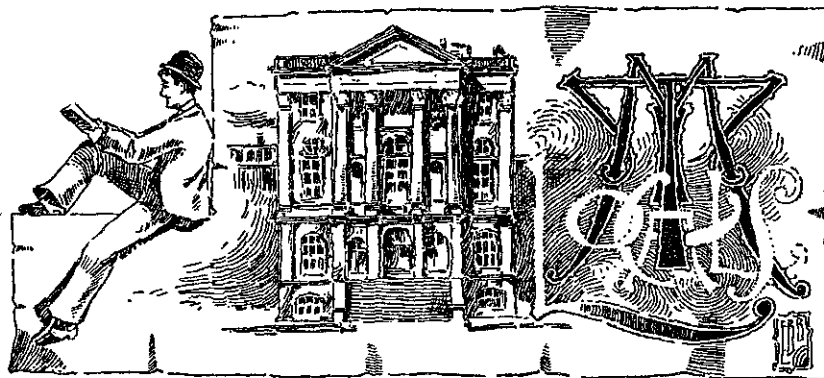
SATURDAY'S SCORES.

Harvard, 41; Williams, 0.

Yale, 42; Amherst, 0.

Andover, 10; Harvard, 2d, 6.

B. A. A., 28; R. L. S., 0.



J. Löwenthal, '90, and H. P. Center, '92, are at Cornell University.

H. L. Peck, '92, is teaching school in Connecticut.

W. C. Meserve, '92, is in a bank at Waltham.

H. A. Ladd, '92, is with Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.

A. M. Knight succeeds Charles W. Scudder as Bursar of the Institute.

Dr. Frost is the professor in charge of chemistry in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, N. Y.

Mr. Adams has resigned the presidency of the Glee Club, because of extra work in the Institute, and Mr. Emery has been elected to the position.

Mr. Stanwood, '87, read a paper on the Preservation of Wood, before the first fall meeting of the Civil Engineering Society, held Thursday, October 17th.

The Fourth Year Miners have begun an experimental course in Electro-metallurgy. For the present the work will be in the Physical Laboratory, under the charge of Mr. Puffer.

There are twenty-eight Co-eds in attendance this term. They are divided among the different courses as follows: Natural History, 3; Chemistry, 5; Architecture, 1; General, 2; Special, 17.

At the annual election of the Class of '91, held October 12th, the following officers were chosen: President, F. C. Blanchard; Vice-President, W. C. Dart; Secretary, J. Swan; Treasurer, H. H. Young; Sergeant-at-arms, G. K. Hooper.

The Farnsworth scholarship, founded by Mrs. Elisha Atkins, is open this year for the first time. The Swett scholarship, founded by Mrs. Samuel Swett, is open to graduate students pursuing a course for an advanced degree.

With some slight assistance from '92 and others, the Freshman Class has temporarily chosen the following officers: President, J. Godchaux; Vice-President, C. W. Smith; Secretary and Treasurer, F. W. Fabian; Football Captain, R. H. Beattie.

Last summer the G. A. R. Post at Great Falls, N. H., advertised for plans of a hall and club house. F. H. Meserve, '92, presented plans in competition with two Boston architects, and received the award. Meserve will superintend the construction of the building.

The ninth annual business meeting of the Chess Club was held October 9th. The following officers were elected: President, G. D. Chapman, '90; Vice-President, C. H. Bunker, '91; Secretary and Recorder, J. O. De Wolf, '90; Treasurer, A. D. Boss, '90. Meetings for play begin soon. Applications for membership will be received by any of the officers.

With the consent of Mrs. William B. Rogers, the two scholarships founded by her father, Hon. James Savage, have been consolidated into a fellowship, to be known as the "Savage Fellowship," and it is open on the same terms as the other fellowships. These fellowships are in addition to five others which are offered by the Faculty, and carry free tuition.

It was noticed at the training table the other day that the football men were a long time eating their soup. It was Julienne, with little pieces of Italian paste sprinkled through it. These little fragments of dough were in the form of letters. Upon closer inspection it was observed that each man was intently examin-

ing the letters in his plate of soup, and trying to spell out the word "Dartmouth."

The editors of "Technique" have under consideration some important changes in this year's edition. If they are adopted, the Annual will be printed on a better quality of paper, and bound in more substantial covers than its predecessors. These and other additions that are contemplated will necessarily raise the volume's price, but it is believed that the improvements will more than offset the increase in cost.

The Senior Class held its final election of class officers on October 12th, with the following result: President, G. N. Calkins; Vice-President, A. Loring; Secretary and Treasurer, F. Knight; Executive Committee, A. H. Rogers, B. Moody and F. Metcalf; Sergeant-at-arms, J. W. Glidden. The preliminary Class-day committee consists of F. L. Chase, A. W. Woodman and H. G. Goodwin. The committee on colors: H. P. Spaulding, G. L. Gilmore and H. E. Haile.

The total registration of students is 891. The Freshman Class numbers 318, the Sophomore 267, the Junior 167, and the Senior 133. There are 6 Post-graduate students. The division of the regular students in the Sophomore Class into courses is as follows: Civil Engineering, 28; Mechanical Engineering, 30; Mining, 8; Architecture, 14; Chemistry, 1; Electrical Engineering, 47; Natural History, 4; Physics, 1; General, 5; Chemical Engineering, 3; Sanitary Engineering, 7. The new course in Sanitary Engineering starts off well, and is considered to give promise of very good returns.

At the close of last year's term Professor Chandler, of the Architectural Department, feeling that a break of four months in the school work would prevent a healthy start at the new term, requested his pupils to do a certain amount of sketching during the vacation, to be handed in at the beginning of the term. A very successful exhibition has just been held, and the walls of Room 23 of the

New Building were covered with the works of Miss L. L. Howe, Messrs. J. A. Meyer, E. V. Seelee, B. P. Jenks, C. N. Cogswell, H. G. Ripley, F. G. Howard, E. W. Donn, H. M. Greene, R. S. Shedd, H. Schlacks, J. R. Coolidge, A. Walker, W. E. Howe, C. S. Greene, E. B. Bird, R. H. Miller, Phil. Engelhorn, S. L. Stix. The rest of the class are supposed to have spent their time in architects' offices.

The Class of '92 held its first meeting of the term on October 5th. H. S. Potter reported on last season's tug-of-war team; Manager Williams of the baseball club, stated that seven victories were scored out of eight games; S. W. Weis gave a very satisfactory account of the work of class football team. Kales was appointed Manager of the tug-of-war team, and H. S. Potter, Captain of the football team. Officers for this year were elected as follows: President, W. W. Locke; Vice-President, J. A. Curtin; Secretary, F. H. Meserve; Treasurer, R. Waterman; Leader of Class Cheer, H. L. Johnson. Committees were appointed to present resolutions on the deaths of two classmates, Arthur Taft of Dedham, and P. L. Cloudman of Cumberland Mills, Me., both having been drowned during the vacation.

The officers of instruction number over ninety this year. The vacancy in the chair of Modern Languages, caused by the death of Professor Otis, has been filled by the appointment of Prof. A. N. Van Daell, recently superintendent of modern languages in the Boston public schools. No appointment has been made to the chair of History, made vacant by the resignation of Prof. W. P. Atkinson. Assistant Prof. F. W. Clark has resigned, and H. O. Hofman succeeds him as assistant professor of Mining Engineering and Metallurgy. W. H. Kilham is instructor in Architecture, in place of Frank A. Moore, who has gone into practice. Dr. Howard V. Frost, having resigned, F. L.

Bardwell has charge of the laboratory of General Chemistry. Dr. Benjamin Rand of Harvard College has been appointed instructor in English. A. B. Frizell is instructor in second year Mathematics, and H. P. Edgett, '89, in first year Mathematics.

THE LOUNGER.



REWARD offered by "Technique" for the six best "grinds." Here is an opportunity to let loose your pent-up feelings, and indulge in any low personalities on your fellow-men that may seem advisable. What a chance to get in an anonymous slur on the Prof. who flunked you, or the roommate who walked off with your Sunday umbrella! Of course you should make your writing short and to the point, but yet forcible. Then, again, don't overdo the matter. Smooth, oily sarcasm is more deadly than explosive vindictiveness. Suppose you should hand in something such as: "Prof. Soandso is reported in a society journal as having been at Long Branch during the summer. The lop-eared imbecile never got farther away from the Institute than Dover Street in his life!"

This would do first-rate for the instructor who had called you a lunkhead in the recitation room, but it would hardly tend to help matters if applied to one's personal friends. Then, again, it seems a trifle harsh, and it might not be well for you to meet the person to whom it was addressed for quite a little while. However, the point is plain, and it would do for one of the six. If any fellow has been beating you playing poker, call attention to the size of his coat-sleeves. This will make him feel that he is considered ungentlemanly, and the next time he plays he will think it policy to lose. You can then crawl around and drop quietly into the game.

Be sure to write up something about the fellow who euchred you out of your best girl, and in spell-

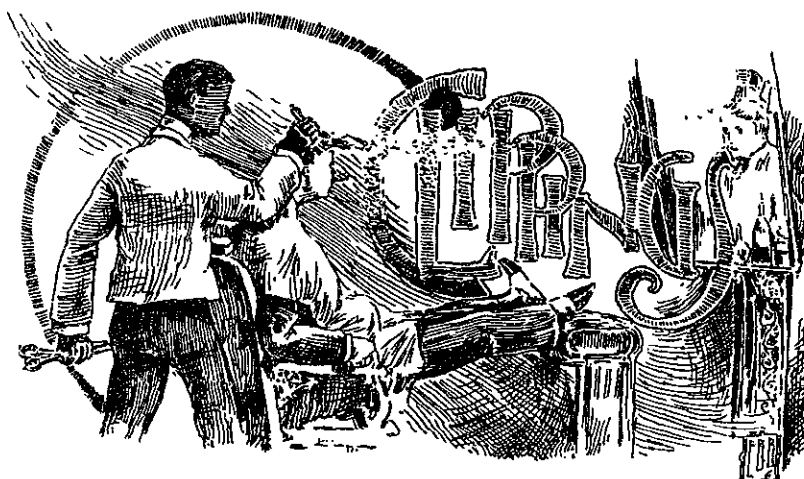
ing his name put in dashes where the vowels belong. This leaves no uncertainty as to who is intended. There is a great chance for revenge and brilliant horseplay in this "Technique" business. The Lounger is going to get in some nickel-plated work on his own score, so be careful how you deport yourself before the date of publication.

Did you ever hear the personal history of Sig. A. Gregori—he of the green cart fame, who dispenses the penny edibles which are used with such telling effect in Sophomore Physics and all noon-hour recitations? Contrary to the popular impression, he was not born in South Boston; neither has he ever been a member of the Faculty. Therefore, you see, there is yet hope of his winning the general esteem.

On the sunny isle of Travata, which nestles, childlike, under the protecting mother-arm of a southern isthmus of Italy, he first saw the light of day; and there, amid the balmy tropic zephyrs, he was wont to gambol on the sloping green in front of his father's villa, until some war or other broke out, and he had to give up the gamboling business and do his wonting elsewhere, or be enlisted in the army and put through regular Freshman-drill practice at the tender age of seven years. He took a sneak out of Italy, and got a job wiping beer-glasses in a German grossensaloonhausergehabt, for which he received the meagre pittance of a Dutch ten-cent piece every time he could speak the whole name in one breath without fainting. This plebeian work went against young Greg.'s blood. His father was a prince, and it was not meet that a prince's son should wear his lungs out trying to earn Dutch dimes; so he resigned his position one night when there was no one stirring, and fled to the metropolis.

For eight or eleven years he knocked around Yurup, doing odd jobs, until he struck England, where the Queen thought he might try to free Ireland, and paid his passage to America, in order that he could live with the brave, and hear the eagle scream. He landed in East Boston the year that Technology entered her first Freshman Class, and has been selling sawdust popcorn and chestnuts in front of the Institute ever since.

This article will not be published unless there is some space that cannot otherwise be filled; so the Lounger will stop wasting the yearly bottle of ink, and go out and try to work Greggy for a piece of his paregoric gum on the strength of the free ad.



A CONFESSION.

I think that moment in a woman's life
When writhes her soul in fiercest desperation,
And darkest gall and mutiny are rife,
Is when, in horse-car borne, she grows aware
Of the keen yet respectful observation
Of the young man across; no clownish stare,
But a charmed gaze of fine discrimination
And rapt approval—till she feels a glow
Through all her being, a soft, thrilled pulsation.
I think the sharpest anguish she can know,
The bitterest despair and desolation,
Is when she looks, in sweet, shy perturbation,
And notes his fine, discerning eyes full bent
Upon the woman next to her, intent,
Absorbed in musing, pleased contemplation.

WHAT A CROWD IN BOSTON MEANS.

Stranger: "What is the meaning of this vast crowd; something unusual happening?"

Boston man: "I don't know, sir. I have just arrived on the ground myself. It may be that a Symphony concert is just over, or it may be that Mr. Sullivan is drunk again."

Have you noticed that quiet, languid *dolce far niente* feeling that has all of a sudden settled on the country, as if life is no longer worth living? It is easily explained. The baseball season has closed.

ANOTHER PERIL FOR WATCHES.

Feweler (to customer): "Your watch, sir, is badly magnetized. It must have been exposed to a powerful attraction."

Mr. Mashere: "Yaas; I sat on the sofa with Miss Billecoo, last evening."

NO MERE PHRASE.

Everard Uppman: "You shall have it promptly next Saturday, Mr. Scadds! I give you my word of honor!"

Tom Scadds: "All right! Drop it into this phonograph here!"



Beers, '90: "THIS MEMORY SYSTEM IS NO GOOD."

Ayles, '91: "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT?"

Beers, '90: "TRIED IT ON THE CAPTAINS OF THIS YEAR'S ELEVEN, AND CAN'T GET BEYOND THE FIFTH."

"O George," she murmured, "I know you are strong, and will protect me; yet even now, as we recline in this swinging hammock, I am surrounded by fear."

"Fear, my darling?" said George de Romelyy, "What fear can surround you?"

"Atmosphere!" she chuckled; and the hammock broke down to punish her.

First Livery Stable Horse: "Pegasus, at the hour of twelve to-night I shall hang myself by my halter."

Second ditto: "O Bucephalus! Why?"

First Horse: "Because I am so slow that every young man who has a cuddlesome girl wants to hire me."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"I will not smoke tobacco,"

Said little Johnny Reed;

"I will not put it in my mouth;

It is a nasty weed.

"I will not smoke tobacco,

It brings troubles and regrets;

I'll let the filthy weed alone,

And smoke only cigarettes."

Old Blodget: "No, boys, there is not so much drunkenness in the club as there was when I was in it."

The boys: "That's so."