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THE TECH.

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THE TECH wishes each of its readers a hearty enjoyment of his Thanksgiving, and of the three days relaxation, which by the grace of the Faculty, he is granted with it. After eight weeks of revolution, the wheels within wheels of the Institute mechanism have settled down to a uniform velocity, which, were it not for this break, would become monotonous before the end of the term. The recess gives us leisure also for a brief survey of the doings hereabouts. Without going too much into

details the season may be said to be prosperous. The Institute has more men enrolled in its catalogue than ever before, and will soon have more space in which to accommodate them. The eleven, which promised earlier in the season to be a failure, has made a very creditable showing. Local societies and organizations are most of them flourishing, with the promise of greater activity as the winter advances. For all of which let us be duly thankful as we sacrifice the turkey next Thursday.

THE support that the eleven receives has always been a cause of more or less complaint; but this year it has been less than ever before, while the expenses have been heavier. At the Dartmouth game there was a fair attendance—perhaps all that could be expected, considering the game at Cambridge; but the small attendance at the Stevens game was a severe blow to the management. The day was threatening; but if the team can play in mud and rain to sustain the name and position of their institution, most certainly there is not a Tech. man but could afford to go, and, if necessary, stand under an umbrella, and do his share toward cheering on his team.

The first of the year many advised Tech. to withdraw from the league, and it even looked as if she would be forced to do so; but the management did their best, and the result is

one of which we cannot help feeling satisfied. It is doubly disappointing that all this work and perseverance should be repaid by such support as has been received. Some few have done more than their share; but of the remainder only one thing can be said: Every man should be heartily ashamed to see the representative team of the Institute forced to the measures that have become necessary for the Football Association to adopt.

ONE has only to step in to any of the class or society meetings held at the Institute, to see that there is something radically wrong in the matter of attendance. A quorum, on the usual basis of a majority of members, is rare, and often unattainable, there being on important occasions frequently less than a score of men present. This absenteeism may be partly due to the hour at which meetings are called, the same as that allowed by the tabular view for physical refreshment; for next to recitations there is nothing a true Tech. man has more dislike to cut than his lunch. On extended observation, however, one is led to suspect that the fault arises from lack of interest, in a large class of men, in anything which does not concern their personal undertakings. If this deduction is true it would be well for the delinquents, unless they are ready to admit it, to be on hand at the next meeting they are entitled to attend.

DURING the past two weeks the Committee from the Board of Directors of the Co-operative Society has been canvassing the whole school in order to obtain an approximate guarantee of support for the lunch room project. Nearly every student in the Institute has been informed of the plan, and asked to give the lunch room his patronage. Those who live out of town or at a distance from the buildings and bring their lunches with them, have entered very heartily into the spirit of the affair.

Not one has offered any objections to the scheme when it was proposed to him, but instead, both from instructors and students, there has been a general expression of satisfaction, and of surprise because it was not started long ago.

The Committee who have had the canvass in charge, wish to express their thanks to the men in the various courses in each year who have helped so efficiently in its rapid accomplishment. It is to be hoped that the Co-operative Board at its next special meeting will take definite action, and that in the next issue of THE TECH more may be said concerning it.

THE rush after the Sophomore-Freshman football game has come to be an established custom. Against its occurrence THE TECH has nothing to say, but the way in which it was conducted last Saturday ought not to pass without censure.

An indefinitely prolonged free fight, in which every man's hand is against his neighbor, until that which started as a rush has degenerated into an individual slugging match, is not the sort of thing that can be placed to its credit by any class. It would seem to be easy for arrangements to be made beforehand for the government of the rush, by which such an indiscriminate and unsatisfactory exhibition might be avoided; but as both sides can claim the victory in an affair of this kind, it furnishes twice the amount of glorification which could be derived from a well-regulated contest, while the Donnybrook proclivities of some of the participants get an uncommon chance for gratification. It is not, however, a creditable business for the Institute or for the classes that engage in it.

IT is proposed to revive the afternoon Tech. parties that were such a success last year. There is no custom which is more worthy of keeping up than that of these afternoon dances,

for their popularity has been unquestioned. They give those men who live outside of Boston a chance to enjoy a little social life. Taking place as they do in the daylight, and being thus free from that formality attendant upon gaslight and dress-coats, every one goes in for a good time, and usually gets it.

For the benefit of the Freshmen, we may say that the parties of last year were five in number, and given in Cotillion Hall, Mechanics' Building. The hall is noted as being almost perfect in its appointments for dancing purposes, and will in all probability be engaged again this year; and we advise all those who are fond of tripping the light fantastic to secure their tickets, and make the parties as much a success as heretofore.

THE new dispensation by which examinations can be held at the close of a course of lectures, instead of being deferred to the end of the term, seems to meet with general approval. It may be objected that the custom will lead to the neglect of other work, to obtain the time necessary in preparation for an examination in an advanced subject. This difficulty might be overcome by having it understood early in the course that an examination would be held at its close. If this were done, interested students would keep up with the subject, and not be compelled to read up a half-term's work in two or three days. Under the present conditions it will be interesting to watch the experiment, and compare the marks with those obtained under the old order of things.

THE championship, so far as Tech. is concerned, has been decided by the loss of the Williams game, and we shall be obliged to forego the pleasure of seeing a new banner hanging in Rogers corridor. In reviewing the work of the eleven during the season that has just closed, it must be admitted that the

showing made is very creditable under the circumstances. This year's team, as at present constituted, has been built up almost wholly from new material, only two members of last year's eleven remaining as regular players. There has been no steady coaching, and the management has been handicapped from the start by the lack of funds for necessary expenses. In spite of these drawbacks the eleven has played all the championship games, in no one of which it has failed to score, and in all but one playing an equally strong game with its opponents.

For next year's team there are the best of reasons for being hopeful. Nearly all the present players will return to the Institute, and several good men are expected from the preparatory schools. The captain should, if possible, be selected this year and the preliminaries arranged so that there will be no lost time in getting to work in the fall. With proper management, and more generous support from Tech. men at large, we hope to see the eleven regain its position at the head of the Eastern Intercollegiate Association.

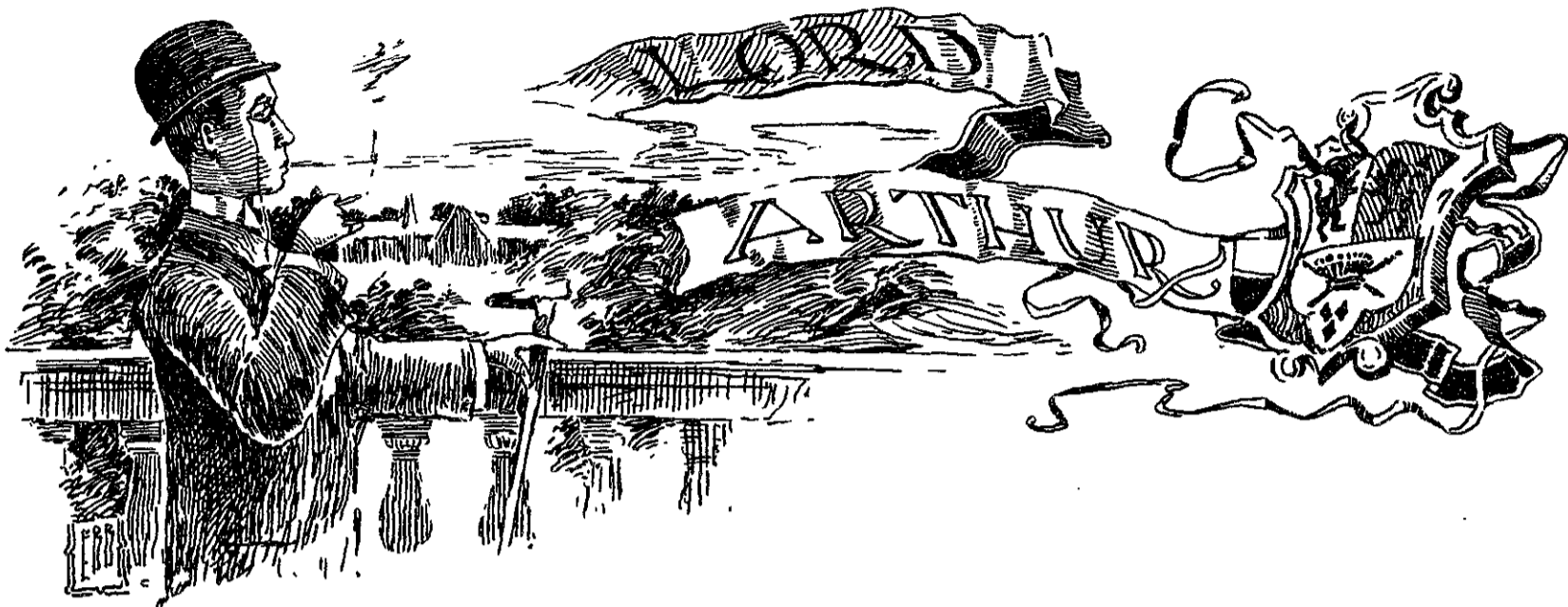
WHEREAS, Our Class has been called upon to mourn the loss of our beloved classmate, Arthur Guild Taft, drowned during the past summer; and

WHEREAS, We cherish tender recollections of association with the deceased, and sympathize deeply with his bereaved family; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, the Class of '92, assembled at our first fall meeting, do hereby express our great sorrow in the loss of our classmate, and extend our condolence to his afflicted family.

RICHARD WATERMAN, JR.,  
S. W. WEIS,  
A. D. KOCH,

*Committee.*



**L**ORD ARTHUR SIMMINS HUNTLEER of Micheldean Place, Herefordshire, England, was direct heir to one of the finest titles and estates in the kingdom of Great Britain. His ancestors had done everything wonderful and brave, and their existence could be traced back to times exceedingly long ago. His father, who was the present head of the house, had served his Queen and the Government in official capacities of various sorts, through all of which he had conducted himself as a lord of England should, and properly upheld the majesty of the Crown. The carrying on of so much business of the State, however, while it had added to the glory of the House of Micheldean, was not instrumental in building up its finances proportionally. In fact, they had diminished in ratio to the amount of glory added, ever since the old lord had begun his life as a diplomat, some fifteen years before. He had entertained too largely, and never supposing that the resources of the family had any end, had gone into numerous other costly ventures which were not, perhaps, directly connected with the business of his official positions.

It happened, therefore, that at the time Lord Arthur was a thoroughbred and properly educated young Englishman of twenty-four, his father came to the decision that the moneys which had been squandered by himself should be won back by his son; and he thereupon

adopted the time-honored custom of looking about for a suitable wife for the young lord, whose virtues should be emphasized by the amount of her fortune.

He communicated this idea to the gentleman in question, and he, acting as a dutiful son and an English nobleman, looked upon his father's views as right and proper; and thereupon the two, with the help of the rest of the immediate family, began keeping their eyes open for the desired heiress.

Lord Arthur was not of a particularly sentimental turn of mind, though he knew a pretty woman and a good horse when he saw them, and admired both in true British style. He was a good sort of a fellow, not bad looking, fairly well mannered, and, while somewhat conceited, he prided himself on being strictly sensible and matter-of-fact, and therefore never made himself objectionable. There was nothing particularly to be condemned in his makeup, as there was nothing that could be called brilliant. He looked upon his marriage as entirely a business affair, and ran over the maidens of the United Kingdom in his mind for one of his acquaintance who would prove a worthy bride to the noble House of Micheldean,—that is, bring in enough money to put it on its feet again.

But as time passed nothing definite could be decided. In every case there were objections from one side or the other; and after

canvassing the entire lists of the British nobility, the executive committee of Lord Arthur's hearth came to the conclusion that a deal of time would have to be wasted ascertaining the exact financial standing of the different first families of England, and that the prospect of any immediate path out of the difficulty was decidedly unpromising. Moreover, the daughters of the more wealthy houses did not seem to be sufficiently charmed with overtures from Lord Arthur or his family to warrant suppositions of immediate settlement.

It was in this predicament that Lady Treeford, an aunt of Lord Arthur, came forward with the suggestion that American money be taken into the family. Such a proceeding was decidedly objectionable, of course: but when the living expenses of the household had to be curtailed on account of poverty, such a course might be sanctioned, if the incoming amount was large enough. Efforts were then made to look up the American heiresses in England; and it was found that the stock happened at that season of the year to be rather scarce. There was hardly a Yankee visitor in all England with sufficient fortune to help matters out properly.

The old Lord began to feel despondent, and to grumble at the lack of money for his various inclinations and for the maintenance of his position. He had never known the lack of funds, and could not be embarrassed now, even though his own misdoings had brought about the poor state of affairs. The family consulted again, and Lady Treeford made another suggestion, to the effect that the lion be bearded in his den, and that Lord Arthur go to America. At this astonishing proposal the whole house arose in arms, and Lord Arthur uttered his first objection to their arrangements concerning his future happiness. Such a proposition could not be considered for a moment, of course, and so the matter was dropped, and attention turned strictly to prospects in England.

Matters progressed, and some of the Micheldean property was disposed of to a neighboring estate at a sacrifice. This temporarily helped matters a little, but still Lord Arthur's prospective better half occupied the attention of all concerned. Things grew financially bad again, and once more the Lady Treeford came forward with her American scheme, armed with newspaper accounts of the immense wealth of every girl in the United States. Her descriptions turned the land of cowboys and buffaloes into a paradise of golden opportunities for young Arthur, and pictured the ease and unconventionality of the natives in such terms that the adherents of Micheldean finally gave way to her, in hopes that the business would not take more than a fortnight, at most. Lord Arthur remonstrated as before, until he learned of the departure of some of his acquaintances for the same country, whereupon he consented to go. Matters were thereupon arranged, and with the family feeling against the trip buried under the Micheldean poverty and Lady Treeford's newspaper clippings, Lord Arthur in due time took his departure, properly heralded in the American press; armed with letters to the leading clubs, and with a few companions choice and otherwise, on board the same steamer. His impression of America was gathered from London club talks and the chat of the home circle, and at the most was very vague. He had enough curiosity to look forward to the novelty of his journey with interest, and determined to enjoy himself while abroad, whether he brought back the prospective heiress or not. His filial duty was not forgotten, however, and realizing that the eyes of his family and of the world were upon him, he concluded to keep the object of his visit always in view, conduct himself properly, and have a good time on the quiet when the opportunity presented.

From club accounts he had an idea that such an opportunity might present itself. Happy, then, in the consciousness that he was free of

family control, and had a host of new things opening before him, he landed in New York early in September, and started in his search for fortune. His letters secured him entrance to everything that was going on, and as soon as the strangeness wore off he enjoyed the freedom and heartiness of American society immensely.

Of course he was made much of, and being a peer of England in prospective, the expectations of Lady Treeford were not doomed to disappointment, for he had apparent proposals from various title-struck maidens during the first two weeks of his visit.

Starting in with Newport toward the close of the season, he came to New York with November, being on the go continually, and meeting all kinds and conditions of America's topmost inhabitants.

The men aped him, and the women were as infatuated as possible. The papers talked about him enough to make Lady Treeford's scraps run into volumes, and he found himself, in fact, a lion. This was not entirely due to his coat of arms, for he was, as has been said, not inclined to foolishness in any marked degree, and his shortcomings were not worn on the surface. Was it strange, then, that after a three weeks' sojourn in Newport and New York that he should arrive at a matrimonial understanding with the daughter of a New York banker, who was possessed of a large ambition? Of course there was no engagement announced, and the matter was kept quiet by Lord Arthur's leaving on a tour through the West. Business particulars were entered into, however, between his father in England and the banker in New York, and matters expected to be brought to a definite understanding in time for Lord Arthur to marry a short time after his return from the trip. The girl herself was not exactly commanding in appearance, but she had a Chicago mother, and was therefore wildly enthusiastic over the prospective title.

She had seen a good deal of the young

nobleman during his stay, and considered herself deeply in love. In order to keep the affair from the energetic New York press until definite arrangements could be made, and a suitable time elapse for courtship; therefore the fond lover left for San Francisco and a month's tour, well satisfied that he had done his duty to the family name, and could afford to enjoy himself. The train carried him from the object of his affections, for whom he really cared quite as much as for any of his feminine acquaintance (which was nothing at all), and in the company of some New York men, whirled him toward the Pacific slope, with stops along the route for rest and sights at the country.

The middle of November found him established at Monterey, taking excursions away from the Hotel del Monte on horseback, and enjoying weather and sights unknown to England. He liked the riding, particularly, and did most of the country thereabouts, not as a tourist, but as a lover of nature and her beauties. The shore was attractive and the interior pleasant, and his month of probation was likely to prove a happy one.

He bought a good horse, and sometimes arose before breakfast and rode alone into the outskirts, and in the cool of the evening took brisk canters over the suburban roads. It was on one of these evening rides that he began what was the only romance of his unsentimental life. He was riding out the Northern road from the hotel, which runs along the shore, and, dismounting, tied his horse and took the path to the cliffs that jutted out into the sea. A splendid view of the bay lay before him, and the moon, which had just begun to make its silvery path on the water, gave the whole scene a setting of brilliancy. His thoughts turned to his home as he strolled along, and he wondered what was taking place there, so far away from his present surroundings. Some one passed hurriedly by him on the path to the rocks, and he noticed without concern that it was a woman. Passing leis-

urely along he came to the cliffs, and looked about for a point of vantage from which to see the water. He reached an outer projection of rock, and stood waiting for the moon to come from under a cloud and show him the bay in front. The cloud passed on and raised its curtain from the scene.

The woman who had passed him in the path was standing on a ledge similar to the one he occupied, about forty feet in front of him. He did not look at the water nor the moonlight on the bay, but his eyes remained fixed on the woman's face with an interest no woman had ever held in them before. She had not perceived him, but was standing looking out over the water, her face turned so that he viewed it in profile. She wore a plain, tight-fitting dress, and stood erect, her arm resting lightly on a ledge beside her. No fairer picture had ever been presented to Lord Arthur's patrician gaze, and he hung upon the sight breathless, and not daring to stir for fear of disturbing her. The girl herself continued to pay her whole attention to the scene before her, and seemed utterly unconscious of his presence, while he continued to scrutinize her from head to heel, and wonder concerning her identity. Lord Arthur had never noticed the effect of moonlight on a woman's face and form before, and it may have been this that led him to believe her wonderfully beautiful; but the moon cannot make grace of awkwardness, nor build a woman's figure like a goddess. Her lips parted and she sang a snatch of a song lowly to herself, and moving from her position turned from the water and came up the path toward him. He stood rooted to the spot waiting her, and as she saw him the song left her lips till she had passed him, when she took it up as before. Her moving had discomposed him, and before he knew it she had coolly passed by, leaving him standing in a very awkward position, staring at the place where she had been. Most girls of his acquaintance would have showed some signs of hurry or nervousness at meeting a man alone

at night in such a spot. He was very sure his fiancé in New York would have screamed and fled. This woman not only was perfectly composed, but actually went on with her singing as soon as she was ten feet away from him. The combination was too much for Lord Arthur. He looked searchingly after her, and saw her figure passing his horse at the end of the path and disappearing at a turn in the road. He followed her mechanically, but she was lost to sight when he reached his horse. He thought of following up the road; but realizing that dogging a woman was not particularly becoming an Englishman of his position, he mounted and rode slowly back to the city.

For some reason he could not dismiss the evening's incident from his thoughts. It was natural enough that he should meet one or fifty people in a ramble most anywhere thereabouts, but it was not ordinary that the person should be such a queen as the girl he had just left. As she had passed by him in the path he had looked directly at her face, and her eyes were turned toward him. He did not believe he could forget the eyes in a year,—as the moonlight showed them clearly to him, great, large, and dark, with so much brilliancy in their depths. Her face was pale, and framed by dark hair, which she wore low on her shoulders. She carried herself erect, but moved with an easy grace which was not common in his countrywomen. Stoic as he was concerning women, he was still thinking of her when he reached his hotel, and brandy and soda taken with the idea of forgetting the picture only served to make the great dark eyes shine brighter and plainer than before.

For the first time in his life Lord Arthur thought of one woman for a whole hour at a time, and that, too, of a woman whom he had seen standing in the moonlight for the space of about five minutes.

He inquired rather more particularly of his friends at Del Monte about the prominent families of the vicinity, but none of them

seemed to include an especially beautiful daughter. Then he remembered his engagement to the millions in New York, and joined a poker game with an idea of influencing his thoughts. After losing a few dollars he left the game for a smoke on the piazza, and the moon still shining calm and quiet across the water only served to bring back his experience on the cliff with increased vividness.

The sensation of having a woman for his theme of thought was so very novel that he was not very communicative to his companions, and they left him to carry on his musings in solitude. After one or two turns on the walk a terrible idea struck him. What if he had fallen in love with this girl at first sight, like the heroes of some novels had done, and he should be tormented with thoughts of her ever afterward? Such a predicament would be dreadful; but, on analysis, did he not certainly have all the symptoms of the master passion? Then he thought of the girl herself, and of how much pleasanter life would certainly be with her than with the banker's daughter in New York. Perhaps she, too, was rich, and would serve his father's purpose just as well. If so why should he not look her up immediately, and arrange matters before the affair in New York had gone any further?

He went up to his room with the determination of setting out on a search the next day; and as his thoughts wandered over the meeting at the cliff before losing themselves in sleep, a sort of dim conviction came over the understanding of the future Lord of Micheldean that perhaps women were not to be ignored and considered unimportant, after all.

The following day saw him ride off alone to the cliff by the sea and tie his horse to the same tree as the evening before. He passed down the path to the same part of the ledge, and seated himself near where she had stood. For a long time he sat there musing, his chin resting on his hands and his eyes looking vacantly out to sea. His horse

pawed the turf restlessly back on the path and nibbled the leaves within his reach. He was evidently not used to seeing his master so taken up with thought. Finally Lord Arthur rose and stood on the highest point of the rocks and looked about him.

On a hill near by was a small inn and a respectable appearing mansion house. They were the only buildings within sight. Evidently she must have walked from the house the night before. It was not an imposing structure, but one that showed age and respectability.

He hoped for his father's sake the girl's family had more than age and respectability. From his own free will he would have married her without money if the moonlight had showed her as she truly was, but of course the family would object.

He mounted his horse and rode toward the house. When he came to the gate no signs of life were visible, and on closer inspection the place appeared closed and without inhabitants. He passed down the hill to the inn to make inquiries. An American landlord, he mused, knows everything. Moreover, there was the possibility that the object of his search might have chosen this spot rather than Del Monte on account of the quiet. She seemed when he had seen her like a girl who would enjoy a pleasant view and a quiet hotel rather than the tumult of Monterey. If she were stopping at this house nothing would be easier than to move in himself, and in that way learn to know her, and decide whether she was worthy of all the worry she had occasioned him and if her parents were rich. It was past noon, and he decided taking dinner at the inn. It was a very pleasant, homelike place, with well-furnished parlors and great, broad piazzas. Just the thing for rest and quiet. He chatted with the clerk, and learned that the house up the hill was closed, and that the owner, a wealthy Kentuckian, was at present stopping at the inn.

“Had he much of a family?”

“Yes; he had two sons and a daughter, and they were all very pleasant people.”

Milord came near inquiring if the daughter was beautiful, but it would hardly seem a suitable question; and he turned to the piazza, where his imagination answered him in the affirmative. He lighted a cigarette, and paraded the piazza in hopes of seeing his friend of the moonlight in the person of the Kentuckian's daughter; but no one seemed to be stirring, and, tidying himself up a bit, he went in to dinner. Even beauties had to eat, he soliloquized, and he should certainly have his question answered within the hour. He glanced at the other tables, but few people were present, and he fell to studying the bill of fare.

Consommé and tomato soups were the first choice; and as he was making up his mind which to order from the dimpled girl waitress at the end of the table, he heard a rustling of a dress behind him. Even the noise of her skirts was distinctly her own, and he knew before he turned to see her that it was the girl of the cliff. She was dressed with neat simplicity, as she had been on the night before; and as he met her eyes, a half light of recognition shone from them in greeting. He wondered how she could have been in the room when he entered without his seeing her, but the thought quickly left him as he saw her coming directly to where he sat. For what reason she should wish to speak to him he could not surmise; but as she drew nearer, and it was evident that she was intending to say something, he rose from his chair, and, coloring slightly from embarrassment, waited to hear what she would say. The moonlight, of course, had flattered her; but she was nevertheless a handsome woman, and her eyes were as large and brilliant as he had seen them in his mind's eye ever since. Her figure was excellent, and her carriage would become a queen. He made up his mind in the glance that he had not been deceived in believing her exceptional, and bowed slightly as she opened her lips to speak.

“Consumey or termater?” she said, as she reached across the table for the glass before his plate, and passed by him to the iced-water tank at the corner of the dining room.

It is remarkable how a man, or a nobleman, perhaps, will leave even his dinner and ride furiously over five miles of road to catch a train, when he could as easily have finished his meal, and departed in comfort an hour or two later. However this may be, Lord Arthur arrived in New York unexpectedly on the 21st of November, and a week later the fashionable world were set a-gossiping over their Thanksgiving dinners with the news of his engagement to the daughter of a celebrated Wall Street banker.

No doubt the fortunes of Micheldean prospered from the union; but do the family records of this noble house carry down to posterity the true account of the first and only love of the young Lord Arthur?

#### How the Old Man Saw It.

I cum to taown tu visit John;  
An' found him Sat'd'y arternoon;  
Sich duds as he wuz puttin' on,  
Thinks I, he's crazy as a loon.

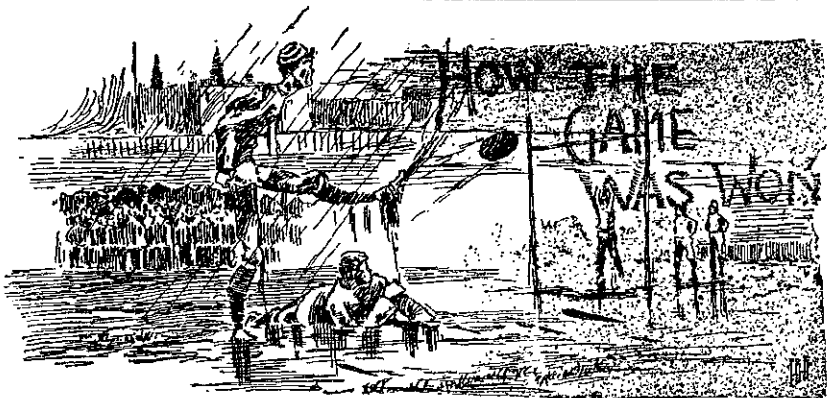
Sez I, “Thet dirty canvas rig  
Aint fit for decent folks tu wear;  
Your tailor bills are pooty big,—  
You oughter hev some clothes thet air.”

Sez he, “I'm on the football team;  
We've got a game to-day, at three.”  
“Well, John,” sez I, “it doesn't seem—  
But I won't say so, till I see.”

Thet football game wuz cur'us stuff,—  
They went right at it, miss or hit;  
I tell you it was orful tough  
Tu see the way them players fit.

An' when a feller got the ball,  
They knocked him over mighty quick;  
It wa'nt no arthly use at all  
For any one to try to kick.

I don't know what 'twas all about;  
They kep' a fighten' just the same,  
Till all the men they give a shout,  
An' John, he sez, “Tech. won the game.”



Tech., 16; Stevens, 10.

TECH. won her third game in the championship series Saturday, defeating Stevens 16-10. It was the best played and most exciting contest seen on the South End grounds this season, the work of both teams being strong and scientific. There was very little slugging, or unnecessary roughness. The Tech. team showed great improvement over the Dartmouth game, and was in winning form. The Stevens men were slightly heavier than their opponents, especially at the centre, and their rush-line work was at times very effective, but they were much slower behind the line, and made nothing by their extra weight. The features of the game were the brilliant runs of Slade, making two touchdowns; Germer's rushing and blocking, and the tackling of Kales; for Stevens, De Hart was "omnipresent," and the half-backs played a strong game.

Tech. won the ball on the toss, and time was called at 3 P. M. Germer gained about ten yards before the ball went to Stevens on four downs. Foss got the ball for Tech. almost at once, and made twenty yards on the criss-cross. Slade made a short punt, and Tech. succeeded in keeping the ball. Rushes by Weis, Germer, and Beattie carried it to the 25-yard line, from which Slade kicked a goal from the field, which was not allowed, the referee deciding that the ball was punted. McCord kicked out for Stevens from the 25-yard line, and Slade returned, Tech. securing the ball near the center of the field. Germer made a beautiful run, gaining thirty yards, and rushes by Beattie and Foss carried the

ball to Stevens' 25-yard line, where it went to Stevens on four downs. McCord's kick and rushes by P. Mackenzie and Raphael took it back to the centre of the field, where it went to Tech., and Germer made a rush of twenty yards, and was laid off for some minutes by a hard blow in the chest. When play was resumed, Slade by good rushing downed the ball at the 5-yard line, and Germer made the first touchdown for Tech. The try at goal failed.

Stevens kicked off from the centre, and by the good work of her rush-line got the ball to the 25-yard line, where it went to Tech. on four downs. Tech. was allowed twenty-five yards on a foul, and got the ball back to the centre of the field, where Slade punted. Stevens braced up for the remaining few minutes of the half, and had the ball at Tech.'s 25-yard line, when time was called.

At the beginning of the second half, Stevens forced the playing sharply, and P. Mackenzie made a touchdown inside of five minutes, from which McCord kicked the goal. Tech. put the ball in play from the centre, and soon lost it to Stevens in four downs, but they were unable to make their five yards, and the ball came back to Tech. Slade kicked, but the ball struck one of the players, and rebounded forty yards, and Stevens securing it, making a touchdown. No goal was kicked.

From the centre, rushes by Kales and Germer made thirty yards, when Tech. lost the ball; and Stevens had it dangerously near Tech.'s line, when Slade got it and made a rush of thirty yards. Tech. took the ball back twenty yards to keep it. Slade kicked, and McCord returned, and Slade got the ball and made the longest run of the game, nearly the length of the field, securing a touchdown, from which he kicked a goal. The remainder of the game was played in the dark. Stevens attempted to break through the centre of the Tech. line, with little success, and just before time was called, Slade made another phenome-

nal run and scored another touchdown, from which he kicked the goal. Score, Tech., 16; Stevens, 10.

The positions of the teams were as follows: Tech.—rushers, Kales, Weis, Harvey, Hammond, Lancaster, Beattie, Vorce; quarter-back, Noblit; half-backs, Foss, Germer (capt.); full-back, Slade. Stevens—rushers, Griswold, Wrecks, Wildmer, Hall, C. Mackenzie, Wuichet, Phelps; quarter-back, DeHart (capt.); half-backs, Raphael, P. Mackenzie; full-back, McCord.

Referee, Brooks, of Harvard; umpire, Quackenboss, of Harvard.

#### Williams, 18; Tech., 6.

TECH. played her last championship game at Williamstown last Saturday. The day was a model one for football, although the sun was just warm enough to thaw the surface of the ground, leaving it so slippery that very fast running and good dodging were impossibilities. The game was played on Weston field before five hundred spectators, and was exciting throughout. The slugging and rough playing of the Williams men was very noticeable, Hotchkiss and Lafayette being disqualified early in the game.

The teams lined up at 2.10 P. M. Tech. having the ball formed a V and gained five yards. Rushes by Germer and Foss advanced the ball ten yards farther up the field, when Lafayette got it on a fumble. Campbell rushed the ball down the field fifteen yards.

Tech. got the ball on a fumble by Lovell; Hotchkiss was disqualified for kicking Slade, who was down on the ball. Slade punted; Campbell fell on the ball, and it went back and forth for a few minutes with a slight gain for Williams, when Slade kicked the ball against the rush-line, Garfield getting it, and making a touchdown at 2.17. Campbell failed at an easy chance for a goal. Score, 4-0.

Tech.'s ball at the centre of the field; fine sprinting by Germer gained twenty yards for

Tech., he unfortunately slipping and falling when dodging Campbell. Williams ball on four downs; Vorce and Lafayette disqualified, Linder and Alvord substituted. Fine blocking and foot-running enabled Durand and Bigelow to carry the ball to Tech.'s 15-yard line. Campbell ran over the line but dropped the ball; no touchdown, and Tech.'s ball at the 25-yard line. A fine rush by Germer carried the ball up the field thirty yards. Tech. was given twenty-five yards on foul tackle of Slade by Garfield. Slade punted and Campbell returned; Tech. lost the ball at Williams' 25-yard line on a fumble, and Garfield made a touchdown, Slade failing to tackle him. No goal. Score, 8-0.

The play was sharp for a short time, when Campbell by a long run scored another touchdown, and kicked a goal. Score, 14-0.

By the V trick Tech. gained ten yards, and twenty-five more on a brilliant rush by Germer. Slade punted, Campbell kicked back, and Slade lost the ball on a fumble, and Bigelow scored another touchdown. No goal. Score, 18-0.

Tech. gained by short rushes of Foss and Germer, and the ball was at Tech.'s 40-yard line when Foss was hurt, and Waite took his place.

In the second half Tech. kept the ball in Williams' territory most of the time. On the third down Slade punted and Campbell returned; the ball was fumbled by Tech. and then by Williams. Slade secured it and rushed four fifths length of the field and made a touchdown and goal. Score, 18-6.

Waite carried the ball into Williams' territory, and Germer made a brilliant run of over thirty yards, unfortunately slipping and falling when trying to dodge Campbell. Time was soon called with the ball at Williams' 10-yard line. The second half was only nineteen minutes, shortened so that Tech. could catch the last train for Boston.

Teams made up as follows: Tech.—rushers, Kales, Weis, Harvey, Hammond, Ross,

Beattie, Vorce; quarter-back, Noblit; half-backs, Germer (Capt.), Foss; full-back, Slade; subs., Linder, Waite.

Williams. — rushers, Lafayette, Nelson, Wylie, Allen, Hotchkiss, Lovell, Bigelow; quarter-back, Brown; half-backs, Durand, Garfield; full-back, Campbell (Capt.); subs., Baker, Alvord, Person.

#### Ninety-two, 8; Ninety-three, 0.

THE annual Sophomore-Freshman football game took place on the South End grounds, Wednesday the 13th, and was won by Ninety-two, 8-0. About three hundred enthusiasts turned out in the rain to witness the contest, and take part in the rush that followed. The game was characterized by the usual amount of slugging and interference. There was considerable fumbling, due largely to wet grounds and a slippery ball. Ninety-three lost a great deal by poor kicking.

Time was called at about 3.40, and Ninety-three put the ball in play. By good playing on both sides the ball was kept near the centre of the field for fifteen minutes, when Ninety-two secured the ball by a poor kick of the Ninety-three full-back, and soon after rushed it over the line. Slade made the touchdown; no goal was kicked. Soon after putting the ball in play from the centre of the field, Ninety-three was allowed twenty-five yards on a foul tackle. Neither side was able to gain much during the remainder of the half, and time was called with the ball near the centre of the field. Ninety-two had the ball at the beginning of the second half. There was much fumbling by both sides, but the result favored Ninety-two, who gradually pushed the ball down the field, and Slade made another touchdown in about fifteen minutes. The try at goal failed. Ninety-three lined up sharply at the centre, and Beattie made a rush to the 25-yard line. Ninety-two soon got the ball and had it near Ninety-three's line when time was called. Score, 8-0.

The best playing for Ninety-two was done

by Kales, Weis, and Slade; for Ninety-three, by Beattie, Vorce, and Noblit.

The teams lined up as follows: Ninety-two—rushers, Kales, Andrews, Harvey, Nilson, Yoerg, Linder, Potter (captain); quarter-back, Walker; half-backs, Weis, Wardner; full-back, Slade.

Ninety-three—rushers, Vorce, Beattie (captain), Batcheller, Taintor, Heywood, Simons, Bedal; quarter-back, Godchaux; half-backs, Noblit, Foss; full-back, Cutler.

The game was followed by a rush. The classes came together in a struggling mob, and after several minutes indecisive pushing and fighting they scattered, and engaged in individual set-tos all over the field. Ninety had the advantage of numbers, but both sides claim to be able to show trophies of victory.

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

*The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.*

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE TECH:—

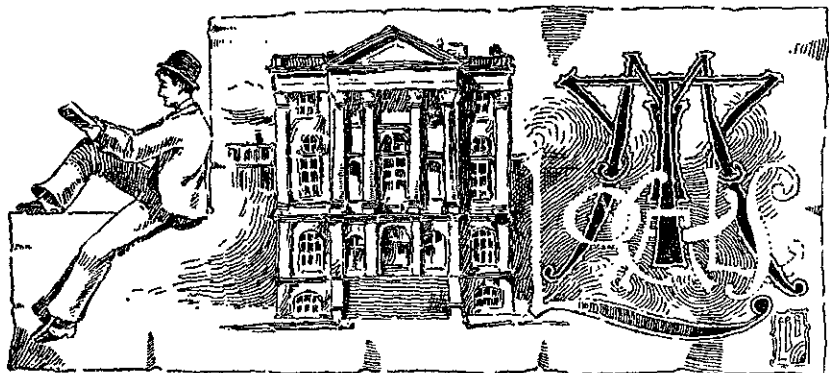
An unfortunate mistake concerning the workings of the Glee Club was made in the last issue of THE TECH. The mistake was caused, it seems, by lack of correct information and not by any malice on the part of THE TECH toward the Glee Club; in the welfare of which it has always taken a profound interest.

A thorough reorganization of the Club was made at the beginning of this year, and its nature was changed from that of a private enterprise to that of a public one. The members of the Glee Club will not this year derive any personal benefit from its income, but the receipts will be placed at the disposal of some Institute enterprise deserving aid, or else placed as a fund in the treasury of the Club to form a financial nest-egg to start with next year.

The Glee Club does for the musical and social reputation and life of Tech. what the football team does for athletics. Every public-spirited man in Tech. is interested in its welfare. At the end of the season the Club hopes to give a concert complimentary to all Tech. men who have so kindly subscribed to its funds, and in this manner set a precedent which all future Glee Clubs will probably follow.

F. G. HOWARD,

*Sec'y Glee Club.*



The "Co-eds" showed up well at the Stevens game.

T. W. Sprague, '87, has accepted a position in Montana.

R. H. Barnes, '91, is in business at New Birmingham, Texas.

There was a large contingent of Tech. men at the Harvard-Princeton game.

Only a few days remaining to drop those six grinds in "Technique" box.

Gannett, '89, is in the city, on his way to Europe, where he will spend the winter.

Proof sheets of this year's catalogue have been posted in the corridor for correction.

The K<sub>2</sub>S met at Young's, November 15th, and papers of interest to Course V. were read.

S. P. Coles, '91, has withdrawn from the Institute and gone into the employ of the *Electrical Review*.

Captain Odlin, of the Dartmouth eleven, was an interested spectator at the Tech.-Stevens game.

The Y. M. C. A. kindly tendered the use of their gym. to Tech. for the use of the Stevens team when here.

N. Durfee, '89, has accepted a position with the Metropolitan Sewage Commission, and is in Boston for the present.

The electric lights which are being put in Rogers supply a much-needed want, especially in the Biological laboratory.

DY-DX had a theatre party on November 2d, and Messrs. Gottlieb, '91, and Swan, '91, were initiated into the Society.

W. L. Creden, '90, has resigned his position as treasurer of the Glee Club, and W. B. Trowbridge, '91, has been elected in his place.

Apropos of the rush, we suppose the fierceness of the struggle was due to the desire to emulate the recent conduct of the Troy students.

What has become of the football banner? It should be photographed before entirely lost. THE TECH is through offering suggestions for its welfare.

The outlook of this year's Glee and Banjo Clubs is very promising, and it is to be hoped they will be more fortunate than last year's club, financially.

The class cup appeared too late for much notice in this number, but certainly the Athletic Association deserves great credit for the display of such good taste.

Why is it that the old clock on the third floor of Rogers is allowed to remain in its position? It is neither useful nor ornamental, and should be taken down.

Brown University men say they never played against so rough a team as Tech. They should immediately make arrangements with Dartmouth for a match.

The fourth year class in advanced Geology made an excursion on Friday, November 8th, to Cedar Grove, on the Old Colony R. R., under the direction of Mr. Barton.

The Institute has received a bequest of \$5,000 from the will of the late Elisha J. Loring, of Brookline. It is possible that the bequest is given to found a scholarship.

By a change in the rules of the Faculty, the examination in Heat, third year Physics, will be held during the week following the Thanksgiving recess, instead of in January.

Why don't the Chess Club hold a game with some outside college by letter. This is done elsewhere with marked success, and it is a good chance for some of Tech.'s deep thinkers.

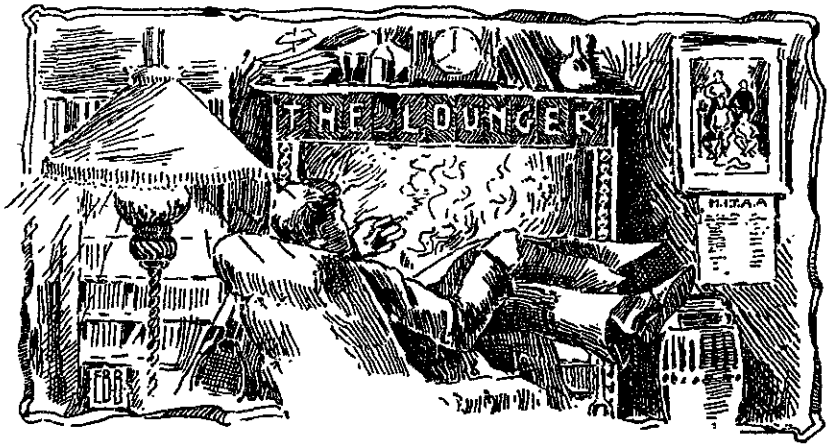
W. Bruce, '87, writes to President Walker: "All our M. I. T. representatives in this section of the country are doing very well. It is unfortunate that more men do not avail themselves of the great advantages and opportunities offered by Course III."

"Technique" will appear about the middle of next month. The entire edition will be printed on heavy paper and bound in stiff covers. The price will be raised to seventy-five cents, to cover the cost of these and other contemplated improvements.

A certain Emil Lauterbach, claiming to be connected with the Department of Modern Languages, has been obtaining financial assistance on false pretences from various alumni in the South and West. He has already been in jail, and should be fully exposed.

The football management was forced to call a mass meeting in Huntington Hall on Thursday, November 14th, for the purpose of raising funds in order that the team might be sent to Williamstown. The facts were stated, and a scheme proposed of taking up a collection, which resulted in obtaining \$95.25, \$17.50 of which was in "I O U's." THE TECH started the list by giving \$20. The Glee Club also kindly offered assistance.

One of the most amusing sights to a looker on at the Sophomore-Freshman rush was the forced disrobing of some of the participants. One case in particular excited our amusement. The brilliant mind of a Freshman conceived the idea of concealing under his jacket a portion of his class colors, but it never occurred to him what would be the consequences of such an act of forethought in a rush. The result was that the impatient Sophs did not ask him to remove his garments, but tore them from his back, even to the skin. Cries of "Keep your shirt on" were of no avail, and the luckless '93 man was left to ponder on '92's prowess and the success of his scheme.



Now that the Sophomore-Freshmen game has been played the world breathes easier, and turns its attention from this subject of universal interest to the question of getting a free Thanksgiving dinner. Where nearly a thousand students are turned loose on a city and over seventy per cent of them have no homes within easy reach except their boarding houses, this question of how the day is to be properly celebrated becomes of vital importance. Of course the fellows who live near Boston are not in it. Ditto, those who cut from one to twenty recitations in order to return to the bosom of their families and get in their usual whirl at the turkey. It is the portion of the Institute world who show no outward or visible signs of getting in training for the great feast, that deserve our sympathy and our thoughts for their welfare.

It is hard on a man who has always shone so brilliantly at the home table, and stowed away so many of the various edibles, to be obliged to confine his wit to his room-mate and his appetite to the neck of a boarding-house turkey.

Sporter will probably go down town and indulge in a big dinner at one of the hotels in company with two or three of his wayward companions, but if one has but twenty-four cents cash on hand this sort of consolation is not particularly consoling.

A year ago the Lounger surmounted the difficulty in good style. He borrowed a dollar and twenty cents, and bought a big bag of soda-crackers with the twenty cents. Proceeding down town he followed directions in a newspaper advertisement and arrived at the business office of A. Muireso. To this gentleman he gave the dollar, and placing the soda-crackers on a table in front of him, next a pitcher of water, proceeded to business. Muireso, you know, is a mesmerist by profession, doing turkish baths and mediumistic seances when other business is dull. The Lounger seated himself firmly

in a big chair, and following the directions of the professor, allowed himself to fall into innocuous desuetude. Muireso began doing a war dance around the room, making all sorts of wild passes with his arms, and in about five minutes there was a half-dozen raws before the Lounger, and all around the table sat the family, looking as smiling and happy as one's family always do at a Thanksgiving dinner. Right opposite was the Lounger's best girl in the cutest kind of a new dress, and her eyes sparkling over the glassware, and throwing out eloquent looks in a most bewitching way. The young hopeful of the tribe was in his customary seat alongside, where big brother could give him a poke in the ribs when he indulged in too large mouthfuls. There were sisters, and cousins, and uncles, and aunts present in delightful confusion, with the old people all up at one end discussing events of prehistoric interest, and the younger members at the other all talking at once about nothing in particular. After the oysters came the soup (water and soda-crackers mixed up in a basin), and after the soup the fish, and a regular giant of a turkey, and game, and every sort of a well-cooked delicacy to make a dinner prosper. The champagne made best girl's eyes sparkle the more bewitchingly and thawed out the old people's laughter.

Such a dinner you never saw, with the witty things that were said and the universal good cheer. But with the cups of French coffee came the adjournment, and the Lounger walked around the table to where the girl of his heart stood and took her little hand within his. But it suddenly grew large and coarse, and the vision faded. Muireso was standing with the Lounger's hand within his, quietly eating the last of the crackers. The rest of them had been disposed of by the Lounger. The dream was pleasant, and as he left the scene of his enchantment for the evening gloom of the streets, a great sadness for the loss of all the associations filled the Lounger's heart. To those of you who are alone in the city over the day of feasts the Lounger offers consolation. But do not take the mesmerism cure. It cost its originator twenty dollars in doctor's bills to get over the effects of the crackers.

Subscriptions for THE TECH received at Maclachlan's. Two dollars a year.

### College Notes

Miss C. W. Bruce, of New York, has given \$50,000 for a photographic telescope to be used in the Harvard observatory. It will not be finished for two years.

At the University of Pennsylvania a pitched battle was lately engaged in, in one of the lecture rooms, by the first and second year medicals. It was caused by the attempted occupancy of an upper classman's seat by a first year man.

Gill, captain of the Yale eleven, has been termed "the model football rusher." He weighs 165 pounds, is short and stocky, and one mass of muscle. Built not like a sprinter, nevertheless he is one of the fastest runners on the team, and can cover a hundred yards in eleven seconds. He has been on Yale's winning teams for three years, and has also helped to win three races on the Thames against Harvard. He is playing his old position of left tackle.

'90 has won the class football championship at Harvard.

Fassett, '90, of Dartmouth, is the heaviest centre rush in the country.

Harvard spent \$25,000 last year on athletics.

One thousand extra reserved-seat tickets were issued for the Princeton-Harvard game.

The agreement between Harvard and Yale which determines that an annual race shall be rowed at New London, expires after next spring's race.

One hundred and seventy-one Americans attended the University of Berlin last year.

Stagg, of Yale, has gotten up a dummy for tackling purposes.

There are 115 students at the Harvard Annex this year.

In the fall games at Amherst, Ludington, '91, received eight first prizes and one second.

Over 800 tickets for the Harvard-Yale game were sold in twenty-five minutes.



*Miss Commonwealth:* "CHARLIE SPORTHARD HAS A FUTURE BEFORE HIM; HIS PATH WILL BE STREWN WITH FLOWERS."

*Giles Techtor (just from the Lab.):* "QUITE SO, MISS COMMONWEALTH,—FLOWERS OF SULPHUR."

*Football player (feebly):* "Did we win?"

*Sympathizing comrade:* "We did, old fellow."

*Football player (excitedly):* "Never mind that dislocated thigh, doctor. Take these broken teeth out of my mouth so I can holler!"

*Salesman:* "Can it be possible! Miss Coupon, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Bar Harbor last summer? How long—

*Miss Coupon:* "Three yards, please."

*Wife:* "Harry, do you see how attentive that couple on the sofa are to each other? I'm quite positive there's something between them."

*Husband (after a look):* "I think you're mistaken, my dear."

He asked fair Maud to marry;  
By letter she replied.  
He read it—she refused him;  
He shot himself and died

He might have been alive now,  
And she his happy bride,  
If he had read the postscript  
Upon the other side.

"Young man," said an old gentleman to a reporter, "do you expect to follow your present avocation in the next world?"

"I hadn't thought of that, sir. Why do you ask?"

"Because, if you do, you can write up glowing accounts of things without being far out of the way."