

The Tech.

VOL. IX.

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NO. 5.

THE TECH.

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

BOARD OF EDITORS.

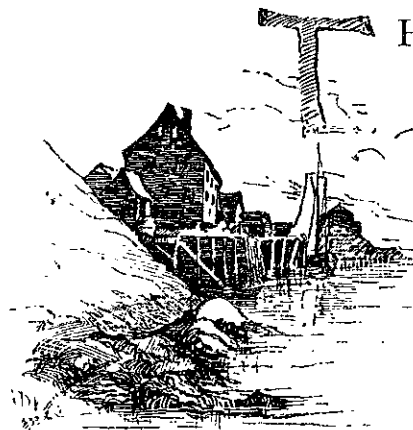
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THE TECH has offered in previous years prizes of from five to ten dollars for the best literary production received from contributors outside the editorial staff.

This has been done with the idea of increasing the number of contributors, and in order to raise the standard of work on the paper by making competition. The present Board of Editors have deemed it advisable to do away with this custom, and to inaugurate in its place one which will give the contributors more and immediate returns for their work. THE TECH will pay five dollars to any student of Technology not on the editorial staff of this paper who will write and hand in an original story which the Board of Editors deem worthy of publication. The usual rules should be followed in writing as printed in the Lounger of

Vol. IX., No. 1, and if convenient, the story should cover from four to six pages in print. Proceed to display your literary ability!

IT is very gratifying to the special committee of the Board of Directors of the Co-operative Society, which has just finished a long canvass of the students, and to the Board itself, that so great an interest has been manifested in the Lunch Room scheme.

There seems to be now no doubt but that the plan may be safely started in the near future.

At a meeting of the Board the day before Thanksgiving, another special committee was appointed to confer with President Walker concerning his generous offer of a room and fittings, and to make terms with a good caterer and arrange a proper guarantee, subject to the vote of the society, for his security.

The affair will be pushed as rapidly as may be, and even if it is necessary to wait until after Christmas or even until the semi-annuals before the scheme is well under way, because of unavoidable delay on the part of the men accomplishing it, there will be no flagging of interest or support on the part of the students.

NOW that the football season is past, and while the ground is still free from snow, would it not be well if the Athletic Club should organize a hare and hounds run, or several of them, if possible? At least forty men have been practicing at football since the beginning of the term. They have not all worked steadily, and only a few have been at a training table, but all are in reasonably good condition, and many would be glad of a chance for a few long runs. There are,

besides, many other men here who would enter now, but who are unable to do so in the spring,—the usual time for a Tech. hare and hounds.

Two runs have been held in past years under the auspices of the Cycling Club, but these have both taken place just before the annual examinations, so there were but few entries; and last year, when the first run was protested, there was no time for a second. At Harvard, paper chases are run once or twice a week as long as there is no snow on the ground, and it would be possible to have one here once or twice a month during the same period. There is no need of expensive prizes; and a small entrance fee could be charged, if necessary. The matter is one in which the Athletic Club should be directly interested; if one or two runs were held before Christmas they would doubtless be completely successful.

ALL have examined the Athletic Club Class Cup in Rogers' corridor; not a few have generously passed comments, and many have asked questions regarding its why and wherefore. For the benefit of the latter it might be well to again give an explanation. It has always been the custom of the Athletic Club to hold, during the year, a winter indoor and a spring outdoor meeting, open only to members of the Institute, the Class Cup going to the Class winning the most points at these meetings; the points being two for first place, three if an Institute record is broken, and one for second place, the winning class to hold it for one year. Last year the cup was won by '90, as is shown on one of the shields. This year the winter meeting is to be held on Saturday, December 14th, and every man should take an interest in his Class, and see that it is well represented at the meetings.

The Athletic Club has decided to give second prizes this year, which has never been

done before. This is most certainly a movement in the right direction, as it will add interest to the meetings, and give more entries. Each year there has been a decided increase in the number of ladies present at the meetings, and it is to be hoped that there will not be a falling off this year. A membership ticket of the Athletic Club will admit a member and any number of ladies to all the meetings.

THE editors of "Technique" promise to reward our patient waiting for its appearance, by an unusually handsome volume. The increased work incidental to substantial binding and the production of a largely increased number of illustrations, as well as the unlooked for interference of the mid-term examinations, will delay its publication until the holidays. By then, if common report can be believed, we are to see an annual by which former efforts in that line will be far outdone.

The edition of last year was notably too small to supply the demand, and the books were at a premium within a week after their issue. On such a showing as this, the present management should feel warranted in getting out an increased number of copies; enough, at least, so that no Tech. man need be unsupplied with this handy supplement to the catalogue.

It is to be desired that the cutting allusions in the coming volume shall be of such general interest, that a member of Course IX. will not be obliged to study Applied Mechanics to find the bearings of the joke on his Course II. neighbor, and that the other classes will not be entirely at the mercy of the Juniors for the key to the interpretation of the "grinds." We venture this as a suggestion, and will reserve our criticism until after the book is published, in the meantime extending our best wishes to '91 and to the editors for its unparalleled success.

THE Tech. Bicycle Club has been unable, through various circumstances, to arrange a road race with Harvard this fall. As the season has so far advanced, any contest of the kind will necessarily be deferred until spring. Between now and the time the roads are open again the Club wishes to make a large increase in its membership list, in order to avail itself of the best material in case a match is arranged. There are a large number of wheelmen in the Freshman Class who may not have had this matter called to their attention, and who might find it to their interest to enroll themselves with the Club.

TECH. men who avail themselves of THE TECH bulletin-board for advertising purposes, are requested to keep their notices away from the central space. As the use of the board by the students is gratuitous, it is expected that they will observe the conditions that go with the privilege. If they do not, THE TECH may be expected to exercise its option of removing any papers that are posted in the wrong place, without further notice.

WHEREAS, The Class of 1890, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has recently lost by death one of its most valued members, Homer Crane Clapp; be it

Resolved, That we desire to express the high esteem in which we held our late classmate, and the deep sorrow which we feel for his loss; that we desire to extend our sympathy to his family in their bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also published in THE TECH.

WILLIAM L. CREDEN,
HAROLD B. ROBERTS,
JOHN O. DEWOLF,

Committee.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

EDITOR OF THE TECH:—

Some time ago I received a letter from Prof. Eugene Letang, now in France upon a year's leave of absence, and one part, relating to our exhibit at the Paris Exposition, I take the liberty of herewith submitting. Professor Letang writes:—

“I went to see what the Institute of Technology had exhibited—it is a pity—two or three albums filled with photographic reproductions, together with the *Architectural Review*, and that is all. I paid a visit to my beloved professor M. Vaudremer, and the first thing which he asked me was, ‘Have you not sent anything to the Exposition?’ He is a member of the jury at the Exposition for the department of architecture. When I explained to him what had been done by the Institute about the Exposition he told me he was very, very sorry, for from what he had seen of our work through the *Architectural Review* he expected a good display of drawings, and that he was *absolutely sure* that we would have been awarded *médaille d'honneur*, for the reason that he had not seen anything worth mentioning in the other foreign countries. Is it not too bad?”

I think it much to be regretted that the first plan of a more complete exhibit was not carried out. I am sure that the Architectural Department would have held its own in competition with other schools, the Beaux-Arts, of course, excepted, and should be sorry to hear it acknowledged that the work of the other departments had so influenced the choice of the Institute's exhibit, as to restrict it to the meagre collection by which we were represented. But as it is, full credit should be given to those whose efforts secured the exhibit that was sent over, and gave the school some representation, however disappointing it may have been. It is in a case like this that the Architectural Society has a chance to show its usefulness, and had it taken matters into its own hands might have brought to the school a medal of honor, in spite of the lethargy—that is a more charitable expression than some that come to me—of the other departments.

Sincerely,

H. D. BATES, '88.

A Chance Correspondence.

MR. Thomas Wendall, in Boston, to his sister, Miss Louise Wendall, in Montreal:—

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 10, 1889.

Dear Sis,—I wrote you a long letter regarding your engagement last week, but suppose you have not had time to answer it as yet. I shall have to give up my projected trip to you for a while, as I sprained my ankle severely trying to play football, and am shut up in my room here with orders from my doctor not to leave it until he gives his permission. This, you see, upsets all our plans, and mixes things up generally. If I cannot see you intended personally, please write me as unbiased a description of him as possible, so that I can form some idea of what kind of a future brother-in-law I am to have. Ask him to drop in here and see me when he comes through Boston, anyway. If he is not smart, and a nice fellow, you can't marry him. I should never give my consent. My ankle pains me a good deal, and I am afraid this communication is rather disjointed. Please take time from your cooing to write me a good long letter, for I am utterly miserable with nothing to do but gaze at the faded wall-paper and horrible chromo decorations of a Columbus Avenue boarding house and read trash novels. Studying is far too heavy work for a cripple. Added congratulations to you, Mrs. Richard Powers that is to be, and in charity's name write to your big brother,

TOM.

Miss Katherine Powers, in Montreal, to Mr. Tom Wendall, in Boston:—

MONTREAL, Nov. 14, 1889.

My dear Mr. Wendall,—Your sister Louise has just driven out with brother Dick, and has argued me into the improper proceeding of writing you a letter. But is there anything so very improper about it, anyway? I am the sister of the man your sister is engaged to; therefore why should I not begin relationship to-day? Beyond and above all this, there is a tie between us greater than all the engage-

ments in the world, and without which I fear I should never proceed to this extreme. I, too, have a sprained ankle! In the face of this fact you must immediately withdraw all objections you possibly could raise to my conduct in this matter. Imagine a girl who has been for five long days confined to her room, with her foot tied up in a multitude of cloths and placed conspicuously on a stool, where she cannot help but see it every moment she is awake. You know just how it is yourself, of course, for Louise told me all about you, and that you had a sprained ankle, and that you were the best brother in the world, and that you were in need of consolation, and that she hadn't time to write, and a dozen other things all in one breath, before she flew out of the door to the carriage. I don't wish to bore you, and I certainly do not think I could tell you half as nice or amusing things as could Louise; but in my present predicament I know I can write you much better consolation, and that is what she said you wished.

I know just how it is, you know—all your friends come in to see you, of course, and tell you how very, very sorry they are that you are ill; and then proceed to enlighten you on all the good times you have missed or are going to miss because you can't walk, or dance, or ride, or do something or other else. You, of course, smile like a brass image, and your foot pains you, and I suppose your friends, being fellows, blow tobacco smoke all through the room and jar the floor. Your ankle feels as big as a flour barrel, and everything and everybody is altogether disagreeable. Correct diagnosis, is it not?

You, however, hurt yourself in a heroic sort of a way—that is like a man; upholding the honor of your college, or something like that, you call it, do you not? Well, I just slipped and fell like an ordinary cowardly woman, and cried and fainted like one, also. The lovers and I were skating on a pond a bit north of here, and Dick being much more interested in Louise's welfare than in mine

(which was perfectly natural under the circumstances), and I having no one else to look out for me, of course I wandered off to some rough ice, caught the toe of my skate, and then fell all in a heap, in true feminine fashion. Result, sprained ankle,—and this letter to you. You sincerely wish there were no such things as skates or fellows' bothersome sisters in the world, do you not? Well, forgive me, because we are both unwell, you know, and Louise really hasn't "a moment of time" in which to do her sisterly duty, while I, alas! have altogether too much. Pardon the length of this. It was originally intended to be a short note. I earnestly trust your ankle is improved. Try some Yale liniment on it. I find it very beneficial. Cordially,

KATHERINE POWERS.

Tom Wendall to Miss Katherine Powers:—

BOSTON, Nov. 17, 1889.

My dear Miss Powers,—I have read of shipwrecked sailors going literally insane with joy at the sight of a rescuing sail, and of prisoners released from solitary confinement entering the world again and wondering if they were not being given a foretaste of heaven; but I do not think the sensations of any of these individuals could have put them in a better state of mind than your welcome letter accomplished in me. I had been "grumpy" to visitors, cross to my roommate, and had actually sworn at the doctor. To-day I am as content and docile as the proverbial lamb. The idea of your imagining you would bore me, or that such a fine kind of a letter would be other than the pleasantest kind of an oasis in the desert of my present existence! Or, to descend to plain, ordinary, every-day language, I think you are the best kind of a prospective sister-in-law imaginable, that you take so much interest in a poor fellow like me. Funny that you should have a similar affliction to mine,—though not so very funny, either, is it? Your diagnosis was exactly correct, even to the tobacco smoke and the

fellows who jar the floor. You, of course, are at home, and hence saved the tribulations of sickness in a boarding house. In place of my poor food, horrible wall-paper, and close room, you have everything so nice and comfortable, do you not? My wall-paper is a faded yellow, decorated with red birds. There are exactly seven hundred and thirty-eight birds in all, besides pieces of one or two jammed in at the corners. How do you manage to write—that is, how do you hold your paper? My chum is a great inventive genius, and he has broken the top from a small table here, and fitted it on the side of the lounge, where I am bolstered up, in the most ingenious manner imaginable. I suppose this comes from the technical education he is pursuing. It is queer what a bond of sympathy sickness will bring up between persons. I feel as though I had known you for years,—please don't be frightened,—and from reading your letter I have formed a very general idea of how you look. I know you are very pretty, because you seem to know fellows and their ways so well; homely girls never do, you know. You have dark-brown hair and very nice eyes. I haven't made up my mind as to the rest, as yet. Let me know if this is correct first. You don't mind my running on like this, do you? It seems so good to put down honestly everything you think, and to have one's sayings so open and truthful. I fancy you will judge me very childish, but a fellow with a sprained ankle cannot appear within ten years of his real age until he gets well. Write me again very soon, will you not? Let me know really if your brother is a capable, smart fellow. Since reading your letter I have made up my mind that he cannot be otherwise, but I wish your guarantee. I sent for the Yale liniment yesterday.

Very sincerely, TOM WENDALL.

Katherine Powers to Tom Wendall:—

MONTREAL, Nov. 23, 1889.

My dear Mr. Wendall,—Though I do not know how to draw similies about shipwrecked

sailors, jail-birds, heaven, and oases, I was really very glad to get your letter telling me that I was not wholly impudent in writing to you *sans* ceremony.

Calm your imagination on one point, however. I am not pretty. Far from it. I am simply a type of the ordinary Montreal girl. I say this thus early, that you may not think my future writing coming from the pen of any large-eyed Cleopatra. As for your own good looks, I have had them all detailed to me by Louise, and I sincerely trust you are up to the photograph she has given me. We really need some good-looking people in the family. I am awfully sorry about that yellow wall-paper with the red birds. My range of vision from where I hold my court takes in half the city of Montreal. I do wish I could send you half of it, to help you out. My ankle is surely improving, and I have great hopes of being able to use it by the end of the month. I keep making experiments to see really how badly hurt it is, and turn my foot about until I get a twinge of pain, and thereupon ensues a commotion, and sympathy from every one in the immediate neighborhood. You will find this method an excellent way to judge of your improvement and the charity of your fellow-creatures. Louise has just come in. She says she wrote you last week, and wonders why you do not answer.

I do not wonder that you asked what I used for a writing-stand, in view of my illegible scrawling. Having no ingenious chum, I simply hold my pad in my hand, and drag the wandering pen over the surface. Won't you send me up one of your contrivances? It is growing too dark to see, so I will let you off easily this time. I trust you are much improved. There is something about this letter writing that is poor compared with word of mouth; do you not think so? Could your chum not connect us by telephone?

Your sister in illness,

KATHERINE.

Tom to Katherine:—

BOSTON, Nov. 27, 1889.

My dear Katherine,—Your letter received by this morning's mail, and I was heartily glad to hear again. So you are "a type of the ordinary Montreal girl." Such girls are the prettiest in the world, with their wealth of color and their splendid constitutions! I am glad I am so favored. My ankle, too, is steadily improving; and as soon as I am able to walk a bit I shall start for Montreal. I am anxious to see Louise and Mr. Powers (you did not answer my question regarding him), and, Katherine, I am more than anxious to see you! By day I fancy I force my foot to heal, that it may the sooner start me on my journey; and by night I think of you in every possible surrounding, seeing your face in my dreams, and imagining how you look when I am awake.

I am getting horribly sentimental with mere fancies regarding you, simply by giving my imagination full license; and the result is I must see and know the living original, or eventually fall in love with the creation of my thoughts. Horrible predicament, is it not? Yet as I know it is not really you whom I see, I am perfectly free in telling you my fancies. Do not think me out of my head in writing this trash. The doctor affirms I have not the slightest fever. It is just the result of being shut up here for two weeks with one small girl whom I have never seen in my life engaging the whole of my thoughts. Unless something happens meanwhile, I shall start for Montreal next week. Will not our meeting be of an unusual sort? Expect me by Wednesday or Thursday.

Please do not be provoked regarding the ideal I have made of you. Perhaps I had better not have written of it, anyway. There has never been any restraint between us, though, and I hope there need never be. My best love to you.

TOM.

Katherine to Tom:—

MONTREAL, Nov. 29, 1889.

My dear Tom,—On no account come to Montreal until I write you again. There are good reasons why I had rather write than tell you of affairs here of which you should know. I would detail them in this letter but that I must close it now in order to have it mailed so as to reach you in time. Please do not leave till you hear from me.

In haste,

KATHERINE.

Telegram of Tom to Katherine:—

BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1889.

I leave to-morrow A. M. If affairs in Montreal need my attention, I will attend to them in Montreal.

T. WENDALL.

On the morning of the 2d of December Tom Wendall reached his home in Montreal, and was met at the entrance by his sister.

“O sis,” said Tom, after the usual family greetings, “what’s the row, that Kath—, that Miss Wendall wrote me of? Something to do with you and her brother, is it?”

“No, Tom,” she said.

“A row that she’s in herself, then?”

“Not exactly, Tom.”

“Well, do you know anything about it?”

“Just a little, Tom,” she said; and her rosy dimples chased themselves in pretty confusion about her saucy mouth, so that Tom forgot for the moment that he was to run immediately to Katherine.

“You see it was like this,” she said, slowly, making each word very clear and distinct, while her dimples belied the solemnity of her tone: “We thought—that is, Dick and I thought—that when you wrote asking if he—that’s Dick—was smart, or nice, or suitable for your approval, that you were very impudent.”

“Well, I was nothing of the kind,” broke in Tom; “and what has this got to do with the question in hand, anyway?”

“But Dick,” said the girl, continuing as before, “said that because you were sick, it was our—that’s Dick and me—duty to forgive you, and to return good for your cruel speech about him. So to show you that he was bright, at the same time, he—that’s Dick—said to me that if he should write you some nice letters perhaps you could judge him by them.”

“And why didn’t he?” said Tom.

“He did,” said the dimples.

“He did? Then it was he—he that”—

“Yes, Tom, it was he that wrote them all; for his sister has not sprained her ankle,—and he has no sister,—and there is no Katherine Powers!”

SO LOUD THEY WERE.

The professor’s brow was sad, the professor’s soul was vexed,

And darkly looked he at the class, and darkly at the text.
“This noise,” quoth he, “disturbs us; my leniency’s abused.

The man who makes the noise again will have to be excused.”

Then hushed the busy classroom its wonted undertone;
Yet still the sound proceeded, with a dreary, doleful groan,
From a corner where, all blushes, sat J. De Smithers
Jones,

With his twenty-dollar trousers, newest cut, and loudest tones.

Then up rose Jones, embarrassed, and then he whispered low,

“Beg pardon, pro—professor; it’s me trousers, don’t cher know.”

The good professor paused, then said, with withering glance,

“We’ll excuse those *trousers*, Mr. Jones; when you come again, wear *pants*.”

—*The Brunonian.*

“Technicalities.”

“Business is duil,” said the lead-pencil.

“It’s looking up my way,” retorted the Unabridged.

A busted strai(gh)t,—Hell Gate.

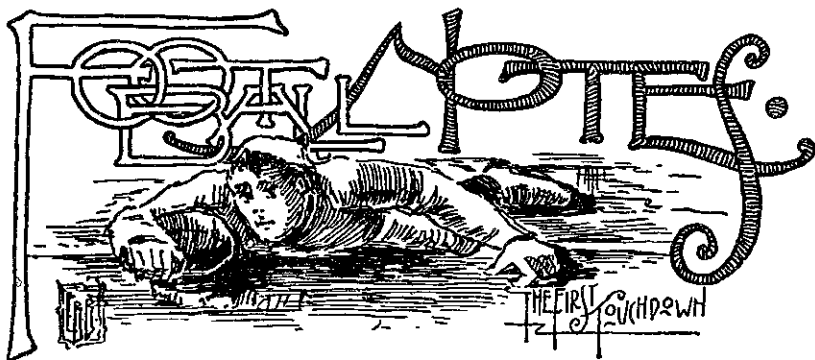
“Sewered,”—Ninety-three’s visit to Moon Island.

Her Message.

She stands at her window, just opposite mine,
With eloquent finger-tips spelling a line.
In hopeful impatience, I watch from afar,
To find that she asks me to "Wait for mamma."

I swear to myself, I am sorry to say,
Because of mamma who is over the way.
The best of mammas can in no way atone
The loss of an evening with Stella alone.

But see, she is signaling over again!
I follow her hands, and the reading grows plain.
Ah! this time I have it, with never a doubt;
Her message is, "Wait for mamma to go out."



Athletics 22; Tech., 0.

A SHARP wind blowing nearly directly across the field, a hard ground, and weather that put ulsters at a premium, greeted the elevens of the Boston Athletic Association and the Institute of Technology as they met on the South End grounds Saturday afternoon to play the game postponed from Thanksgiving. Technology presented an eleven composed principally of substitutes, but five of the regular team being present in uniform, while the Athletic Club strengthened its regular team by the addition of Curtis and Peters as half-backs, and, consequently won, hands down by a score of 22 to 0,—four touchdowns and three goals.

The Athletics took the ball, kicking partially against the wind, and forming a good wedge, with Beals and the ball in the centre, gained twenty yards, to which a fine run by Garrett added ten. Here Tech. secured the ball on four downs and rushes by Slade gained slightly until he was hurt on the third down, but resumed play after a few minutes. A poor kick by Roberts gave the Athletics the ball on Tech.'s 25-yard line, and after some

scrimmaging, Haughton carried it over the line for a touchdown. Peters missed the try for goal. Hunt repeated Haughton's achievement at 2.55, and this time Peters scored a goal. Score 10—0.

Tech. changed its tactics to a kicking game, Slade making some long, low punts over the line for touchbacks. Waite also made some good rushes, and when time was called at 3.12, the ball was on the Athletics' 20-yard line.

The second half was a repetition of the first, two touchdowns being made by Curtis, from which two goals were kicked. Score, 22—0. Garrett and Roberts were disqualified for "slugging," Beals and Garrison taking their places. Peters distinguished himself throughout the game by long, fast rushes, and Kales and Waite did good work for Tech. About 250 people witnessed the game.

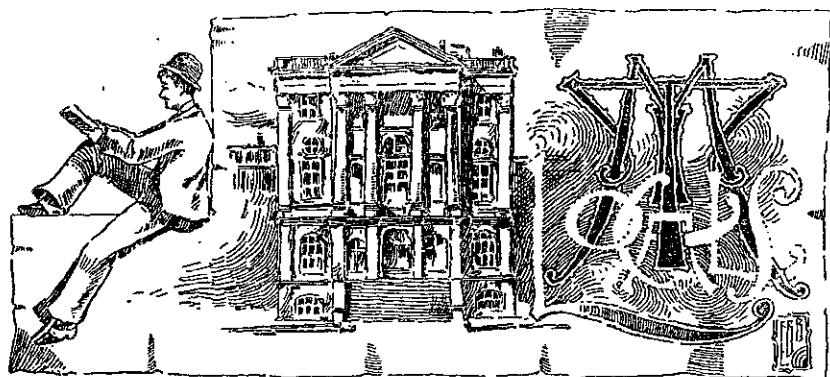
The two elevens lined up at 2.40 as follows: Athletics.—rushers, N. Beals, Garrett, Whitman, Kip, Haughton, Codman, Morrison; quarter-back, Kimball; half-backs, Curtis, Peters; full-back, Hunt.

Tech.—rushers, Andrews, Batchelder, Nilson, Yoerg, Nickerson, Linder, Kales; quarter-back, Weis; half-backs, Waite, Roberts; full-back, Slade.

Referee, Kelley, of Harvard; Umpire, Cabot, of Harvard.

The usual holiday game was played in Chicago on Thanksgiving Day, between the Chicago University Eleven and the University Eleven of Ann Arbor. The Chicago players were graduates of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia. W. R. Crawford, formerly of Yale, and S. Sturgis, a Technology player, did splendid work. Chicago won, 20—0.

The record of games in the Eastern Intercollegiate League stands as follows: Dartmouth, won 4, lost 0; Technology, won 2, lost 2; Amherst, won 1, tied 1, lost 2; Williams, won 1, tied 1, lost 2; Stevens, won 1 (forfeited by Williams), lost 3.



The eleven sits for a picture on Saturday.

There will only be first prizes in the tug-of-war contest.

Kids and coppers, the usual fall sport, is again in vogue.

Second year Chemists have commenced Qualitative Analysis.

Society of '92 had a theatre party Saturday afternoon at the "Oolah."

The 2 G had a meeting at the Thorndike, Monday, November 25th.

The Freshmen have been asking Mrs. Stinson for a lighted splinter.

The Senior Chemists made an excursion to Lowell, Tuesday the 25th.

The men on the Tech. coach at Springfield cheered for the winning side.

The Society of '88 had a theatre party and dinner Friday, December 6th.

The Thanksgiving recess was spoiled for the Juniors by that Heat Exam.

Dartmouth cheered for Harvard at the Yale-Harvard game, and Amherst for Yale.

There is some talk of a minstrel show, à la '89, being given during the winter.

Architectural Society had a meeting last Monday night, and elected new members.

Mr. E. W. Gannett, '89, sails for Europe from New York, Saturday, December 7th.

Mr. F. H. Merrill, '85, has been in town recently, returning from the Arid Land survey.

"Students' Meetings" is the latest addition to the ranks of the bulletin boards in Roger's corridor.

The third year Civils have two more weeks of field work; chances of freezing to death are still good.

J. P. B. Fisk, '89, has charge of the Thompson-Houston Motor Company's exhibit at the Maritime Exhibition.

It is rumored that Professor Letang will return from France in time to take charge of thesis work in the Architectural Department.

There was a small attendance at recitations a week ago Wednesday. Thanksgiving and the ruins of Lynn were stronger attractions.

There is a very unique specimen of Sophomore spelling in the announcement on the bulletin board of "coperal sheverons" for sale.

Tech. was represented at the Princeton-Yale game by about twenty-five undergraduates, and as many more lights of former days.

The *Technology Quarterly* is about \$800 in debt. The deficit will be made up by the Faculty and the Board of Editors. Publication will not be continued.

An advanced class of twenty members of the Architectural Department are drawing from life, under the direction of Mr. Major, of Cowles Art School.

Prof. John C. Gray, A.M., Dean of the Harvard Law School, will deliver during the next term a course of 15 lectures on Business Law to all regular third year students.

The Senior Class has elected the following officers for Class Day: Orator, William Z. Ripley; Poet, Frank M. Greenlaw; Prophet, Atherton Loring; Statistician, Samuel D. Flood; Historian, John L. Batchelder; Mem. Poet, Knight C. Richmond; Mem. Orator, Frank L. Chase; Photographic Committee, F. W. Swanton, S. W. Moore and G. E. Hale.

Mr. Samuel G. Stephens, instructor in Mechanical Engineering and Drawing, has sent

in his resignation, to take effect Jan. 1, 1890. He is going into business on his own account.

The football management was again extremely unfortunate in having a rainy Thanksgiving day, as the postponement of the game took a great many dollars out of their treasury.

It would be a good scheme for '93 to elect an athletic committee, whose duty it would be to look after her tug-of-war team, and see that she makes a good showing in the entries for the games.

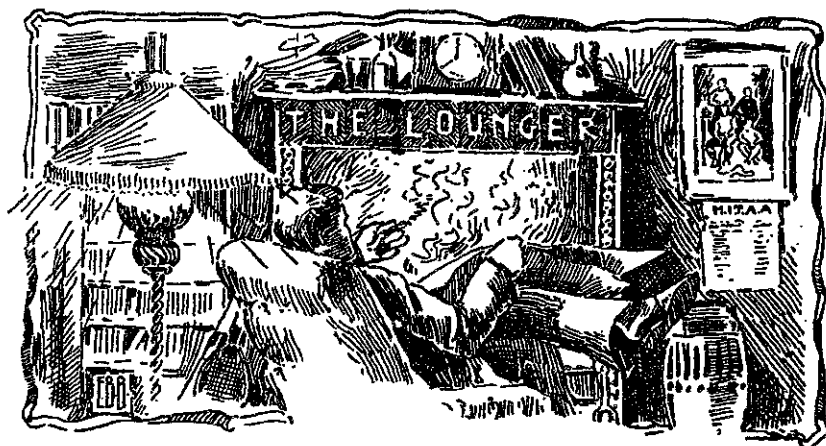
A. F. Bardwell, formerly of '89, has been appointed superintendent of the West End Street R. R. Co.'s central power station now building on Albany Street, on the site of the old Hinckley Locomotive Works.

Mr. C. A. French, instructor in Mathematics, has tendered his resignation, to take effect at the end of the term. His withdrawal from the Institute is greatly to be regretted, as Mr. French has been a most successful teacher.

At a meeting of the M. I. T. Chess Club, held at the Thorndike, Nov. 7, 1889, the following new members were admitted: J. B. Brown, '93, F. H. Rose, '91, F. S. Vielé, '91, H. S. Kimball, '91, F. H. Burton, '91, and R. D. Cushing, '91.

No. 3 of the current volume of the *Architectural Review* has appeared, and contains a design for a school of music, by A. V. Edwards, '89, and 1st, 2d, and 3d mentions for a design for mercantile buildings with round corners, by H. G. Ripley, Lyman Ford, E. S. Thomas, and a plate covering Mr. Walker's study of decoration.

The Photo Society held its annual meeting, Saturday, November 16th, and elected the following officers: President, E. M. A. Machado, '90; Vice-President, H. L. Brand, '91; Secretary, J. G. Thompson, '91; Treasurer, G. D. Chapman, '90; Executive Committee, W. Mossman, '90, with officers *ex officio*.



ONE of the subjects of debate of the present day is the effect of football on college education. Such discussions are confined not alone to the Faculties of our schools and colleges, but are indulged in by numerous other bodies of men, and by individuals who know quite as little about that which they are discussing as do our Faculties. In order to throw some little light of truth on this matter, The Lounger has started in with regular Pol. Econ. precision and gathered statistics. He has proceeded in this manner in hopes that the discourse may prove attractive to our all-wise governors; and as it may be necessary to use some few technicalities in the article, the all-wise before mentioned must understand that a touchdown does not consist in smashing the hat of the fellow next you, and yelling till you grow red in the face. This is the effect, not the cause. Do not mistake the two. A touchback is related to a touchdown, but so distantly that it does not count. With these few delineations let us proceed to the statistics.

By a careful study of the monthly reports of the members of this year's Tech. eleven, furnished them by the Secretary of the Faculty, the Lounger finds that the average standing of the team is far above what is generally considered "satisfactory" in a first month's report. The captain of the eleven passed with honor in his most difficult branch of study, and with either a mark of C or P in the remaining. He carries in all twenty-five hours a week in recitations and laboratory work. When one considers that by far the most brilliant work on the team was done by this individual, the general conclusion that a man cannot play football and keep up in his studies at the same time is most happily illustrated. There are many other examples equally as instructive. The large, long fellow who played right guard, and accomplished such excellent slaughter in opposing rush-

lines throughout the year, has a report very delightfully covered with H and C marks. The tackle next him came out quite as well, and the fellow over on the other end maintained his last year's record, and undoubtedly shows characteristics of an embryo Newton. In fact, the team, even if they did not win the championship, have covered themselves with a considerable amount of glory both on the field and in the recitation room. Why, then, should the Faculty not give the seal of their approval to football at the Institute, as long as the present acceptable state of affairs, as far as studies are concerned, continues? At any rate, why seek to hinder success in athletics merely because dead and gone theories have maintained that an athlete had no brains, or not sufficient intelligence to pay attention to exercise and study at the same time?

The Faculty as a whole, to be sure, have taken no action prohibiting football, or any other outside occupation, in which a fellow may care to indulge; but at the same time there has been a vast amount of advice given, from time to time, and opinions ventured on the game and its results, quite as frequent as ludicrous. Then too, there has been a confounding of the hundred other things to which a student's spare time is given, with the time taken for athletics. If a fellow recites poorly for a month, and is connected with the eleven, say as fourth substitute half-back, his instructor immediately charges it up to football; when, as like as not, it was the death of his grandmother, or too many calls on his best girl. Thus does the very good cause of athletics answer for all and every crime against study hours that a student may commit; and the worthy fountains of our knowledge not being acquainted with our grandmothers, and not knowing or caring whether we have such blessings or not, gravely walk up to the great big book and put us down for a football condition. To be sure, nine tenths of them do not know football either, and could not tell the maneuvers of two elevens from those of the Freshman battalion; but they do know that a Tech. eleven exists, and by the aid of scarred faces and blackened eyes, they surmise who is on the team.

Now it so happens that the gentlemen with the marked facial expressions are this year standing at the head of their classes. It so happens, too, that some of these gentlemen who did not indulge in athletics last year, have improved in their studies since practicing with the eleven.

From all of which the Lounger concludes that it is not football that keeps a man from memorizing mathematics, and that some other source than athletics should be assigned for many a failure to pass an examination; and as a just recognition of the work of the eleven of 1889, to play on next year's team should not be equivalent to abandoning all hopes of a creditable record in Institute studies.

College Notes.

Harvard's record for this season in football is: games won, 9; games lost, 2; points scored, 422; points scored by opponents, 53.

Columbia has received a gift of \$20,000 from C. F. McKimm, the architect, to found a traveling scholarship in the Department of Architecture.

Since 1882 Yale has won each game she has played with Harvard; Harvard scoring in all 14 points to Yale's 136 points.

Dartmouth College gets \$40,000 under the will of the late Cyrus W. Wallace.

The Sophomore Class at Wellesley had a hard time electing officers this year. There were fifty-six candidates for president, and each candidate had one supporter, which took all the class.

St. Paul's School has a new physical and chemical laboratory.

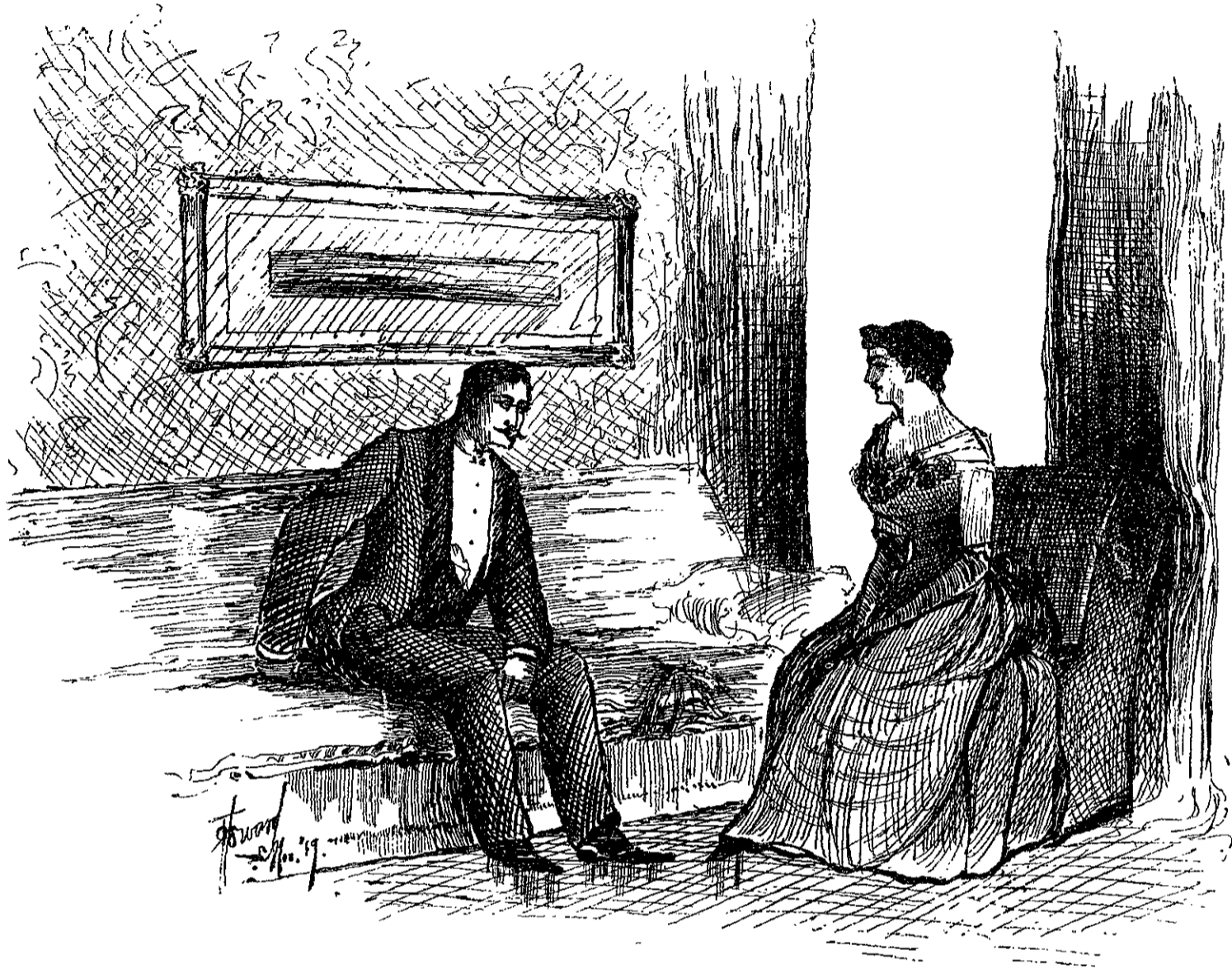
A University in honor of President Garfield is to be established in Wichita, Kansas, and Mrs. Garfield has given \$10,000 toward the enterprise.

Eighty men are trying for positions in the '93 crew at Harvard.

A new eight-inch photographic telescope is now ready for use in the Harvard Observatory. The lenses are seven feet apart.

The Hon. Seth Low, of Columbia College, will have the highest salary of any college president in America.

Out of two hundred and fifty applicants, only seventy passed the examination for Clark University.



A CAPITAL IDEA.

She: "DID TOM OLDHEAD MARRY THAT HOMELY KATE DUCATS ON PRINCIPLE?"

He: "NOT AT ALL; HE MARRIED HER ON INTEREST IN OLD DUCATS' PRINCIPAL."

I stole a wee kiss—
I shall ne'er steal another.
In a transport of bliss
I stole a wee kiss;
But the pretty young miss
Had a pretty big brother.
I stole a wee kiss—
I shall ne'er steal another.

"Say," said the hotel-keeper to the reporter, "if there's one thing I do get tired of, it's the way people have of telling me how to run a hotel. One fellow says I ought to do this, and another says I ought to do that. By the way, it's a wonder to me you fellows don't write that kind of people up. It's just the thing you ought to do. If I was running a newspaper you bet I'd—what are you grinning at, I'd like to know?"

Johnny: "Say, pa, are you in favor of the Bible in the public schools?"

Father: "Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Nothin'; only I noticed you never have one in the house."

"Delightful air up here, Miss Ancient."
"Yes, indeed; so embracing."

WAY OF THE RENTED WORLD.

Bollingsby: "Who was that fine-looking man you brushed against so unceremoniously?"

Widdener: "Oh! that was the owner of the building."

Bollingsby: "And that little weazened-up wretch you took your hat off to?"

Widdener: "S-sh! That was the janitor."

"Are you feeling better this morning, Uncle Henry?"

"Yes, Angie, dear."

"You'll soon be well now, won't you, Uncle Henry?"

"I don't know, dear; I may never get up again. Uncle Henry is a very sick man."

"Oh, yes! I know; but you'll soon get well. I heard the doctor tell pa this morning that all the doctors in America couldn't kill as mean a man as you." (Uncle Henry rallies, and is well enough the next time the doctor calls to get his head under the sofa, and maul him till the police break into the room. The diagnosis was correct.)