A Freshman's Lament.

"Oh call back yesterday, let time return!"—SHAKESPEARE.

Somehow I feel it growing cold,
Although the month of May is near;
The "annuals" are not far off,
When I'll be left, I greatly fear.

No more I'm like the Freshman bold,
With head erect, and sparkling eye;
Greenbacks and silver, both are gone,
But not entirely for "supply."

Then where has all my money gone?
(I lost my diary up at school.)
The Brunswick surely is to blame,
Where I get stuck for five-cent pool.

I thought next year a Soph to be,
But no such happy lot is mine;
I either from the Tech retire,
Or join the class of eighty-nine.

'T is now too late to make laments,
And wish I had not wasted time;
To others, I a warning give,
By putting my regrets in rhyme.

J. H. M.

A Peep at Pullman.

[Paper read before the Society of '87, April 3.]

The main idea in building Pullman was to establish a town where the Pullman Palace Car Company could have their shops, and where their workingmen could reside. The idea originated with Mr. Geo. M. Pullman, the president, and was subsequently much talked of by members of the company, but was a hard one to carry through, since the site selected for the town was four years ago nothing but marshy ground. Since that time the entire city has been built.

Taking Chicago as our starting point, let us board a suburban train on the Illinois Central R. R., and begin our journey. This railroad has Lake Michigan for a boundary on the east, and is therefore very pleasant to travel over. Within the past two years, since Pullman has been recognized as a city, the railroad company has laid six tracks to Pullman, and trains run every fifteen minutes in the busy parts of the day. After a ride of about an hour, Pullman being about fifteen miles from Chicago, we arrive at our destination. Our first exclamation, on leaving the car is, "How clean it is!" and indeed this is so. The streets are macadamized, and nothing is allowed to be thrown on them. There is a grass plot between the street and the sidewalk, and a low curbing separates the sidewalk and another grassplot, beyond which are the houses, set back about fifteen feet from the curbing. The houses are entirely of brick, no wooden ones being allowed, and for this reason fires are rare.

The working part of the town is on the left if we take as our starting point the neat little railroad station. We see first an artificial pond surrounded by flowers, and its banks lined with grass to the water's edge. Behind this is a long, low, two-story building, where the iron work of the cars is done. At one end of this building is the great Corliss engine, which was the mechanical heart of the Centennial Exhibition, and at the other, the offices of the company. North of this building is a small one, occupied by the Allen Paper Car Whee Company. Back of these are the carpenter and paint shops, and between the two latter is the water-tower, about 250 feet in height, to the top of which water is pumped, and from which all Pullman is supplied with a good force. Behind the shops are the gas works, and about half mile farther are the grounds of the Pullman Athletic Association and Boat Club, bordering on Lake Calumet.

At the extreme north of Pullman are some of the workingmen's houses, most of them, however, being at the southern end. About a stone's throw from the railroad station, on our right, is the Hotel Florence, very prett inside and out, where a good meal can be had. South of the hotel is the Arcade, where the druggists, dry-goods merchants, stationers etc., sell their wares, and where there is also pleasant little restaurant. In the second story of the Arcade is the public library, of about fifteen thousand volumes, the theatre, a very tasty on indeed, holding about one thousand, and a architect's office. To the east of the Arcade the Market, similar to the one under Faneu Hall, where all meats, fish, and groceries can