“Now, gentlemen!” it brought the recollection of a brave and worthy man to my mind, and the proceedings commenced. Mr. E. C. Potter, ’81, was elected temporary secretary, and he carefully jotted down the remarks of the wise men. During the meeting we decided that we would not limit the membership to only those resident in Illinois, but would admit any one who lived anywhere on the face of the globe,—at least, that is the understanding I had of the limit. In fact we want the earth, with a fence around it. This is cordial, anyway,—and we want to be cordial. A committee of five was appointed to draw up a Constitution and By-Laws, and report at our next meeting. Messrs. Wells, Curtis, Greeley, Potter, and Sturges made the committee. We decided to have another meeting February 12th, and to have at this meeting a little informal pie. We intend to have a nice, big dinner some time, but we are going easy now, and beginning on pie. We think when we meet next, we will have at least a hundred names on our list. We closed Saturday with about seventy-five. We talked of having our stag dinner some time during the Tech’s long summer vacation, so some of the young “spuds” could attend, if they so desired. I think this will be adopted.

Well! I guess I have written my all. We start out with great promise, and I know will be a great success. We heartily invite any of the undergraduates to join us at our dinner, and we will keep ourselves before your eyes so you cannot miss the date. (I will send price of plate later on.) Any who may read this, who will kindly send to Mr. E. C. Potter, care North Chicago Rolling Mill Co, South Chicago, any names whom he may chance to know in the vicinity of the earth, we will consider it as a personal favor to—well, we will be very much obliged. Hoping all of the TECH’s readers passed successful semies, I remain,

Yours, as ever,

S. S.

Chicago, Jan. 12, 1887.

Noticeable Articles.

The January Atlantic contains an interesting paper entitled “What Children Read,” by Agnes Repplier,—a name one hopes to meet again. The writer gathers from her own reading accounts, of the youthful reading of various men and women of genius, and contrasts it with the material the mind of the youthful generation of to-day is fed on, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter.

Here is young Scott absorbed in Percy’s Reliques, and in raptures over an odd volume of Shakspeare; Cowley devouring the Fairy Queen that lay in his mother's window-seat; the future Cardinal Newman wishing that the Arabian Nights were true; the youthful Cobbett going hungry, that he might possess himself of Swift’s Tale of a Tub; and Mary Lamb “tumbled, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English books.” In contrast with all this, the writer declares that “if we pursue the modern schoolgirl along the track of her self-chosen reading, we will be astonished that so much printed matter can yield so little nourishment.” “With her appetite whetted,” she continues, “by this unsatisfying diet, she is soon ripe for a little more excitement, and a great deal more love, and so she graduates into Rhoda Broughton, and the “Duchess,” at which point her intellectual career is closed.”

It need hardly be pointed out that there is a fallacy involved in thus contrasting the sons and daughters of genius with the readers of Rhoda Broughton of to-day. These latter, in earlier times, would simply have read nothing at all. Perhaps it would have been better for them; and it must be conceded that an enormous amount of trash is devoured by young people now, to the great detriment of their intellectual digestion. The writer goes on to contrast some of the children’s stories of to-day with stories of a previous generation, in a very amusing manner; Miss Edgeworth’s Rosamond, e. g., “a portrait of the youthful Maria Edgeworth herself,” with Miss Alcott’s Rose. “It is true,” she says, “she had no sense of a ‘mission,’ this commonplace, but very amusing little Rosamond. She never, like Rose, adopted a pauper baby, or made friends with a workhouse orphan, or vetoed pretty frocks in favor of philanthropy,” but she thinks her, perhaps, a more natural little girl. But Miss Alcott is nature herself compared with Miss Wetherell, whose “supernaturally righteous little girls pin notes to their fathers’ dressing-tables, requesting them to become Christians, and who endure the most brutal treatment at their parents’ hands, rather than sing songs on Sunday evening.” Miss Repplier has even found a story, though she does not give the name of its remarkable author, in which the youthful heroine considers it her mission in life to convert her