

THE TECH

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THE TECH

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OFFICE HOURS:

Editor in Chief, Monday, 10-11 A. M.
Business Manager, Saturday, 12-1 P. M.

For the benefit of students THE TECH will be pleased to answer all questions and obtain all possible information pertaining to any department of the College.

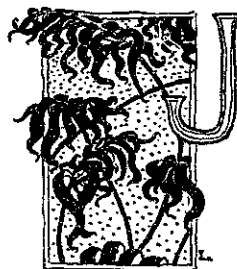
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Thanksgiving Daie of all ye yeare
The Daie, at last is here,
And everie manne—and maiden, too—
Greets ye Thanksgiving cheere.
And as ye student hastens home
To celebrate in many ways,
Ye Editors lay down their quills
And wish you best of Turkie Days.



UST at this time, as we are about to enjoy to the utmost of our capabilities our Thanksgiving recess, it may not be out of place to bring up the subject of a longer vacation at Christmas. The

petty three days do seem most inadequate for that occasion. We know of no other institution of learning in this country which allows its students so short a holiday recess. The editors feel that they express the sentiment of the student body here when they say that we would gladly have a week added to the end of the year in June if we could be free to spend ten days with our other college friends at home in December. Let us hope that the Faculty may see the matter in the same light.



HANKSGIVING, the day of family reunions and of the judicious partaking of the time-honored turkey, is at hand.

The old New England day of thanks comes to professors and students alike, as a welcome change from the exacting demands of Institute

routine, and offers an opportunity for the complete relaxation so truly needed.

With the savory odor of the approaching dinner wafted to and fro on the waves of agreeable anticipation, the editors of THE TECH, in laying aside the shears and blue pencil for a well-earned respite, extend to all, the heartiest wishes for a period of gay and unburdened festivity, and hope that the cases of chronic indigestion, due to an over indulgence of the inner man, will be few and far between.

Frederick Lyman Sherman.

The Class of 1902 held a special class meeting last Friday, at which it was voted that the president should draw up resolutions, for the class, on the death of one of their classmates, Frederick Lyman Sherman, of West Springfield, Mass. He was taking the civil engineering course here. During the last two months of last term he was not at all well, being absent most of the time. After Tech closed he grew worse and was ill for the entire summer with pneumonia, to which was later added malaria. Although he managed to throw off the pneumonia by the first of this term, he was very much weakened and unable to return to his work. He died on Friday, November 1st.

Whereas, in the death of Frederic Lyman Sherman, the Class of 1902, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, deeply feels the loss of one of its classmates, who had won their sincere love and admiration, be it

Resolved, that the Class of 1902 offer its heartfelt sympathy to his family who suffer so keenly at this time of affliction, and further be it

Resolved, that these resolutions be sent to his family, that they be published in THE TECH and spread upon the minutes of the class.

LOUIS SHATTUCK CATES, *President*.

For the Class.

Resolutions on the Death of H. C. Moore.

Whereas: In the death of Hugh Chadwick Moore, the student body of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is deeply sensible of the great loss of one who gained its admiration and respect as a fellow-student, be it

Resolved: That the student body of the Institute extend its sincerest sympathy to his family in this time of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved: That these resolutions be sent to his family, and that they be published in THE TECH.

Signed by the Institute Committee, E. F. Lawrence, F. D. Rush, P. G. L. Hilken, L. S. Cates, I. R. Adams, J. C. Fruit, R. M. Field, C. J. McIntosh, P. R. Parker, C. L. Homer.

The Technology Review.

The October issue of *The Technology Review* was published late last month and contains many articles of interest to both undergraduates and alumni of the Institute. The leading article is one covering the experiences and work of the various summer schools, with many illustrations of interest. The frontispiece is a photogravure of Professor Despradelle's recent design "The Beacon of Progress." This is accompanied by a short, descriptive article. Other features are an account and description of the library in Rogers Building; the address of Dr. Pritchett to the class of 1904; "Public Works by Institute Men" with illustrations, and the regular graduate class news, editorials and general Institute notes.

Electrical Engineering Society.

Arrangements have been made by the entertainment committee to hold the December meeting in three divisions. Mr. Sydney Hosmer of the Boston Electric Light Company, will address each division at his office in the Ames Building. He will explain in detail the plant of the company and their system of distribution for lighting and power. The address will be followed directly by a trip to the company's big plant in South Boston, where the members will have the opportunity to investigate what they have just heard described. The next division will go down the first week in December, and the last division probably the second week. Members should notify Messrs. Sturtevant, '01, or Perkins, '01, with which division they wish to go.

F. E. CADY, *President*.

Calendar.

Thursday to Saturday, November 29th to December 1st—Thanksgiving recess.

Monday, December 3rd, Institute Committee Meeting, Trophy Room, at 4 P. M.

Prize for Essay on Equal Suffrage.

The College Equal Suffrage League is offering a prize of one hundred dollars for the best essay on the equal suffrage theory. The essay must not only be on the theory but favorable to it. The competition is open to the students of all the women's colleges of Massachusetts and to the women students of Boston University, Tufts and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The notice of this competition with all the necessary information has been posted on the bulletin boards of these various colleges.

The League itself came into existence in Boston in February, 1900. It was formed by a small body of women who believe, that as the development of the idea of the higher education of women corresponded with, and was materially assisted by the progress of the equal suffrage theory, the theory itself must necessarily interest the women who are enjoying the advantages of that education. The League has two objects, the first and most specific one, to interest college women both graduates and under-graduates in equal suffrage; the second, the general advancement of the equal suffrage cause among all classes.

The League has been in existence not quite a year, but during that period, it has held meetings at several of the women's colleges in Massachusetts, and there is the likelihood of holding one in each during the ensuing year.

Any person who has been a student at a college or professional school for not less than a year may become an active member upon application.

The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. Charles E. Park (Radcliffe), Vice Presidents, Miss Sara Cone Bryant (Boston University), and Miss Ellen Hayes (Oberlin); Secretary, Mrs. Rufus H. Gillmore (Radcliffe); Treasurer, Miss Mabel E. Adams (Radcliffe).

Freshman Battalion Appointments.

Captain Baird has appointed the following temporary company officers from the different squad leaders:

Company A.—Capt. Briggs, 1st Lieut. Burrows, 2nd Lieut. A. D. Smith, 1st Sergt. Goddard.

Company B.—Capt. Grant, 1st Lieut. Haynes, 2nd Lieut. E. H. Russell, 1st Sergt. Taft.

Company C.—Capt. Noyes, 1st Lieut. Willcomb, 2nd Lieut. B. A. Richardson, 1st Sergt. Boggs.

Company D.—Capt. Burnham, 1st Lieut. Rodgers, 2nd Lieut. Jenkins, 1st Sergt. G. W. Sanborn.

The Freshmen Football picture will probably be taken next week at Hearn's.

Football Summary.

The scores and summary of the 'Varsity's successful season follow:

Oct. 5,	M. I. T.,	6	Exeter,	6
" 10,	"	0	Brown,	22
" 13,	"	6	N. H. State College,	0
" 20,	"	35	Stevens Institute,	0
" 27,	"	0	Tufts,	0
" 31,	"	17	Worcester P. O.,	2
Nov. 3,	"	0	Amherst,	18
" 17,	"	0	Holy Cross,	16
" 21,	"	17	Burdett College,	0

Total score, M. I. T., 81; opponents, 64.
Games won, 4; lost, 3; tied, 2.

Society of Arts.

The 545th regular meeting of the Society of Arts was held at 8 P. M., in Room 11, Rogers Building, Thursday, November 22d. Mr. Wm. W. Crosby gave a stereopticon lecture upon "Applied Science in the Textile World."

"I hear you have a horseless carriage; why don't you use it?"

"Because I sold my horse."—*Ex.*

An Optical Delusion.

Not many years ago there was a Student who had trouble with his eyes.

To remedy this trouble he journeyed to an Oculist. The Oculist did, for three hours, at intervals of fifteen minutes, drop drops of belladonna into the eyes of the said Student for the purpose of dilating the pupils. After the Student had been thirty minutes in this dimly-lighted room, and having had two doses of belladonna was beginning to see things dimly, he was surprised by an apparition from the outer world in the form of a radiant Damsel. She was bent on the same purpose to this torture chamber.

After a short, painful silence, the Student broke the silence and the conventionalities by remarking about the weather. Reply was made, and the conversation, much to the joy of the Student, flowed on.

The Student asked of the Oculist concerning the Damsel, and went on his way thinking.

The Student became madly in LOVE. The Damsel was in his thoughts daily and nightly.

His friend knew the Damsel and after several theatres and dinners he persuaded the Friend to take him around to call. Then he found to his disgust she had much homeliness. Then the Student went out into the dark and dreary night and looked for an ELECTRIC to bump him.

Book Review.

"The Story of Nineteenth Century Science," by Henry Smith Williams. 8vo, cloth, \$2.50. Harper and Brothers, N. Y.

This work is a most entertaining and complete resumé of the great advance of science in this century. It gives interesting descriptions of how many of the great discoveries and inventions were made and sketches of the men who made them.

We would bring to the attention of Tech men and especially Course IV. students, the

Bigelow Pictures; a series of black and white half-tone prints of famous sculptures, paintings and places. The pictures are unusually well printed and of a convenient size for *passepourtout* work. Published by E. S. Bigelow, Lowell, Mass.

Mining Engineering Society.

The Mining Engineering Society held a very interesting meeting Nov. 22, in Room 1, Rogers. Prof. Burton gave a very interesting talk on Mining Surveying and Mr. C. H. Auer read an article on the "Kimberly Gold Fields." Mrs. Crane who owns a considerable number of valuable claims in the Klondike, having established and worked them herself, gave an interesting account of her experiences in those mining regions. She touched upon the cost of transportation, cost of living, climate, temperature, and classes of people one would meet in the Klondike. Mrs. Crane very kindly showed her valuable collection of specimens to the society.

Musical Clubs.

The Glee Banjo and Mandolin Clubs will hold two concerts next week. The first on Monday, December 3, 8 P. M. at Boston College. The hall is back of the New England Conservatory of Music, on James St., off of East Newton St. The second will be on Thursday, December 6, 8 P. M., at the Colonial Club in Salem, Mass. The train leaves the North Station, B. & M. R. R., at 7 P. M. Members will please be on hand fifteen minutes earlier than the stated times.

The date of the home concert has been changed from December 19th to December 11th, as it was impossible to obtain the hall on the former evening.

Brown (over the 'phone) — Hold on; don't talk about that, Central might hear it.

Central — Oh, don't stop; we never hear anything. — *Yale Record*.

Where MacGregor Sits.

"Nevertheless I don't like his eyes," said Mrs. MacGregor weakly, pushing back her chair as a decisive ending to all argument.

"How perfectly absurd!" objected her husband with a half-amused, half-pitying smile. "How unreasonable women are!"

Young Benedick MacGregor had been married three years. During that time his wife had learned the absolute hopelessness of discussion with him. He was one of those people who so thoroughly believe in themselves and their opinions that any opposing argument merely calls forth a benevolent smile, a pitying shake of the head, and an unspoken "Ah, my dear, your ignorance must be content to be guided by my knowledge of the world." Constant contact with such hopelessly sweet-tempered immobility gradually develops a termagant or a slave. Mrs. MacGregor's was a peace-at-any-price nature, and she preferred the more amicable course. After one year of married life she became outwardly unopinionated and yielded passively to her husband's superior judgment.

But a husband's "superior judgment" will occasionally prove insupportable to the most peacefully-inclined wife. And Mr. MacGregor's unchanging surety that he was entirely in the right in the subject under consideration this morning at the breakfast-table had almost aroused a show of argument on Mrs. MacGregor's part. Yet the same benevolent smile still curved her husband's lips. The absurdity of considering Barry a schemer! Barry, whom he (MacGregor) who prided himself on his character reading, knew to be a thoroughly honest, thoroughly stupid old lawyer! What cause had anyone to doubt him any more than millions of others who could not pay outright for their homes? Here was the Brookline house MacGregor wished to get off his hands. He preferred a summer home and winter rooms in the city. If Barry wanted the house and wished MacGregor to take a heavy mortgage on it, there was no reason to think the man would cheat. How ridiculous to suppose that any man could cheat MacGregor! And the argument ended at the breakfast-table with the pushing-back of Mrs. MacGregor's chair and her husband's conclusive smile.

Three months later, MacGregor healthily browned by the Cape Ann sun, at peace with the world, a

straw hat on the back of his head, and a good cigar between his teeth, stepped leisurely from a Gloucester train and sauntered along with the hurrying crowd through the Union Station. How vulgarly energetic and excited the crowd was! What business had people to jostle a decent gentleman? He had wanted to escape the shop crowd, but this was almost as bad. What right had bare-headed Italian women to be away from home at this time in the morning—and with such dirty, squealing babies? Ugh! How he detested banana-eating children! They always managed to smear more of the fruit over themselves than they ever swallowed. And the way decent-looking people jabbed him with umbrellas and pummelled him with bags in their unheeding rush for shore—or mountain-bound trains! Actually—

A sounding whack on his shoulders roused him from his fuming, and turning around with mildly reproachful eyes, he came face to face with Langdale, one of his former neighbors in Brookline. He never *had* liked Langdale: he was such a rough, uncultured chap!

"Hello, Mac, how are you? Down to the city for a few days?"

"I came down to see my lawyer," answered MacGregor rather stiffly, and trying to move away.

"That so?" continued Langdale, imperturbably falling in with MacGregor's step. "I say, it looks funny out our way with your old house moved into the next street, doesn't it?"

"My old house——, what the deuce you talking about?" And MacGregor forgot his distaste for anything so low as excitement, and even grew warm in the vicinity of his collar.

"Why, didn't you know? Barry's moved it into his lot in the next street. They've pretty nearly finished the job now. Haven't connected it with the foundations yet. Funny you didn't know about it. I s'pose 'cause everyone's away in that part of the country."

"The devil!" And MacGregor threw off Langdale's detaining arm, and rushed through the station, utterly oblivious of Italian women, banana-painted babies, umbrellas and bags, forgetful even of his own opinions on the vulgarity of haste. His one aim was to get to his lawyer's in the shortest time possible. Barry had cheated him—had stolen his house!

He hailed a sleepy cabman and offered him an exorbitant bribe to get to Tremont Street in an impossible space of time. He sank down on the cheap cushions of the cab and felt helplessly in his pocket for a comforting friend. But though he puffed vigorously at the cigarette the thought still kept surging through his brain:—he had been cheated—he, MacGregor the invincible! Wait till——

The cabman pulled in his horse with a jerk. MacGregor tumbled out of the cab, threw the man a bill, and, in too much of a hurry for the waiting elevator, dashed up the stairs. To his breathless demand for Mr. Marvin, the boy answered uninterestingly: "He's out, sir; won't be in for two hours."

There was nothing to be gained by kicking the boy downstairs. And young Benedick MacGregor sank into a comfortable chair by the open window and looked down on the hot street. The Common was a mass of motionless green. Above the trees the dazzling gilt of the State House dome winked and blazed under the blue vault of the sky. Far below him, people lingered on the Long Walk, loath to leave the cool, shadow-flecked path for the white glare and the push of the street. The ceaseless roar of the traffic below, muffled by the intervening distance, came to his unheeding ears.

The office was very still. The scrape of the elevator or the click of its iron doors now and then echoed through the hollow halls, or the heels of an occasional plodder rang out in regular vibrations from the stairways. The chance opening of the office door brought with it a faint odor of ether from the dentist's rooms across the hall. MacGregor dropped his head into his hands and tapped the floor impatiently with his heels. The hands on the dial of the Park Street church were procrastinating most shamefully, and MacGregor was not enjoying his own thoughts. They were not flattering to himself. And his wife's face kept appearing most inopportunistly before his eyes. "A woman never loses a chance to say, 'I told you so,'" he groaned.

When Mr. Marvin came in he glanced at MacGregor with a scarcely-suppressed twinkle; but he listened to his usually self-approving client with an immovable face.

"I suppose you realize, Mr. MacGregor," he said calmly when the young man had finished, "that you

can in no way have the law against Mr. Barry for this?"

"Can't arrest a man for stealing my own house!" gasped MacGregor.

"No, certainly not. A man can have another arrested for stealing his watch, his dog, or even a loaf of bread, but he can in no way apprehend him for stealing his house. A house is the property of the person to whom the land on which it stands belongs. This lot belongs to Mr. Barry and therefore your house also is his. It in no way belongs to you. Mr. Barry, being a lawyer himself, knew this perfectly."

"And I thought he was 'stupid but honest,' damn him!" muttered MacGregor dejectedly.

Mr. Marvin still stared unperturbably out of the window. "Of course I will do everything in my power, Mr. MacGregor," he said. "I may be able to save your house yet."

"Thanks!" said the subdued reader of character humbly.

Mr. MacGregor greeted his wife in a half-hearted way that afternoon. One not knowing them might have thought he was afraid of her. But he realized that the trial must be gone through. Striding to the window he turned his back to his wife and blurted out:—

"Well, you might as well say 'I told you, so' now. You will when I've finished, and it's always pleasant to get disagreeables over with." And without waiting for her reply, he hastened through the story, not sparing himself a single anathema in his whole vocabulary.

Mr. MacGregor's back was towards her and Mrs. MacGregor could not resist the temptation to smile. There is something very gratifying even in a mental "I told you so."

"I knew all about this, Ben," she said quietly.

"You knew all about—! Then why the—"

"Listen, please. You were so certain of Mr. Barry's honesty" (MacGregor winced) "that I didn't like to trouble you any further with my own foolish qualms. So when we came away, I wrote to Mr. Marvin and asked him to keep an eye on Mr. Barry, and if anything turned up not to bother you about it, but to let me know. He was out west at the time and was detained, so that he didn't get my letter or have a chance to act on it until a few weeks ago. When he did he found the house just as it is now—

on Barry's lot but not yet connected with the foundations. Now as long as these connections are not made, the house is not a part of the property on which it stands. Mr. Marvin stopped the workmen at once and informed Mr. Barry that unless he paid for the house, moved it back to its original place, or left it in the condition it was, with the connections not yet made, we would bring suit against him. Mr. Barry has been considering; and this morning when you found Mr. Marvin out, he was here. He came to tell me that Mr. Barry will pay for the house."

MacGregor gazed at his wife in unveiled astonishment. "By Gad!" he said finally. "And you—by Gad! I say, whatever made you so dead sure of Barry?"

"I always said I didn't like his eyes, Ben." And Mrs. MacGregor's own eyes could not resist the temptation to dance.

As they went in to dinner that night, Mr. MacGregor gazed solemnly at the table and then at his wife. "Do you notice any great change?" he asked.

She looked puzzled. He led her to her chair:—

"This is the head of the table, Mrs. MacGregor," he said, "and," seating himself opposite, "henceforth MacGregor sits at the foot." '03.

1904.

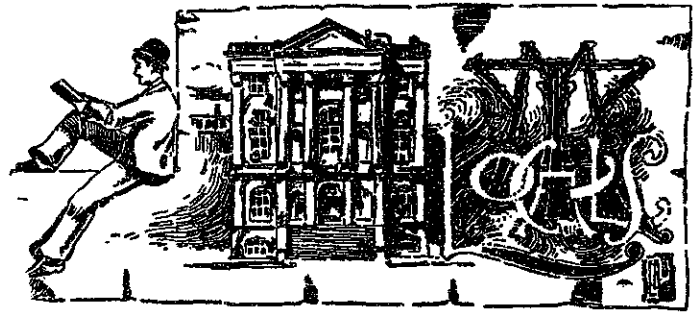
At a meeting of the Freshman Class held on last Saturday afternoon it was voted after considerable discussion to give sweaters only to the foot-ball team this year and not stockings or caps in addition as has been the custom. It was voted to give sweaters to fifteen football men and to the three cane spree men, making eighteen sweaters in all, for which the sum of \$75 was appropriated.

After the Parade.

Prof.—Why didn't you hand this paper in on time?

Fresh—I had a headache, sir, the night I should have written it.

Prof. (looking at paper)—What did you have the night you did write it? — *Ex.*



Our library has received, this week, a gift of nineteen volumes and nine pamphlets on science and literature, from Mrs. Dwight Marble.

The Civil Engineering Society held a meeting Monday, Nov. 26, in 11 Eng. B. Prof. Swain gave a very interesting talk on "Engineering Journals and their value to scientific men."

The limiting date for handing in tracings by the members of the Architectural Society has been postponed until the middle of December instead of December 3, as previously announced.

Saturday evening the Chicago Club held its first dinner of the year at the Castle Square Hotel. After the dinner the members adjourned to the Boston Museum to see the "Pride of Jennico," and passed a very enjoyable evening.

Technology was represented on the Yale side of the field, at the Yale-Harvard game by several undergraduates and alumni. Among the undergraduates were Bailey, Laws, Maxson, Mixter, P. M. Smith, May, Madeiro, Boyd, Kennedy, White and Arnold.

Shortly after the Thanksgiving vacation a very important meeting of the Foot Ball Association will be called. Every Institute man is a member of the Association, and it is hoped that every one will make it his duty to attend. The manager's report will be read and officers for the coming year will be nominated. Time and place of the meeting will be announced later.



Hooker has been awarded the 'Varsity T., he having played in six games this season.

Welch played an excellent game last Wednesday. It seems a pity he did not try for the 'Varsity this year.

The 'Varsity photograph was taken by Chickering last Monday. Twenty-five men are in the picture this year.

The Advisory Council is considering the question of granting T. A. A's. to winners of first and second places in the Fall Handicap meet.

G. H. French, the 'Varsity tackle, who broke his leg in practice three weeks ago has returned to the Institute, but several weeks will elapse before he can dispense with crutches.

F. C. Hunter, the 'Varsity center, returned to Tech last week from his home in Poughkeepsie. His absence was due to illness, it having been found necessary to operate upon him for an abdominal abscess, resulting from a football injury.

There has been some talk among the students, especially the baseball players, since the impulse which President Pritchett has given to Technology athletics, of organizing a 'Varsity baseball team. Although the baseball season is very short to us yet it would be possible to get out a representative team and play several games. We have enough material for a very good 'Varsity and second team. So if the financial part was assured it would seem that Tech would be represented on the diamond in a creditable manner.

Burdett, 0.; M. I. T., 17.

Last Wednesday afternoon, by defeating Burdett College 17 to 0, Technology closed the football season of 1900 with a victory. Although the team was not in the condition shown earlier in the season, the men again played with some of the dash and spirit which won the Stevens game, and the great amount of kicking during the second half made the game intensely interesting.

Burdett won the toss and chose the west goal, taking advantage of the strong wind blowing from that direction. Capt. Maxson kicked off and Burdett started with several rushes, which carried the ball back to the centre of the field. Here Tech braced up and Burdett was forced to punt. Pope and Dillon gained their distance several times, but Maxson punted and Colby by a series of rushes carried the ball to Tech's 30-yard line, where Burdett fumbled and the ball went to M. I. T. Heckman made several yards through centre and then Pope made the best play of the day. Circling right end, he ran sixty-five yards for a touchdown. Maxson kicked the goal. During the remainder of the half the ball changed hands on fumbles and punts and although Pope and Dillon gained many yards the half ended with the ball in Tech's possession on Burdett's thirty-yard line. Score, M. I. T., 6; Burdett, 0. In the second half Burdett kicked off to Dillon, who ran back fifteen yards. Pope gained ten more and Maxson punted to Burdett's fifteen-yard line. Burdett tried two rushes, but the runner was each time downed for a loss. Lewis then tried to punt out of danger, but the ball hit the goal posts and bounced back, Maxson dropping on it for a touchdown.

Burdett kicked off to Dillon, who brought the ball back to the centre of the field before being downed. Maxson punted to Burdett's ten-yard line, where the ball soon became Tech's, and Dillon carried it over for a touch-

down. Maxson failed to kick the goal.

The game now became a kicking one, three fair catches being made, but Maxson failed to kick the desired goal from the field.

Pope and Dillon undoubtedly played the star game for Tech, but Nagle's centre playing deserves to be mentioned.

M. I. T.

Hooker, Wood, l. e.

Welch, l. t.

R. Hamilton, l. g.

Nagle, c.

T. Hamilton, r. g.

Roberts, r. t.

Chubb, r. e.

Maxson, Capt., q. b.

Pope, Wilson, l. h. b.

Dillon, r. h. b.

Heckman, f. b.

BURDETT.

Freeman, r. e.

Colt, Forsaith, r. t.

Blake, r. g.

Pearce, c.

Marr, l. g.

Derry, l. t.

Sawyer, Sanford, l. e.

Marshall, q. b.

Colby, r. h. b.

Lewis, l. h. b.

Robertson, f. b.

Score — M. I. T., 17. Touchdowns, Pope, Maxson, Dillon. Goal from touchdowns, Maxson, 2. Umpire, Mr. Hardwell, B. A. A. Referee, Mr. Saul, N. A. A. Linesmen, Bary and Daniels. Timers, Hilken and Fowle. Time, 20-minute halves.

The Hare and Hounds Run from Wellesley last Saturday brought out twenty-one men, this being the largest run this year. R. B. Pendergast, '02, and S. T. Worcester, '04, were the hares. The trail led southeast toward Needham for a mile, then north, crossing the B. & A. tracks near Wellesley Hills, then west to Wellesley College, where it crossed Cottage Hill and passed along the shore of Lake Waban in front of College Hall. From the college the trail went around the north end of Lake Waban and south to Washington St., near South Natick, and home along Washington St. The distance was about eight miles, but owing to the large amount of scrub oak and swamp on the first part of the course the run was the hardest of the year and the time the slowest.

The long run home spread out the bunch and six men failed to get in inside the limit. Holcomb, '04, was first with Crocker, '04, second. As it was Crocker's first run his showing was unusual.



'71. F. L. Fuller, I., is engaged in the engineering of a system of fire protection for the Fiskdale Mills, Sturbridge, Mass. The system consists of a 200,000 gallon reservoir; 2,000 feet of 10-inch, 1,200 feet of 8-inch, and 200 feet of 6-inch pipe, besides much new piping in the two cotton mills.

'82. W. H. M. Rosing has been appointed to the newly created office of Assistant Superintendent of Machinery of the Illinois Central. He has grown up with the road.

'84. Edward V. Sedgwick, formerly with the Mexican Central Railroad, is now a travelling mechanical expert with the Galena Oil Company, of Franklin, Pa.

'89. E. V. Shepard, I., is chief clerk of the U. S. Patent Office at Washington, D. C., with authority over nearly seven hundred employees.

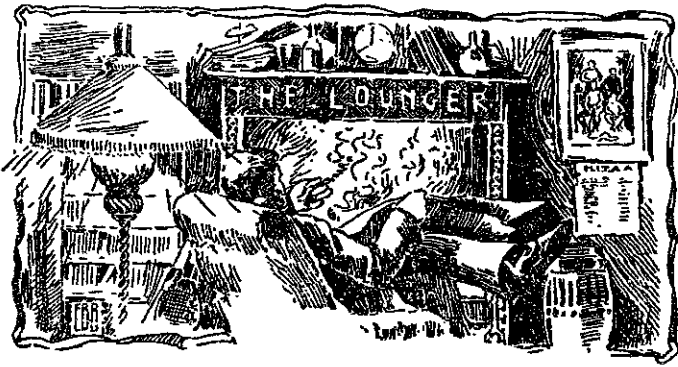
'90. E. S. Walker, I., has been appointed Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering at the Pennsylvania State College.

'93. Carleton E. Davis, I., is resident engineer of Cedar Grove Reservoir, Department of Water, Newark, N. J.

'94. V. A. Mayer, VI., is in telephone installation work, Pike Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

'95. John D. J. Moore, II., is general manager of the Clayton Fire Extinguishing and Disinfecting Company.

'96. Bradley Stoughton, III., is superintendent of the steel foundry at Derby, Conn.



As THE LOUNGER is enjoying the quiet solace of his briar after dinner the thought suddenly strikes him that it is meet that he should be thankful. At Tech it really does seem a hypothesis contrary to fact, but nevertheless he must forget the drawing he has been working on, the Applied assignment for next Monday, and the Heat and bend seance and be thankful. As Mr. Dooley says, we can be truly thankful that we are not someone else. For instance, are we not all glad that we are not the man who wears a "T" about the gym that stands for something like Takeawarmbath Canoe Club? May we not rejoice that we are the proud possessors of enough clothing as not to be under the painful necessity of wearing sweaters to the lunch-room? Does not everyone of us feel jubilant over the knowledge that he doesn't have to buy another book until after Christmas? Have we not reached the end of subscriptions until the baseball season? Has not Yale done nobly? Have we not added to the discomfiture of the crimson by rushing her out of Copley Square? Some of us can be thankful for the possibility of escaping from the boarding house to enjoy a generous helping from the bird at home, while those of us who are too far distant for this may get out our hatchets and open a box from home, uncovering some things with which we have not had even a speaking acquaintance since September. Think of that and burst into tears.

To THE LOUNGER it seems a great pity that a man, who has had so much experience with chorus girls and soubrettes, as his friend, a reverend senior, should offend a dear, unsophisticated two-hundred pounder, (member of the Happy Spinster Co.) and then be severely "called down" for doing so. It is not to be supposed that a seltzer lemonade and two high balls could be the cause of his so far forgetting himself, but according to a friend of the aforementioned senior, who accompanied him during all his strolls through gay New Haven, this is really all he had. Perhaps the pleasure of seeing his own Yale win was too much for him or the sight of so many blackened eyebrows and painted cheeks on the train turned his brain. At any rate when a lurch of the car caused one of the fairies, while passing the cold tea, to miss

her footing and land in a man's lap, he could not refrain from saying, "Back up, back up." Hereupon the two-hundred pound soubrette, to the amusement of all, excepting Tech's senior, proceeded to give him her opinion of "who ain't a gentleman." THE LOUNGER's friend was too full for utterance; he only sputtered when the fair, fat and forty-year-old Amazon had retreated.

THE LOUNGER would deem it somewhat inconsiderate to speak on the subject of æsthetics in a place where so many of us poor misguided mortals have so much to do in the Walker Building. But it is really somewhat startling to watch the experiments which are being tried with the face of old Rogers. Some twelve moons ago or so, as THE LOUNGER's chronology runs, the Bursar, that venerable institution, made the first move in this direction by decorating the lower windows with Safety Vault Deposit iron bars and now with the left side of the building Fate is again dealing harshly. The old plate glass windows have been carefully removed and some new windows substituted, which when once looked upon will enable one to feel as if in a Physics exam. without having to go through any of the previous symptoms. It would seem if we are to have such adornments as scalloped, watered-silk glass and wrought iron defenses, they might at least be concentrated on the Walker building, thus to be in keeping with the æsthetic surroundings, and to serve some useful purpose.

And now comes a period when the editor-in-chief hangs his shears on the gas-fixture and closes the office doors for the space of three days. As for THE LOUNGER, he was awakened from a nightmare of hip-rafters and that sort of thing, to hear the joyful news that it had been proclaimed from the office that all would be allowed to break their heart-strings by tearing themselves away from work for three days. He knew what that meant. He immediately proceeded to hunt up in the old volumes of THE TECH to see whether or not there were any relatives on the female side whom he had not made use of. The result was discouraging; again and again THE LOUNGER read the same old stratagems anent "coy cousins," "sisters,"—"old friends" even; not a place was left for him. He is beginning to think it will soon be time for him to be telling about "chats" with nieces and grand-daughters. But the pleasantries which are inevitable at this time, which cause even the professors to relax and abbreviate the recitation hours, will not fall amiss with THE LOUNGER. To get away from the echoes of Rogers corridors and of the shops for three days and to meditate in the country, not in "Applied" and "Organic," will lend somewhat to his appreciation of those subjects when he returns. At least he hopes so, for he surely needs it.



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Week Commencing December 3, 1900.

NOTE. Thanksgiving matinees will be given at all the theatres on Thursday afternoon.

Hollis Street Theatre.—Mrs. Leslie Carter in David Belasco's famous play, "Zaza," is having a splendid success at this theatre. The engagement lasts through next week, and as this is the last appearance of "Zaza" in Boston nobody should miss seeing it.

Tremont Theatre.—Mr. E. S. Willard is playing daily to crowded houses and bids fair to make a record-breaking run. This week he will continue to play "The Middleman" on all evenings except Thursday, and on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon he will give "The Professor's Love Story." Next week he will introduce a new play, "Punchinello."

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Boston Museum.—Next week is Mr. Hackett's last in his greatest success, "The Pride of Jennica." This play is well staged and the company is far above the average. Miss Galland does excellent justice to the part of the Princess.

Columbia Theatre.—Marie Dressler continues her tremendous success in "Miss Prinnt." One who has not seen Miss Dressler does not realize what a fun-maker she is. The rest of the company is good and the music is catchy. This week five new songs are introduced.

Castle Square Theatre.—"Nell Gwyn" one of the best plays the Castle Square Company has ever given, will continue for the rest of the week. Next week the original London Adelphi Theatre production of "The Great Ruby" will be given. The scenery is magnificent.

Boston Theatre.—"Quo Vadis" is continuing its success. The run is drawing to a close and people should not miss this excellent picture of early Roman life.

Park Theatre.—"The House that Jack Built" is making a name for itself already. This is not strange when one realizes it is one of the best of Broadhurst's comedies.

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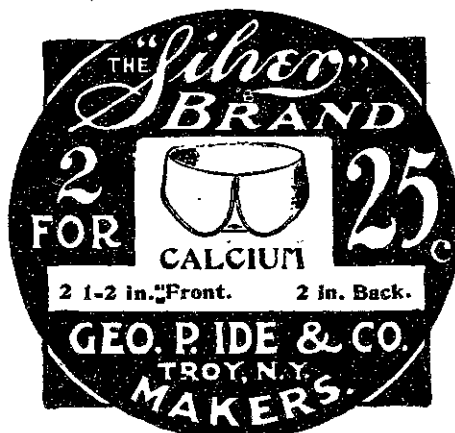
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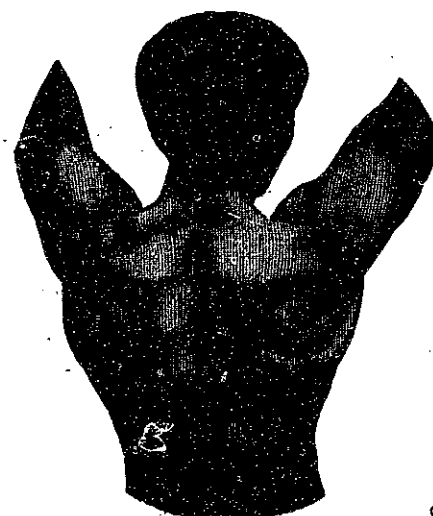
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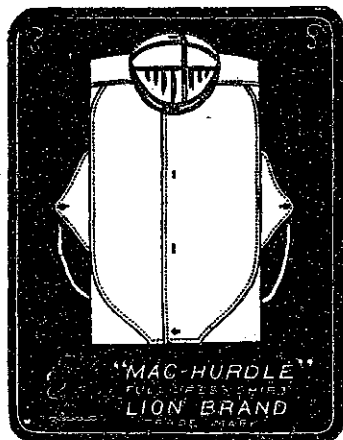
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