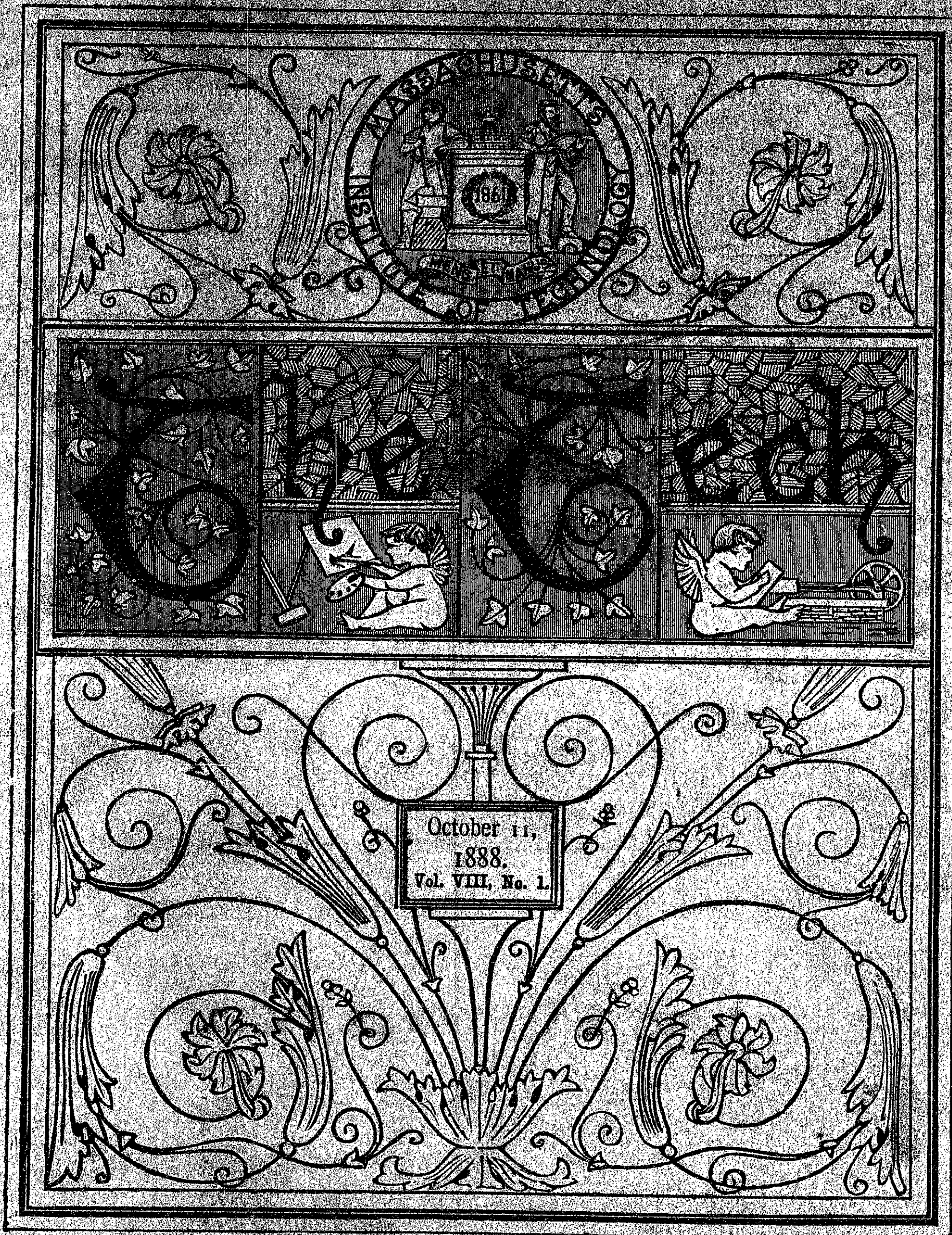




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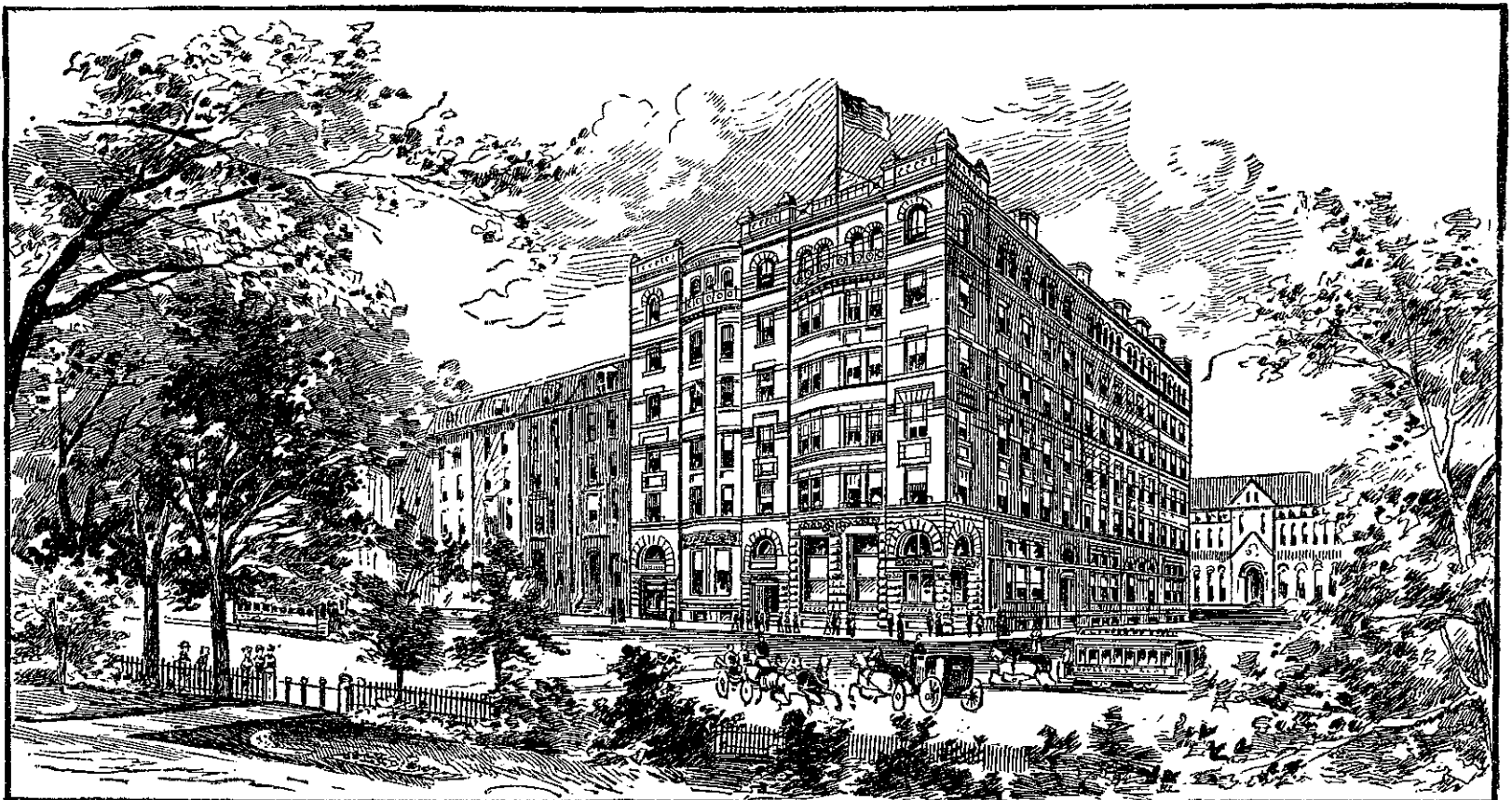
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NO. 1.

THE TECH.

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

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THE out-going of '88 has left THE TECH editorial board in a very diminutive condition, only four men remaining, all of the Senior Class. '90 and '91 are not represented on the board, simply because no member from either has shown himself qualified to fill the position of editor satisfactorily. This is not as it should be. The work of conducting a paper the size of THE TECH is too much for four men, especially at the Institute, where other work claims such a large share of our time. Moreover THE TECH, which is the organ of the students, cannot voice the sentiments of all when the editors are confined to one class.

We wish to select editors from all three of the lower classes, but this cannot take place until decided ability and willingness has been proved. Short, pointed, and spicy locals, and not over-long stories, are what THE TECH most

desires. In regard to cuts, we would say that the departure of Mr. Wales, '89, from the Institute has left a vacancy which we desire to fill immediately. The drawings should be done in black ink, and somewhat larger than they are intended to appear.

Past experience teaches us that it is not unnecessary to add that only one side of the paper should be written upon, and no communications will be published unless accompanied by the name of the writer.

THE prospects for this fall's eleven are as yet rather uncertain. The strongest half of last year's team has left the Institute, and the material at hand being almost entirely new, is, of course, hard to select from. Considering the short time which the men have been at practice, however, excellent progress has been made; and although it will be impossible to get together as heavy an eleven as last year's, the new men play with an amount of snap and enthusiasm which will do a great deal toward bringing the championship again to Tech.

As far as the candidates for the eleven are concerned, enthusiasm for the success of the team is all that could be wished for, but if one can judge from the subscription books, it does not extend to the rest of the Institute. This is particularly true of the upper classes, who, we are sorry to say, do not yet seem to realize that the very best way the team can be helped is through the medium of the subscription fiend. Because a man has helped support the eleven two or three years, it is no reason why he should discontinue to do so, especially when the team gives such excellent returns for the money as it did last year. In order to get what will probably be the hardest game on the

home grounds, it was found necessary to make two expensive trips away from home; and we also have the disadvantage of having to pay nearly two hundred dollars for rent for the grounds on which we play and practice here. If a man can't help the eleven by playing on it, let him do it with hard cash, and this year every man will please scream for Tech. to the very greatest amount of his financial ability to start with, and afterward at the games, according to the strength of his lungs.

IN view of the fact that THE TECH has received such poor support from the students in past years, we have decided to offer two prizes for the two best articles, in prose or verse, contributed to our columns before the Christmas number. The prizes will consist of fifteen dollars; ten for the best, and five for the second best article. The competition is open to all students except those connected with THE TECH.

We trust this announcement will direct some of the literary ability so frequently displayed in other directions toward us; for not only does this apathy on the part of the students render the work of the editors nearly unbearable, but it makes THE TECH the mouthpiece of a few, and not as it should be, the organ of the whole Institute.

WE wish to say right here to the incoming class, and also to repeat to the second-year men what was said to them last year; namely, that anything partaking of the nature of a rush in, or about, the buildings will not be tolerated by the Faculty, and is in direct opposition to the popular wish of the students.

The rushing of the lower classes last year came very near destroying our foot-ball prospects for the season. If '91 and '92 play the usual Sophomore-Freshman game of foot-ball, and rush afterward, let all rushing, hat-smashing, and yelling stop right there, out on the Union Grounds.

LAST year THE TECH had occasion to call attention to the fact that the name "New Building" was no longer an appropriate one. In again referring to the subject THE TECH ventures to suggest that "The Nichols Building" would be not only an appropriate name, but would also be a fitting compliment to the memory of the late Professor Nichols, whose name was for so many years identified with that of the Institute.

WE hear that the Institute has bought land back of the Art Museum, and proposes to build upon it. The lot purchased includes some of the land now occupied by Winslow's Skating Rink. Rather than tear the building down the owner might be pleased to sell for a moderate price. The building would make an excellent gymnasium, and the Athletic Association should not let such an opportunity pass without making some effort to secure it, if it is to be had.

THE courses of study here are not so arranged as to afford nearly as much time as is necessary for foot-ball practice. Other colleges, where more time is at the men's disposal, commenced work two or three weeks before our term opened, and yet they complain of lack of practice. The eleven surely need every minute they can spare to train for the approaching games. It is therefore with a feeling of decided irritation that the managers and well-wishers of the team see a spectator, who has not the least idea of training, rush up and snatch a ball away from directly before one of the team, and waste much valuable time in fumbling or kicking it. The few balls on the field,—and there are none too many—are for the sole use of the two elevens, whether they are engaged in passing, or in playing a practice game. And as such, all other men are requested not to meddle with them, but to remain outside the lines, and give the men a chance.

AT this season of the year, when the purchasing of many new books comes so heavily on the majority of the students, THE TECH thinks it not out of place to suggest a slight relief. Many of our text-books and notes are published by professors of the Institute, and are necessarily high in price, from the comparative smallness of their edition. Now, why should not the professors place such books as they control, on sale at the co-operative book store, where a much-desired and much-needed discount could be obtained.

CAPTAIN DUANE will find it hard to fill the position of quarter-back, but among all the candidates there is undoubtedly one who possesses the strength, quickness, and level head necessary to fill that position with credit to himself and with advantage to the team. Granting then that we have as good material as there was last year, it will all amount to nothing without constant practice and strict attention to training. The brilliant players who value themselves highly and will not take the trouble to practice and train, are not the kind we want in the eleven; rather would we have a steady, hard-working lot of men who never give up when behind nor slacken speed when victory seems assured. They it is who win our confidence, and do the best in the end.

With the record of last year's victories fresh in our minds, financial support should not be lacking. The subscriptions should be liberal and the attendance good as the boys work hard, and show that they mean business.

Foot-ball is the recognized sport of the Institute; we must not let the noble game die out for want of interest and support.

THERE is no reason why the present tennis tournament should not be a greater success than any of those in the past, if all tennis players will only go into it with a will. The

Freshman Class is larger than ever before, and it ought to contain some good players who should come forward at once. If all men who are interested in tennis and the reputation of the Institute will join the Association, and give the officers their hearty support, we will undoubtedly produce some men who will enter the lists next summer and take some of the numerous prizes that are offered at the different tournaments. Two or three Institute students have already made very good showings during last summer, and next year there ought to be more. Mr. Hoppin, '88, has just returned from Washington, where, with his partner, he won the Southern championship in doubles, and came out second only in the singles.

WE hope that the Freshmen and Sophomores will keep up the custom of having an annual foot-ball game between their respective classes. It is a good idea, as it brings out many men who would play on their class team, but who would hardly care to practice for the 'Varsity. In this way new material is sure to be developed. It must be remembered by both classes that the experience of the past two years has shown that no matter how many good individual players there are, as a team it is absolutely necessary that one or two regular games be played in order to get in successful team work. Let both teams be organized at an early date, even if the 'Varsity men of the class cannot play on the team, for the new men must be made familiar with the methods of team work. Care should however be taken not to interfere with the 'Varsity eleven in their practice, as was the case last year and the year before.

The game, when it is played, will afford more satisfaction to the competing classes, and whatever side wins, the defeated one will not be able to excuse their defeat by saying they did not have any opportunity to practice as a whole.

A Reverie.

THE other night, after a hard day's work amid dusty deeds and parchments, I folded up old Landacre's will, stuffed it into the dark-green box labeled "J. O. L., 1875," and locking this securely in Marvin's Burglar Proof, sallied forth into the street.

The air was chill. A fine, powdery snow was blowing from the four quarters, making all resistance against its intrusiveness futile and idiotic. Neck, arms, and legs were recipients of its benumbing effects. The blinds of the city seemed endeavoring to get up an encore after every particularly noisy gust of wind, and slammed and banged in a way that must have tested hinge and bolt.

After ten hours of mental strain, I felt a physical combativeness that made it a real pleasure to try odds with the elements, shoulder to shoulder; and when I turned on to Tremont Street and met old Boreas sailing grandly down that thoroughfare, it was with intense satisfaction that I found myself grappled by the shoulder, and engaged in a veritable hand-to-hand encounter. With every inch of steam up, I bent my head like a battering-ram and charged the enemy. It was a gallant attack,—quite a Balaklava in its way; but as my feet were slipping from under me, I whisked myself sideways to break the force of the repulse, and immediately found myself flattened up against a brick wall, with every ounce of wind in my body driven out of me. In fact I was defeated, and, in consequence, humbled, which made it easier for me to keep well to the wall to allow my gusty conquerer to usurp the middle of the way, which he did with many a roar of triumph and contempt. With a philosophy born of much study, I murmured, "Such is life," and carefully crept along beneath the sheltering eaves.

I was pretty well done up in this encounter, and not at all anxious for its renewal, and so found myself waiting at street-crossings for an opportune moment in which to rush across.

Feeling cold, uncomfortable, and somewhat bruised, my mind naturally turned to my journey's end and its comfortable quarters awaiting me,—the open fire, my easy-chair and drop-light, and last, but not least, my slippers and brierwood. I had got well along on my way by this time, and had forsaken Tremont for a more livable neighborhood, when a fellow-traveler, who had been buffeting his way in front of me, suddenly deserted the pavement, and trotting up the doorsteps of a modest house, rang the bell. He had hardly grasped the knob before the door was flung wide open by a veritable Dolly Varden, all smiles and blushes, and decked about in the softest and warmest of feminine attires. I noticed a pretty bow at her throat, and the point of a very tiny slipper that insisted in peeking out at the weather. "O William! how I have been waiting for you!" And so he was received into the Delectable City, and the gates were shut, so I saw him no more. "Ah!" said I, "and who is going to fling my door wide open as soon as my step is heard before its threshold? And who is there to wait for me except my tailor and a few others, who shall be nameless? Mrs. O'Toole was paid last Saturday, and goes home at six, so there is nothing to keep her. Decidedly nothing." But I wasn't thinking of Mrs. O'Toole, but of that light and airy form who welcomed so gladly the man in front of me. I envied the worthless dog. Yes, he was worthless,—every move of his body showed it,—and didn't any more deserve to be in front of me and receive such a greeting, than I did to be behind him and have nothing but my latch-key and Mrs. O'Toole. By the time I reached number 290 I was quite put out with myself, and rattled my key so loudly about the lock that Sergeant Burk, who was passing, looked up to see if the gentleman could let himself in. I pushed the door to with a bang, stamped all the snow off that had any inclination to leave, and entered my abode. There was the fire; the slippers were toasting in front of it, and laid within reach of my chair reclined "Lethe,"

my pipe. I turned up the light, and soon was in possession of my dressing-gown, slippers, and chair. I took old "Lethe" in my left hand, and loaded him up to the rim with fragrant Latakia, from whence I transferred him to my mouth, struck a lucifer, and ignited. My feet found a comfortable position on the hob, and my head rested at ease, so that a turn would bring all the compartment to view; in fact, I was just so situated as to best allow the narcotic to assert its peaceful influence over both body and mind.

The smoke arose in graceful circles above my head, white and airy as a cumulous cloud on a summer's afternoon.

The warmth of the fire produced an exquisite feeling of *dolce far niente*,—that half waking, half sleeping sensation into which care and trouble can no more enter than can sickness or disease the islands of the blessed.

The bitter edges of the day gradually began to break off and fall away, and in place of the misanthropical being who entered the room, at war with himself and all mankind, there sat the very picture of benevolence. I could not see this, being turned a trifle from the glass, but I felt it, and knew that Pickwick himself, even when brandy and water had done its most perfect work, was not more bland in appearance or gracious in manner than the gentleman who reposed in my easy-chair. "After all," I thought, "things are not so bad. They might be worse. Dolly was a charming creature, and her dress fitted her to a T. Yes, give her her due, she was pretty. And the fellow did not—no, I won't say that; he may not have been such a bad fellow, after all. Perhaps his fingers were cold, and he did not want to chill her hand. Anyway give him the doubt.

"Yes, there are my shoes shoved in under the table, and my coat has slipped off the chair on to the floor; my overcoat doesn't look quite the thing on the ottoman. I wonder if Dolly would pitch in to me if, instead of Dolly T., she happened to be Dolly G.? It would be con-

foundedly unpleasant to have to get up and hang all these distributed pieces in their respective places. Confoundedly bad! I wouldn't do it, hanged if I would! But there was Jack Handy—poor old Jack! By George! he did get it. But Sally was a mighty pretty bit of red and white as ever I saw. I felt a little queer in that direction myself, once upon a time. Fate was kind to me, though. I never got further than a squeeze. How she did rake Jack down about bringing mud into the house, poor old chap! I heard him try to beg off, but 'twas no go; he had to go and sweep it all up with the dustpan and brush, under fire all the time. Well, if Dolly was Sally I'd—rather let myself in with my latchkey; and that's a fact.

"But they are not all Sallies," I soliloquized, putting on another shovelful of coal.

"There was Grace,—as pretty a brunette as the sun ever shone on. She always appears to me to be in a continual state of dancing. A sort of 'airy, fairy, Lillian' type. She fell to the lot of old Treasury; and a treasurer she got. How she did make the ducats fly! And what an outrageous flirt she was,—right in the old fellow's eyes, too. I never could have put up with the half old Bankbook had to. How villainous to make the old man stay at home and take care of the house, while she went off to see the Mikado. I felt a bit of pity for the old fellow, although I formed one of the set. Think of my staying at home and allowing some young fellow to tuck Mrs. G.'s arm under his own for an evening with "Jim the Penman," and a little supper afterward. I'd—! At least he'd think so before I got through with him. Mrs. G. could not spend my notes on Youngblood, or make me fetch and carry, if I know myself. You see I'm not built that way.

"I—! Well, Delany was a pretty good-sized fellow. I don't think I would be in his light at a circus. He had a will of his own, too. I know that. And yet that little yellow-haired blonde, that just reaches up to his elbow,

trots him round as if he were a pet poodle. The old boy used to be fond of his cigar, and liked to crack a joke with the best of us; but now I notice he never smokes, and seems to have a deadly fear of anything funnier than obituary notices. His wife is a well-developed Presbyterian, I understand, and takes Frank to all the sociables. Frank is too big to say I wouldn't if I was in his place; but I'd graduate early if Mrs. D. was mine, and set up for myself. 'No, Mrs. G., I will not! Do it yourself.' I sat up quite startled to hear my walls echoing, 'No, Mrs. G., I will not!'"

The fire was burning low, having blackened on the top and built for itself a sort of ashen arch, as a kind of grave in which to entomb its fast-expiring energy; old "Lethe" had become somnolent as its namesake, and no amount of suction could draw forth a whiff; my limbs felt contracted, and strangely shorn of warmth. "Pshaw!" said I, getting upon my legs, "I've been to sleep"; and with that I turned down my light, stepped into my bedroom, and was soon there in good earnest.

A Man Out of Time.

ON a high bank, at the foot of which runs the river, stands the little mission church of St. Hypolite. Near by is the parsonage, with its trim garden; while farther along are a few straggling houses, beyond which is the real settlement, consisting of low Indian huts. These Indians spend their summer here; and when the winter comes on they go into the forest, taking what provisions they can with them, to hunt and obtain furs, which they sell at the station. Their life in winter is one of hardship and privation, while in summer they do almost nothing. Such a life, with a few variations, was it that Awawaw led. Left alone in the world at an early age, he grew up as his own master. Nobody adopted him, but he was always welcome in every hut. His greatest friend was an old, old woman, who was accredited with many magic powers by

the Indians, and whose stories of wars and the bravery of the chiefs of bygone days were the greatest delight of his boyhood. He, too, wished that he might one day do such things. As years went on he grew to hate the quiet trading life, and longed for adventure. In the evenings, when the Indians sat together and smoked, he would try to arouse them with tales of daring. The fathers of the tribe only grunted, and looked at the smoke as it curled out of their pipes. The younger men, however, were often awakened to a state of excitement; which, however, they always forgot before the next morning.

The cure of the mission, seeing that Awawaw was a danger to the community, and wishing to provide for him a career in which he might do well, proposed that he should enter the English Army. He flatly refused; but after a while he consented, and the cure obtained a position for him, not, however, without difficulty. The regiment was at Halifax, and was soon to sail for South Africa. So thither he went, full of hope and of dreams for the future; but he did not find that soldiering was all that he had pictured it. He who had never known what it was to obey, was forced to submit to a severe discipline, which galled and enraged him; till finally one day, maddened by a more than usually sharp rebuke, he sprang upon the drill-sergeant, throwing him to the ground. Two guards immediately rushed to the sergeant's assistance; but when, after a short struggle, they managed to separate the combatants, they found that the sergeant was dead, having choked to death. Awawaw was, of course, led off a prisoner to the guardhouse. Not until morning did he begin to appreciate in what a position he was placed. He saw that there could be but one penalty. He looked for means of escape, but found none. Later in the day he was brought before a court-martial, which only confirmed his worst suspicions. He was sentenced to be shot. Left alone in his cell once more he began to think of the end; at least, he would die bravely! But as

time passed by death seemed to become more terrible. The world, which only a short time before he had thought so poor,—now it was worth everything to him. Oh, to leave it and go forth alone into the unknown darkness was dreadful! If he only could go back to the little mission station overlooking the broad river to the great forests. At last he fairly broke into sobs, and sobbed himself to sleep. In the morning he was calmer, though as the soldiers led him out across the drillyard his head hung down upon his breast, and his step had lost its elasticity. He apparently heard nothing, saw nothing; and after a short walk and a few minutes' preparation, a sharp report rang out, which told the end.

The Lisbon Rag Fair.—As seen by a Co-ed.

YOU have all heard of Donnybrook Fair, and fairs nearer home, too, but has anyone ever been to a Rag Fair. Feira da Ladra, as the Portuguese say in their musical tongue, with its thick lisp on the *d*, to which no tongue not born Portuguese can ever hope to attain. It is a charming October morning, with a clear, blue sky, and the big, yellow aqueduct that one constantly meets in unexpected places, and that is always surprising and picturesque, looks quainter than ever as we step beneath one of its arches. We pass the *chifariz*, as the fountains are called, and the water-carriers, filling and bearing off their barrels, cast a lazy glance upon the *Inglezas*, who soon hear their sharp little squeal of *A—qua* (water), as they trot off on their accustomed rounds. “Perhaps the lady has never seen a woman with two husbands?” asks the guide, anxious to point out all the curiosities of the route; “do they ever have two in your country? That old paralyzed man sitting in the balcony up there is one, and the other lives farther down the street; the other is a handsome man.” There he sat, poor old fellow,—the one that was not handsome,—dressed entirely in dazzling white,

gazing down upon the life in the street below with a perplexed air. Was he on the lookout for the other one? “Who takes care of this sick man?” asks the lady; “he looks very nice.” “O, his daughter; and the wife, she helps them along, and lives with him sometimes for awhile.” “And do they agree—the husbands?” “O yes, they get along. The woman, O, she likes the handsome one the best, but she treats them both well.”

But here comes an open horse-car, and, jumping in, the two husbands recede in the distance, as, pushed by five mules, we go galloping up a long hill; up hill and down hill—into the gutter—onto the track—off again—here we go! Round sharp corners, through narrow lanes, until at length, after an even pull near the river-side, with here and there charming glimpses of the Tagus between the buildings, we step down and out, preparatory to stepping up and on. It really requires no little resolution to commence the ascent of one of the exceedingly steep hills for which Lisbon is famed. However, it is the first step which costs, after all, and a laugh wipes out the fatigue; a laugh wholly irresistible as one watches the careful descent of several Portuguese gentlemen, stiffly arrayed in the latest Paris modes—nothing if not elegant. But to walk gracefully *down* a steep decline,—it is an impossibility even to them. One sees the effort to maintain a gait even, yet careless; and, glancing back at them, they seem to be quite on the trot, so useless is the struggle between elegance and the laws of gravitation.

Shall we step into this old church and rest awhile—so nearly finished, and with such exquisite stone-carving around the doors? Look at this of the principal entrance; how clear and delicate. As we enter, an old fellow pops out from under an arch, which has put on a look of habitation. He comes with a jerk, as though we had pulled a string. “Why was it never finished, Miss? Well,”—looking up at the blue sky through the circle of what was intended to be a dome,—“the money gave out,

and so it's used to store these things," touching with his foot one of the heaps of cannon-balls carefully assorted and piled up in every direction. Even the pulpits, from which should have been hurled the thunders of the law, were filled with these voiceless reminders of a hidden and awful voice. "No good now," said the old man, again kicking a ball; "these were made for old-fashioned guns." Why should one regret that all this shot was useless; what cruel impulses lie dormant within us! But the American feels a faint regret at this announcement as the old Jack pops back into his arch, and she leaves the beautifully proportioned church, with all its exquisite stone-carvings, and the wide circle at the top through which, year after year, the stars look down at the great empty spaces, and the cannon-balls, with grasses and weeds springing up between them, and—no, not at poor old Jack; let us imagine that he goes home nights. A little longer walk up, still up, and the Feira da Ladra begins to dawn upon us. Such a Feira, to be sure! Rags to the right of you, rags to the left of you!

Imagine a small square on the top of a hill with streets descending from it in every direction, and around this square and on the opposite sides, and drifting down these streets until they seem to fade out from very poverty of material, are men and women squatted on the ground behind their wares. "Such stuff! such trash!" cries the American, looking around her in utter surprise. "Yes; but I know a lady who used to find bits of beautiful old lace here years ago," replies her English friend. Possible! Years ago it must have been. What has this woman, so complacently regarding us, to offer? A bundle of old boot-soles, much worn, of every possible size, carefully tied together; three tooth-brushes (one with no bristles), several bottles of different colors, a heap of dirty rags, a few rolls of hair just as knotted up from the comb, and some umbrella sticks.

Beyond her a man presides over two old

chairs and a hair trunk,—very much trunk and very little hair; indeed, it might truly be said to be quite bald.

But here is something better. Underclothes neatly done up, piles of skirts, a pillow-case very ornate, and two young women are pulling them over with great gusto. And here again—vests and trousers, an old military coat, and a telescope. "Take your choice! Ladies and gentlemen, come and try your fate!" cries a shrill voice just beyond us; "take a *sorte*!" The owner of the voice is a young woman with a great pallid face encircled by a yellow handkerchief. She has a companion in a similar state as regards pallor and handkerchief, but an old hat surmounting the latter proclaims him a lord of creation. Between them are two small canaries in a battered cage. One is too feeble to even look around; but the other mite, though quite as much in need of a covering for her tiny, half-feathered head as her owners, hops briskly back and forward with the red and yellow billets in her beak. "Donna Katrina is sick to-day," cries the woman, "but Donna Maria is well and lively. Step up and see if your *repariga* (girl) likes you, or has gone off with another fellow. Donna Maria will tell you. See, she is nearly bald, and wants to gain a penny to buy herself a handkerchief!" At this sally the crowd, easily amused, laughs loudly, and gives way with admiring glances to a tall, well-made woman with cheeks painted very red, who steps smilingly up to know her fate at the beak of Donna Maria. Poor little Donna Maria! one wishes to give you liberty as well as a handkerchief. But let us explore this stand, quite ambitious in appearance, covered with old Japanese jars, teapots, worn-out silver-plated candlesticks, very big and glaring cups and saucers, old metal handles,—odds and ends without end, and presided over by two men standing, be it understood, godfather and godson, as they proclaim themselves.

The godson is a timid soul, afraid to do anything without calling loudly upon his *padrinho*

(godfather) for advice. But the jars prove to be cracked beyond relief, the cups to be horrid; nothing seems solid and buyable save the old brass handles, at which the American works persistently and patiently trying to find any two of a pattern and size.

Near by lies a curiously-carved dagger, at which she casts admiring glances. Up lounges a stoutish man, and taking it up examines it carefully. "Such a dangerous thing to have around," he says frowningly to the godson, who is awaiting his pleasure. "Anyone might have this in his hand—get a-talking—get angry;" with an expressive gesture he points the blade toward his capacious stomach. "Dangerous things never should be left lying around." The godson raises his eyebrows and looks around imploringly for his *padrinho*. Away strolls the stoutish man, looking at this and that, until before long, finding himself again in the dagger locality, "Do you care to take *seis testoes* (sixty cents) for something?" he asks, his eyes roving carelessly over everything. "That depends upon what the thing may be," answers the *padrinho* cautiously; "perhaps." "I will give you sixty cents for this," cries the stout man, pouncing upon the despised dagger. "*Ah! nao guro*" (I do not agree) says the *padrinho*, shrugging his shoulders. "*Pois-benn*,"—(very well) answers the clever customer, beaten but shrugging too. But look at this pretty creature who is approaching—all in black, with a Spanish veil pinned with most enchanting grace around her charming head. She is fair, with golden hair (as are many of the Spaniards), and turning her soft brown eyes upon me, dexterously brings out a bewildering dimple in her round cheek, while the miserable little specimen of manhood upon whose arm she lovingly leans, pulls about an old opera-glass with longing grasp. But it is growing late. Let us pass along—always between piles of old clothes, and chairs, and canes, and horrid pictures of saints (whose lives, it is to be hoped, were better than their faces), each with a wrinkled

old creature patiently squatting behind them, and looking as though they were all of a lot with the other things, and soon would be gathered up with them and tossed into some dark corner to await another Tuesday. And here is something really beautiful just as we are leaving—antique tables exquisitely inlaid with light woods, and a great polished chest of almost black wood (*pao santo*) with its handles and mountings of brass. "Oh!" cries the American, "how lovely! How quaint and old! If I only could have it; and cheap, too—three pounds!" "But what could you do with it?" inquires her practical English friend. "Ah, what!" sighs the American; and so, passing on and down the quaint streets and past the fishwomen with baskets of little pink prawns upon their heads. As the sunset deepens above the Tagus home is reached, and nothing remains of the Fiera da Ladra save a remembrance of piles of old duds, with battered bits of humanity watching over them.

It is with sincere regret that THE TECH hears of the death of Irving L'Hommedieu Gardiner, formerly of the class of '89, at his home in Milford, Pa., on the 6th of June last. An editor of this paper, and the friend of many, he will be sadly missed, not only by his brother editors, but by the Institute at large.

DIED at Framingham, Mass., June, 1888, Edward G. Lincoln, Class of '91.

There is some talk of forming a class in Spanish, among the students of the fourth year. It is not surprising that there should be many in an institution as large as our own who wish to enter a field so full of original and quaint literature. Mr. Juan F. Machado, who filled the chair of Spanish so successfully here last year, will have charge of the class.

Noticeable Articles.

THE July number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains an article by Lord Armstrong, the famous inventor of the Armstrong gun, and one of the most eminent and successful of English engineers, entitled, "The Vague Cry for Technical Education." I should have been more surprised at anything looking like discouragement from such a source, if it had not been that when not long ago I visited the magnificent City and Guilds of London Technical College, recently erected at South Kensington, I had not been told by the Secretary that it was looked upon with much coldness, if not absolute disapproval, by many of the British manufacturers. John Bull is, of all men, most tenacious of old ways. When we come, however, to read Lord Armstrong's paper, we discover that it relates rather to the first than the last words of his title. It is not so much to technical education that he objects as to what he considers the vagueness of the cry for it. The question is, however, whether any vagueness that may exist has not its seat in the writer's own mind. Lord Armstrong, if one may say so, does not thoroughly understand the subject he is talking about; indeed, much that he says tells directly in favor of the reform he undertakes to criticise. With his criticism of the present condition of elementary education in England (and it applies equally to this country), almost everybody would agree. "That system has, in my opinion," he says, "the radical defect of aiming at instruction in knowledge, rather than the training of the faculties. . . . It does little else than burden the memory with facts, rules, and information which, for the most part, are of little use for developing the intellect, or preparing it for the ordinary vocations of life. Such instruction excites little interest in the minds of the pupils, and in the vast majority of cases is speedily forgotten. . . . Professor Huxley has well said that our present system of elementary education is much too bookish." Too true all this; but if Lord Armstrong had been better informed as to the aim of the movement he is criticising, he would know that one of its chief objects is to reform this very state of things. It is more surprising to find such a man bringing up the hackneyed objection that almost all the great English engineers and inventors—Watt, the elder Stephenson, Smeaton, Brindley, and the rest—were self-educated men; and to hear him repeating what has been said a hundred times before,

and answered a hundred times over, of the great military and naval commanders of England, Wellington and Marlborough, Nelson and Blake, that "surely none of these would have directed the armies and navies of England with more effect if book-knowledge had been crammed into them at school; and it is highly probable that their services would have been lost to the nation if success in competitive examinations, such as are now in vogue, had been made a condition of their entering the army or the navy." The not very original answer to all this is, that the cramming of book knowledge for competitive examinations is not education, and that the argument has very little point outside of examination-ridden England.

But if one would see the difference between an eminent man well informed and an eminent man ill informed, he has only to turn to Sir Lyon Playfair's reply to this paper in the September number of the same magazine. Sir Lyon, to be sure, cannot discover that he and Lord Armstrong greatly differ on any fundamental point, and is at a loss to understand the reason for his fears; but his paper is one of the best expositions of the true *rationale* of technical education that can easily be found. It may well give us some pride to observe that he repeatedly quotes the Institute of Technology, of whose system he has a thorough knowledge, in illustration of his argument. He says in one place, "On my last visit to the great technological school in Boston, I found a display of competitive designs for a particular kind of bridge. While I was looking at the drawings, the largest builder of bridges in America came in, and, being much struck with the excellence of one of the designs, he sent for the student and engaged him at a good salary. The hundreds of students who pass through that school find no difficulty in obtaining employment, though at first their salaries are moderate, for they have much useful experience to learn in the actual work-shops of industry. The reason for this is obvious: the object of a school is to teach, while that of the work-shop is to pay; so the purposes of both must be brought into combination."

Professor Playfair's paper contains some interesting facts. At Munich a polytechnic school has been erected at a cost of £200,000, while one at Berlin has cost £450,000. "While Coventry and Spitalfields were losing their silk industries, the town of Crefeld in Germany was spending £215,000 on its

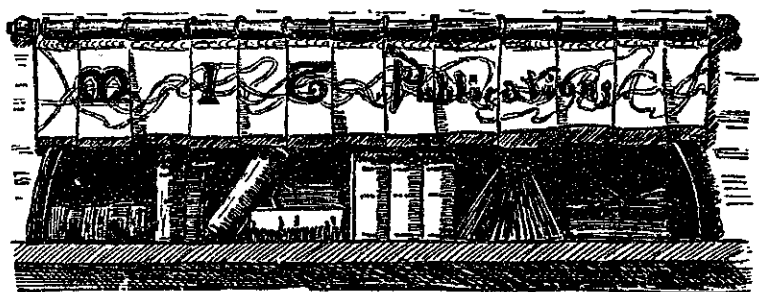
lower schools, and £42,500 on a special weaving school. It has doubled its population and quadrupled its trade, and now sends to us (English) as imports the silks which we have lost by the failure of our own industries."

To pass from science to literature, the student of German will be interested in two admirable papers on Goethe in the June and July numbers of the *Fortnightly*, by Professor Dowden, the accomplished Irish professor of English literature at Dublin University. I do not remember to have seen so good an account of Wilhelm Meister as is contained in the first. It is interesting to compare these with three papers on Goethe by the English Professor Seeley in the *Contemporary Review* for August, October, and November, 1884.

The August *Nineteenth Century* contains the last of three articles on "American Statesmen," by Professor Goldwin Smith, suggested by the excellent series of biographies entitled, "American Statesmen," edited by J. G. Morse, Jr. Whether we agree or disagree with all of Professor Smith's opinions, his papers are always worthy of attention as those of one of the most thoughtful and vigorous of English historical and political writers.

A paper very wholesome and profitable to read at this time is that entitled, "Problems in American Politics," in the October number of *Scribner*, by the Hon. Hugh McCulloch, once Secretary of the United States Treasury.

W. P. A.



BARTLETT, S. R. ('87). See W. T. Sedgwick.

BROWN, C. L. ('89). See W. O. Crosby.

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What '88 are Doing.

A. E. WOODWARD, assistant in Geology at the M. I. T.

A. J. CONNOR, assistant in Industrial Chemistry at the M. I. T.

A. L. HEATH, assistant in Chemistry at the M. I. T.

A. S. ELLSWORTH, inspecting engineer for the Illinois Central R. R., Buffalo, N. Y.

ARTHUR S. MANN, draughtsman with the Blake Manufacturing Co., Boston, Mass.

B. R. T. COLLINS, assistant in Mechanical Engineering at the M. I. T.

CHARLES F. HASTINGS, assistant in Mining and Metallurgy at the M. I. T.

E. COLLINS, JR., assistant in Physics at the M. I. T.

CLARENCE W. SMITH, Chemist in the York Haven Paper Co. and Susquehanna Water-power & Paper Co., York Haven, Pa.

E. C. HOLTON, assistant in Chemistry at the M. I. T.

EDWIN O. JORDAN, graduate student at the M. I. T.

F. A. MOORE, assistant in Architecture at the M. I. T.

F. B. COLE, assistant in Drawing at the M. I. T.

FREDERICK H. SAFFORD, instructor in the Brewster Free Academy, Wolfboro, N. H.

FREDERICK L. SAYER, with Geo. F. Blake Manufacturing Co., Boston, Mass.

GEORGE W. HAMBLET, assistant in Mechanical Engineering at the M. I. T.

H. D. NICKERSON, in the Engineering Department of the N. Y. & N. E. R. R., Boston, Mass.

IVAN L. SJÖSTRÖM, in the Bridge Department of the Boston & Maine R. R., Boston, Mass.

J. EDWARD FULLER, JR., architectural draughtsman with Fuller & Delano, Architects.

J. W. LOVELAND, assistant in Chemistry at the M. I. T.

ODIN BARNES ROBERTS, student at the Harvard Law School, Boston, Mass.

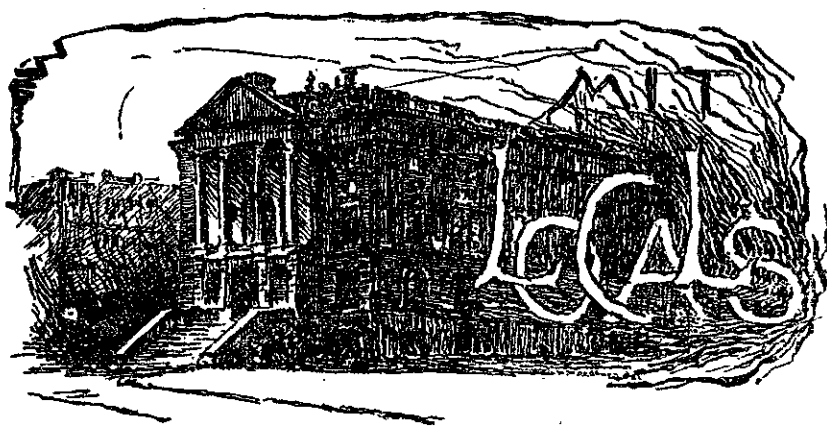
R. H. COLBY, assistant chemist for the State Board of Health, Charlestown, Mass.

SAVORY C. HATHAWAY, with Sprague Electric Railway and Motor Co., New York City.

In Memoriam '92.

"To the usual place,"
With calm, happy face,
Went the "Fresh," to buy books for his work;
But the clutches of "Rid"
They fell on that kid,
And he lies there—under the "Berk."

W. H. M.



THE TECH box is not the place to mail letters.

Doctor Dreher takes Mr. Babbett's classes in German.

The Co-operative Society has awarded a \$200 scholarship.

Mr. W. B. Douglass, '87, is to be married on the 18th of October.

A good many '88 men are back as post-graduates and assistants.

That rail in front of the "cage" answers the purpose admirably.

The Chemical Department is very popular with the co-eds this term.

The class of '87 has a reunion at the Thorne-dike on the 18th of October.

The dyeing department of the Industrial Laboratory is to be changed to the front of the building.

All are glad to learn that Tracy has returned to the Tech., and that he is doing such good work on the team.

Until we shall have our "trophy-room," Rogers' corridor seems to be the place for "that little flag."

'91 will have to look to her laurels if the Freshmen come out in full numbers to take part in that rush.

The Freshmen are showing up well on the foot-ball question, both in the field and on the subscription book.

Mr. Frank A. Moore, '88, has accepted the position as assistant and librarian in the Architectural Department.

The Society of $\frac{dy}{dx}$ held its first regular meeting for the year 1888-89 on Tuesday evening, October 2d.

The summer schools seem to have had a most enjoyable and profitable time, with strong probabilities of continuance.

The third-year Biologicals have already been on one excursion for fieldwork, and are looking forward to many more.

Messrs. Sidney Bartlett, '87, W. L. Harris, '88, and H. G. Gross, '88, have matriculated at the Harvard Medical School.

Room 44, Rogers, has been changed from a recitation and lecture-room to a drawing-room, for the use of the Mechanicals.

The annual demand for a "wick to my Bunsen burner" has already been made in the first-year supply-room, we believe.

Cole, Collins, Conner, Heath, Loveland, Hastings, Hamblet, and Moore, all of '88, return this year as assistant instructors.

Mr. Chandler, of the Boston firm of Architects of Cabot & Chandler, takes Professor Clark's place in the Architectural department.

'91 class officers: President, Hammond; Vice-President, Spencer; Secretary, Trowbridge; Treasurer, Young; Foot-ball captain, Germer.

The first lecture on Metallurgy, by Professor Richards, to the Seniors, was largely attended by Freshmen, some of whom took copious notes.

'92 held a class meeting on September 29th. A temporary chairman and secretary were elected, and a committee to choose a class cheer was appointed.

We regret to announce that we have lost a very valuable foot-ball man in Mr. Frank Goodhue. He will be unable to return to the Tech., on account of poor health.

'92 is the largest class that has ever entered the Tech.; 328 men have registered. We shall expect great things from them, and '91 will have to brace to keep her end up.

Professor Otis will be unable to resume his work this year, on account of very poor health. Professor Luquiens has been appointed to take charge of the department of languages.

The Book Exchange has done a great business this last two weeks, many men having obtained all their text-books there. Decidedly, this is better than paying the big down-town prices.

The printing and distributing of an apparatus price-list in the Chemical Laboratories "fills a long-felt want," and gives a man a little idea of his financial standing with Mrs. Stinson.

Professor Atkinson has kindly agreed to continue his "Noticeable Articles" through the present volume. The "M. I. T. Publications" will be due to the kindness of Doctor Norton.

Why are the two easterly corners of Berkeley and Boylston Streets diametrically opposed? Because on one is the Young Men's Christian Association, and on the other is the Old Man's Heathen Monopoly.

Wouldn't it have been more agreeable for all hands if the excavating in front of Rogers had taken place before we returned. They say some were lost over toward "the chapel" on their way "'round."

E. W. Herrick made us a call the other day. He has a position at the Sturtevant Blower Works, and so will be in or about Boston this fall, and doubtless will render the eleven great assistance by his advice.

Mr. Sydney Warren, '88, editor-in-chief of THE TECH for the two past years, is in Shrewsbury, Vt., on the United States Geological Survey. We hope to hear from him before long in a literary way.

One of the recent additions to the Biological Laboratory is a large black snake, which was brought in by one of the co-eds, who is trying to tame him,—a task in which she seems to be succeeding remarkably well.

The executive committee of the Athletic Association met Monday evening, October the 8th. Messrs. Dame, '89, Towne, '90, Cunningham, '91, French, '92, were appointed by the president to fill vacancies on the committee.

A paper was read October 3d before the fourth-year class in advanced physics, by Hollis French, '89, on the Early History of Telegraphy. A short discussion took place afterward on the paper, which was commented upon by Professor Cross.

The following members of the Class of '90 have formed a Vocophone Club, to march in torchlight procession. Drum-major, Slater; Band men, Koch, Gilmore, Dodge, Foster, Brand, Emerson, Blume, Chapman, Calkins, Garfield, Flood, and Newell.

The old difficulty of students arriving late at lectures on account of the failure of the previous one to end in time, made itself prominent at the first lecture in Physics, when Professor Cross was much annoyed by about half the class arriving after the doors were shut.

Our younger brothers—the *Technology Quarterly* and the *Architectural Review*—are both on deck, and give promise of continued success. We notice in the prospectus of the former, that the dates of publication are distinctly stated. This is a decided improvement over the past.

Entries for the fall tournament up to October 5th are as follows: Singles, Mott, '89, Thurber, '89, Williston, '89, Sturgis, '90, Batchelder, '90, Towne, '90, Fogg, '92, Walker, '92, Alley, '91, Bradlee, '91, Carter, '91. Doubles, Mott and Durfee, Williston and Thurber, Sturgis and Towne.

At a meeting of the Foot-ball Association held the 26th ult., Garrison, '91 and Kales, '92 were elected to fill vacancies on the Executive Committee, and Durfee, '89, Duane, '89, and Merrill, '89 were appointed delegates of the Springfield Convention. Gentlemen soliciting subscriptions were also appointed by the treasurer.

There are 816 students at the Institute this year, divided among the different classes as follows:—

	Regular.	Special.	Total.
Seniors	68	21	89
Juniors	128	47	175
Sophomores	142	82	224
Freshmen	252	76	328

Last year's corresponding score gives a total of 719 students.

Mr. E. O. Jordan, '88, who is taking a post-graduate course at the Institute, has gone to New York to take a short course under Dr. Pruden, at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in order that he may be able to help with more efficiency in the Bacteriological work of the State Board of Health; a large part of which will in future be done at the Institute.

There are at present eighty-seven students in the Architectural Department. This is an increase of twenty-three over the number last year. This increase is due, to a great extent, to the improvements and additions that have been made to the course since last year, and also to the *Technology Architectural Review*, which has taken a high rank among the best architectural papers in the country.

At a very enthusiastic mass meeting held in Huntington Hall, October 2d, it was decided to take part in the Harrison and Morton torchlight parade. A jolly time is expected, and it is hoped that everybody, regardless of political differences, will turn out to swell the ranks and do honor to the Institute. The following is the torchlight committee: Russell, '89, chairman; French, '89, Stevens, '90, Waite, '90, Coles, '91, French, '92.

'89 campaign officers: Colonel, Fiske; Lieut-Col., French; Captain, Dame; First Lieut., Hobbs; Second Lieut., Gilbert.

'91 campaign officers: Marshal, Blanchard; First Lieutenant, Dart; Second Lieutenant, Douglas.

The Eastern Intercollegiate Foot-ball Association met at Springfield on September 28th. Delegates were present from Technology,

Dartmouth, Trinity, Amherst, and Stevens. The meeting was called to order at 8.15 P. M., by President Durfee of Tech. A committee of the various captains considered changes in the rules, and a few slight alterations were made. The Trinity delegates then offered Trinity's resignation which was accepted, and after some discussion an application from Williams for admission was voted on, and Williams was admitted. The following is a schedule of the games as arranged: Saturday, October 27th, Amherst *vs.* Tech, at Boston. Wednesday, November 7th, Williams *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst. Saturday, November 10th, Tech *vs.* Dartmouth, at Hanover. Wednesday, November 14th, Williams *vs.* Dartmouth, at Hanover. Saturday, November 17th, Stevens *vs.* Williams, at Williamstown. Monday, November 19th, Stevens *vs.* Dartmouth, at Williamstown. Wednesday, November 21st, Williams *vs.* Tech, at Boston. Wednesday, November 21st, Dartmouth *vs.* Amherst, at Amherst. Saturday, November 24th, Tech *vs.* Stevens, at Hoboken. Wednesday, November 28th, Amherst *vs.* Stevens, at Hoboken.

The Tech-Andover Game.

ABOUT fifty men accompanied the team to Andover last Saturday, notwithstanding the rain. In four minutes and a half after the ball was put in play, Germer rushed the ball over Andover's line. The kick for goal failed. Andover soon lost the ball on four downs, and Dame's beautiful rush scored a second touchdown, from which Duane kicked a goal. Score, Tech, 10; Andover, 0. During the rest of the first half the ball remained in Andover's territory, but did not get over the line.

Andover braced up on the second half, and kept the ball near the centre of the field. A long kick fumbled by Wardner gave a touchdown. The try for goal missed. Shortly afterward Wardner ran around the Andover rush-line, and was stopped only at the 25-yard

line, from which Godschaux secured a touch-down. The try for goal again failed. The ball was in the middle of the field the rest of the game. Score, Tech, 14; Andover, 4.

The best work for Andover was done by Lyon, Spear, and Bliss; for Tech, by Duane, Dame, Germer, Godschaux, and Tracy.

This, the first game of the year, was very satisfactory as a whole, and gives great promise of good work to come. A lack of practice in snapping the ball back and in lining up quickly was apparant. The Tech. team was composed of Kales, Tracy, Roberts, Hammond, Highlands, Hamilton, Dame, rushers; Godschaux, quarter-back; Duane and Germer, half-backs; Wardner, full-back; Mr. Kelley, of the Harvard Medical School, acted as referee.

College Notes.

Noyes has been elected captain of the Yale team.

Cornell is to have a \$250,000 library.

The Yale Freshman Class numbers 337. Harvard enters about the same.

Princeton has 22 candidates for the 'Varsity eleven. Yale has 60.

Exeter starts the year with 310 scholars; Andover with 350.

Williams has a Harrison and Morton Club of 87 members, and a Cleveland and Thurman Club of 35.

Thirty Andover men enter Yale this year, including five members of last year's foot-ball team.

Amherst and Dartmouth have each about 100 Freshmen. Wesleyan enters the largest class on record.

Base-ball has been forbidden at St. Paul's School. The field has been cut up into tennis courts.

Ex-President McCosh, of Princeton, is to lecture on Philosophy to the Senior Class.



"Tom, I gave you a very liberal allowance when I sent you to college; nevertheless, I hear that you have had some trouble in meeting your bills."

"Not the slightest in the world, father, I assure you. It has been all I could do to keep out of their way."—*London Tit-Bits*.

The average barber does not hesitate to scrape an acquaintance. — *Duluth Paragapher*.

HE KISSED HER.

"Do you," said Kitty, charming fay,
 "(The honest truth now tell me, pray),
 As truly love me as you say?
 Or are these words so tender, sweet,
 Applied to every girl you meet,
 While you my true affection cheat?"
 "All such reproach," I cried, "pray spare,
 And from such doubting thoughts forbear;
 For by those pouting lips I swear——"
 She checked me as the oath I took,
 And whispered, with a loving look,
 "You've sworn enough; now kiss the book."

—*Record*.

TO THE CITY POLICE.

I am the foinest av the foine;
 I guard New Haven's busy ways,
 An' if ye cut your monkey shoines,
 I'll run ye in, wid'out delays.
 Thim sthudents is the Devil's brood,—
 Move on, I say, and let me pass,
 An' thin they trates me very rude;
 I tell ye I won't sthand their sass.
 An' if the Facoolty stheps up
 To interfere and bar the walk,
 An' don't move on, I haul 'em up;
 I don't take anywan's back talk.
 Now, if ye're wise, ye'll all bow down
 To me, who rules this one-horse town.

—*Courant*.

TWO THIEVES.

He stole a kiss from an artless miss.

"You're a heartless thief," said she;
 "I'm a heartless thief, but you're the thief
 Who stole my heart," said he.

—*Williams Weekly*.

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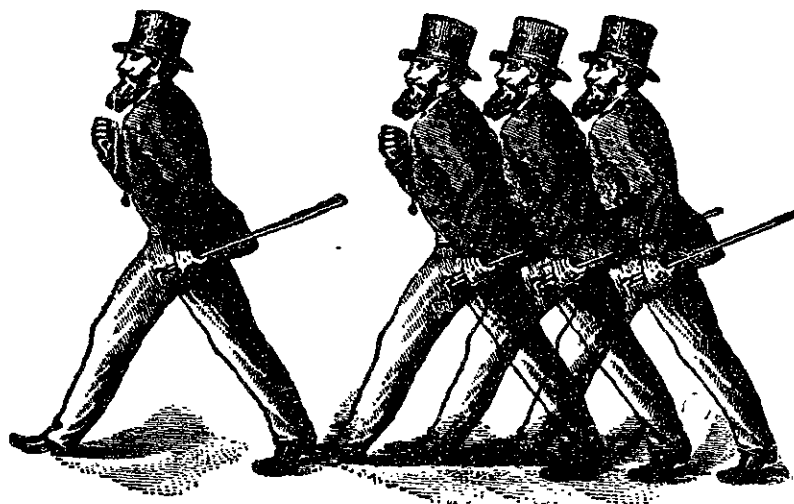
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Harry Dixey closes one of his most successful engagements at the Hollis Street Theatre this week, and is to be followed by Daniel Frohman's N. Y. Lyceum Company in that greatest of New York successes, entitled "The Wife."

At the Boston Theatre the "Crystal Slipper" still achieves an undiminished success. See it and judge for yourself. October 22d, Miss Maude Banks.

The last chance to see the old favorite, "Erminie," is offered at the Globe this week. To be followed by Mrs. Brown Potter.

DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, the World-famed Specialist in Mind Diseases, says: "I am familiar with various systems for improving the memory, including, among others, those of Feinaigle, Gouraud, and Doctor Pick, and I have recently become acquainted with the system in all its details and applications taught by Professor Loissette. I am therefore enabled to state that his is, in all its essential features, entirely original; that its principles and methods are different from all others, and that it presents no material analogies to that of any other system. I consider Professor Loissette's system to be a new departure in the education of the memory and attention, and of very great value; that it being a systematic body of principles and methods, it should be studied as an entirety to be understood and appreciated; that a correct view of it cannot be obtained by examining isolated passages of it."

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