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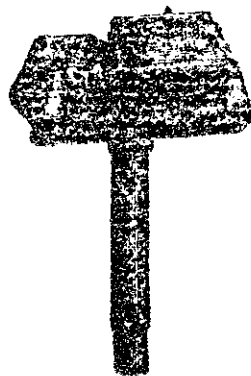
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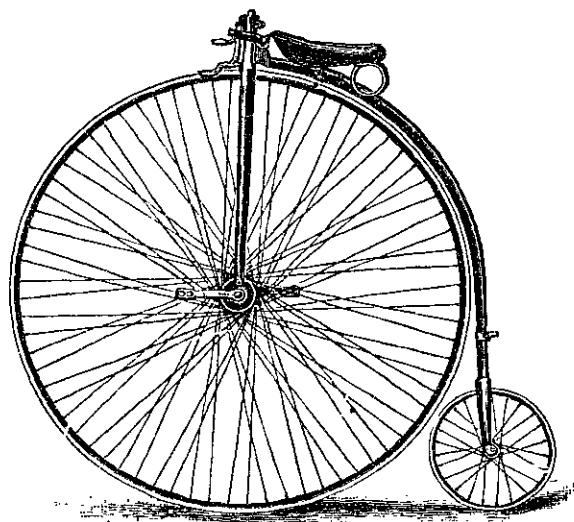
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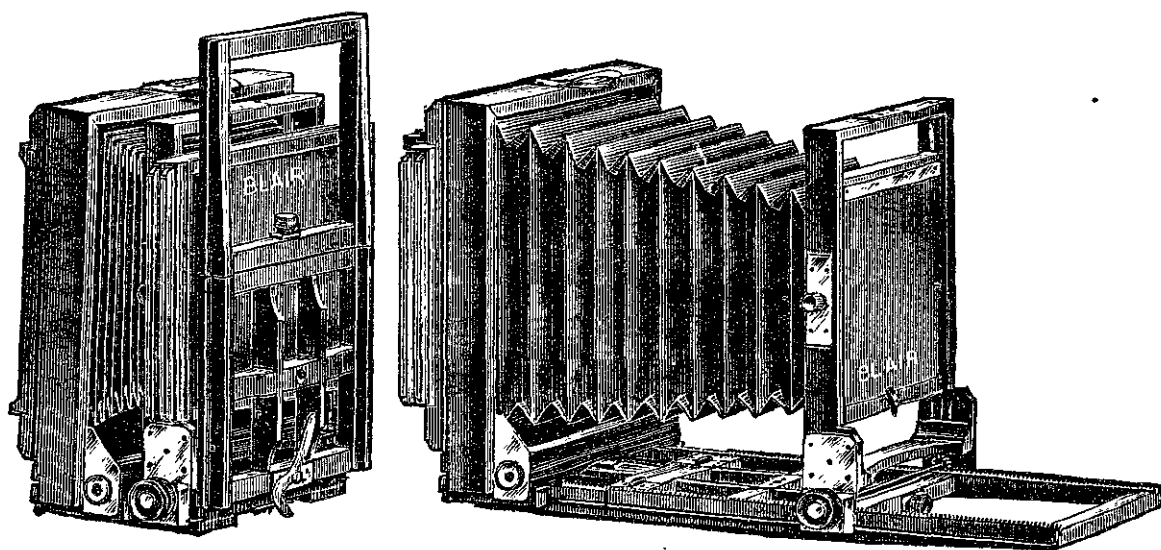
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Besides the above distinctly professional courses, the Institute offers scientific courses of a less technical character, designed to give students a preparation for business callings. A four years' course in biology, chemistry, and physics has been established, as preparatory to the professional study of medicine.

Modern languages are taught, so far as is needed for the ready and accurate reading of scientific works and periodicals, and may be further pursued as a means of general training.

The constitutional and political history of England and the United States, political economy, and international law are taught, in a measure, to the students of all regular courses, and may be further pursued as optional studies.

Applicants for admission to the Institute are examined in English grammar, geography, French, arithmetic, algebra, modern history, and geometry. A fuller statement of the requirements for admission will be found in the catalogue, which will be sent, without charge, on application.

Graduates of colleges conferring degrees, who have the necessary qualifications for entering the third-year class in any of the regular courses of the Institute, will be so admitted, provisionally, on the presentation of their diplomas, and will be given opportunity to make up all deficiencies in professional subjects.

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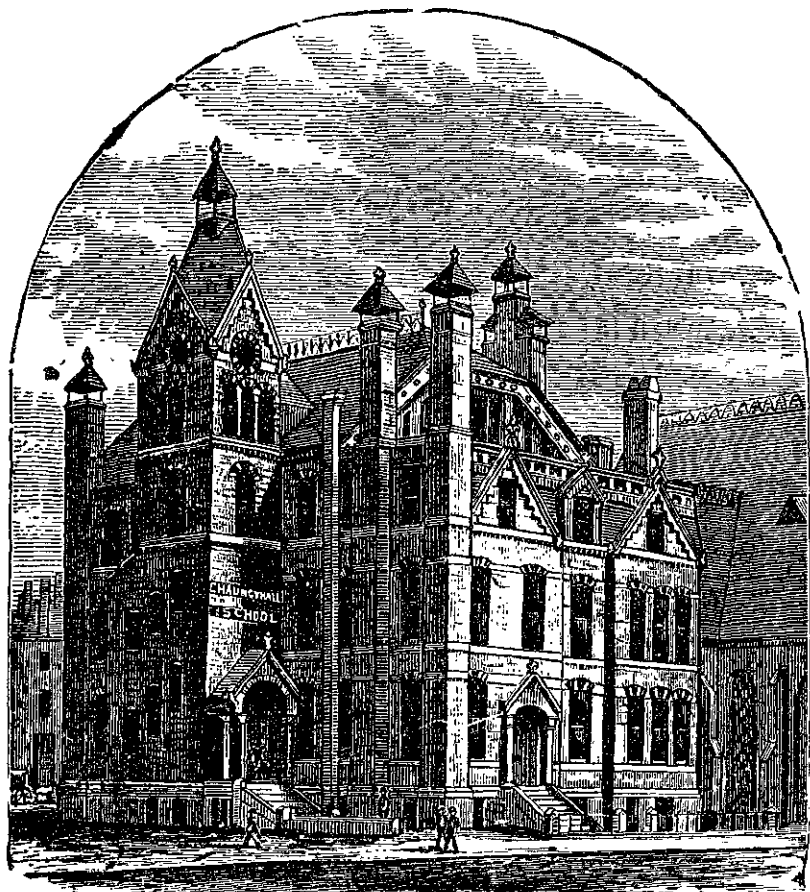
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# The Tech.

VOL. VI.

BOSTON, APRIL 14, 1887.

NO. 13.

## THE TECH.

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

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THE time of year has now arrived when the crowd begins to move out of the reading-room, and sit around on the steps of

Rogers at all spare moments during the day. Soon the tennis-ground will be in active use, and with the improvements which the executive committee intend to make, the courts ought to be even better patronized than they were last year. And in speaking about tennis, we are led to think of the excellent record made by several Techs last summer in that line, one Tech taking second place, in the all-comers tournament at Narragansett Pier, losing the last set to Taylor, who won first place. And we believe that he is not the only one who made a good record for himself. Why could not a series of games be inaugurated between the Harvard

Tennis Club and ours. Although we could not confidently expect a victory, yet we think that our men could make a very good showing, even if they were defeated. We do not think Harvard would interpose any objections, and, at any rate, it would be a matter well worth trying. We would very much like to see this matter taken up by our Tennis Association, and given at least some consideration.

THE "Ladies' Evening" of the Society of '87 was so successful and unique, that the other class societies would do well to follow the example set them.

Co-education is not so firmly established here as some of us could wish, and this opportunity of enjoying the society of the other sex, which our Seniors have inaugurated, served in a happy way to overcome the obstacles which usually intervene between the students, who depend too much upon their own companionship, and their fair sisters.

THE new athletic club in Boston has already over 1,000 names on its list, and has bought the lot on the corner of St. James Avenue and Exeter Streets, at the side of the Public Library lot, and in front of the Technology gymnasium. By this arrangement we shall have an edifying sight. On one side of Exeter Street will stand the Athletic Club's large, handsome building, fitted with gymnasium, bowling-alleys, tennis courts, running-track, swimming-tank, reception-rooms; every attention paid to healthfulness, convenience, and attractiveness, and all designed for perhaps men of leisure, mostly, who want a gymnasium

largely for what it offers in the way of healthful recreation. On the other side of the street, almost hid by the embankment, will lie crouched "our gym," a brick drill-shed, poorly lighted, with bad arrangements for ventilation, and just enough apparatus to give the place its name. And this is where seven hundred students are to take their exercise! Not where they are to fill up extra time, but where they are to fit the body for a life's work, to fill out puny figures, and put themselves in condition to make the most of the lectures and laboratory. The contrast will be an interesting object lesson, and may touch some benevolent friend of the Institute.

THE Class of '89 has inaugurated an excellent custom in appointing a committee of five to make selection of men for *Technique* editors, these men to be afterward approved of by the class. The manner in which the classes of '87 and '88 elected their *Technique* editors is open to many objections, and these classes are to be congratulated for having selected men who were so competent to carry out the affair which was intrusted to their guidance. It is almost impossible for a large class to make the best possible selection of men for such a position, as it cannot take into consideration every man's fitness for the position. Some man is sure to be elected on account of his greater popularity, although he may not really be as well qualified for the position as several other men. We do not wish to be understood as saying that this has yet occurred, but that it is liable to occur we think will be conceded. The way '89 proposes to do seems to us to be a very just and reasonable way. The committee can easily look over all the men in the class who are qualified, through their popularity and ability, for positions on the board, and, having decided on the best, report them to the class, which can then elect or reject them, as it sees fit. In this way the class still elects the men, and gives a more careful consideration to the subject than can possibly be given at a single class-meeting.

AT the last meeting of the Co-operative Society a subject was brought up which had better be consigned to oblivion, and never resurrected. It was the idea of paying salaries to its officers. This introduction of mercenary reward is new to us, and it is well that the members of the Co-op. denounced it so vigorously. The services of the men who direct and do the work in our various organizations have always been cheerfully performed, the only remuneration being the glory, when there was any, and the experience, which, in many cases, is very valuable. In thus sacrificing their time and energies for the promotion of our schemes, they show a spirit which cannot be too greatly commended; but if there was a money value set on their efforts we should not feel the same toward them. It is true that at other colleges the men in many positions receive "filthy lucre" for their services, the college papers, for instance, being run for profit in many places; but if we can do without, we are much better off.

One of the greatest pleasures of college life is the willingness with which we devote ourselves to each other's interests; and this is the chief difference between ourselves and the outside world.

THE tennis association has been unfortunate this spring in regard to weather, but the executive committee promise that there will be no delay in getting the grounds in condition when the weather permits. A heavy roller will be had if possible, and with the grounds in their present soft condition it may be that they can be brought down to a fair surface. The messenger-boys have always made a thoroughfare of the place, and there are holes everywhere. To prevent this trespassing and other annoyances, it has been proposed that a wire netting be put up on the Boylston Street side, provided the money can be had and permission obtained. This would not only prevent further injury to the grounds, but would improve appearances by doing away with the slashed nets,



with their fluttering, ragged ends. At present the running expenses take most of the money coming from dues, and improvements can be made but slowly. When necessities have been attended to, the increased membership which is sure to come will make it possible for the Institute to have as good and as handsome little grounds as can be found anywhere.

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WE learn that the subscriptions for the Senior ball are not coming in as rapidly as the committee would wish to see. This, we think, is a great pity, as such an affair ought to be very well supported. It is a thing which we think the Institute may well be proud of, this mark of respect to the graduating class, and it is one of the purely Institute customs which should not be allowed to become obsolete. Not that it shows any sign of becoming so this year, but it would show a much better spirit if more men joined in to help make the affair a success. So let every one brace up, and if he has not already bought a ticket let him get one now.

---

THE Co-operative Society, has just entered upon its second year, its past career having been an unusually prosperous and encouraging one. The Society had up to April 1st, nearly 600 members, and many have found their membership a source of great saving to them, while the tradesmen have been ready and anxious to renew their contracts.

There seems to be some tardiness with which the members are renewing their tickets; perhaps they are laboring under the mistaken impression that their old ones will serve them still. New tickets of an entirely different color have been issued, and a sample has been sent to every tradesman, with a request that they be called for when a student claims a discount, so that the old tickets are entirely useless. There seems to be no reason why every student at the

Institute should not be a member of the Co-operative Society. Certainly every one does some purchasing here, and the new lists of affiliated tradesmen will show the merely casual observer the variety of goods that may be obtained at discounts, varying from five to forty per cent. Many of the students have saved between fifteen and twenty-five dollars. Is not this worth an annual membership fee of fifty cents? Any member who purchases anything of account in Boston, can easily save five dollars or more, and yet a few have said that they did not save *anything* last year. It certainly was because they did not take the trouble to go to those stores where discounts might have been obtained.

About \$110 remains in the treasury of the Society, and this will be devoted, as will each yearly surplus hereafter, to the giving of one or two scholarships to needy and deserving students. Let every one join the Society and save his money, and contribute a portion of that saving in the form of a membership fee, to help along his fellow-students who find it a struggle to meet the heavy expenses of the Institute course.

---

THE course of Emergency Lectures which the Civils have lately been having cannot fail to be of great value to them. It often happens that when in the field, some one of the party more or less seriously injures himself, and naturally looks for assistance to the engineer in charge of the party. If this individual has some slight experience, and a common sense knowledge of what to do, such as one would get from these lectures, he will be able, if not entirely to relieve the man, at least to render him a temporary assistance, until competent medical aid can be procured. We think it would have been a good idea if it could have been managed to give the other courses here these same lectures. It certainly seems as if it was as important for a Mechanical or Mining Engineer to have this knowledge as for a Civil Engineer.

**My Heiress.**

A playful struggle in the boat  
 As Bess, with courage fine,  
 Declared that she knew how to row,  
 And seized that oar of mine.

A few weeks later I made bold  
 To seek her father's door.  
 An interview — 'tis well; I haste  
 To clasp my mine of ore.

— L. C. K.

**A Mountain Vista.****I.**

AT last! There was no doubt of it this time; it lay there before him, a misshapen piece of brown stone quartz, interspersed with dull yellow metal. The stroke had sent his pick deep into the yielding mass, and one strong wrench had laid the treasure at his feet.

How often, during the long, sleepless nights, he had pictured before him this self-same scene; in fancy he had seen the yellow gleam answer to the stroke of his sturdy pick, and in fancy he had tossed his well-worn hat high in the air and shouted "Eureka!" And oh! how often he had laid wonderful plans for the disposal of this visionary wealth, in which there always figured, as the center-piece, the face of the dear mother waiting away off there in the East for her boy's return.

But all that had been in the enthusiasm of the earlier days, when, in the first fever of excitement, he laid himself down at night with the expectation that the morrow had the hoped-for luck in store. But the weary years had come and gone, and the luck never came. The mother way off in the little New England home had wearied of waiting, and the chief element of his dreams was gone.

But he had toiled on in a blind, hopeless sort of way, drifting here, and there, and everywhere, until at last, when long past the prime of manhood, he held within his grasp the prize which had so long eluded him. He had drifted to this little place on the side of the great

mountain a month before, and had struck "pay dirt" almost immediately. The first result went far beyond anything he had realized for years, and the old fever broke out with renewed energy. Then followed days of overwork and sleepless nights, of conflicting hopes and fears, until nature asserted herself, and his health broke down under the strain.

Still, he had worked on as best he could, eagerly welcoming each day as the last of toil, and still had the prize eluded him, until he had almost given up in despair. And there it was, at last! There, exposed to his view, was the out-cropping "vein"; there, lying beside his muddy pick and shovel, just as he had so often pictured it, was the first rich reward of the long, weary years of toil and waiting.

But where was the anticipated elation—the expected joy? How strange everything seemed! Even the landscape had an unfamiliar look; objects seemed to swim around before his eyes, and strange, rushing noises from the mountain torrent sounded in his ears.

With a quick, impatient gesture he raised his hand and brushed back the long, gray hair from his forehead.

"I'm only tired," he muttered; "I guess I'd better knock off for to-night;" and he arose wearily from the half kneeling posture into which he had fallen in the first excitement of discovery. Slowly he gathered up pick, and shovel, and pan, and then stood for a moment as if in a dream, gazing away off across the valley to where the setting sun barely tipped the blue line of the distant foot-hills.

How white and strange he looked as he stood there leaning on the long handle of his shovel; and as he turned to go, there was an expression in his eyes that had never been there before. As he tottered up the trail his limbs trembled under him, and he had scarcely taken three steps before he staggered and fell. Slowly raising himself again to a sitting posture he gazed about, in a dazed sort of way for a moment, until his eyes rested on the nugget lying just as he had left it; and as he gazed at it he broke into a harsh, discordant laugh, that, had any heard

it, it must have made their blood run cold. "Ha! ha!" he cried; "at last you are mine, my precious gold—at last!" and rising he staggered to the lump, and taking it up in his arms he held it tight against his coat, while the tears coursed down his wasted cheeks. Thus he held it, crooning softly to himself the while, rocking his body to and fro, until suddenly he threw it from him, and then laughed in a soft, gleeful way as he watched it roll slowly down the slope. Then he started after it, and soon overtook it. "No, no!" he cried, as he once more caught it up, "you cannot escape me now, my precious gold! You are mine—mine!" and repeating that first, harsh, discordant laugh till it echoed again far up the mountain-side, he disappeared down the trail.

## II.

Just as the sun sank from view behind the distant hills, a man might have been observed to slowly dismount from the back of a jaded mule, on one of the many ledges that intersperse the steep trail over the Monterey Range. Carelessly slinging the bridle-rein over the *machillas* of the saddle, he raised his slouch hat and wiped the perspiration from his face and brow. He was a man of medium height, with a swarthy complexion and bushy hair. His costume was a queer mixture of Mexican and miner,—a rough, red flannel shirt, and the broad-fringed trousers of the *vaqueros*. No arms were visible, but one had only to look at the man to feel convinced that such articles would be forthcoming from somewhere when needed. As he stood there, letting the cool breeze that had sprung up with the going down of the sun fan his heated face, his eyes glided in a restless fashion from one object to another, till they rested on a thin, fitful column of smoke that was barely visible, in the dusk, rising above the tree-tops far up the slope. Long and intently he gazed at it, and as he watched it a change came over the expression of his face, a sinister light gleamed in his eyes, and the thin lips were tightly compressed; and, as he turned slowly away, there was a look of determination in every feature. Deftly he un-

loosed and slipped the heavy Mexican saddle from the back of the mule, and after driving the long, iron lariat-pin deep into the sod, he turned, and for a few moments stood looking thoughtfully down at the twinkling lights far below in the valley, as each moment they shone brighter through the gathering darkness. At last he turned away, and after examining the fastenings of his beast, he started at a brisk walk in a direction leading from the trail and toward the place where he had observed the column of smoke. He continued his way for an hour or more, threading through thick underbrush and over rocks and fallen trees, keeping his course with a steadiness that betokened familiarity with the locality, until suddenly he emerged into a clearing, in the center of which stood a small cabin, through whose single window a feeble light gleamed.

The traveler started toward the window as if to look in, but before he reached it he seemed to change his mind; for, after hesitating a moment, he stepped to the low, rough door and knocked, at the same time calling in a clear, deep voice for admittance. But there was no response from within, and, after waiting a moment, he knocked again, this time much louder, and there was a shade of impatience in the tone in which he demanded, "Why don't ye answer in there? Are ye deaf?" But the only answering sound was the echo of his own voice in the surrounding woods. With an angry oath he flung his whole weight against the door, which gave way with a crash. A flood of light streamed through the opening full in his face, blinding him for the moment; but as his eyes became accustomed to the light a strange scene met his view.

Directly opposite the door was a roughly-built fire-place, in which a bright wood-fire burned, filling the small, dingy room with a soft, red glow. On the left, and in the corner, was a pile of bear-skins made into a crude sort of bed. To the right of the fire-place, and half in shadow, stood a small pine table, on which a tallow-dip burned with a feeble, flickering light. Behind the table sat an old man, whose face, with its frame of long white hair and beard in the full light of the can-

dle, was thrown into strong relief against the deep shadow behind. With a rapid glance the eyes of the intruder took in the scant detail of the room until they fell on the face in the corner; there they rested with a surprised, inquiring look that gradually changed to one of apprehension. The figure in the corner remained motionless, while a pair of gleaming eyes, that seemed to burn their way to his very soul, rested fixedly on the stranger. Once he removed his gaze for a moment, but, as if fascinated, his eyes wandered back again, and he stood as before, silent,—waiting.

For a few minutes nothing broke the silence but the crackling of the hard wood in the fire-place; and then, with a shiver, as if shaking off some dread feeling, the visitor spoke, but it was in a subdued tone, far different from that in which he had demanded admittance a short time before.

"Well, stranger, this here aint much of a welcome ter give a b'lated passenger, now, is it?" and he paused as if for a reply; but as none came, he continued once more, uneasily shifting his gaze around the room, "I seed yer light from the trail, and in coorse me and the nag made fer it; but durn my boots," he added, "if we didn't hev ter do all the enwitin' ourselves. Now see here, mister," and he advanced a step nearer, "yer know durn well there's no gittin' through ther pass to-night, an' so yer might as well make the most outen it ye can. I'm goin' ter camp right here;" and he moved toward the table, but stopped short.

The hitherto motionless figure in the corner rose suddenly to its feet, revealing the long, lank figure of a man well along in years. His thin, emaciated features worked convulsively, and his eyes fairly burned with the fury of a madman.

"Stop!" he shrieked; "stand back!" and leaning forward he thrust a long, bony finger almost in the face of the startled man, who involuntarily recoiled before it to the door. Suddenly the old man bent low over the table, and grasping something up in his arms he hugged it tightly against his ragged coat, and moaned,

"They cannot have it; they cannot have it; it is mine — all mine!"

The man at the door started, gazed intently at the object in the madman's arms, and with an oath strode to the table.

Bending low, he set his dark, sinister eyes full on the gleaming orbs of the other; and thus, with gaze fixed on one another, they stood, while their breaths came thick and fast.

Suddenly the intruder raised his arm; there was a quick movement, and the bottle containing the lighted candle struck the opposite wall with a crash, and fell to the floor in a thousand pieces, leaving all enveloped in semi-darkness. At the same instant a shrill, mocking laugh rang out through the room, and the voice of the madman was heard calling, "Ha! ha! they did not get you, my precious gold—*gold!* Let them come; let them——" The sentence was suddenly cut short, and ended in a gurgling sound, as of some one choking.

For the next few minutes there were sounds of a struggle, which, hard and long at first, gradually grew spasmodic and faint, and finally they ceased altogether, and only a heavy, labored breathing broke the stillness.

Then there followed a slight noise, as some one rose with difficulty and groped around in the darkness as if searching for something.

After awhile a light was struck, and, as the blue flame of the sulphur gave way to the bright light, it lighted up the dark face of the intruder. Lighting the candle, which he had found on the floor, he stuck it in a chink in the wall, and, wiping the sweat from his face, he stood looking long and thoughtfully at the quiet form stretched on the now cold hearthstone. At last, with an impatient gesture, he turned away, and crossing the room, picked up the shining object which his victim had been so careful of.

"Gold," he exclaimed, "and enough for a fortune," as he noted its weight. "Ha! ha! I don't wonder the old fool hugged it," he added, glancing in the direction of the fire-place. Placing the candle on the table and drawing up the solitary stool in the cabin, he busied himself with a careful examination of the nugget.

Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, for, rising, he glanced about the room till his eyes rested upon a rough cupboard in one corner. Advancing to it he opened it and peered in. His face lighted up with triumph as he drew forth two bulky buckskin bags and a pair of rusty balances. Placing these upon the table and reseating himself, he was soon absorbed in weighing out the gold-dust which he had rightly guessed the bags to contain. Thus it was that he did not see nor hear the form on the hearthstone as it lifted itself to a half-sitting posture, and passed a hand in a dazed sort of way over its head. He did not see those eyes light up with their old fury as they rested upon him and his occupation. He did not hear the soft footfall approaching nearer and nearer to his chair.

"Gad! but that's a haul," he exclaimed, as he finished weighing the last portion, and arose to stretch himself; "three thousand cool! Why, that will be just about right to get me safe into the States, and once I'm there I'll quit this——" But his sentence was cut short as a sharp, metallic click caught his ear, and turning quick as a flash, made a wild clutch at the gleaming weapon of his opponent—but too late!

There was a deafening report, and with a shriek he fell headlong to the floor, and the next instant the body of the maniac sank, face downward, across his victim! The morning sun streamed in through the open door, shedding peace and light upon the scene.

#### A Bit of History.

FOR a long time before the great strike of 1897, the forces of upheaval had been silently gathering. Men were uneasy—they knew not why. Business was stagnant; the wheels of commerce were blocked, and trade was at a standstill. A general feeling of suspense hung over the country like a black cloud, chilling all legitimate industry, and darkening the whole outlook. Thousands of bread-winners were unable to find work, and their enforced idleness begot in them a wild desperation.

On every street-corner could be heard gloomy whispers prophesying speedy ill to the republic. Many hard characters well known to the police seemed collected in larger than usual numbers in New York and Boston. Collisions between gangs of roughs and the police were of everyday occurrence. The worst elements of the population, flowing back from the West, lay ready to spring at the throat of the Eastern capitalists.

The latter, all unconscious of their peril, busied themselves in passing resolutions to the effect that American industries should be more efficiently "protected." Great meetings were held, and vehement statements made that this or the other political party was "ruining the nation." The best men of all classes spent themselves in this child's play, while a blow at the heart of the republic was rapidly preparing.

Swiftly and heavily fell the stroke. On the 17th of April, 1897, a strange and ominous demand was made of the directors of the Boston Consolidated Horse Railroad. A committee in behalf of the employees presented a request in writing, stating that no work would be done until the following concessions were made:—

(1) That the hours of work should be reduced to four per day.

(2) That no more than ten passengers be carried at any one time, since unnecessary labor was incurred in collecting the fares of a larger number.

(3) That no regular time-table be adopted by the company, but that the men should be allowed to run as it seemed to them fit.

The directors at once rejected these remarkable propositions, and advertised for new hands. This was precisely what had been hoped and expected by the whole anarchist portion of the community. The news was flashed over the wires to men who had been waiting for just this opportunity. Throughout New England the strike was declared general. All laborers of whatsoever trade or occupation threw down their tools and refused to work. On the afternoon of the 18th, groups of idle men covered Boston Common, in dark, sullen patches.



The tinder was soon touched. The first edition of the *Evening Rumpus* contained these words: "*Midas-eared Mammonism and idle Dilettantism must go!* STRIKE TO-NIGHT!!" It was a sign evidently agreed upon beforehand by the leaders. Like magic the slums of the North End poured out their refuse, and the Common was soon filled with a tumultuous, shouting mob. In the seething mass of men could be seen a few figures, gliding hither and thither, issuing commands and distributing printed directions.

The orderly element of the city was for a moment paralyzed. But very quickly, notwithstanding, came orders from several departments to the chief of police. It was then found that the wires communicating with the several stations had been cut. In the midst of the confusion came the clang of fire-bells; a second, and then a third alarm! The firemen were summoned to widely separated portions of the city to fight dangerous fires. They encountered, also, enemies yet more inhuman than fire. From every alleyway came a score of bullets, and from every house-top rained piles of stones upon the heads of the courageous firemen. Cut off on every side, it is estimated that hundreds of heroic men perished in that night of terror. To add to the horror of the time, it was found that the patrolmen in all out-of-the-way places had been shot down in cold blood by the anarchist sympathizers.

About nightfall a tremendous explosion shook the city, and the State House crumbled into a shapeless heap of ruins. A few minutes later, and a cry arose among the surging crowd on the Common and Public Gardens. The huge, incoherent throng rolled down toward Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street, which it entered with the roar of a thousand demons.

It is needless to recount the deeds of darkness done under cover of that single night. Suffice it to say, that when the morning dawned the splendid Back Bay section was no more. Blackened piles of brick and stone, with here and there a mangled corpse, were all that remained of that proud abode of wealth and culture.

It was a night long to be remembered in the annals of New England. In the early evening twilight the people of the nearest suburbs were startled by riders bearing the frightful tidings. Church-bells were rung, and the citizens met to act on the situation. Without rifles, without ammunition, strong men could only stand helplessly by, and await further events.

As the night wore on, and fugitives from Boston came with more definite news of the sacking and burning of a portion of the city, it was felt that something must be done. Messengers were sent off in all directions to the neighboring country towns. Many a farmer was aroused that night by the swift trampling of a horse and the stirring words of a second Paul Revere. Old rifles that had done service in the Rebellion were dragged to light, and again shouldered by men whose hearts were burning with a mighty anger. In every little suburban village men assembled in the public squares with compressed lips and hardened muscles. As half-clothed women and children came fleeing from the burning city, with the murders of their fathers and husbands still trembling in their memories, there was many a whispered oath of revenge. In the tense excitement that prevailed hundreds of quiet, inoffensive laborers were hanged to the nearest tree. Every one who had taken part in the strike was dealt with most harshly.

In the heat of that eventful time the fact was overlooked that very few of the real workingmen had joined in the outrages. It could not be forgotten, however, that the great strike had furnished the occasion for this calamity, and all strikers were looked upon as directly connected with the heavy blow that had fallen. The whole laboring class was treated with the utmost severity during all this troublous time, and to this day is regarded as an object of great suspicion.

In the early gray of the morning of the 19th large bands of men, armed with guns of all sorts and sizes, were hurrying towards the New England metropolis. Communication by rail and telephone was completely suspended. Every place acted by and for itself.

All this confusion and indecision favored the

well-calculated plans of the anarchists. When the suburban citizens reached Boston, they found the streets empty and deserted. Not a man opposed their passage, not a hand was uplifted against them. They met other bands of citizen-militia from the adjoining towns, but there was no sign of the rioters. There was much to do, however, in restoring order, and in re-assuring the poor wretches who crept timidly out from their hiding-places. The leaders were greatly perplexed as to what should be done. The number of available men was constantly increasing, but there was no enemy to be seen. About noon a man arrived in great haste at the headquarters of General Thorax, an old veteran of the Civil War, and informed the General that an enormous body of men, armed to the teeth, had met the citizens of Lexington while the latter were on their way to Boston. He was the only Lexington man that had escaped alive.

The news spread rapidly through the camp, and served to deepen the gloom and anxiety on every loyal man's heart. Nothing could be done to pursue this well-armed force. "Masterly inaction" was the only course possible.

The rest of the story is too well-known to need a repetition of the details. The Boston rebels joined themselves to their friends from the other large cities of Massachusetts and marched to Springfield. At that place they were soon reinforced by the New York anarchists. The united forces now moved upon New York City, but too late for success.

For, curious to say, the movement of the anarchists in Chicago and the other Western cities had been crushed at its birth. The citizens were well armed, and were fully prepared for such an emergency. Vigilance committees existed in every ward of Chicago, and nothing was left to the city authorities, who, it was well-known, were in secret sympathy with the socialistic element. The feature of surprise had been the greatest aid to the success of the revolutionists. When they met men as well armed as themselves who felt their homes and families at stake, there was no doubt as to the result of the

contest. In a few days the great West had stamped out every trace of anarchy.

On receipt of the appalling tidings from New England, there was prompt action. In a short time an overwhelming force was concentrated at New York, and was preparing to march against the enemy. In the meantime the farmers and fishermen of all eastern New England had taken arms, and were mainly collected at Boston. The two loyal armies moved slowly toward each other, and, like two gigantic millstones, ground the anarchists between them. The almost relentless cruelty of the victors can be explained only when the fact is remembered that many of them had just left homes desolated by the barbarity of their foes.

New England, and especially Boston, have as yet hardly made good the huge loss inflicted by this anarchist uprising. With the extermination, however, of the entire socialistic population, a new life and vigor has entered every community. Business is rapidly reviving, and the channels of healthy action are again filled.

The United States, now, has a standing army of 200,000 men.

L. E. X.

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#### Noticeable Articles.

In the April number of *Scribner's* there is a paper by Prof. Adams Hill, of Harvard, on English in our Colleges. It is encouraging to see that this subject of the teaching of English is attracting so much attention, for on no other educational subject is there a greater amount of misapprehension: perhaps it is not too much to say that on no other are popular notions more absurd. Unhappy schoolmasters and college professors are censured for not turning out all their pupils accomplished writers, under circumstances which render such a result simply impossible. This arises from the absolute ignorance of the public as to what is required. No one finds fault with a music-teacher for not turning out all his pupils as accomplished pianists as the young lady who took part in the last symphony concert. Here the fact is fully recognized that genius plays an important part in the problem, and next to that, long and assiduous practice. But all of this is equally

true of writing. In the first place there is a gift for writing; some people have it, and some have it not, and can never acquire it. We do not mean to say that every man, by dint of taking sufficient pains, cannot learn to express his thoughts—if he has any—with reasonable clearness on paper, just as every man can, with sufficient pains, acquire a handwriting in which *a* shall look like *a* and *b* like *b*; but we do deny that in most cases it is possible to accomplish even this without much time and labor. And we maintain that, just as in the case of music, this practical drill, to be successful, should be begun very early: instead of that the poor children at school are too often crammed with unintelligible grammars. The consequence is, as is only too well known to all college professors, that young men at college cannot even spell their mother tongue, much less write it; though, to be sure, as to spelling, it may be urged that ours is the worst spelled of civilized languages.

The difficulty is the same in both cases; to learn to play on that most complicated of instruments, language, requires long-continued practice. Now, what would a student at the Institute say if he were directed to attend assiduously to all his regular studies, and in the odds and ends of time be pleased to pick up the subject of mechanical engineering? And yet, this is the footing on which English studies have almost everywhere—in classical not less than in scientific colleges—been placed: the noisy discussion that is going on just now upon the subject shows that the public are waking up to the absurdity of the situation.

One half the difficulty in regard to composition arises from putting trust in futile and pedantic treatises on rhetoric. To try to learn to write by their help is like trying to learn behavior by reading treatises on etiquette. Good behavior is learned unconsciously by habitual intercourse with well-bred people. We do not mean that there are no rules to be observed, but we believe that the really useful rules of rhetoric may all be got into a very few pages. Then, it is absolutely necessary to remark that a man, in order to write, must have something to say, and in order to write well must be *interested* in saying it; which two rules are quite sufficient to condense what is commonly called "theme-writing." Theme-writing, as all who have had experience know, is the art of covering paper with unmeaning words. As regards the true art of

composition it is emphatically how *not* to do it, and we are glad to see that Professor Hill, as the result of long and dire experience, expresses himself thus on the subject: "Under the most favorable conditions, the results of English composition as practiced in college are, it must be confessed, discouraging. . . . I know no language, ancient or modern, civilized or savage, so insufficient for the purposes of language, so dreary and inexpressive, as theme-language in the mass. . . . How two or three hundred young men who seem to be really alive as they appear in the flesh, can have kept themselves entirely out of their writing, it is impossible to understand."

"The style of a writer," says Goethe to Eckermann, "is a faithful representative of his mind; therefore if any man wishes to write a clear style, let him be first clear in his thoughts; and if any would write a noble style, let him first possess a noble soul." The essence of all true rhetoric lies in this brief saying. The secret of good writing is, first of all, good thinking. Students at the Institute have, unfortunately, little time for practice, yet the present writer does not often find much occasion to criticise the abstracts of their graduating theses, all of which he has the pleasure of reading. The reason is, that in them the writers are giving, in a brief and straightforward fashion, an account of subjects which they have thoroughly mastered. It might even be said that our whole course of study is, in one sense, a most valuable preparation for composition, because it is in every part the strictest and most rigorous discipline in the art of logical thinking. No doubt something more is necessary,—familiarity with other and quite different regions of thought, and especially the command of a good vocabulary; but there is but one way of attaining that, and that is through a real familiarity with good writers. This is a process which cannot well be hastened. To be a master of style one must get *inside* of literature, and that can be done only through much and long-continued reading.

It is noticeable that the most successful experiment which Professor Hill thinks he has ever tried is one of the simplest: it is the writing of papers, a page long by a class of thirty seniors in the classroom. "No manuscript is to be brought in, but students are advised to select their subjects beforehand, and to find out exactly what they want to say. . . . Having no space for prefaces or digressions or perorations, they usually begin at the beginning, and go straight

to the end. Having no time to be affected, they are simple and natural." The plan is a good one, but not, perhaps, quite so simple as it looks; for such exercises, to be effective, must be frequent, and with large classes the amount of labor required for the critical examination of the papers would be enormous.

W. P. A.

### Evolution.

We sat in cozy confidence,  
Myself and fairy Kate,  
In the charming little parlor,  
Before the glowing grate;  
Our theme was evolution,  
And laughingly she asked,  
"Do you, a man, acknowledge  
The highest types were *last*?"  
"For if you do," she added,  
"You must confess it, then,  
That women rank up higher,  
In the scale of life, than men."  
My arms stole softly round her waist,  
And then, with merry laughter,  
I proved to her 'twas womankind  
That *men* were always *after*.

— Bowdoin Orient.

### The Pecos Ghost.

TWO horsemen were riding over the long and dreary road that leads from San José to Santa Fé. One had a pug nose; the other, sandy hair. It was November. The day had been very stormy. There seemed to be no prospect of reaching shelter before darkness would set in. At length the venerable pile known as the Ruins of Pecos were seen through the fast-approaching obscurity of night; owls whooped as the two weary travelers turned toward its ancient and dilapidated gateway. As they entered that gloomy portal, the bats, in countless numbers, wheeled in rapid flight around and above their heads. In the long and gloomy hours that succeeded, the rain poured in torrents, and the wind howled and shrieked through the crumbling towers and time-worn battlements, and sighed along the long-since deserted corridors. The man with a pug nose being of a nervous turn, felt an indescribable awe creep over him. The other was calm as a stoic. The jaded horses, stand-

ing on three feet and one toe, with heads drooped, steamed, and trembled, and changed position in a languid and dejected manner. As midnight approached, a faint light, coming from no particular source, pervaded the whole edifice. This concentrated like a nebulous light, until its nucleus appeared to become embodied into the form of a giant of most unearthly aspect. Both travelers knew that they were in the presence of the Aztec god, Itlplityheotchatlithlramptl. For a moment he regarded them with a severe stony look. Then in a deep, sepulchral tone he said: "*It's a long time between drinks.*" Then he vanished.

### Technics.

#### French for Circus—"Un faux pas."

Now doth the April bobolink  
Bobble all the day;  
Now doth the festive sprinkler sprink  
Up and down the way.  
And the enterprising maiden  
Mends her Saratoga Trunks,  
And the dudelet takes his overcoat,  
And hies him to his "Unc's."

A Freshman is exulting over how he made April fools of his instructors on the 1st. He got all his lessons unusually well, and then when called upon, sang out, "Not prepared."

TO M. M. C.

Her tresses of pale gold hair  
She wove into a crown,  
And over her face so fair  
Its sunlight shimmered down.  
E'en like a glory round the head  
Of some old-pictured saint,  
Though its fair radiance shed  
What pencil ne'er could paint.  
Oh, crown of gold! oh, face so fair!  
Oh, form of dainty mould!  
Ye all are but the setting rare,  
That jewel doth enfold.

J. T. G.

### '87 Class Dinner.

WITH an attendance of over eighty members, some of whom came from a distance, the annual dinner of the Class of '87 on March 25th was certainly a great success. The table was laid in the large dining-room at Young's, and at each plate there was a *boutonnière*, and the

tasty *menu* card designed by F. M. Wakefield. After dinner the company was called to order by Hollon C. Spaulding, in his capacity of toastmaster, and the different speakers were introduced. H. D. Sears responded to "The Society of '87;" W. S. Hadaway sounded the praises of "Our Fair Classmates;" and the "Technique" was praised by T. W. Sprague; "The Grinds" was appropriately responded to by M. C. Cobb, and W. C. Fish forecasted the "Coming Event;" George W. Patterson spoke for "Our Sister Colleges," and managed to put in good words for Yale. Solomon Sturges, of Chicago, gave an account of the formation of the North-Western Alumni Association, and another past member, T. F. Fox, responded for the "Techs at Work." "The Poetic Muse" brought out a friendly encounter between Giles Taintor and George O. Draper, and hexameter blows were met by pentameter counters. The closing toast, the "Class of '87," was feelingly responded to by Frank E. Shepard, the class president. Variety was furnished by selections sung between the toasts by a quartette, who also rendered a new class song, with words by H. C. Spaulding and music by F. F. Bullard. Informal remarks were made by many former members of the class, including Messrs. Shortall of Chicago, Davenport of Lynn, and Guild and Elliot of Harvard. The monster spoon, symbolic of gastronomic power, was awarded by an overwhelming vote to George F. Curtiss.

#### The '88 Dinner.

THE third annual dinner of the Class of '88 was held at the Revere House, on April 6th. There were about eighty men present, including many past members of the class. After justice had been done to the repast, Mr. Ferguson introduced Mr. Bradlee as the toastmaster for the evening. The following is the toast list: President Walker, A. S. Warren; Harvard, O. B. Roberts; Rum, E. F. Dutton; The Quarterly, H. F. Bigelow; The Class, L.

A. Ferguson; Athletics, H. G. Gross; The Ladies, G. C. Dempsey; Boston, H. J. Horn, Jr. The Class Song, written by Mr. Bradlee, and a dirge, written by Mr. O. B. Roberts, were sung between the toasts. Mr. Sabine was then presented with the spoon. At a late hour the meeting dispersed with the following words,

"Oh, may the angels help us soon,"

of the Class Song still ringing in the ears of many.

#### The '89 Dinner.

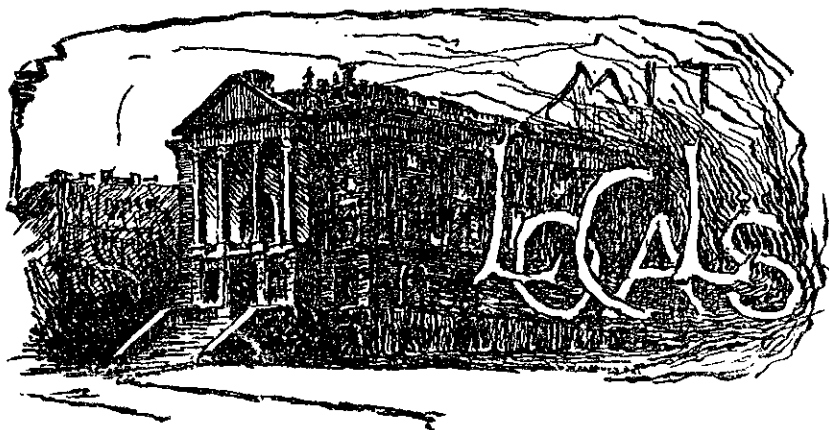
THE second annual dinner of '89 took place at the Quincy, Friday evening, March 25th. About fifty were present, and all spent a most enjoyable evening. After the dinner came the singing of the class-song, written by Mr. Wales.

The "Spoon Committee" then made their report. "There had been an unusually close fight for first place," they said, "but Mr. May wins by about half a length." Accordingly Mr. May was declared "chief hog," and presented with the spoon.

The toastmaster, Mr. Mauran, then introduced President Fiske to respond to "The Class," which he did in a very pleasing manner. Mr. Hawkins then responded to "The Faculty," and was followed by Mr. Hobbs on the "Society of '89." Mr. Hyde, "'89's Alumnus," came next, replying to "Our Graduates." "THE TECH" was responded to by Mr. Wales, who had to dodge various kinds of missiles when he remarked, "Now is the time to subscribe." Mr. Pierce responded to the "Tug-of-War," advancing the theory that the sine of '90 was  $8\frac{1}{2}$  instead of 1, as claimed in trigonometry. "The Cycling Club" was well treated by Mr. Basford, and was followed by "The Ladies," Mr. French. Mr. Dame responded to "Athletics," which was the last toast.

Mr. Goodrich's song of "The Careless Man" and Mr. Kendrick's banjo selections were well applauded. The remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent with songs and stories.





No more holidays until summer.

Co-operative tickets are in steady demand.

The Fast Day game with Harvard was given up.

B. C. Lane, '87, sailed from New York, April 2d, for Antwerp.

Charles Hayden, '90, has become a member of Theta Xi.

Benjamin F. Wilson, '89, has been initiated into the 2 G. Society.

The Bench show was well attended by Technology men last week.

Professor Richards has returned from the Bermudas, and is at his post again.

The K<sub>2</sub>S will entertain the professors of the Chemical course on April 18th.

Walter C. Fish has been compelled to resign the position of Class-Day orator.

The first run of the Cycling Club, of the season, was made last Saturday.

General Walker has been away attending the centennial celebration of Columbia College.

The Senior Locomotive Engineers recently inspected the Mason Locomotive Works, at Taunton.

Fifteen members of the SOF<sub>4</sub> Freshman Society attended the performance of "Ruddygore," April 6th.

Hugh MacRae, '85, of Wilmington, N. C., a former editor of THE TECH, was in the city for the '85 reunion.

The third and fourth year Civils are having a course of four Emergency Lectures from Dr. R. W. Lovett.

The Senior Mechanicals make a trip to Lowell to-day, to visit the large cotton and worsted mills in that vicinity.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the afternoon party was well attended, and proved a success.

The 2 G Society has invited the professors and instructors of the Mining department to a reception next Wednesday evening.

The meeting of the Photographic Society at the Thorndyke last week was well attended, and a profitable evening was spent.

The accounts of the Class dinners of '87 and '89 were received too late to appear in the last TECH, and although late, are given in this number.

The Glee Club scored another success at a concert given at Hyde Park, April 4th. Also on Columbus Avenue, when returning home.

A party of Senior Electricals visited New York City and vicinity the latter part of last week, and inspected numerous electrical establishments.

The Society of '90 met at the Tremont House Monday evening, and spent several hours pleasantly. Music formed the prominent part of the entertainment.

Prof. Lanza has recently given receptions to the members of the Junior Class. On last Wednesday evening he received the Senior Class.

The management of the Freshman Nine has arranged games with the Harvard Freshmen, Adams Academy, St. Mark's, and Boston Latin School.

Mrs. Francis A. Walker and Mrs. T. M. Drown will be the matrons this year at the Senior Ball. T. W. Sprague, '87, has been elected floor-manager.

Thompson and Burgess of '87 have recently been in Charlemont, Mass., engaged in work in connection with their theses. Ranno and Guppy of '89 were their assistants.

Much to the sorrow of their friends, Messrs. Julian Wright, '88, and Frederick Muhlenberg, '88, have left the Institute, and are now in New York, and Wilmington, Del., respectively.

The executive committee of the athletic club determined to hold a spring meeting on the Lynn athletic grounds, but upon maturer consideration the venture was wisely given up.

Two social fixtures are the Kirmess to-night and to-morrow night and the Senior ball next week. The corps of ushers at the Kirmess will be largely made up of Technology men.

About thirty-five members of the class of '85 dined at Young's, April 2d, and at the same time the Western members dined at Chicago, telegrams of congratulations being exchanged.

As B. C. Lane, '87, Secretary of the *Technology Quarterly*, has left the Institute. W. E. Mott, '88, has been elected to fill that position. The *Quarterly* will make its appearance about May 1st.

By the will of the late Henry B. Rogers, the residue of his property, after making large bequests to his family and relatives, and smaller bequests to two charitable institutions, is to be equally divided between the Institute of Technology and Harvard College.

Mr. Eliot Holbrook, M. I. T. '75, and lately Division Superintendent of the New York and New England Railroad, is to give a course of lectures to the third-year Civils on Maintenance of Way; and several lectures to the fourth-year Civils on Shops, Yards, Stations, Rolling Stock, and Motive Power.

'89 has elected her editors of *Technique* for next year, as follows: J. L. Mauran, G. C. Wales, Nathan Durfee, A. L. Davis, J. W. Cartwright, Jr., F. L. Dame, A. W. LaRose, C. W. Pike, and R. L. Russel. This makes a larger

board by one man than either '88 or '87 had. We may expect a corresponding improvement in the *Technique*.

The probable make-up of the infield of our nine for this year is as follows: Clement, catcher; Smith, pitcher; Duane, 1st base; Edgerton, 2d base; Ayer, 3d base; and Herrick, shortstop. Moore will be change pitcher. As we go to press the arrangement has not been finally decided on, so the above assignment of positions is subject to alterations.

Prof. A. T. Hadley, of New Haven, is going to give a series of four lectures to the Senior and Junior Civils and General Course men. The subjects of the lectures will be Railroad Economy. The lectures will be given once a week, and will be on the following subjects: Railroad Accounts; Modern Railroad Economy; Interstate Commerce Bills; Railroad Ownership.

One of the pleasantest entertainments of the year was the "Ladies' Evening" of the Society of '87, given in the rooms of the new building. An enjoyable musical and literary programme was carried out, with the kind assistance of Messrs. Brace, '87, Case, '88, and Meade, '89, the Glee Club, Messrs. Miller and Wetmore, Mrs. Shepard, and Miss Griffin. The latter part of the evening was spent in dancing. The Society wishes to return thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who assisted in making the evening a memorable one in its annals.

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### THE COLLEGE WORLD.

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A PROFESSORSHIP of Physical Culture, with an endowment of fifty thousand dollars, is to be established at Amherst as a memorial of Henry Ward Beecher.

THERE has been an attempt made at Vassar by the undergraduates to wear caps and gowns during college exercises. The faculty, however, will consent to nothing of the kind.—*Ex.*

THE centennial celebration of Columbia College will take place April 13th. All the princi-

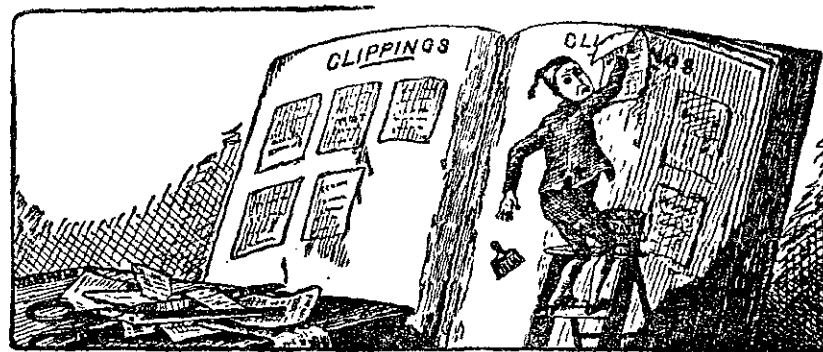
pal American and European colleges have been invited to send representatives.

It is rumored that a duel will soon be fought between two students of the Georgia State University. The difficulty is said to have grown out of an accusation of cheating in examinations.

RUTGERS College receives an annual endowment, from the State of New Jersey, sufficient to furnish forty students with tuition free of charge.

THE London advertising agents of the Waterbury watch chartered eleven steamers to follow the Oxford-Cambridge crews in their recent race; passage on the steamers being restricted to those who wore Waterbury watches on going aboard. Fire-balloons were sent up containing tickets entitling the finders to receive watches.  
—*Ex.*

IN GENERAL. — A "Kinder Sinfonie" entertainment will be given in New York, on May 14th, for the benefit of the Columbia freshman crew.—Cornell has 176 more students this year than last.—At Yale there are fourteen freshmen training for the Mott Haven team.—Lehigh has a professorship of the Theory and Practice of Photography.—The faculty of Williams are dissatisfied with the new system of cuts, and intend to abolish the system.—A Japanese student at the University of Michigan has recently married an American girl.—Cambridge had a professional coxswain in her race against Oxford.—Buffington has been coaching the Brown nine.—An '88 Yale man is a member of the New York Stock Exchange.—\$42,300 has been subscribed for the Art School at Princeton.—Hyneman, one of the University of Pennsylvania crack pitchers, has never pitched a game in his life.—It is expected that '91 will be the largest class ever entered at Princeton.—Prof. Max Müller, of Leipic University, has forty-two titles and honorary suffixes to his name.—A Summer School of Athletics is to be conducted at Harvard, this summer, by Dr. Sargent. Its object is to spread the science of physical culture.



## MEMORIES.

As, when we sail on southern seas,  
The warm winds bring across the deep,  
From where far islands lie asleep,  
The scent of blossom-laden trees  
And spicy odors, — so to me  
Come memories of long-buried days,  
Sweet thoughts that float up through the haze  
That overhangs the wide years' sea.  
I dwell amid the winter hills,  
And you are in a sunny land;  
I never stay my busy hand,  
But you know nothing of life's ills.  
You have forgotten, doubtless; yet  
I do not — I cannot forget.

— *Williams Lit.*

## IN LENT.

Now the prim and proper maiden  
Walks the street with stately tread,  
Looking neither right nor left, but  
Casting down her dainty head.

On the way to church you meet her,  
Morning, afternoon, and night,  
Carrying hymnal, also prayer-book:  
She is trying to do right.

She won't trip the light fantastic,  
Go to theaters, parties, teas;  
It is now that she is resting,  
Striving to enjoy her ease.

At her home all is quite busy;  
What they're doing no one knows:  
Home is full of busy fingers  
Making up her Easter clothes.

— *Yale Courant.*

## TOE POLLIE CONNE.

Beshrewe me, thoughe I'me forced toe Woo  
Miss Poll, I love Her notte;  
For all She talkes of ys Wage due,  
Rente, Profit, & all thatte.

I write toe Her? Credit me, Noe!  
Toe saye soc were a Fibbe;  
The onlie Wrytinge yt I doe  
Is inne ye lytel Cribbe.

— *Dartmouth.*

ACCORDING TO THE LAST CENSUS, THERE WERE 70,000 MORE WOMEN THAN MEN IN MASSACHUSETTS.



SO THIS IS WHAT WE MAY LOOK FOR AT BOSTON ASSEMBLIES FIVE OR SIX YEARS HENCE.

#### UN BAL MASQUÉ.

A pair of flashing eyes keen glances darting  
From 'neath the ambush of a velvet screen,  
And curving lips with dimples shyly starting,  
Half hidden by the mask, yet faintly seen.

A shaded seat from prying eyes safe guarded,  
A coyish lifting upward of the mask,  
A stifled sigh my ardent look rewarded;  
The kiss I longed for I had not to ask.

My wits are made the fool of all my senses,  
Gone daft o'er witchings of a pretty mask.  
Alas for me, in spite of vain pretences,  
Forgetting it will prove no easy task.

— *Yale Record.*

Dressed in her waterproof and hood,  
As if intent on doing good,  
Goes Phyllis, modest as a nun:  
Alas, she's far from being one!

— *Advocate.*

#### DESERTED.

As now and then I pass the place  
Where oft I used to see your face  
Demurely bending o'er a book,  
With just, perchance, a sidelong look.

As I passed by,  
The window still does seem to wear  
The pleasant, sunny, cheerful air,  
That it was always wont to bear  
When you were there.

My dear.

— *Lehigh Burr.*

#### A SPRING EVENING'S IDYL.

A fond adieu, a star or two,  
Some lips with rapture meeting;  
A lover's sigh, a love-lit eye,  
A heart with fond hope beating;  
A creaking gate, an hour quite late,  
A watch-dog's hearty greeting;  
A quick advance, a pair of pants  
That sadly need reseating.

— *Dartmouth Lit.*

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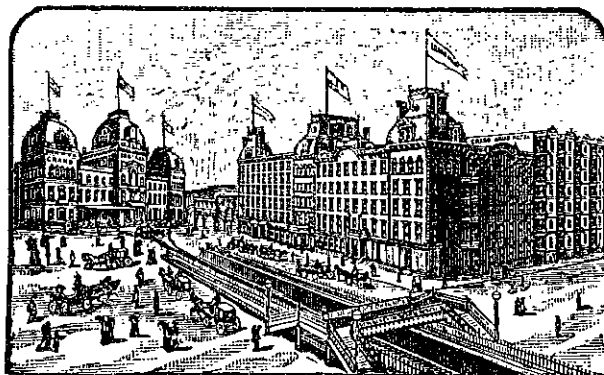
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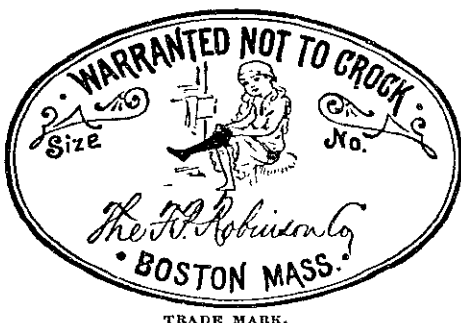
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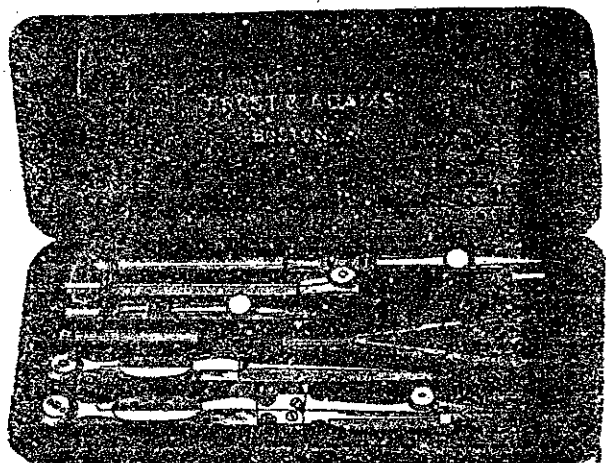
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