

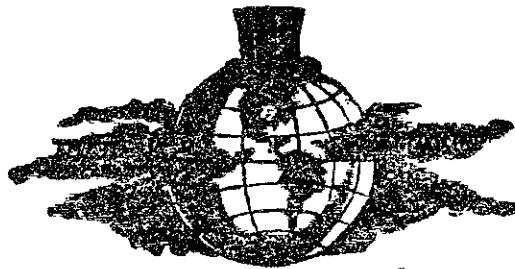
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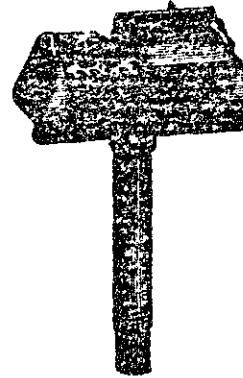
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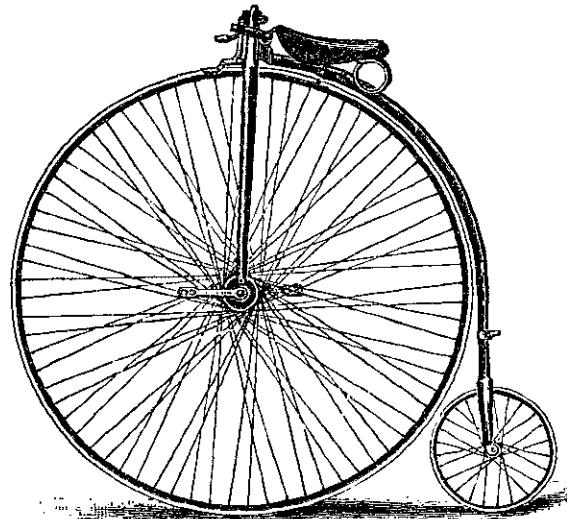
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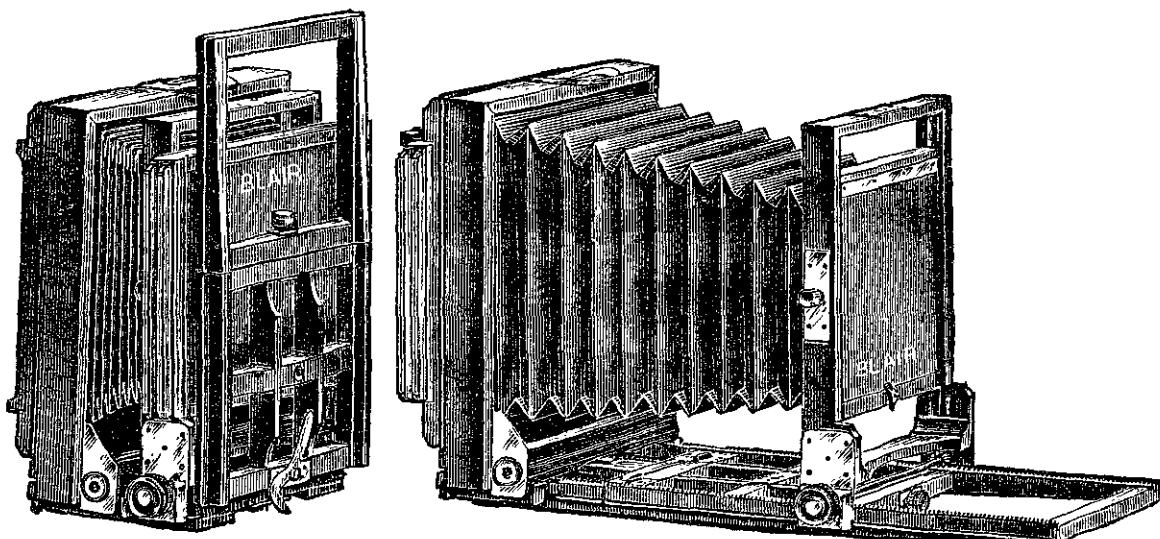
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Applicants for admission to the Institute are examined in English grammar, geography, French, arithmetic, algebra, modern history, and geometry. A fuller statement of the requirements for admission will be found in the catalogue, which will be sent,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

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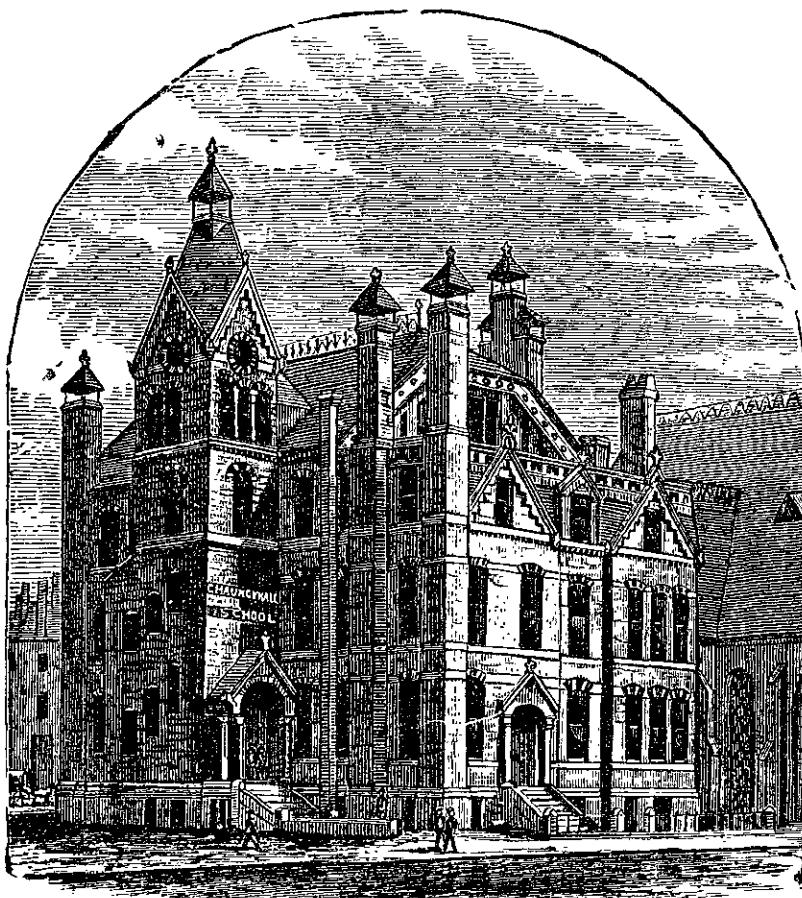
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The Tech.

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THE TECH.

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

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E have recently had it brought up rather forcibly before us in our minds that there is a general impression everywhere that the Institute is only a place of grinds and that there is nothing going on here at all but work, work, the livelong time; that many of the fellows are unable to stand the strain, and either drop out or become broken down in health; that there is no spirit here which greatly encourages athletics; and that there is no social life here at all, our acquaintances with each other, beginning and ending with the class-rooms and laboratories.

That this *may* have once been the case we will not dispute, but that it is entirely the case now, we are not willing to admit. Still, it is none the less true that in comparison with some other colleges we may perhaps be regarded as a set of grinds. Now, while it may be perhaps a pleasant reflection for some that the Institute

has this reputation, we do not think that it is the best sort of a reputation it should have. It is not well that we should have the reputation of sacrificing everything — friends, health, and enjoyment — for the possession of a knowledge which may do us no good when we get it, because we have ruined our constitution in its acquirement.

Actually we do not sacrifice all these things, and we manage to find a good deal of time in enjoyment without detriment to our studies, but this is not the reputation we have. Personally we know of several good men who have been scared away by this reputation of the Institute, and men, too, of considerable ability, but who had no idea of sacrificing everything for knowledge; and we have no doubt that there are many others. We think, therefore, that in view of this fact we should endeavor, as much as possible, to establish a new and different reputation for the Institute; not one in which we are represented as idlers, who come to college to pass away four years, or where the excesses of the students are notorious and expensive, but a good, strong, healthy reputation. Let our athletic teams be well known; let every one take an interest in athletics, and go into the sports as much as possible, not for the hope of winning, but for the desire of encouraging athletics; let every one be more interested in his class and Institute affairs, and let the social side of his character be seen more, and that of the hard student less. We venture to say that if this advice is taken, and the reputation of the Institute as a place for grinds is changed by the higher standing of our athletic teams, and the greater amount of sociality among the students, that it will be found that the Institute will have lost nothing, but gained a great deal. For it will still have its reputation as being one of the finest scientific schools in the United States,

and it will have lost its disagreeable reputation of sacrificing health and *all* pleasures in the pursuit of knowledge.

As we stated before, it is not our opinion that any large foundation for this reputation exists. No one loses his health here through overwork who would not do the same at Harvard or elsewhere, and nobody has to grind the whole time unless he wants to. But it is easy to see where this reputation comes from. We do have to work hard, and we are at the Institute a good deal. In the evenings we are scattered in our homes all over the city, and so, consequently, our opportunities for the social pleasures of the dormitory life are none at all. But we think it is rather hasty to make the conclusions mentioned from the above facts, perhaps assisted by the statements of a few grinds. Therefore, as dormitory life is impossible for us, we must make our reputation in athletics, and prove that we are not dying of over-study.

THE new Tech. *Quarterly* will make its appearance in a few days, and introduce itself to the world. We hope that it will not be necessary to urge the Techs to give it their heartiest support, for its needs must be apparent to every one, and upon the students will fall the work of first setting the paper on a firm financial footing. We trust that it will demonstrate its value for itself. There will be altogether fourteen separate articles in the first number, many of which are accompanied by explanatory cuts. Most of these articles have been contributed by various professors; and although it is not intended to exclude articles written by others, these will probably form the major part of the reading-matter in each number. All articles which are written by any of the Institute students, and which are written as the result of scientific observations or original investigations in any department, will be published, subject to the approval of the head of that department.

It has been the aim of the Board of Editors to have, as far as possible, an article from each de-

partment of science which is here represented, in order that the interest of all of the Tech. students may be drawn to it. This, it will be seen, they have accomplished in a very successful manner. Many of the papers will be of such a nature that they will be interesting to every one; independent, of course, for there will be no great technicalities to overcome, and the subject of the paper will be one of general interest.

In closing, we would say that the value of the *Quarterly* as a scientific paper will be well established, for it will be known that it is published under the supervision of the Faculty of the Institute.

WE would like to suggest to the classes of '88, '89, and '90, that the year is very nearly over now, and that it will soon be time for them to elect TECH Directors for the next year. The reason for our making this suggestion is, that last year the classes of '88 and '89 put off making the election until it was so late that it was found impossible to get a quorum of either class at a meeting. Thus it was impossible for either the Board of Directors or the Board of Editors to organize for the ensuing year, and this had to be put off until the next fall. This delay in effecting organization delayed the first issue of THE TECH two weeks, and has made the work of the Board of Editors more onerous, by throwing an issue of THE TECH right into the middle of the last week of the Annuals. Every TECH man will agree that these are enough for any one to give his whole attention to at the time, and leave no time for anything else. Therefore it is hoped that all three classes will not fail to appoint their men to the Directorial Board some time before the issue of the last number of THE TECH, so that the two new boards may be announced in that number. The work then being laid out for the next year in advance, everything will run along smoothly in the fall, and there will be no delay in issuing the first number of THE TECH, nor will there be anything onerous to the editors in the publication of the last number.

HERE is one thing we would like to mention, although we hope that it will only be a thing of the past by the time of publication of this editorial; this is, the ball-practice that goes on between hours on the tennis-grounds. We think that this is a thing which every one should unite in stopping. The grounds were given us by the Faculty for the sole purpose of tennis; and it was expressly stipulated by them when the grounds were given, that there was to be no walking across between the buildings for a short cut, and that no one not a member of the Tennis Association should be allowed on the grounds. As the Tennis Association is responsible for all broken windows, if this abuse of the grounds is not stopped, it will soon find itself paying for windows which were not broken by any of its members, or even by a tennis-ball.

itself points that things are not as they should be, and there seems to be no remedy but the appointment of some one to maintain order and look after the library.

HERE is nothing more discouraging, nothing more deadening to all desire for mastery of a subject, than the feeling that the lessons embrace more than could be properly read in three times the allotted time. The principle of "hopefulness in labor" applies not alone to coal-heavers and potato-diggers.

ALTHOUGH our Senior Ball this year may well be remembered as the most delightful social event of its kind yet recorded in our annals, there is one serious course for complaint in connection with it. The three lower classes did not support it as they should, and in spite of the energy of the management, not enough tickets were taken to make it a financial success. This custom is one of the few peculiar to the Institute, and one which for many reasons it would be an error to drop. No one can question the popularity of our present Senior Class, and it is especially surprising that in this case the lower classmen were so backward in their support. The unusually large number of Seniors present showed that they fully appreciated the courtesy of those to whom they owed their pleasure, but they were sorry that they could not show their gratitude to a larger circle.

WE take great pleasure in presenting the readers of THE TECH, with this number a phototype of our victorious tug-of-war team, which pulled the Harvard University tug-team $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. For the benefit of those not acquainted with the members of our tug-of-war team, we give their names below, the names occupying the same relative positions as the men in the phototype.

IT is to be hoped that something will be done next year to furnish the students of the Institute with a quiet reading-room. The room in Rogers, originally meant for this purpose, is now changed into a resort for Freshmen, where continual rows are taking place, and which is chiefly used as a lunch-room. Most of the upper classmen have reading-rooms, which they can use, which are connected with their several departments, and so the absolute need of a quiet sitting-room is not so urgently felt. In the autumn and spring months the men are mostly out of doors; but during the winter, when our spare time cannot be spent on the tennis courts, the desire for a reading-room, which all courses can use in common, and which shall be easily accessible to every one, is almost universal. The present reading-room is barely worthy of the name. If any one goes in there to study, he is almost instantly driven out by a row of some sort, and he is lucky if his departure is not accelerated by his being hit by some article of food, which is the common missile of warfare employed. Last term there were no less than a dozen and a half chairs destroyed or injured in some way. This fact in

R. M. Clement, '88. H. G. Gross, '88.
F. L. Pierce, '89. P. H. Tracy, '90.

The Race of the Dead Men.

WHEN I was at home in the vacation after our last semi-annual examinations, I met there, visiting my father, a gentleman whose name I had often heard spoken of in connection with Arctic explorations, and whose reputation as a man of science and letters was no mean one. I found that he was as pleasant and interesting a man to talk with and listen to, as I had been led to think from reading many of his books, which I had eagerly devoured, for I had always been an enthusiast on Arctic matters. He had been on the ill-fated Polaris expedition of several years ago, and had an inexhaustible fund of stories of adventures which he had passed through. Naturally, as I was greatly interested in all such matters, I was with him constantly, and was continually on the lookout for anything which would lead him to relate some untold experience about Arctic matters. In the evenings, after dinner, we used to sit around the wood fire in the library, with no other light but that thrown out by the burning logs, and smoke our pipes and talk. My father was as much interested in Arctic matters as myself, and it was at these times that we would have our most interesting conversations, and that the most thrilling tales of adventure were told. One of the stories which Mr. H— told us, although not remarkable as an adventure, yet greatly impressed me at the time with its terrible, thrilling weirdness; and, indeed, I can hardly now think of it without a shudder passing through me.

Without, it was a horrible night; the wind howled mournfully around the many corners and gables of our old-fashioned house, and whistled wildly down the chimney. Within, our room wore an especial air of comfort. The curtains hung in warm width in the windows, and although the air outside was nipping cold, we did not feel it in-doors; for a genial warmth pervaded the whole room, emanating from the broad-backed chimney-place, where a huge wood fire was burning, which every now and then crackled like Fourth of July fire crackers, sending bright showers of sparks up the chimney. A kettle hung from a crane in one of the crack-

ling corners, singing a song through its nose, and the most minute objects of furniture assumed an air of comfort and homeliness.

Around the fire sat Mr. H—, my father, and myself. Mr. H— was talking,—but I will try and put the story in his own words.

“During the month of October, eighteen hundred and seventy-two, I was in latitude $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$ N., and longitude $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ W., to the southward of Cape Nikolai, on the western shore of Boothia. Pretty high up, this was, among the frozen regions. The weather was rather tight, for it froze the thermometer down to 42° below freezing point. Brandy froze in my throat, and it tasted like iced ice. Do you know what those degrees I have just mentioned mean? No? Why, nothing more nor less than this, the North Magnetic Pole! I had arrived in this interesting region of ice and snow in a Nantucket brig, owned by Captain Tom Thomas, and likewise commanded by him. She was a whaler, and so was he, and I was gastronomer, astronomer, historian, and scenic-sketcher to the expedition. Captain Ross had taken possession of the magnetic pole before us, but had left neither garrison nor provisions in his round-house; so we had to subsist on frozen walrusses, boiled porpoises and ship-stores, which, by the way, I was getting heartily tired of. As you know, a mighty sea washes this realm of polarity, usually crowded, like a Broadway omnibus, by ribbed mountains of ice, rolling, and grinding, and surging over each other, and trying to get a good seat, so as to be able to get out at the earliest convenience, without the slightest regard to the rights or comfort of their neighbors. After we had fished around there a little, and caught as much, Captain Tom Thomas made up his half-frozen mind to steer homeward; and so out we ran before a cracking breeze, breaking our path through acres of ice, that thundered like the batteries of Lord Wellington, when he fought his great fight against a greater man than himself, on the field of Waterloo. On we went before the breeze, day and night, night and day,—for it was all about the same thing; and all the time I kept wondering when that lump of brandy would

melt in my throat, and also when Captain Tom Thomas, of Nantucket, would arrive in that comparatively warm and sunny spot. One night, when the aurora borealis was showing brightly in the sky, and a fine, strong wind was blowing, I saw a sight that made me start with horror, and up jumped my heart from my furred waist-coat pocket into my throat, and seized the lump of brandy by the bottom, and pulled it down to sunnier regions.

The captain, the helmsman, and I were the only men on deck aft. Nearly every one was below, trying to unfreeze themselves among the icicles of the cabin — icicles that their own breaths had formed all around the place — a sort of grotto of Antiparos, without its warmth and its little lake of water with fishes floating in its depths, and summer air blowing through its portals. It was a lonely night, and a savage one. Here we growl if the wind unwraps our cloaks from around our bodies and exposes our shivering persons to a current of air that could hardly freeze a bucket of water in two hours. There, the very sky seemed one dark mass of ice, over which, in vain, the blazing borealis flashed its "red artillery." A wind — I wondered how it could move in that frozen atmosphere — came hissing over the crested billows of the black ocean, chasing us out of that realm where even the whale dared not lift his miniature waterspout, and bulging out our stiffened canvas as full and hard as if it were not frozen almost into a board. No earth, except that which lay numberless fathoms away down beneath us; no pleasant sound of home of ours or other peoples'; no city lights to speak a starry welcome to the shelter of the harbor, — but grim, silent, save the wind and the swashing billow; silent, unutterably still; a void, lifeless, deathless, but all mysterious and silently awful; an eternity of nothingness, save again the wind and the billow, and the phantom ship that haunted the depth of the deep wofulness of the scene! My God! what a night it was, and what a sight I saw!

Believe me or not, as you please, but there it

was; and even now I have to rub my eyes and pinch myself to bring me out of that dream of a reality, to convince myself that I did not die that night, and that I am not now a frozen corpse, whom the fires of that great pit prepared for the unrighteous cannot even melt.

Two huge icebergs broke out of a seething mist they themselves had made, as they turned in a new current of the tempest, and came driving madly after us. I was standing at the stern near the helmsman, and had lashed myself fast with a rope. There was one berg on each quarter. The fires of Boreas lit them up, and they gleamed in the spangled spectrality like phantoms of planets loosened from the skies, or from Pandemonium. On they came with the wind and the waves, gleaming from their high pinnacles; and now and then a shout arose from their dark crevices that pierced the air and sent a shudder to my heart, already quaking with a new and supernatural terror. The captain had by this time become aware of their proximity, and had already hurried to the gangway, to call the men up; but before he did so he came to where I was standing, and without uttering a word to each other, we stood and gazed upon the weird and awful spectacle.

Weird and awful in all the elements of grandeur and terror, I saw now, and so did our hardy and experienced captain, that there was no danger to the ship, for these two phantom masses of ice kept diverging from our sides, widening the distance between themselves, and assuring us that without some sudden and not probable change of the wind, they would not crush us in their mad career. But it was not the danger that impressed us now; that idea was secondary. The bergs had not caught up with us, but they were near us, and we could see the torrents from their sides as they struck head foremost into the opposing flood; and wild and shrill came the cries from their lit tops, and loud and thunder-like the bellowing moans from their dark dales and caverns.

"Jehovah in Heaven!" cried Captain Thomas. "What is that on the point of that nearest iceberg?"

"Father of Mercy!" I exclaimed. "Captain, look! look! what is that crouching away up near the top of the other?"

A shriek at this instant burst from both pinnacles; the sea lashed furiously about their base, and seemed to lick upward with a greedy fury. The light of the northern fires spread white and lurid over the leaden vault that seemed a lid to a huge coffin, and as true as I am talking to you now, we saw distinctly two human beings on these desolate masses.

One stood stiff on the highest pinnacle of the berg to our left; and the other, with outstretched arm, crouched beneath a projecting ledge of ice on the other, to the right. They were dead—frozen dead, and frozen to the mass that bore them through the sea and the storm, and they were guiding their battle-steeds of tempest out from the northern pole to what goal God only knew.

Onward they went, and we could distinctly see their gaze turned towards the distant voids, while over their hair and beard clustered the hoar-frost of the hurricane, giving them the appearance of great age. Upon their mad chargers they stood transfixed, and all through that night of horror they kept us company, now and then drawing nearer to us; and as the one approached us on which sat the man with his arm outstretched, the wild night-wind blowing over the summit seemed to come from his open mouth, and warn us from the track. The other stood with his hands clenched, but separated, and he seemed to be intent upon the contest in which he was engaged; for his face, by some accident, was turned toward his corpse-companion, as if watching each movement that he made, that he might benefit by it.

Gradually the bergs drifted farther away from us, and when morning dawned they had driven out of sight."

w.

Instructor in English: Can you tell me, Mr. Luffy, what it was the Buddhists strove after?

Mr. Luffy: Yes, sir; immortality.

After a prolonged silence the recitation proceeded.

A Bee Tree.

SOME few years ago a strong friendship existed between two youths of nearly the same age, one of whom lived in a city lying on the Pacific coast, while the other dwelt on what might be called a farm, lying several miles from the city. The place might rather be called a logging camp, for all the farming that was done was incidental. Though of very different temperaments, the boys showed a great similarity in their pursuits; neither was over fond of books, or the restraints necessary to civilization, while both possessed a great liking for the gun and the rod, and no distance was too great for them to walk, nor colt too wild to ride. Every Friday night, or the evening before a holiday, found the two friends together on the farm, planning an expedition for the morrow. While the cows were being milked, the calves attended to, and the wood chopped, the different regions most likely to bring success were thoroughly discussed and decided upon. As the evening stole on, and the work of the day was over, the guns or fishing-poles were inspected and made ready, while an inviting lunch was stowed away in the capacious game-bag, to tide them over the exertions of the following day. The cottage on the property was a cozy building of a story and a half, with its roof and corners overrun with ivy, one side of the house being hid by grapevines, which bore in their season large purple cones of tempting Isbellas. Behind the house was the orchard, and in front the garden lay, with its luxuriant growth of flowers, most conspicuous among which was a rhododendron, at least twelve feet in height, and covered during May and June with gorgeous clusters of pink blossoms. The gate opened into the corral, in whose center stood a great wooden pump, and the two troughs, fed by it, hewn from pine logs. On the farther side of the corral was the immense barn, the receptacle of almost everything, and shaded by a redwood-tree shaped much like an umbrella. The barn was approached on two sides by the calf-pasture, and at its lower end stood a stagnant pool,

whose batrachian occupants croaked nightly their request for rain.

The nights were startling to one unaccustomed to such, for the deep silence would be broken at times by the soft tinkling of the cow-bells, as their owners peacefully chewed the nourishing cud. Then, with frightful clearness, the doleful hoots of the owls perched in neighboring trees would come to the ears, interrupted frequently by a sullen croak of a frog, followed by a whole chorus. The effect was weird indeed, and it was difficult to reconcile the sounds of content, sorrow, and harsh clamor. These ceased with the morning light, and as the boys hastened through the corral to their work of destruction, there seemed nothing strange about the place.

The region round about had been logged on for many years, and the dense forests of former times, free from undergrowth, had been changed to a district covered with low trees and ferns, and traversed by grass-grown roads. Numerous stumps told of the magnificent trees that once had flourished there, and the only trees that remained standing were spared because of small size or marked decay. The groves of alders, elderberry-trees, and dogwoods were the favorite haunts of flocks of wild pigeons in the early summer, while in the cross-roads and cleared spots rabbits could be seen, morning and evening, hopping about, or raised up on their hind-legs watching for foes. Within a few miles of the house there was a beautiful stream, abounding in the spring with trout of large size and uncommon voracity, and in the winter with great flocks of mallard and teal. In all the country the quail were very plentiful, and a poor shot was he who could not bag a score in a day.

One spring morning, as the boys were abroad, they observed a great many bees among the flowers; but they were at a loss to know where they came from, for there were no tame bees in the neighborhood. The day was such as to awaken all life. The warm rains that had previously fallen had started the buds on the trees and shrubs, and the warmth of this day had brought them all out in perfection. The fruit-

trees were masses of white and pink, rivaling their undomesticated brother plants; but these, nevertheless, were plentifully blessed with bright-colored promises of a bountiful future.

The bees all seemed to come and go from the same direction, and a careful search, guided by this fact, led the boys to a large redwood-tree, forking at a height of about fifty feet. At the crotch, dark objects could be seen entering and leaving the tree, and the hive was indeed found. It was well-nigh useless to chop the tree down at that time of the year, for there was probably no great amount of honey as yet stored up

With zealous care the boys guarded their tree all through the summer, while the bees worked on, searching far and wide for honey to fill their comb, quite unconscious of the sad fate soon to overtake them. As the late fall approached, the axes with double edges were sharpened up from time to time, and on the fatal day they gleamed forth viciously from the shoulders of the youthful choppers. A staging was rigged on the tree, a few feet from the ground in order to get at the softer wood as well as to lessen the distance to be cut through. With eager might the boys cut at the tough bark, and shortly the white sap of the tree was exposed. The white rim was cut through, and by noon the tree was well cut into. The afternoon found the boys tired and with blistered hands, but undaunted by such trifles they resumed their work, and were rewarded, finally, by seeing the tree fall headlong to the ground.

Angry at their sudden disturbance the bees swarmed out of the tree in droves, intent on vengeance, and ready to fight all intruders. The mosquito-netting and gloves the boys had brought along now proved of service, and protected by these, the robbers were able to approach the forks of the tree and chop into the trunk there. The shell of bark and wood about the hollow was quite thin, and a few strokes of the axe sufficed to reveal the coveted prize. The cavity proved to be about three feet deep, and as much as two feet in diameter, and it was almost completely filled with fine honey. The boys pulled out layer after layer, and heaped

up the buckets they had brought with them. Though the bees had been crawling over them, and humming noisily about their heads, they had not yet been stung, and were congratulating themselves on the fact as they retired to a distance to eat a few choice bits of comb they had secured. But they were not yet out of the woods, for hardly had they finished speaking when one of them raised a yell, and involuntarily hurled his honey from him. He had been stung on the lip by a half-drowned bee just as he was taking a bite of the honey. His ludicrous antics excited the laughter of his companion; but this was not for long, for another bee, half-drowned in the honey the latter had in hand, stung him as he unconsciously moved his fingers over the comb. Each received another sting before the two left the tree, as night came on; but these were forgotten in the congratulations they received for their success, for they had brought to the house six buckets full of the finest imaginable honey.

The fallen redwood lies covered now with fern and brambles, and is passed unnoticed, except for its crop of berries, by all save two; while the chipmunks sit perched upon it and crack their nuts, all unknowing of the motive that furnished them this home.

Another Letter from Sniggins.

WAYBACK, ME., April 4, 1887.

To the Editors of THE TECH:—

Since my last letter I have taken up something new. I have been traveling about Maine starring with a variety show, my "Adonis Act" has been the principal feature.

When we arrived in Portland I was dead broke, and the first night we played, the audience declared me a *skin* and hissed me off the stage; so I resigned from the company, much to the sorrow of the manager, (Mr. Sam Small) and started home on some money I borrowed from one of the company. I took a few weeks vacation, and now—what do you think I have done? You won't believe it when I tell you! Well, the

young (?) lady who taught the district school got mashed on Sol. Smith's son. I don't see what she saw in him, but then these school teachers are so queer you never know what they will do next, he is ten years younger than she is. Well, one night she lit out and eloped with Jeremiah, that is his name; and so the next day when the kids got to school she was not there, and there was a high old time I can tell you. Old Sol he started in pursuit with his old one-hoss chaise and his inevitable blunderbuss and followed them as far as Mudville where he lost all traces of them in the mud which was a foot deep.

Old Sol come back discouraged and the school trustees began looking around for some one to take Mrs. Smith's (*née* Bagstock) place.

They hunted all around the town and put an advertisement in the *County Chronicle* but they could not get any one. Finally my uncle had an idea, I told him to lock it up, but he wouldn't. He called a meeting of the trustees and said, "my nevy there, why couldn't he teach? He got through the Technology in only four months, he ought to be a good one," they all agreed with him so he came to me the next day and suggested it to me. I didn't want to at first, I was afraid of my eyes—you know how they used to trouble me—but finally he said we will give you two dollars and a half a week and board, (that is fine wages for a place like this) and so I thought I might get some money for the next year when I come back and took the job. Monday we began, I tell you they are a fine lot; I had to teach Arithmetic as far as Fractions, Geography, Spelling, Writing, Reading, History and English. English is my specialty, as you may have heard. I believe I got an FF at the semies, but I may be mistaken.

I hunted up my cribs and note-books that I used down at the Tech., and also those "Themes" and started in. In two or three days I gave it out that the boys in the first English class must hand in a composition in two weeks from the next Wednesday. They all looked very tired the way *we* used to; but said they would try. I told them to choose their own subjects.

When the day came they all handed in their papers. Little Johnny Smith, Jeremiah's brother, seemed to be very happy, so I read his first. It almost finished me, but I managed to get through it; here it is:—

ROCKETS!

Rockets are not stars but they want to be. They are all light except what is noise. They go up in a hurry and * * * they come down. They burst. * * * There was once a frog that wanted to be an ox, and he arose and *laid himself open to remark*. He was a rocket. * * * Little boys like rockets and kites and red balloons, but rockets are best. * * * When little Susan wants to play cat's-cradle and there is another cradle in the house, her mother makes her *rock it*. Fourth of July is better than Thanksgiving if you've a barrel that is hollow, because that's easier to fill than some appetites. If you see a squirrel on a fence, or a bird on a bough, or a cloud in the horizon, why, *rock it!*

I'd rather be a little boy that's got his match than one that hasn't. Ah-O-Seek-it-rocket. Ideas are sometimes fireworks. They go up to the clouds. Then they come down. They burst. * * *

What do you think of that, isn't it a stunner? That last sentence nearly finished me, that is just what my ideas used to do. Well, I gave him an H and have not had them write any more compositions since, I could not stand the pressure.

I thought you were going to have a nine at the Tech. Why don't you brace up, if you get one up let me know and I will send down fifty cents to help support it? By the way, we have got a nine in Wayback, and we are dandys, wouldn't you like to play us? Give my love to all the boys and also to "she." If you want to play us, address yours,

J. SNIGGINS, '90,
Business Manager and Captain, W. B. B. C.

Noticeable Articles.

VACATION is so near that vacation subjects are in order. "Study or experiment," says Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, in the *Contemporary* for April, "to some rare natures, are the unbroken pastime of a life;" but he thinks common folks need play, and even more than play—they need excitement and adventure to give them a sense of life. "Play," he says, "in its wide sense, as the artificial induction of sensation, including all games and all arts, will, indeed, go far

to keep him conscious of himself;" and a little spice of even dangerous adventure is better than "lying in a box with cotton, safe, but immeasurably dull." He thinks that if Mr. Mallock had been in the habit of being shot at by his neighbors, or if, on his way to his publisher's, he had had to run the risk of being pinned to the wall with javelins, it never would have occurred to him to write his famous paper, "Is Life Worth Living?" We hope there is no need of such extreme measures, but it is safe to say that all of us, instructors and pupils alike, after eight months of solid grind, would be glad of a little of what Mr. Stevenson denominates "the aleatory." Mr. Stevenson cannot write ill on any subject, but we do not think his speculations on politics are half so good as his stories; and we recommend all our readers to equip themselves for vacation by investing two dimes in the number of the Franklin Square Library which contains three of his best, "Kidnapped," "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which was a very weird and strange case indeed, and moreover is a true parable, and, above all, "Treasure Island."

Even nonsense is in order in vacation—and vacation is coming! So we recommend the article in *The Spectator* for April 9th on "Word-Twisting and Nonsense." We are very partial to nonsense, provided it is good, unadulterated nonsense. We admire—as who does not?—"Alice in Wonderland," and are very proud of having once lived in England next door to its author's five sisters; though we never could reconcile it with the fitness of things that its author should, of all things in the world, be a *mathematician*. And Edward Lear's "Book of Nonsense" holds an honored place on our shelves. It is quite as good in its way as his beautiful Italian sketches, and he was a true artist. His nonsense-botany is capital vacation botany. It reminds us of the young lady who said she never could learn botany on account of the hard names. The only two she could remember were aurora-borealis and delirium tremens. We never saw the "History of the Four Little Children Who Went Round the World," and we are sure the readers of THE TECH will be glad to see the extract the *Spectator* man makes from their adventures among the Happy Blue-Bottle-Flies: "At this time an elderly fly said it was the hour for the evening-song to be sung; and on a signal being given, all the Blue-Bottle-Flies began to buzz at once, in a sumptuous and sonorous manner, the melodious and mucilaginous sounds echoing all

over the waters, and resounding across the tumultuous tops of the transitory Titmice upon the intervening and verdant mountains, with a serene and sickly suavity only known to the truly virtuous. The moon was shining slobaciously from the star-besprinkled sky, while her light irrigated the smooth and shiny sides, and wings, and backs of the Blue-Bottle-Flies with a peculiar and trivial splendor, and all nature cheerfully responded to the cerulean and conspicuous circumstances."

Mr. Lear was once accused of having a hidden meaning in his delightful little books ; but he indignantly denies that he had any meaning at all.

The Spectator has got hold of an extraordinary "Word-twister." He seems to be a clergyman. "My brethren,"—so ran one of his most startling announcements,—"we all know what it is to have a half-warmed fish [half-formed wish] in our hearts." He has been known to speak of "Kinguering congs," and on one occasion, addressing himself to a gentleman who had intruded on his seat in church he politely remarked, "Pardon me, sir, but I think you are occupewing my pie."

We can only say in conclusion, that there are a great many good articles in the April magazines, whose only defect is that they are serious. The one that will perhaps be most attractive is entitled, "Athletes of the Present and Past," in the Nineteenth Century.

W. P. A.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

To the Editors of THE TECH :—

I was very much interested in the editorial about salaried officers in the last TECH, but it seemed to me that the editorial made a rather one-sided statement of the case. I do not wish to be understood as advocating salaries, but I do think that there should not be such a wholesale denunciation of them as appeared in your editorial. It seems to me in the first place that where the mistake was made by the Co-operative Society, was in the calling of the remuneration to be received a salary. I do not think they ought to get a *salary*; but would not their work be better if they knew that they received a certain *percentage* for every tradesman

added to the list, or for every increase in the amount of discount to be given the Society. It seems to me that it would, for now there is no particular incentive for the president of the Co-op. to go around town trying to get new and more advantageous discounts. He will get just as much honor from his position if he does not go to all this trouble. It is greatly to the credit of the retiring president of the Co-op. that, he has been so energetic and untiring in his efforts. Yet I do not believe that there are more than half a dozen men in the Institute who appreciate what he has done, or even know anything about it. It must not be overlooked, either, that the Co-op. is purely and solely a money-making institution, and nothing else.

Although you stated in your editorial that THE TECH is not run for money, that is true, I believe, only so far as the directorial and editorial boards are concerned. Their work is considered a sufficient honor, so that no remuneration is needed. But the directors, nevertheless, appreciate that the giving a percentage increases a man's efforts, and consequently you find that the advertising agent, though not a *salaried* officer, gets a considerable sum of money each year for his efforts, the amount of it entirely depending on his own activity and business ability.

As I have said, the honor of the position of editor is supposed to be a sufficient remuneration. But I notice that there seems to be a great lack of enthusiasm in trying for positions on the editorial board. According to your own account this is not the case with a great many other college papers, which have more material to choose from than they can possibly use. I think that a great part of the reason why this is so, is due to the fact that it is known that any money which may be made by the paper is divided up among the editors at the end of the year. I do not think that the men try to get on for the mere sake of the money, but that the honor of the position alone, is not sufficient to tempt men to give up a certain portion of their time to extra work, and perhaps take this time away from their studies. Now, I would not advocate any such division of the money on THE TECH, but I think that if the Board of Directors were to offer a number of money prizes for articles, and not exclude the board of editors from the competition, that there would spring up a brisk competition for places on the board which could not fail to benefit THE TECH.

Technology vs. Harvard.

THE nine inaugurated their series, April 13th, by a game at Cambridge. Under the disadvantages of playing the first game and a lame arm for our pitcher, they did not do so well as might have been expected. The batting was better than usual. In the second inning we had a splendid chance to score, as we succeeded in getting one man on third and one on second with none out. Unfortunately the next man struck out, and then two flies were caught. Clement's catching was much applauded.

*The score:—

HARVARD.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wiestling, s.s.	4	2	3	1	0	1	0
Campbell, c.f.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0
Foster, 1.f.	3	1	1	1	2	0	0
Henshaw, c.	3	2	1	0	6	3	1
Willard, 1b.	2	1	1	0	3	0	1
Boyden, p.	2	1	1	0	0	7	3
Loud, c.f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	1
Mumford, 2b.	3	1	1	2	3	0	1
Holden, 3b.	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	27	8	9	4	15	12	7

TECHNOLOGY.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Duane, 1b.	3	0	0	0	2	1	2
Edgerton, 2b.	3	0	1	0	1	0	0
Ayer, 3b.	2	0	1	1	2	0	0
Smith, p.	2	0	1	1	1	5	2
Clement, c.	1	0	0	0	7	2	2
Kimball, r.f.	2	0	1	0	0	1	0
Stone, 1.f.	1	0	0	1	1	0	3
Moore, c.f.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wood, s.s.	2	0	0	0	0	0	2
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	18	0	4	3	14	9	11

Two-base hits—Campbell, Kimball. Three-base hit—Henshaw. First base on balls—(name of player) Boyden, Willard, Stone, Clement. First base on errors—Harvard, 9; Tech, 3. Left on bases—Harvard, 5; Tech, 5. Struck out—(name of player) Moore, 2; Wood, Ayer, Edgerton, Smith, Campbell, Mumford. Passed balls—Clement, 2; Henshaw, 1. Time, 1 hour 55 minutes. Umpire, Allen.

*Base on balls in this score is not counted a base-hit.

W. T. I. vs. Technology.

THE nine played their second game on April 23d with the Worcester Techs, on the Union Grounds, and were badly defeated. The batting of the nine was miserable. The fielding throughout the game was excellent, except in the seventh inning, when Clement made some wild throws. Our run was made in the first inning. The Worcester Techs were shut out until the fourth, when they made one run. In the seventh they piled up five unearned runs, and made two more in the ninth on a questionable decision of the umpire. The Worcester battery and first baseman did all the work. Carleton pitched well for us, considering his lack of practice.

The score:—

WORCESTER TECHS.

	A.B.	R.	B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Allen, 1b.	5	1	1	1	8	0	1
Lancaster, p.	5	1	2	2	1	14	0
Walbridge, c.	5	3	2	3	13	3	4
Grimes, c.f.	5	1	3	3	0	0	0
Clifford, 3b.	5	0	1	2	3	2	0
Fish, 1.f.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cook, r.f.	5	1	1	0	0	1	0
Fairbanks, 2b.	4	1	2	0	1	1	1
Hartwell, s.s.	4	0	0	1	1	3	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	43	8	12	12	27	24	6

TECHNOLOGY.

	A.B.	R.	B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stone, c.f.	4	1	1	2	0	0	0
Ayer, 3b.	4	0	0	1	1	4	0
Smith, 2b.	4	0	2	1	3	1	1
Kimball, r.f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Clement, c.	4	0	1	2	10	0	7
Carleton, p.	4	0	1	1	0	10	1
Kendricken, 1.f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	2
Duane, 1b.	3	0	1	2	10	0	1
Wood, s.s.	3	0	0	0	2	3	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	34	1	7	10	27	18	13

Earned runs—Worcester Techs, 1; Boston Techs, 1. Two-base hit—Walbridge. First base on balls—Stone, 1; Smith, 2; Kimball, 1; Clement, 1; Carleton, 1; Lancaster, 2; Cook, 1. First base on errors—Technology, 4; Worcesters, 4. Struck out—Stone, Ayer (2), Smith, Kimball (2), Clement, Carleton (2), Kendricken (2), Duane, Allen, Grimes, Fish (2), Cook (2). Double plays—Clifford and Fairbanks. Passed balls—Walbridge, 2; Clement, 2. Time, 2 hours 30 minutes. Umpire, Holland.



Spring tennis assessments are now due.

Arthur Amory, formerly '89, is stroking the Harvard Freshman crew.

The first number of the *Quarterly* is expected to appear next week.

The annual dinner of the K₂S took place April 18th, at the Tremont House.

Charles H. Atkinson, '87, has returned from the Bermudas, and will shortly sail for Europe.

F. W. Hobbs, '89, has been elected Treasurer of THE TECH in place of W. L. Dearborn, resigned.

The season of the Harvard Assemblies has ended, much to the sorrow of several Technology men.

Dr. Dewey lectured to the Junior class in Political Economy during the absence of President Walker.

President Walker attended the meeting of the American Academy of Sciences held in Washington last week.

Professor Hadley gives his last lecture before the Civils and Generals next week. It will be upon the Interstate Commerce act.

The Hammer and Tongs Club recently dined at the Hotel Vendome. Messrs. Dearborn and W. L. Harris were guests at the dinner.

The architectural and Laboratory nines played a game of ball last Thursday, which resulted in a tie, both sides getting 13 runs.

The nine seem to be batting no better this year than usual. If they do not brace up we are afraid that they will be called the Bijous again.

The photographic exhibition closes Saturday. It was held too late to be noticed in this TECH, and the account of it will appear in the next number.

William S. Hadaway has been elected orator for '87's Class Day, and George O. Draper has been appointed to deliver an original ode on that day.

Many of the Civils look as if they had been yachting, but they haven't; the burning comes from surveys made across snowy fields last week.

The 2 G Society held its annual dinner at the Hotel Victoria, last week, and entertained as its guests, Professors Richards, Drown, and Messrs Clark, Howe, and Hofman.

At the Columbia Centennial celebration President Walker received the degree of LL.D., and Rev. Phillips Brooks of Trinity Church received the degree of D.D.

The Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard gave three successful performances of the original burlesque, "The Talisman; or, the Monk, the Maid, and the Minstrel," at Horticultural Hall last week.

"Evangeline," the college favorite, will be put upon the stage at the Hollis Street in May for a run. A Columbia man attended sixty performances during the New York run of the burlesque.

Any one desiring to get at the true inwardness of the joke in the story of the Pecos Ghost, published in our last number, will find the same by spelling the name of the Mexican god backward.

It is said that there will be eleven Exeter men in '91, among whom will be three or four good athletes, including Knowles, the foot-ball player and tug-of-war man, and Duncan and Dillon, good gymnasium athletes.

The executive committee of the Athletic Club has made another reconsideration, and has determined to hold a spring meeting on the Lynn grounds, May 7th, in connection with the meeting of the Technology Cycling Club.

Some students have been playing ball on the tennis grounds. This should be stopped, as they cut up the turf with their heels. The wire netting will improve the grounds immensely, and should keep people off them.

Timothy W. Sprague, '87, recently had a narrow escape from being seriously injured. His hand was caught in one of the rolls used for crushing ore, and before it could be stopped the thumb and two fingers were badly crushed.

The '89 *Technique* board has organized by electing John Lawrence Mauran editor-in-chief, A. W. LaRose advertising agent, and R. L. Russell business manager. Some zealous members of the board have begun collecting grinds already.

The dates of base-ball games for the remainder of the term are as follows: Saturday, April 30th, Worcester Techs, at Worcester; Wednesday, May 4th, Tufts, at College Hill; Saturday, May 7th, Brown, at Boston; Wednesday, May 11th, Tufts, at Boston.

We have been informed since our last issue that we made a mistake in saying that '89 inaugurated the method of choosing *Technique* editors by a special committee elected for that purpose. Our informant tells us, on the best of authority, that '87 inaugurated this custom when she inaugurated *Technique*.

Entrance examinations for the Institute will be held this year on June 2d and 3d, simultaneously in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Montreal, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Washington, Nashville, St. Paul, Atlanta and Pittsburgh. Those in New York, Philadelphia, and Montreal will be held under the direction of members of the Faculty.

The Athletic Club, in connection with the Bicycle Club, will hold a Record-Breaking Meeting on the grounds of the Lynn Cycle Track Association, the afternoon of May 7th. Our existing records in track athletics are very poor compared with our others, and it is hoped that several of them will be broken. The track at Lynn is the finest in this vicinity, and there should be no reason why a successful meeting

should not be assured. The Bicycle Club will manage everything in connection with the Wheel races, and they are confident of breaking the College record for two miles. With such a prospect, there should be no lack of interest. When our next *Technique* comes out, our table of records may compare better with that of the Intercollegiate.

An important meeting of the Cycling Club was held on Wednesday, April 20th, at which it was decided to hold, in connection with the Athletic Club, a Record-Breaking Meeting in Lynn on the afternoon of May 7th. There will be three events: two mile for Tech. record; one mile for club record; and three mile handicap race. The present intercollegiate record for the two mile bicycle race is 6 min. 17 sec., and the Tech. record is 7 min. 55 sec. This latter was made under very unfavorable circumstances, and there is no doubt but that it will be broken, and it is very probable that the college record will also be lowered. In order that this may be accomplished, it is necessary that as many wheelmen should enter as possible; and if sufficient class interest is aroused, there will be added a race for the class championship. The Athletic Club will also hold its spring outdoor meeting the same day, and in this the usual outdoor games will be contested for.

The social festivities of the year culminated last Friday night, in the Senior Ball, which was the most enjoyable event of the season. The ball this year merited its name, for a very large proportion of the Senior Class accepted the courtesies tendered them by the under classes. It was not as in many former years, when the Seniors have been conspicuous by their absence. Odd Fellows Hall was enlivened by a hundred couples merrily dancing to the music by J. Howard Richardson's orchestra until early in the morning. The matrons were Mrs. Francis A. Walker, Mrs. Thomas M. Drown, and Mrs. Silas W. Holman. The great success of this brilliant social event was due largely to the efforts of the floor-manager, T. W. Sprague, '87,

and of the Senior Ball Committee, consisting of L. A. Ferguson, '88; Richard Devens, '88; A. T. Bradlee, '88; James P. Gilbert, '89; A. W. LaRose, '89; F. W. Ranno, '89; R. G. Brown, '90; E. M. A. Machado, '90, and H. P. Spaulding, '90.

A Lament for the Palæozoic.

I'm not much given to weeping, nor yet am I much of a stoic,
But I can moan and sigh like Miss Rachel, when I think
of the Palæozoic.
'Twas a royal old age for the fishes, those A. No. 1
Ganoids,
The Ceradotus Fosteri, and the sweet, embryonic Placoids.
There frolicked the Pterichthys Cornutus, a voluptuous sort
of a fish,
And some Awfullongname de la bookis too big for a Parker-
House dish.
How swimmingly things were agoing; mid water and
pleasure were bent
The tails of Semiran fishes—just the time for Good Friday
or Lent.
But the part that sadly affects me—to think of it, oh!
Great Scott!
Without any cooking or firing the way they all went to
pot.
No more Lepidodendrons were waving a few leaves plainly
in sight;
No more, midst many misgivings, went crawling the
Bulolite;
The Sigillarius Reticulata, who had done so much to make
coal,
Were crushed and mashed out of existence,—it racks my
very soul!
Forgive these tears, I pray you, and bear with the moaning
bloke,
The man who moans like Mona for the fall of the
Palæozoke.

—GEO. LOGY, '88.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

HARVARD.—The provisional examination lists appeared Saturday, April 16th. Recitations will end June 1st, and the examinations June 23d.—It is rumored that the Cambridge, England, crew which was recently victorious over Oxford, has sent a challenge to Harvard, the race to be rowed in America at some place to be agreed upon hereafter.—H. A. Carey, an under-graduate, has given the college

\$25,000, to be used in erecting a swimming-bath at the rear of the gymnasium, \$50,000 having been before subscribed. The new building will make possible a racquet-court, a larger fencing-room, a new douche-room, and many minor improvements.

YALE.—A gift of \$25,000 to the Law School was announced last week. The name of the donor is unknown, but the fund is intended to endow a Professorship of Commercial and Financial Law, to be called the Phelps Professorship, after Prof. E. J. Phelps, now Minister to England.—*Yale News*.—A senior walked 160 miles in four days during the Easter recess.—\$100,000 has been given for the construction of a new library.—The Mott Haven teams will go into training in about two weeks.—"Prof.", the well-known Yale trainer, has just died. Three of his sons are trainers, University of Penn., Cornell, and St. Paul's school each having one.

THE first victory of a college team over a league organization, was won by Columbia over New York, April 13th, by a score of 8 to 6. Only seven hits were made off Yates of Columbia. Neither O'Rourke nor Connor made a hit.

OXFORD trained this year on the classic diet of beef-steak, and lost. Cambridge trained on meat, fish, plum-pudding and dessert, and won. Such a crack oarsman as Wallace Ross says the best diet for a man in training is a moderate quantity of whatever he wants.—*Herald*.

IT is said that Condon, who holds the amateur championship for hammer-throwing, has entered the University of Penn.

EDISON thinks that ball-playing at night is practicable if the lights be placed below the surface of the ground and reflectors used. A test will be made at the Staten Island grounds during the coming summer.

FIFTY per cent of the past editors of the *Harvard Crimson* are now engaged in journalism.—*Tuftonian*.

THE University of Vienna has 6,135 students now, against 5,007 at the beginning of the year. Among them are over 100 Americans and Australians attending the scientific department.—*Ex.*

COLUMBIA, at her anniversary, besides honoring our President and Professor Goodwin with the title of LL.D., conferred the degree of doctor of letters upon Alice E. Freeman, President of Wellesley College, Prof. W. D. Whitney of Yale, and Professor Child of Harvard, and the degree of D.D. upon Rev. Phillips Brooks.

At the Harvard Union Debate, April 14th, it was decided in the affirmative "that President Cleveland's course in the pension vetoes is to be approved."

At a dinner of the editors of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, the following was one of the toasts:—

Princeton.—Mr. Corwin:

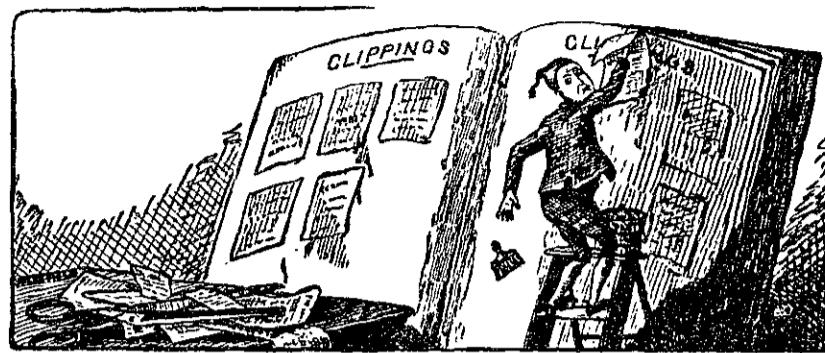
"Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs,
Upon a slimy sea."—

—*Coleridge.*

Two Vassar seniors were seriously injured by an explosion in a mine at Pottsville, Pa., Monday. One of them has since died from her injuries.

BASE-BALL NOTES.—Davidson, the first-base-man of the Amhersts, is the tallest first-base-man in the college arena.—The University of Penn. men consider the Williams nine the finest set of college men they ever played with.—The Yales complain of the rattling and yelling process used to break them up in Washington.—University of Penn. has twice beaten Amherst and Williams, and once tied Princeton.—Wiestling of the Harvards is considered the best base-runner in the inter-collegiate arena.

PRESIDENT ADAMS of Cornell lectured at the University of Michigan, recently, on the "Drift of Civilization." It is said that he did not have a full house, because "The Devil's Auction" was in town on the same evening.



Only to hear her sweet voice once more,
As through the old home it used to ring,
So gentle, so soft, so dear, so clear,
My darling used of old to sing.

Only to see her sweet face again
'Mid golden tresses so fresh and fair,
From my sad heart would banish the pain
That for long years has settled there.

No more for me will her sweet voice sing,
No more for me will her fair face smile;
For cold and still in her lowly grave
She lies, by the quaint old churchyard stile.

—*Record.*

A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR.

"They tell me, Miss Grace, that of grammar you know
Much more than the average Miss.
Pray answer this question, 'tis lighter than tow:
What sort of a noun is a kiss?"

And after a moment the lady replied,
Some bashfulness seeming to stop her,
While her blushes to hide to no purpose she tried,
"I should call it both common and proper."

—*Record.*

A REFUTATION.

"Hearts are trumps," the poets claim:
He who writes in love's own game
Has them at his command.
Alas! I know
It is not so:
I held the *cards*, but lost the hand!
—*Dartmouth Lit.*

UNDER THE SNOW.

I thought my love was false at heart,
And I left her in sorrow one winter day;
As I passed along through the drifting snow
The ring she gave me I cast away.

The ring I found when the snow had gone;
Its mute appeal I could not reject:
Her love, I found, had lain pure as the gold,
Under the snows of my cold neglect.

—*Harvard Advocate.*



MYTHOLOGY.

Small Boy : "CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT ANCIENT GOD THIS IS?"

Minister : "NO, MY LITTLE MAN, I AM AFRAID I CANNOT."

S. B. "IT'S MA'S."

DREAMING.

Softly through my soul to-night
Flows a mystical delight—
Flows a mellow, pleasant light,
 Softly, gently beaming;
And the sweetest music floats,
As from distant angel throats,
Swelling with seraphic notes
 For a soul that's dreaming.

Tender eyes, that seem to glow
With a love that angels show,
Far too deep for man to know,
 On me now are beaming;
And my soul, in sweet surprise,
Calmly resting, gently lies
Gladdened by those tender eyes.
 Ah! I'm merely dreaming.

—*Nassau Life.*

L'ENVOI.

There's a world above and a world below,
Some say there's a world between,
Where mortals linger a year or so,
Then quietly shift the scene;
But, ah! there is one who in all these parts
Will never find fitting room—
That *passé* queen of the tender hearts,
The belle who has lost her bloom. —*Orient.*

Down by the trysting-gate,
 Half jesting, yet desirous quite,
 He begged a kiss, just merely one,
 And said it really would be right.
Then she, coquettish sprite,
 With eyes downcast to hide their fun,
 Blushed rosy red, and low replied,
 "I'm sure I cannot,—only one?"

—*Courant.*

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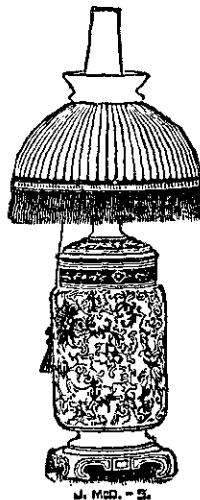
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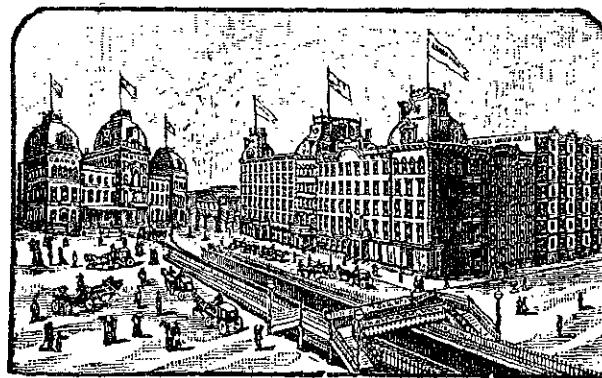
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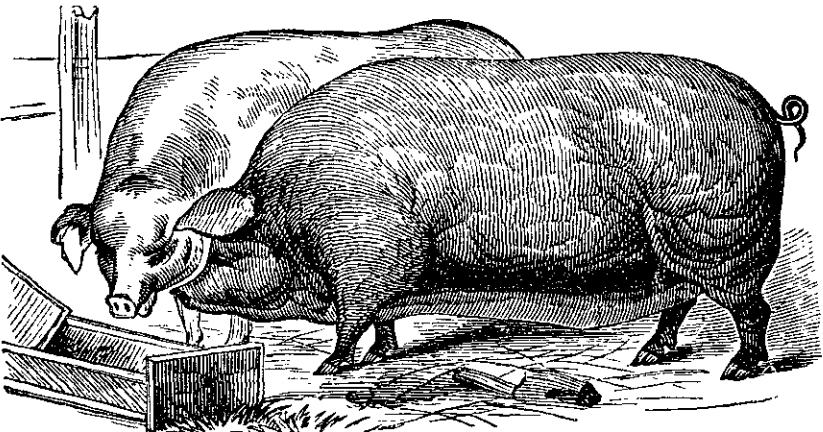


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