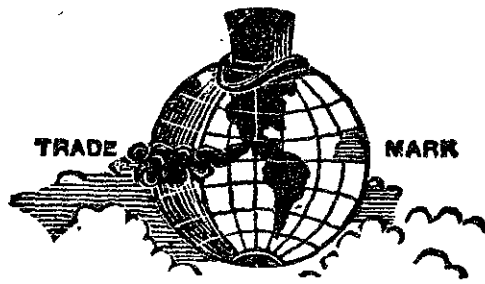


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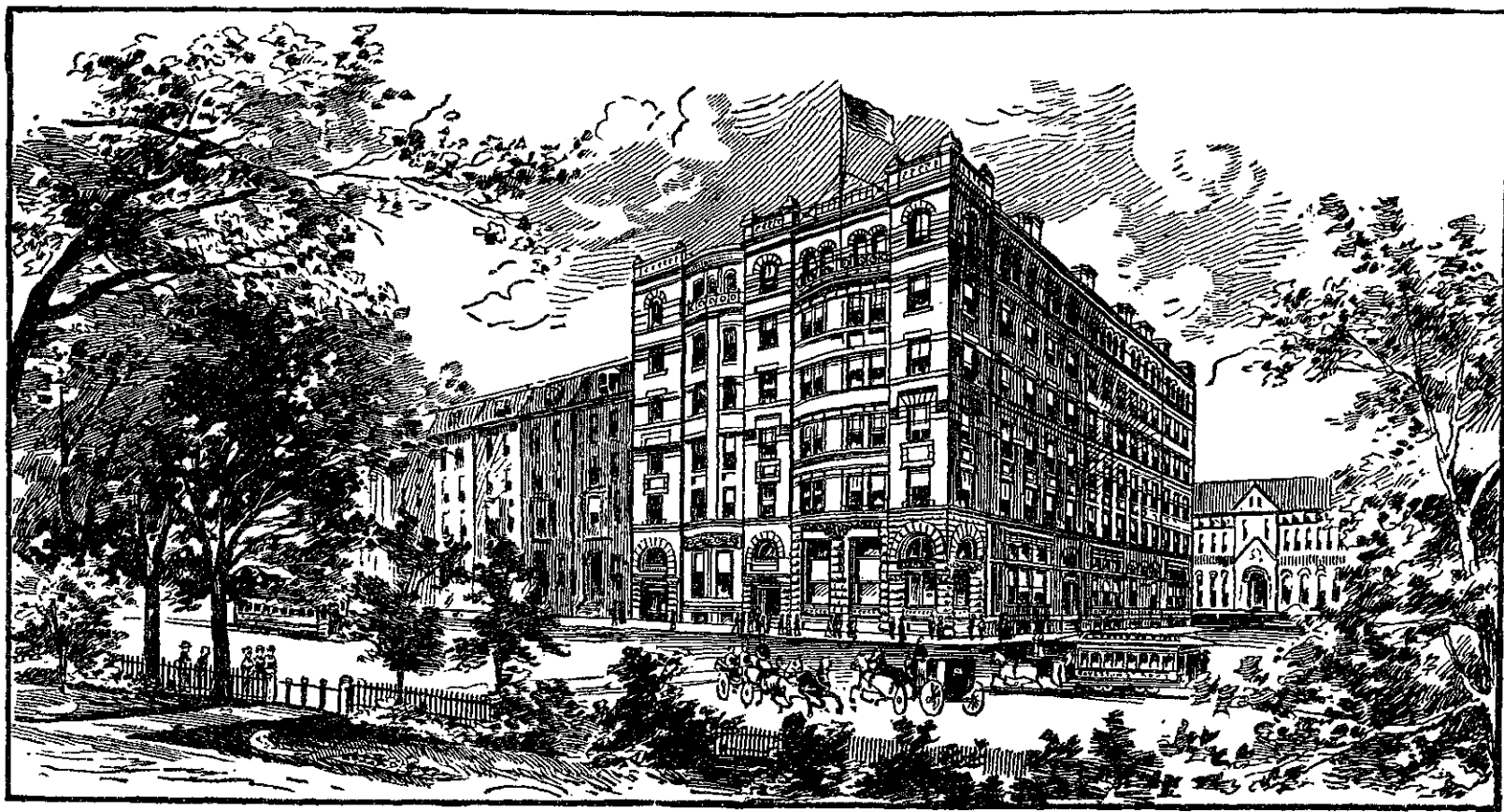
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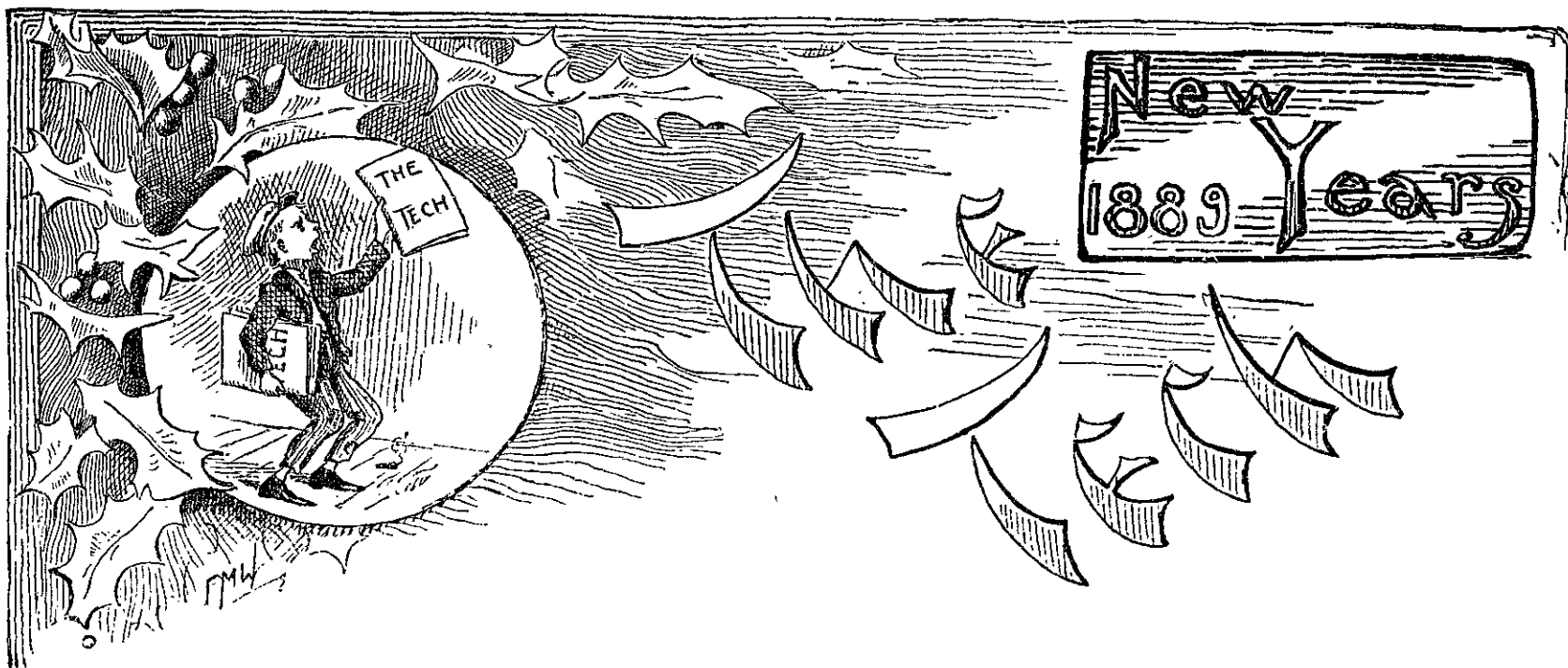
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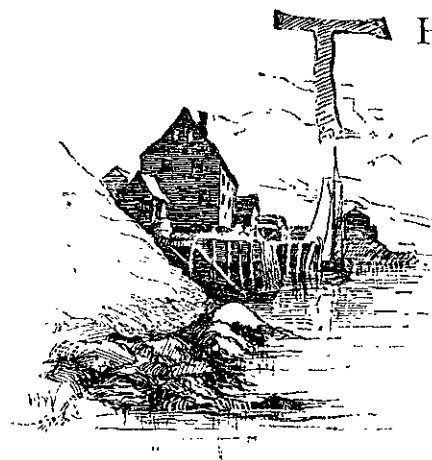
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THAT there is somewhat of a prejudice against doubles since the advent of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde we are well aware, and it is with diffidence that we enter even the borders of this tragic land. We therefore do not present the present number of THE TECH to its readers

under the cognomen of a double, but the more pleasing one of *twin*. Yes, here you have the lovely infants of December and January, Xmas and the glad New Year, both happily entwined between the lids of the same cover.

We cannot promise to be so prolific very often, as it is quite a strain, but such as we have give we unto thee. And so, with Tiny Tim, we say, "God bless us every one," and make our holiday bow.

THE triumph of the grind is close at hand. The man who has not seen a football game, or been to the theatres, or had his hour of exercise in the gym. two or three times a week, but has jack-knifed himself over his desk every night till the clock began to strike the small numbers, will now reap his hard-earned reward. He knows what he ought to get, and confidently expects it.

On the other hand, the poor wight who has dared to make a small attempt at enjoying some of this world's pleasures; who has, by his voice and presence on the football field, helped to cheer his team to victory; who has taken in some of the good things at the theatre, and who has used the pulley-weights once in a while, is now quaking with fear, and his heart sinks within him as the Semies draw

nigh. He knows he deserves little, but he wants that little—and anything more he can get by a couple of weeks of solid work.

Between these two extremes stands the happy medium,—the man who has combined in him the better elements of both grind and pleasure-seeker. He nonchalantly awaits the exams. and hopes he will get through; he invariably does.

It is safe to say, however, that no student, either grind or common mortal, has any real love for the Semies, and a great sigh of relief will ascend to the upper ether when the exams. are finally over.

THE growing popularity of the annual "Technique" is well illustrated by the speed with which it disappeared when put on sale. About two hours saw the whole edition of one thousand copies sold. Printed as it is by type, one part of which must be broken up and distributed before the rest can be printed, it makes it a very troublesome and expensive job to get out a second edition. Here is a pointer for next year's board of editors. We advise them, now that "Technique" is a well known and absolutely successful publication, to have their reading matter electrotyped. Without doubt it will cost somewhat more to do this, but when this is done it is only a matter of a few days to get out a second edition. One thousand copies is too small an edition for nine hundred students, many of whom take several copies; so when '91 takes the editorial reins in her hands she should print at least fifteen hundred copies. With this number there will only be twelve hundred copies for circulation, as the advertisers and board of editors require about three hundred.

If '91 will digest this article there will not be so many queries as to whether "Technique" is out yet, heard every day at THE TECH office.

A DELIGHTFUL feature at the Institute, unappreciated by the vast majority of the students, but pleasant to those who have attended other colleges of higher learning, is the absence of fees over and above that of tuition. To be sure there is a slight sum required each year for breakage in the chemical laboratories, but such comes from necessity, and falls most heavily on the careless student. Imagine the institution of fees at the Institute, and let us see the effects. A five-dollar bill would first of all be given up by the Freshman on matriculation; next, he would be confronted by a good-sized bill for the use of chemicals; who knows that a tax might not be levied on the guns carried in drill? A contribution would be called for each term for microscope hire; an extra for the use of tools in carpentry or turning; a further extortion for the pleasure of carrying around surveying instruments; a fee for the use of physical apparatus, another to cover the cost of ore, a penny here and a penny there, and finally thirty or forty dollars when the time came to graduate; all these and many more would be heaped on the helpless student, reminding him forcibly of the old operation of bleeding.

It is a hard matter to please all, so there are doubtless many who complain of the high rate of tuition at our *Alma Mater*; to them let it be said: "Ponder over the character of instruction at the Tech., over the amount of material we use, and over the evils of a system where fees are required, and consider yourselves lucky that the cost of tuition is not greater." It cannot consistently be less.

THE manner in which the '90 tug-of-war team was managed this year deserves the severest criticism. Nothing was done by the class, such as appointing a managing committee, etc., and it was only by the merest chance that a team appeared at all. A class meeting should have been held, and something decisive done toward a matter which goes a great way

to sustain the honor of the class. No entries were received until the last moment, and, in fact, the appearance of the team was due entirely to the energetic efforts of a member of the Class of '89. Such a state of things is to be deplored, and should not be allowed to happen again.

IT seems a very simple thing to hand your name to a man on a certain date, but such is evidently not the case. The entries for the recent athletic games were distinctly stated to be in on a certain date, at a fixed time, yet not one half were on time. Entries were even received as late as two days after they ought to have been closed. Such delay caused an unnecessary amount of trouble to the officers of the Athletic Club, who have enough to do with managing other matters pertaining to the games without being troubled in the manner stated above.

THIS is a good time, just before vacation, to again bring up the long-neglected subject of a Tech. song. It is useless to say how much it is needed. Here is an institution of nearly a thousand students, and not one among them who can whistle his own college song! Upon almost any occasion the question is likely to arise, "Won't you please sing some of the Tech. songs?" And in our embarrassment we are tempted to look above and softly whistle "Sweet Violets," and she innocently wonders if some hard-working Tech. student really did compose it. These facts are deplorable in themselves, and make one wonder whether the requisite genius is lacking, the love for our *Alma Mater* is too weak to warrant a song in her praise, or whether it is pure and simple laziness and want of enthusiasm. We fear it is the latter, and so renew our statement that a club of interested students has offered twenty-five dollars for a Tech. song, if enough more can be raised to give a suitable prize.

Now, here is a spark that can be easily blown into a roaring flame. Let each class appoint a joint committee, whose duty it shall be to canvass the classes and raise a sum of money large enough to offer a generous prize,—say of seventy-five dollars, with a second of twenty-five. With the remainder of the money we could have the songs put to music, and a book printed containing the prize songs and as many others as might be seen fit. This undoubtedly will awaken much of the Tech. musical and poetical talent now slumbering.

The result cannot but be satisfactory, for such a competition would bring out many interesting productions, even if none should prove worthy of being accepted as *the* Institute song. Put good ideas to good metre, give it a rousing air, and hand down your work and name as the first of a series of distinctive Tech. compositions, which, in a few years, is bound to be compiled. Leave out all grinds of to-day, as such would be of no interest in years to come. All hits should be of such a general nature as to apply at all times, and to amuse '99 as well as '89.

Don't put it off; do it in vacation. Send your efforts to THE TECH, and we will see that they reach their destination. The work is worthy of your best efforts. The time is ripe, and we hope for a hearty response both from the bards and from the classes.

ONE of the most peculiar things at the Institute is the utter disregard shown by some men to the means of communication between the students,—that is, the Letter Rack. If any communication between strangers is to be made, a note, written to the person it is desired to hear from, is placed in the Letter Rack, and oftentimes it lies there for days, or even weeks. The man addressed may go by it three times a day, without deigning to cast even a scornful glance at the "Cage." This is not as it should be, and we hope to see it remedied before long.

In Old Louisburg Square.



he bare trees black and dreary, the statue close
by,
And old-fashioned gables cold-cut 'gainst the sky,—
The crisp snow whirled in eddies, the pavement
left bare,
And Christmas is bleak in old Louisburg Square.

But bright lights shine and twinkle through frost
covered panes,
And shadows slip by to enlivening strains
Of sweet music, and laughter rings out on the
air,
For Christmas is gay in old Louisburg Square.

There is one, as he totters along
through the snow,
Whose heart, as he lists, feels an
answering glow;
And he thinks, as he stops with
his foot on the stair,
Of times long ago in old Louis-
burg Square.

Of times long ago, when he was
a youth,
And life was a dream, and all
dreams seemed the truth;
And the world was a play-
ground, rose-colored and fair,
As viewed from the heights of
old Louisburg Square.

And he sees, as he lists to the
music's soft flow,
A golden-haired maiden trip
down through the snow,





And set out to attend in her
light sedan chair,
The Christmas Cotillion in Louis-
burg Square.

And no sooner she enters, than
beaux by the score
Crowd 'round as she steps o'er the
wax-polished floor;
'Till she singles him out with a
smile sweet and rare,
And grants him her favor in
Louisburg Square.

Through the Minuet mazes, to
rhythmical rhyme,
They stepped hand in hand while
his heart beat the time;
And he staked his young heart
with no thought of its care,

And lost it, while dancing in Louisburg Square.

And on many a night 'neath her window's soft glow,
He sighed as he paced on the pavement below,
'Till the watch with his rattle and lantern's red glare,
Would bid him be gone from the Louisburg Square.

But at last in the spring-time, when summer was nigh,
He knew that his love had been born but to die;

By another she knelt, blushing
rosy and fair
At the rail of King's Chapel,
near Louisburg Square.

* * * * *

But the past is the past, and
the heart's growing old,—
The music has stopped, and he
feels the night cold,
So he sighs, and then slowly
he climbs up the stair,
And lights are all out in old
Louisburg Square.



A Story.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentiment of two brothers."

"Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

"I SAY, fellows, just look at Crœsus! He is as white as the paper of that note he's reading. Something's up! There he goes with a rush; not bad news, I hope," and Dysart left his comfortable chair and stepped to the open window, a look of friendly concern on his face. "Say, Jack, what is it?" he called; but his fellow-clubmen, listening for the reply, heard only the slamming of a cab door and the rattle of hoofs over the pavement. Slowly Dysart drew in his head from the window, and turning to the others, remarked in the tone of one giving impressive information, "Well, fellows, that's the first time I ever saw Crœsus in a hurry! Why," he continued, laughing, "he actually forgot to drawl when he paid the message!" There was a general laugh at this last, but it was a short one, and a rather unusual silence followed. No one seemed disposed to make capital of Crœsus' trouble, whatever it was. "Crœsus!" It was a queer name, but fortunately the bearer of it possessed another. His real name was John Darcy. Yet he was seldom given the benefit of his rightful cognomen. Most of his letters and notes of invitations—and they were legion—came addressed to "Mr. Jack Darcy"; and the majority of people dispensed even with the "Mr." in personal address, and called him plain "Jack." His open-handed generosity with his money—and he was not over-blessed with it—had long since earned him the opulent title of "Crœsus" among his fellow-clubmen.

Everybody knew Jack Darcy, and esteemed it a privilege to know him,—at least those who knew him best, did. There was not a drawing-room in Kensington which was not open to him. There was not a club in London whose portals were closed to him. Yet there was nothing remarkable about him. He was not rich; perhaps his birth and family had

something to do with it. Undoubtedly there were people who felt it to be an advantage to be on terms of friendship with the younger son of John Darcy, Lord Chellingworth, but the host of friends among his social equals could not have been attracted by such considerations. His fortune consisted of a modest bequest, the entailed estates being inherited with the title by his elder brother, Cordella, who, at the opening of our story, was absent with his regiment in Egypt. Jack Darcy was not a brilliant young man as the term goes, and only passably good looking. The only approach to anything striking about him were his eyes. The boyish effect of his beardless face and fair hair curling closely to his head, was curiously counteracted by the earnestness and sympathetic depth of his eyes, which were of a light-blue color. First acquaintance with Crœsus seldom impressed anybody. Always dressed in the height of fashion, verging even to foppishness, carelessly indifferent in manner, and with an affected drawl to his speech, it would be hard to define the personal charm which closer acquaintance with him invariably carried with it. Undoubtedly the honest good nature which shone from the blue eyes, and the unstinting generosity and firmness of his friendship, had much to do with it. However, there were rare occasions, as some of his intimates could testify, when a dormant energy wakened to darken the depths of those eyes, when the habitual eyeglass was neglected and the drawl in his speech chiefly notable for its absence. It was one of these sudden metamorphoses which called forth his friend Dysart's laughing declaration that Crœsus had "actually forgotten to drawl." And Dysart was right in his surmise. "Something" *was* "up," and if he could have foreseen the long days of misery which were to follow, and under what circumstances he would again be brought face to face with his friend, he might not have returned to his paper with such peaceful mind.

It was very unusual for Jack Darcy to be so agitated as he appeared to be, as his cab rolled

rapidly along. As Dysart intimated, it was seldom that Cræsus hurried about anything; he certainly never took the trouble to hurry about his own affairs. When Cræsus bestirred himself to anything like unusual animation, it was pretty apt to be in the service of some friend, and upon such occasions he generally became the most interested party. "By Jove," he was wont to say with that slow drawl, "if a fellow cawn't get any excitement out of his own life, he's got to get it out of some other fellow's, you know!"

Probably his best friend was Frank Dysart, and it was an open secret that Cræsus was head-over-heels in love with Dysart's sister. About a year previous to the opening of our story the Dysarts, who were wealthy commoners, had come into possession of Oakley, the adjoining estate to Chellingworth Court, for many generations the chief place of the titled inheritance of the Darcys. Soon after the advent of his new neighbors old Lord Chellingworth died. Captain Cordella Darcy, now Lord Chellingworth, for some unexplained reason exhibited no haste to return to England and take possession of his magnificent heritage. On the contrary, he signified his intention of remaining in Egypt with his regiment, and placed the estates in the hands of agents, leaving it to his brother Jack to straighten up affairs in the late home of his father. The arrangement was eminently satisfactory to his tenants. Cordella had never been popular with his associates, and his selfishness and arrogance toward those beneath him had rendered him anything but a favorite with the dependents on his father's lands. The news that he would not return at least for a while, and the better news that their affairs were to be left in the hands of "Master Jack," was hailed with heartfelt satisfaction by the tenantry. And so, much responsibility, for the time being, settled down upon Jack's happy-go-lucky shoulders. He set about his task, with the intention that he would "finish it up in no time," and hie him back to his beloved

London. But of course he met the Dysarts, and, curiously enough, he at once found that his work must be carried out with slowness and carefulness, and, moreover, it would take considerably more time than he had at first supposed,—poor Jack! Everybody knew his secret before a week had passed. He fell in love with Lena Dysart at first sight, yet fondly supposed that he successfully hoodwinked people by his serious dwellings upon the enormity of his task. He and the brother became the warmest friends. Jack studiously cultivated him, and he could be a very pleasant companion when he chose.

Miss Dysart was the beauty of the county, and many were the moths that fluttered in the light of her loveliness. No one wondered that Cræsus fluttered too; everybody expected him to. The girl had a beautiful face. It was very proud, with a touch of haughtiness, and yet a world of tenderness could shine through her glorious gray eyes, and the witchery of her manner was irresistible. Poor Cræsus learned to love her with all the depth of his honest heart, while the emotions which he inspired in her, if he inspired any, were quite of a different sort. To a woman like Lena Dysart, a man like Darcy, foppish and indolent, with a mind given to petty things, as indicated by his ever-ready flow of small-talk, was amusing as an acquaintance, and annoying as an admirer. At least, so she told herself shortly after making his acquaintance. But the weeks lengthened into months, and Cræsus' "business" continued to keep him at Chellingworth Court; that is to say, it was supposed to do so, but it was a noticeable fact that those calling at the Court on matters of business with Mr. Darcy, were generally told that they would probably find him at Oakley. In fact, most of his time was spent there (or in inventing excuses to get there), and Lena Dysart had abundant opportunity to gain at least a vague insight into the true man, to begin to understand what it was that attracted people to him; and the day came when there was revealed

to her the lion heart which beat beneath the quiet exterior, and the muscles of steel behind the womanish touch. It came as a complete revelation to her, and opened her eyes to her own heart as nothing else could have done.

It was just before the opening of the fall shooting. Darcy's duties were over with, but it had been arranged that he and Frank Dysart, in company with several men invited down to Oakley from town, were to pass a last week together in shooting the Chellingworth covers. Jack Darcy looked forward to the week with curiously contradictory feelings. He planned with considerable care the week's entertainment, and at the same time secretly speculated as to how many days of the six he could decently shirk the field and remain behind,—that is, at Oakley.

He wisely foresaw that very much of this "shirking" would arouse suspicion in the fun-loving bosoms of his companions, and also that if he was going to say anything to Miss Dysart, it had better be said before the arrival of a houseful of guests at Oakley. With half a dozen men around, opportunities for anything like *tete-a-tete* would be few and far between.

One morning, several days before the arrival of the guests, they were gathered in the morning room at Oakley,—Miss Dysart, Dysart, and Jack Darcy. The men had been discussing the unusual abundance of game in the Court covers, and Darcy had been complaining of the poaching going on among the dependents. Miss Dysart had seated herself at the piano, and was idly running her fingers over the keys while she listened to their talk. Standing with his back to the empty fireplace, and softly whipping his boot-leg with his riding-whip, Darcy became aware that Frank had left the room, and that he was alone with the woman he loved. Even as he stood watching her unconscious face, her fingers left off their idle running over the keys, and the opening bars of a sweet melody in a minor key flowed from beneath their touch. It was the "Auf Wiedersehn"; and as Darcy recog-

nized the sad, sweet tones, he felt a sudden pang in his heart. "Until we meet again"! A thrill shot through him. Was it for him? Did she know that he stood there alone, and knowing——! A flush overspread his face at the sudden rush of gladness that filled his whole being; but a second thought changed all that, and the flush receding left him quite pale. He remembered her bearing toward him,—courteous and kind to her brother's friend, meeting all advances with politeness, but with a gentle reserve, that spoke volumes to his longing heart. Then, too, there flashed before him the memory of the sudden imperiousness with which she had on one or two occasions checked the vehement words which sprang to his lips. Ah, no! it was not meant for him. Probably she did not realize what she was playing. Nevertheless he could not prevent the tender ring in his voice as he crossed softly to her and leaning over her shoulder, spoke, "I hope that you intend that for me, Miss Dysart."

She stopped playing and looked up at him. "Intend what for you, Mr. Darcy?" she asked quickly.

"Why, what you were playing just now,—'Auf Wiedersehn.'"

A startled look came into her eyes, and a lovely flush mantled cheek and brow. It was but for a second, however. The old, indifferent expression came back. "Was I playing that?" she asked coldly, as she arose from her seat; and then, as if realizing the ungraciousness of her speech, she smiled brightly at him, and hastily added: "I scarcely think that I meant it for anyone. One often plays without thinking, you know."

Darcy regarded her in silence for a moment. "I am sorry," he said, "that it was not for me; but, as I am going away soon now, why not make my mistake good? Miss Dysart," and he leaned a little toward her, "is it presuming to ask you to play it once more,—*for me?*"

Why did Lena Dysart answer the simple

request as she did? She could not have told herself. In some strange, inexplicable way she felt a sudden anger and resentment toward Darcy. With wrathful eyes she faced him, and her voice was full of passionate anger as she answered: "Mr. Darcy, I most certainly do consider it presumption on your part. There is no occasion for sentiment between you and me, and I must beg to be excused."

Jack stood as one struck with a heavy blow. Miss Dysart moved across the room and had her hand on the door before he aroused himself. His voice arrested her, and the proud, angry ring in it rather startled her. She had never heard him speak in such a tone before. "Stop, please," he said; "do not trouble yourself to leave, Miss Dysart. I will not intrude upon you longer. I made a mistake just now. I," bitterly, "have been mistaken all along. I really beg your pardon. I—I shall not trouble you again"; and with an aching heart, in which love and indignation struggled for the mastery, he hurriedly left the room.

CHAPTER II.

Late that afternoon, Lena Dysart, looking aggravatingly cool in a pretty dress of some light, filmy material and broad-brimmed sun-hat to match, came down the steps from Oakley and wandered listlessly along the terrace. Her outward appearance, however, was in ill-keeping with her inward state of mind. She could not keep her thoughts from reverting to the scene in the morning-room; she had been thinking of it all day. It was very annoying that it should trouble her so. He certainly deserved it for his impertinence. Yes, it was impertinence, she told herself, as she walked along the garden path; she had never given him any reason to think,—and then for the hundredth time that day the thought recurred to her that he looked very handsome as he stood before her, his proud face pale with anger. Perhaps, after all, she need not have spoken so harshly. He would surely come in the evening, again, and then

she would atone a little. She would be graciousness itself. Of course she could not be otherwise to her brother's friend. And perhaps, —yes, perhaps she would play "Auf"—that piece for him, if he liked. Thus her thoughts ran on as she opened the little rustic gate at the end of the garden, and took one of her favorite paths along the outskirts of the woods which bounded Chellingworth Court. And so she strolled on for half an hour, until suddenly she became aware of the fact that somebody was in front of her. She stopped with a startled little scream. The next instant she recognized the intruder, and became partially reassured. "You are Dobbs, I believe," she said, looking into the man's face; "and—why, I believe that you are poaching again," as her eyes fell on a bunch of birds hastily thrown into the grass behind him. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she continued,—“a great strong man like you, too lazy to work, and so you steal!” There came a dangerous gleam into the man's eyes as she uttered the harsh accusation, but she was not at all abashed. Her indignation was aroused, and she looked fearlessly at him, as she continued, "This is the second time you have been caught poaching; I remember Mr. Darcy's telling about allowing you to escape punishment on account of your promises. You have not kept your word, and I shall see that Mr. Darcy knows of this."

For a moment the entrapped game-thief glared at her in silence, and then suddenly he stepped forward and leered into her face. "Ye'll peach on me, will ye? Take care; don't put on any o' yer fine airs with me. If I thought ye'd get me into trouble, I'd choke the pretty life out of ye"; and he grasped her roughly by the arm,—so roughly that involuntarily she closed her eyes with the pain. Even as she did so the brutal hand was torn from her arm, and she opened her eyes to see the poacher thrown staggering back against a tree, and Jack Darcy standing between them. If there had been a transformation in the morning from the easy-going Cræsus, there

was a still greater one now. The indolent blue eyes were dark with life and anger, and there was no drawl in the ringing tones which she heard.

"You infernal cur! How dare you lay your dirty hands on a lady? Poaching again, too! I'll see that you are sent where you belong, this time!" Then Darcy turned to the pale and trembling woman behind him. Before he spoke he found time to think that she looked lovely in her agitation. "Miss Dysart, it is very fortunate that I was behind—I mean *near* you," he confusedly corrected himself, as she suddenly opened her eyes very wide. "But this is no place for you now," he continued, "so please—" He had been standing with his back to the man he had thrown, and seemed to have entirely forgotten his presence; but even as he was speaking, the thoroughly enraged Dobbs sprang upon him with a fearful oath. Lena's first impulse was to run for help, but she seemed rooted to the spot with fear. With hands so tightly clasped that the finger-nails hurt her flesh, she stood and watched the struggle which ensued. But it was a decidedly short one. With incredible quickness the man was twisted around in front of his apparently frail antagonist, and a moment later, Lena Dysart saw the burly fellow lifted bodily from his feet, and hurled to the ground with sickening force. Then everything seemed to swim rapidly around before her eyes, and the last thing of which she was conscious was Jack's strong arms about her, and his "Lena, darling," sounding tender and far away. When she opened her eyes, a few minutes later, she found herself bolstered up against a tree, with Jack's coat beneath her head, and Jack himself tightly clasping one of her hands, while his gaze was anxiously fixed on the still prostrate man before him. For a moment she did not move; she did not seem to care to. In a way which she did not try to explain, she felt a strange sense of happiness and content, as she gazed into his averted face. How tightly he held her hand.

She felt a tender little thrill in her heart, and involuntarily the little fingers closed softly over the stronger ones which clasped them. Instantly he turned, and the anxious expression gave way to one of gladness, and the pale face flushed perceptibly, as a quick sigh of relief came from his lips. "Lena—Miss Dysart, you are not hurt?" he asked quickly, rising to his feet.

"No, *Jack*," she replied, at the same time smilingly holding out her hands to him, to be helped also to a more dignified position.

She could feel the strong hands tremble as they clasped hers, and for a moment, as he lifted her, his face was dangerously near to hers, and she grew rosy red under his earnest gaze.

Jack! She had called him *Jack!* How dangerously sweet it was. For a moment it seemed to him that he could not resist taking her in his arms, and making her listen to him. But he was suddenly brought to his senses by her withdrawing her hands from his, as if she half divined his intention. "No, I was not hurt," she repeated, "but I was so frightened; and that man—" She caught her breath in an expressive way. This had the effect of recalling Darcy's mind to the rather doubtful existence of the man lying so white and still upon the dead leaves. With a swift look into her face, he went and knelt down beside the prostrate form. Even as he did so the fellow stirred uneasily, and then feebly lifted himself upon his elbow and stared about in a bewildered fashion. His eyes rested on Darcy with a peculiar mixture of hatred and wonder in their depths. Darcy spoke to him, and his voice resumed its accustomed slow drawl. "By Jove, my good fellow," he said, "I didn't mean exactly to throw you so hard, you know; but,"—and his face became very serious in its expression,—"Dobbs, this is a bad job for you. I shall let the law take its course with you this time. You impose on my good nature; and even if I should overlook the poaching, your cowardly attack on a lady requires punishment."

Picking up the poacher's gun, he examined the loads, and then with a reassuring glance at Miss Dysart, he stepped off a few paces and fired both barrels into the air in quick succession. Dobbs started a little as he heard the signal, but his heavy face gave no sign of his feelings.

It was something of a picture that the little group formed as it stood there, waiting in silence for the answer,—the entrapped game-thief, now risen to his feet, standing a little apart from the others, with sullen face bent on the hat which he nervously twirled in his grimy hands; Darcy, standing nearest to him, the gun still in his hands, his eyes fixed sternly on the culprit—looked very handsome, Miss Dysart thought, as she watched him. No one broke the silence, but all waited expectantly, until the sound of approaching footsteps were heard. In a few moments two of the Chellingworth game-keepers appeared on the scene, and the unhappy Dobbs was handed over to their custody. Jack and Miss Dysart watched them out of sight. She was the first to speak. "How can I ever thank you enough, Mr. Darcy, for what you have done for me? If you had not come he might have killed me; he—he," shuddering, "threatened to do so."

Darcy's face paled, and he set his teeth hard. "The coward!" he exclaimed; "it is almost a pity I didn't kill him!"

Miss Dysart lifted her hand in protest: "No, no! Don't say such a wicked thing. I am very glad that you did not even hurt him badly,—but let us change the subject. I,"—and she looked at him hesitatingly,—"*I want to say something to you about,—about this morning; I am afraid I acted*"—

It was Jack's turn to protest. He interrupted her: "Pray don't say anything more about that, Miss Dysart; undoubtedly I was to blame." His tone was kind, but she could see that his face was very grave. Evidently he regarded it quite seriously. She must try some other way: "Very well, we will say no more about it; perhaps we can forget it, if we try.

Of course you will come this evening, will you not?" This last rather anxiously.

Darcy noticed it, and his heart beat a trifle faster.

"I will try to make amends for my ungraciousness of this morning," she continued, "by being very gracious to you this evening. Is not that very fair, Mr. Darcy? If you like, I"—here she looked at him shyly, and a soft color suffused her cheeks, and she hesitated a moment; then with a desperate effort she said it, and said it very prettily,—"*I will play 'Auf Wiedersehn' for you.*"

Darcy could scarcely believe his senses. He felt his heart going like a trip-hammer. He stopped and faced her, with his hand on her arm: "Lena," he cried, "do you understand? Do you know what you are saying? Quick! tell me; tell me that you are not trifling with me?"

He did not have to wait for her answer. The look in those lovely eyes which she turned up to his, and the tears already gathering there, were enough. In an instant she was in his arms, and her face was hidden on his shoulder. He was very happy in that moment—supremely happy. Many and many a time in the dark, sad days that followed, when with aching heart he looked back upon that scene, he found it hard to think of it as other than a happy dream,—a dream, which he told himself, was too happy to have been true.

(To be continued).

Sympathy.

A Sophomore bold, and careless, and gay,
One afternoon of a winter's day
Fixed himself up and went to the play;
It was Richard III., and a matinee.
The Sophomore sat in the front parquet,
All was serene as a day in May,
Until King Richard began to pray
"A horse! a horse!" in a pitiful way;
When the Sophomore sprang from his seat, they say,
And cried, the poor king's fears to allay,
"I'll get you a horse without delay;
I know how it is,—I have felt that way!"

—Brunonian.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TECH:

Sir,—The discussion now going on at the Institute in regard to a change in the colors, has made it seem as if a brief account of the origin of the present colors might be of interest to those now students.

In the fall of 1875, at one of the first class-meetings of '79, the matter was brought up, and after some research it was found that the Institute did have some colors, which were, if I remember rightly, lavender, or lavender and white. Some other college laid claim to these, and so a committee was appointed to go into the matter, and at the same time a request was sent to the other classes asking them to also appoint committees to join in the choice. This joint committee, after careful and thorough investigation, chose the present colors, which were called in their report cardinal red and silver gray, and their choice was ratified by all the classes then in the Institute. This was some time in the winter of 1875.

In June, 1876, the Institute as a battalion, numbering, with some outsiders, over five hundred, went on to Philadelphia to the Centennial, and nearly all wore the new colors in some form, many as hat-bands on straw hats, made of gray ribbon with a band of cardinal through the centre.

When '79 graduated in May of that year, it was the first class to have any public graduation exercises, and after each one had read an abstract of his thesis, he received his diploma, tied at one end with a silver-gray ribbon, and at the other with one of cardinal, this being, I think, the first recognition of the colors by the authorities of the Institute. Lieutenant, now Captain Zalinski, our military instructor, had, in 1876, recognized the colors by having the guidons for the battalion made of them.

One of your correspondents urges a choice of some one color. This, I think, would be found impossible, as the well-marked single colors are all taken now; and when he says that all the prominent colleges have single colors, does he mean that Columbia with her blue and white, Princeton with her black and orange, and Cornell with her red and white, are not prominent colleges?

I think an investigation would prove that it is difficult to find any colors not already claimed by

some college more or less prominent, and should like to ask for more definite information than I have yet seen in regard to the strength of the claim made by the Worcester Tech. to cardinal-red and silver-gray.

EX-SEC. '79.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TECH:

I received a bundle of THE TECHS to-night, and have been reading them with much interest and with memories of "auld lang syne." In the natural course of events men and things change, and a glance through the pages of THE TECH shows the changes that have occurred at the Massachusetts Institute in the short time of three years. No more does one read of Hadley, nor even of his ghost; no more the old war-cry, "Papyrographs must go."

In No. 5, of the current volume, I read, however, of a proposed change which should not be made. I refer to a communication which opened for debate in your columns the subject whether the present colors of the Massachusetts Institute should not better be abandoned, and new ones adopted. The argument for the change was a weak one; only that the Worcester Institute had the same colors, the Worcester Institute being an institution with the men of which those of the Massachusetts Institute only occasionally come in contact. Your correspondent might have added, too, that the University of Virginia, also, has the same colors.

A spirit that seeks continual change is unfortunate, and such a change as the one now proposed is particularly so. The Massachusetts Institute is not a college of such antiquity that it can afford to calmly throw aside the few time-honored things that it has. I do not think, either, that the Classes of '88 and '89 would care to abandon the colors under which their elevens have won such glorious victories on the football field; and not one alumnus who has any kindly feeling for his *Alma Mater*, as all must have, would be willing to see the colors that he has borne in undergraduate days thus cast aside. The cardinal and gray should continue to be the chosen colors of the Massachusetts Institute. If a difference with Worcester is required, it would be but a simple matter to arrange the Massachusetts colors, in banners or when worn, in chequers or transverse stripes, Worcester using longitudinal ones.

And, Mr. Editor, if you will kindly allow me the space, one word more regarding colors. With the prominence that the Institute is now gaining in athletic matters, a strong college spirit must be main-

tained in order to maintain its athletic prowess. College spirit should never be subordinate to class spirit. Class colors are very well, in their way, but they should never be seen on the field of intercollegiate contest. Nor should ever a class cheer be heard. Maintain our old colors, cardinal and gray, and our old cheer.

I am, Mr. Editor, very sincerely yours,

WALTER RENTON INGALLS, '86.

Leadville, Col., Dec. 22, 1888.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TECH:

I would like to state for the benefit of your readers in general, but for the Senior Mechanicals in particular, that the rumor which was started on December 21st to the effect that a *lemon* syndicate had been formed, is not true.

It is not at all strange, however, that such a rumor should have been spread about, for it is a fact that on that day it apparently took from 7.40 A. M. until 10.55 A. M. (three hours and fifteen minutes by the clock) to procure any lemons in the city of Boston.

After careful investigation, however, I find that, notwithstanding the suspicious circumstances attendant, no lemon trust has been formed, and that the country is still safe.

S. M. E., '89.

Noticeable Articles.

THE *Forum* for December contains a vigorous paper by Professor Thomas Davidson on Teaching the Mechanical Arts. "A curse on these stupid letters!" writes an Englishman in the year 1580. "All learned men are beggars. . . . It becomes the sons of gentlemen to blow the horn nicely, to hunt skilfully, and elegantly carry and train a hawk. But the study of letters should be left to the sons of rustics." "Nowadays it is," says Professor Davidson, "a curse on these stupid handicrafts! All mechanics are beggars. . . . It becomes Americans to blow their own trumpets properly, to speculate smartly, and elegantly to carry a cane in soft, clean hands; but handicrafts should be left to foreigners." And so, to a very large extent, they are.

The writer traces this state of things to several causes: "The notion derived from the sacred books of the Hebrews that labor is a curse and a convict's punishment;" "the fact that the old orthodox political economy erected unregenerate man's tendency to avoid labor, and seek enjoyment into an irresistible law of nature, and in fact made it the basis of their whole science." Another cause, our Scotch

critic thinks, is the restlessness of the American temperament, always seeking showy results, and royal roads to everything; the spirit that wants to learn to speak German without studying the grammar, and to learn "French in six lessons without a master." Hence it is, he thinks, that the American, "whenever he can, makes his escape from the workshop, and tries to live by his wits, thus re-enforcing that undisciplined and hostile army of social harpies and vampires which we maintain within our borders in the shape of pot-house politicians, and their tools, labor demagogues, dive agents, loafers, tramps, blackmailers, gamblers, thieves." This cannot be said to be a flattering opinion of the American temperament, and we think a more favorable view might be taken of the results of American restlessness, and, moreover, that the noble army above described would by no means be found to be wholly recruited from native Americans; but, after all, there is an unpleasant amount of truth in the view. Another reason for this degradation of labor is the total disappearance of the antiquated apprenticeship system.

Professor Davidson's remedy for this state of things is the one that is so fast becoming familiar to the public mind,—to ennoble labor by making manual training an integral part of common and high school education, and by establishing public technical schools on the same footing as the schools of natural science, medicine, law, and the fine arts. He points out the fact that it was in this way that other occupations have risen in dignity. "We have seen how the literary education which we now consider so essential was regarded in old England. It is not so long since the physician or leech was, as Hallam says, 'an inexhaustible theme of popular ridicule.' . . . The barber's pole, so common in our streets, recalls the time when the barber practised blood-letting and other medical arts. It is within our own memory that the dentist stood on a level with the barber." He might have added that the veterinary art is fast rising into the dignity of a scientific profession, and "horse doctor" is ceasing to be a term of contempt.

The excellent English *Journal of Education* contains a very unflattering little notice of Lord Armstrong's singular protest against what he calls "useless knowledge." "Most of the article," it says, "is an expansion of copy-book headlines. Knowledge is not power; faculty counts for more than facts; schools do not bind genius. Passing by these commonplaces, we will say a word or two

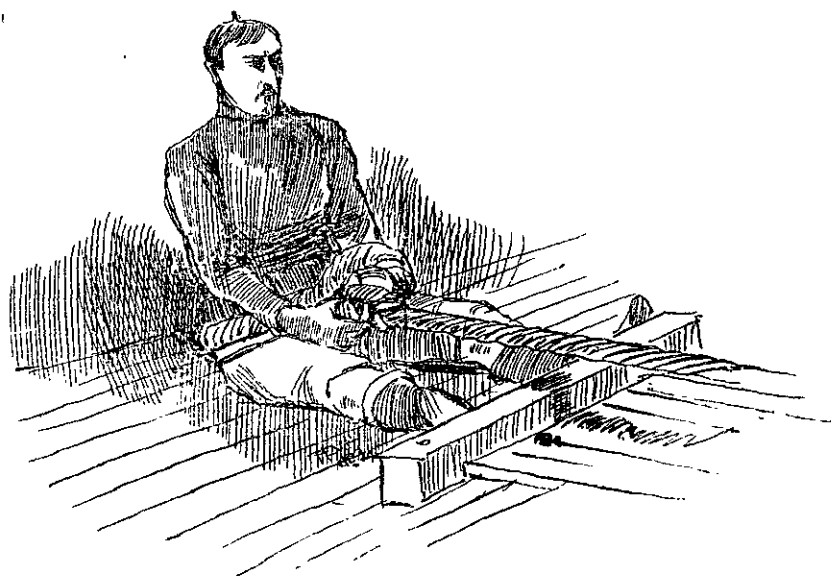
of what is at the bottom of Lord Armstrong's quarrel with the technical educationists—his belief that in education, as in trade, the supply will equal the demand. It would take too long to show why this is not so, but, as a fact, universal experience is against him. In no country in the world is higher education self-supporting. Lord Armstrong tells us that Germany is repenting of its high standard of education, and fearing for the degeneracy of the race. This is not the impression that we gather from our German correspondents, and the war of 1870 showed no failure in Teutonic thews and muscles." Lord Armstrong invented a gun, and made a great fortune, and has thereby, moreover, become a lord, but it looks a little as if he did not know everything.

The same number of the *Forum* contains an interesting paper on the utterly detestable spelling of the English language. It is by a very competent authority, Professor March, the learned author of perhaps the very best Anglo-Saxon grammar. He notices the very curious little book by Dr. Gladstone (*not* the politician), who made very careful inquiries into the time required by the children of different nations in learning to read, and found that English-speaking nations were always at a great disadvantage, owing to the abominable spelling customary in English books. We say "customary," for it is nothing but custom that changes from generation to generation, and it is high time that these changes were brought under scientific regulation. Dr. Gladstone found that an Italian child of nine years will read and spell as correctly as English children at thirteen, though the Italian begins his lessons two years later. The Germans and Swedes have the like advantage. "The illiteracy of English-speaking nations is startling; . . . other Protestant countries of Europe have almost no illiterates. One of the causes of this difference is the badness of English spelling. The reform of spelling is a patriotic and philanthropic reform."

The English Spelling Reform Association contains among its members all the most eminent of English philologists,—Max Müller, Sayce, Skeat, Ellis, Morris, Murray, Sweet, and others; and the English and American Philological Associations have already combined to publish a partial list of words amended in accordance with their true philology.

We occasionally observe very bold and ingenious attempts at amending the spelling of the English language in the written exercises that are handed in to us.

W. P. A.



The Indoor Winter Meeting.

THE Athletic Club games on Saturday, December 22d, were successful in every respect. At 1.45 the audience began to assemble, and by two o'clock a comfortable crowd had gathered, and was waiting patiently for the appearance of the athletes who were to contend for the cups.

The prizes were the same as last year, being silver beer-mugs; the record-breaking prize was a three-handled loving cup of large size and ornamental design. Many of the seats were occupied by the members of the fairer sex, who were interested spectators of the sports. The classes were all bunched in different parts of the hall, ready to "lend to the victor a cheer."

At 2.30 the first event was called, and J. C. E. de Bullet stepped to the line with the 16-pound shot in his hand. Upon the fifth cast he succeeded in breaking the record of 34 ft. 9½ in. by putting the sphere 35 ft. 4½ in.

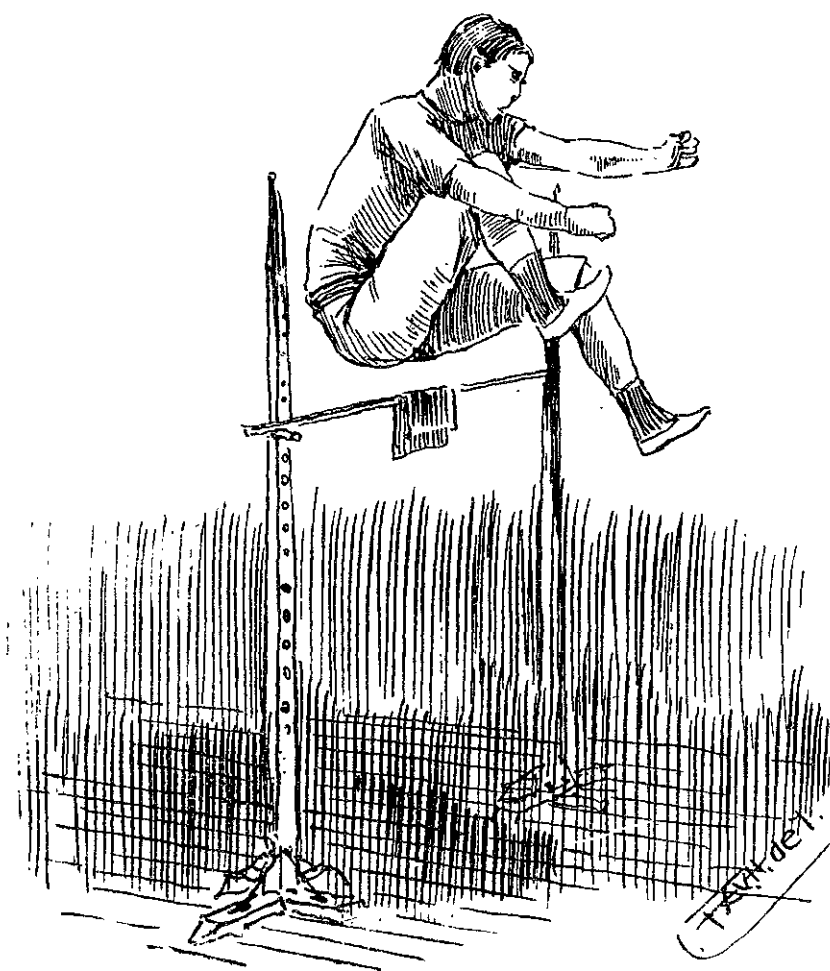
The second event was the standing high jump. L. C. Wason, '90, and J. H. Slade, Jr., '92 were the contestants. The latter dropped out at 4 ft. 5¼ in., and Wason jumped 4 ft. 6¼ in., thus winning the event. Next came the running high kick, with the same men as in the preceding event entered. Slade failed at 8 ft. 4 in., Wason winning and breaking his own record of 9 ft. by kicking the leather at a height of 9 ft. 1 in.

The fence vault (handicap) was the fourth

event. Slade, '92, allowing de Bullet, '90, $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. and Bradlee, '91, 4 in. Bradlee succumbed at 6 ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$ in., de Bullet at 6 ft. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in., and Slade cleared the bar at 6 ft. 8 in., but could go no better, thus being unable to overcome his handicap to de Bullet, who was declared the winner by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Number 5 was the Freshman-Sophomore tug-of-war. The '91 team was made up of Rooney (anchor), Greer, Smith, and Coles. '92 entered Harvey (anchor), Perry, Kales and Maynard. After many false starts the heave was finally made, with a disastrous result as far as '91 was concerned, for her anchor did not get down until '92 had gathered 22 inches of hemp to her side. With but little difference the rope was held, and '92 won by $21\frac{1}{2}$ in. The Freshmen had a small banner hidden upon one of the roof-trusses, and when she was declared the winner, the flag was unrolled, sending down a shower of small crimson and black papers.

The running high jump next claimed attention, with R. W. Conant, '91, Wason, '90, and Slade, '92 entered. Slade fell out at 5 ft. $3\frac{1}{4}$ in., Wason at 5 ft. $4\frac{1}{8}$ in., and Conant won the event by jumping 5 ft. $4\frac{7}{8}$ in.



The '89 and '90 tug-of-war teams now stepped gracefully into the arena, and were greeted with cheers. For '89, Pierce (anchor), Richardson, Mott, and Ranno; for '90, de Bullet (anchor), Tracy, Emerson, and Hamilton. At the drop '89 gained 1 in. Pierce took it easy, winning from "Adonis and his gang" by $2\frac{3}{4}$ in.

The ring was then formed for the eighth event, the feather-weight sparring. J. L. Batchelder, Jr., '90, and E. J. Cleveland, '91, stood up inside the ring, and monkeyed around each other for three rounds. The bout was awarded justly to Batchelder. The event was on the whole uninteresting, though amusing to watch on account of the '91 man's queer antics.

The light-weight sparring, which came next, was more interesting. B. F. Wilson, '89, and A. H. Newell, '90, sparred three lively though unsanguinary rounds, which resulted in Wilson's carrying away the prize.

Event number eleven was the final tug-of-war between the Seniors and Freshmen. The drop was quickly and beautifully made, with the ribbon on the scratch. It finally began slowly but surely to work over to '89's side. Age and superior judgment told, and '89 was at the end of the time three inches ahead. Her team was shouldered and carried from the cleats as usual.

The last contest was the final light-weight sparring between Wilson, '89, and Batchelder, '90. This was the most interesting bout of all; it was exciting and close to the end. Superior weight, however, told in favor of the '89 man, and he was declared the winner, and accordingly presented with the cup.

Summary.—'89 wins 3 events; '90 wins 5 events; '91 wins 1 event; '92 wins 1 event.

The officers of the M. I. T. A. C. are: President, Nathan Durfee, '89; Vice-President, Richard L. Russel, '89; Secretary, John L. Batchelder, '90; Treasurer, Edw. L. Hamilton, '90; Executive Committee, officers *ex officio*, and F. L. Dame, '89, John H. Towne, '90, Edw. Cunningham, Jr., '91, and Allen French, '92.

Referee of Course, Harold G. Gross, '88. Clerk of Course, Nathan Durfee, '89. Referee of Sparring, Dr. Wm. Appleton. Judges of Sparring, E. P. Barry and Mr. Kelley, Harvard M. S. Stewards,—Russel, French, Gannet, Dame, Bulkley, '89; Hamilton, Sturgis, Batchelder, Towne, '90; Cunningham, Garrison, '91; French, '92.



Cribs are common in this year's annual.

Too bad that more "Techniques" were not to be obtained.

We find that Richard Hooker wrote a famous religious book in 1600.

The Chess Club held its regular meeting at the Thorndike, December 20th.

The Fourth Year Miners had a copper run on December 20th.

Freshman (eying the pile of TECHS on table): Say! Is this the next TECH?

"Technique" does not show the weeding out of unsavory matter that it should.

We hope the subscribers of THE TECH enjoyed a pleasant Christmas. For others we have no use.

"Shenandoah" draws large numbers of Tech. men to its daily performances, and enjoyment seems to be keen on their part.

There are just a few men at this institution who think that working twenty-four hours per day is too much.

A more finished page is the result when ruling is employed about the page, as in previous "Techniques."

We should judge from the way the Junior Annual sold, that Technique-al education was on the boom at the Institute.

Titles of Theses.—Geo. M. Basford, Strength of Deflection in Locomotive Parallel Rods; Arthur L. Davis, Motive Power of Cable Roads; Frank L. Pierce and Charles H. Cromwell, Cotton Machinery.

D. Y. D. X. went to see Margaret Mather on Christmas Eve, and breakfasted at Young's Christmas morning.

If the '92 flag had been farther toward the centre of the hall, its shower of crimson and black papers would have showered '91's team very neatly.

The Senior Course IX. men had an examination in "History of Natural Science," on Thursday, December 27, 1888. The Semies are indeed near at hand.

The short respite called the Christmas vacation, gives us an admirable chance to make up back work, and doubtless to many it is a period of harder work than usual.

Messrs. J. W. Linzee and Benj. W. Guppy, have chosen as their thesis, "A Project for Abolishing the Grade Crossing at Lake Crossing, on the Boston and Albany Railroad."

The K₂S met at photographer Smith's on Thursday, December 20th, and were photographed in a group. The picture is a highly satisfactory one.

The Third Year Chemists are now working in the Sanitary Laboratory. They can tell just how much of the acidic element there is in the milk of human kindness.

The Seniors have finished their work for this term in the M. E. Laboratory. The last boiler test was run on the 21st, by Durfee, Borden, Bliss, Davis, Hobbs, and Craigen.

The Fourth Year Civils and Generals have recently been discussing the Interstate Commerce Act, at the lectures in Railroad Management. There will be a commotion in railroad circles when '89 strikes the world.

Subscriptions for the *Technology Quarterly* are beginning to come in from strangers, both at home and abroad; showing that its scientific character is being appreciated by thinkers all over the scientific world.

There were parties from '91 and '92 that remained after the games. The one to get the flag, the other to protect it. '92 finally

took it down, thus saving it. How well we remember the glorious fight between '89 and '90 for '89's huge orange and black banner, dropped in the same manner.

All men interested in photography should join the Technology Photographic Society. By so doing they will gain the use of the excellent dark-rooms in the new Building, and can also obtain discounts upon photographic work at down town concerns. Would-be members should apply to Earl W. Gannet, '89, Treasurer.

The neatest and most original thing in '90's "Technique," is the heading of the page devoted to the Board of Editors, in the first part of the book. It represents a knight driving before him the jester that was portrayed on the cover of '89's Annual. The jester is retreating in haste, leaving his pot in the *con-somme*, or vice versa, as you like it.

There was no unpleasant feature about the games, except on the part of one fresh youth, who aired a single lonely hiss when '91's anchor failed to take the ground. The ladies apparently enjoyed the Indoor Meeting as much as the men. The tug-of-war teams were lustily cheered upon their appearance. Cleveland spent too much breath on the hop, skip, and jump method that he employed.

The Technology Gun Club held a shoot at its grounds in Jamaica Plain, on Christmas morning. Very good scores were made upon the blue-rocks, as a result of the instructive smoke talks held between the shoots. A neatly drawn championship trophy was shot for, being won by Mr. E. S. Webster, of '88, his score being 15 out of 20 birds, at twenty yards from the trap.

The members of the Senior Class were very pleasantly entertained at the two receptions given for them by Mrs. William Barton Rogers, on the evenings of December 19th, and 22d. Mrs. Rogers wishes to announce through these columns that she will be at

home every Wednesday evening, at 117 Marlborough Street, and will be pleased to see any and all of the Tech. students.

On Friday, December 21st, a tall, dark man, dressed in semi-Oriental style, might have been seen wandering about the halls of Rogers. Many were the speculations regarding his identity, but the "Bird" very willingly, strange to say, volunteered the following information: in an awe-inspiring tone she said, "it" was a Turkish bey, who had been sent over by the Government to study the best systems of schools and colleges in this country.

The Corporation has finally decided to add one more to the number of buildings connected with the Institute. It is to be built on Trinity Place, backing on the Winslow Rink; to be of brick, five stories in height, and to be occupied principally by the Mechanical Engineering and Civil Engineering Courses,—the former to have three and one-half, the latter, one and one-half stories. After the removal of the machinery from the Rogers Building, the Miners will occupy the whole basement.

The following statistics with reference to the Football Team may be of interest to our readers. It will be noticed that averages are quite low when the good work done by the team is taken into consideration. This table will show, approximately, what old material there will be left to build a team up on next year.

	Age.	Weight.	Height.	Class.
Duane . . .	21	166	5 ft. 10½	1889
Dame . . .	21	155	5 ft. 10½	1889
Durfee . . .	21	148	5 ft. 9	1889
Pierce . . .	23	153	5 ft. 7	1889
Hamilton . .	21	160	5 ft. 11½	1890
Roberts . . .	19	161	5 ft. 11¼	1890
Stearns . . .	20	150	5 ft. 8	1890
Tracy . . .	23	144	5 ft. 6	1890
Germer . . .	18	133	5 ft. 7½	1891
Rice . . .	24	165	5 ft. 11½	1891
Highlands . .	19	175	6 ft. 4	1891
Willard . . .	19	150	5 ft. 10	1892
Godchaux . .	18	122	5 ft. 5	1892
Weiss . . .	18	150	5 ft. 7	1892
Kales . . .	18	142	5 ft. 9	1892

Averages: age, 19; weight, 151.6; height, 5 ft. 9½.

The library of Course IX. has been enriched by a book which, notwithstanding its high moral character and general usefulness, had never found a place on the Institute shelves. The coming of it happened in this wise: In a lecture the other day, Gen. Walker attempted to quote a passage, and failing to do so, sent a student to look it up in the aforementioned book. The student returned after a long search, and said that it was not to be found anywhere in the Institute. Hence the purchase. The book was the Bible.

THE LOUNGER.

THE Lounger makes his prettiest bow with this, the Holiday number of THE TECH, and wishes all its readers the best of luck in the coming trial. He had hoped to appear in a new costume this issue, but circumstances would not allow. He has, however, had his picture taken, and is now having it engraved, that you may see who it is that has been furnishing you with so much food for thought of late. This is done at the special request of the editors of THE TECH, who for certain reasons do not wish to be considered as interested in this column. Next term the Lounger intends to "come out strong," and to spare no one, from Bubby Fresh to the grave and dignified Senior. He may even go further; so look out for him. Don't get into boilers with no man-holes; don't propose a full drill dress theatre party; don't send anonymous contributions to THE TECH,—or in any other way make a fool of yourself, if you wish to escape the wrath of the Lounger, who spares none.

It is as old as it is disagreeable and useless to be admonished after some misfortune with "I told you so." Yet we are all prone to make use of the above egotistic remark. '90's "Technique" falling short in copies caused '89 to say "I told you so." Our friends of the Harvard Medical School said the same when Dartmouth tied us for first place in the football race. In fact, there is no miscarried event to be named that does not bring to mind a host of these same sour-faced individuals who "told you so." As we have remarked, there is no class exempt from this malady. Parents, friends, and even our Faculty are apt to be frequently "down with it." And at this season of the year, we of Tech. are awaiting

anxiously for our semi-annual share thereof. The Faculty, both individually and collectively, seems to have drawn itself together for a supreme effort in this line. "The Penman's" quill is already dipped in gore; the crucial test is about to be applied; and those poor unfortunates who are "found wanting," will, upon seeking sympathy or probation from the "powers that be," be met with the impassable, non-committal, "I told you so." The Lounger wishes to score one for himself, and get ahead of Faculty, parents, and friends, and so says, "I tell you so."

Some of my best thoughts, said a literary man the other day, come to me in the ride in the hurried and noisy street-car. The varied and unusual types of humanity before the eye suggest novel reflections, and furnish groundwork for future use. I have occasionally made a study of some neighboring passenger whose untimely exit has driven me almost to momentary madness.

It is a kind of panoramic view passing before the eyes, and when I find anything specially odd (and you know the queerest objects are here brought to light), I mentally put in a pin, and am able to get an outline, at least, which may be of material assistance in my work.

Then, too, I have found this plebeian mode of travel favorable to a continuous train of thought. I could never explain the reason for this, but so I have found it, and have been roused at the expiration of a long ride with a feeling of surprise that so many interruptions had not interrupted, but had apparently assisted me in a train of thought in which one idea succeeded and was dependent on another, so that one link gone, the whole chain was broken.

Somebody else says: When I am supremely miserable I deposit myself in a street-car, and there, midst the motley throng and in contemplation of so many phases and degrees of wretchedness, become in a measure reconciled to the unhappiness of my own life. If the first dose does not relieve I repeat it; and if the night be chill, above all if it be stormy and the hour latish, ten to one but I think with zest of my snug room and glowing fire. Yes, my sanctum door once closed behind me, the hateful grind, the fear of being plucked, the disfavor of my sweetheart, the coldness of a selfish world,—all float away airily, harmlessly, in clouds from my cigar, and Hope, fair enchantress and deceiver, resumes her sway and lures me on.

EXCHANGE GLEANINGS.

The Senior Class of Williams have held two elections of class officers; and as the men elected each time have resigned, it has been decided to have no class officers.

The *Aegis*, the Dartmouth annual, has just been published. It contains full-page heliotypes of the eleven, of the glee club, and of the board of editors.

There is a movement among the students of the University of Pennsylvania to start a new college weekly, a prominent feature of which will be special correspondence from the leading colleges.

At Harvard the boating association is the only athletic club that is not self-supporting. The baseball fund now consists of \$4,000. After having placed \$1,500 of this as a reserve fund, the rest will go toward associations which are at present financially embarrassed. It is probable that most of it will go for the support of the crew.

A Syracuse man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to eight hundred different positions. It is designed for the student to sit in when he goes to chapel. Brown sends in an order for 289.

Five Columbia men were arrested for creating a disturbance in the Bijou Theatre, New York. They were each fined ten dollars in court.

About twenty-five men will accompany the Yale Glee Club on its Western trip.

The baseball association at Harvard has petitioned the Faculty to allow them the privilege of having a professional coacher, and of playing with professional teams. The former request has been granted by the athletic committee. Mr. Clarkson, of the Boston nine, will probably be the coacher.

Dartmouth has won the championship in the New England Football League.—*Lafayette*.



THE MISTLETOE.

Over the dim and quiet hall,
Hung from the unlit chandelier,
Eyed askance by the maidens all,
Thrilling each with a sudden fear,
Swings the English mistletoe.

While she seems to shun the twig of green,
Yet with charming craft and guidance true,
And skill that's steady, and eye that's keen,
Beware, or, under the berries, you
The Yankee miss 'll tow.

—*Brunonian*.

PLEASE TAKE MY SEAT.

I'll not stand up with thanks unpaid
To give my seat to that old maid.
I don't see why
These women, thirty-five, perhaps,
Can't stand, and lean upon the straps,
As well as I.

Our glances meet.
Who could resist such grace as that?
I rise,—she smiles,—I lift my hat,—
“Please take my seat.”

—*Harvard Crimson*.

POOR LITTLE ROSE.

Poor little withered rose!
'Twas but an hour since
You rested on my lady's breast;
And all your rosy tints
Blushed, warm with love—the hour you blessed
And gave my lady all your heart's
Perfume, poor little rose!

Poor little faded rose!
I found you on the street;
Your tender petals, once so red,
Were bruised, as though the feet
Of some one had, with cruel tread,
Their fragrance crushed. Say, was it this,
O rose, poor little rose?

You tell me, little rose,
That 'twas no cruel tread
That from your heart the perfume crushed,
And made you hang your head.
You whisper, and your tone is hushed,
“I die because SHE cast me off!”
Alas, poor little rose!

—*Yale Record*.



AT COTILLION HALL.

Mr. Spooney (who has cut a dance): "I AM SO SORRY, MISS TERSE, THAT I WAS SO AH—UNFORTUNATE AS TO MISS OUR WALTZ IT WAS AN OPPORTUNITY WHICH —"

Miss Terse (dryly): "YES, I SEE—A *waisted* OPPORTUNITY, MR. SPOONEY."

There was a young man who had cacht
Adrift a most beautiful yacht.
"Hurrah, for a sail!"
Said this frolicsome mail,
"On the ocean with danger be-fracht."

A man from the Emerald Isle
Was sitting one day on a stisle.
He suddenly thought,
"If I have the spought,
I'll indulge in an *eau-de-vie* smisle."

TIT FOR TAT.

He timidly climbed up the brown-stone steps,
He timidly rang the bell;
He felt that this visit might be his last,
But why so he could not tell.
As he stood at the door, the winter wind
Whirled in the streets about,
But above its roaring he heard her say,
"John, tell him that I am out."
As the door was opened, with stately mien
He said to the butler tall,
"Pray, go to Miss Jones with my compliments,
And tell her I did not call."—*Williams Weekly*.

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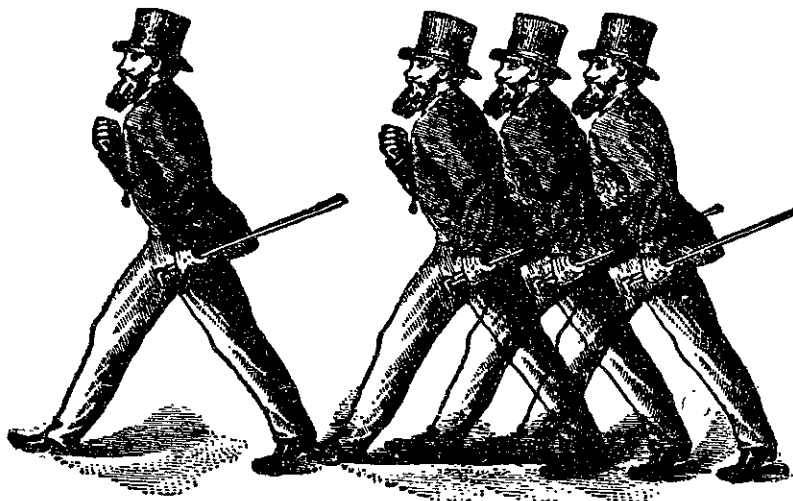
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Minister: "You don't look at all well this morning, Uncle Rastus."

Uncle Rastus: "No sah; I'se feelin' de want ob sleep. We's gwine ter hab chicken to-day fer dinner; 'twas nigh on to two o'clock dat dem chickens was delibered."

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May none be D—ED by the Faculty, but all show
by their double e(F)iciency in the exams. that it is
to their CREDIT to get H—.Lew Dockstader returns to the Boston with
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