

The Tech.

VOL. IX.

BOSTON, APRIL 17, 1890.

NO. 14.

THE TECH.

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

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Subscription, \$2.00 per year, in advance. Single copies, 15 cts. each.

FRANK WOOD, PRINTER, 352 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.



SCARCELY seven weeks from to-day, in the natural order of events, we shall have reached the termination of this year's work. Between that time and now, how much remains to be done! From the Senior who is balancing his account with the Institute, to the Freshman who is striving to add to his on the credit side, there will be no cessation of effort until the first of June leaves the corridors to the occupancy of the janitors. In the general flurry and rush of business, there is one thing which we trust will not be neglected; that is, the prompt payment of your subscription to THE TECH, Vol. IX., for which the usual number of bills are being sent out. THE TECH, even, does not escape a yearly settlement, and to facilitate this, and win the eternal gratitude of the Board of Editors, make the time between your receipt of their bill and their receipt of your money an interval as short as may be.

NOW that the time has come when we may safely leave our overcoats at home, we can express ourselves somewhat warmly about a lack of conveniences in the so called New Building. All winter we have hung up our coats, hats, and umbrellas on lecture tables, other men's chairs, window-sills, specimen cabinets, and so on down to the floor, until our lecture rooms have taken on the appearance of an old-clothes store, and the patience of the lecturer has been taxed beyond its limit. We know that this misuse of the rooms is disorderly, but have we any alternative? To check our garments at the cage is a waste of time, and a temptation to pneumonia if we are obliged to go back and forth between the buildings in cold or stormy weather; and the mischance of lost umbrellas and overshoes still remains. Since we are expected to attend lectures and recitations in both buildings, why should we not have a coat room in each?

WE remark with pleasure the change which has been made in the conduction of the second-year course in English Literature. The old way, so much used in schools and colleges, is familiar to every one. Bound to a text-book, the class studies a catalogue of the lives, writings, and styles of all the English authors. Names and dates are hammered in for use in recitation. But the new way follows a radically different track. The text-book is discarded, and in its place a syllabus, noting only the greater names of literature, is used to map a course of lectures, which gives the student the most prominent and useful facts in connection with them. Besides these lectures a course in required reading gives a personal acquaintance with these authors.

The benefit of this change is apparent. We leave behind the cut-and-dried part of literature. The advantage is evident of dropping from consideration those third-rate authors whose business is but to imitate and copy. Greater time is given to the consideration of the more famous; and in this connection is discussed their influence upon contemporaneous history, and its effect upon them,—a light upon their writings too often neglected. And, also, the good derived from the acquaintance with the writings of these authors should not be underrated. Not mere extracts are used, but the larger works,—but be it enough to say that the English Literature Class this year has taken hold of its work with more interest and vigor than has any previous class.

We need not further enter into the details of this system, or uphold its merits; after almost a whole year's trial it declares itself successful. But that the change comes from our present instructor in second-year English Literature, we wish to impress upon our readers, in giving honor where honor is due. We thank him for this improvement, and in doing it thus publicly we hope to secure to him the credit which is his of right, but which future changes in the administration of the board of English instruction might divert into improper channels.

IF a person of an antiquarian turn of mind should look over the files of THE TECH for the past year or so, he would find sundry prizes offered for a song which could be adopted as distinctively belonging to the Institute. These offers were various and frequent; they were repeated many times, until they became so classical as to be tabooed, still no result followed, and so the subject was dropped.

This was long ago, but as yet no song has appeared to startle the crowd that centres around that part of the Hub known as Boyls-

ton Street. So far no one has been unfaithful to the goddess of science long enough to permit of the successful wooing of the muse. But there is no reason for the continuation of this state of affairs. Spring is at hand,—some are incorrigible grinds, some are occupied with baseball and running, yet the great majority have some leisure; and is there no one of these with wit enough to write verses? It seems not; it is unfortunate; but it only adds one more fact to the mass of evidence that goes to prove the onesidedness of Institute life.

Years ago the agitation for a lunch room was begun; now we have one in successful operation. This leads us to hope that future generations of Tech. men will some day have a song worthy of themselves and the Institute. Perhaps this expectation is too sanguine, yet at times it even seems possible that this generation may live to see it fulfilled. Our hopes may be realized to-morrow if some energetic man can be found who will for a few moments stop chasing phantom honors and elusive baseballs, and devote his energies to the pursuit of the muse.

ON Saturday mornings in the midst of the confusion that prevails in our combination armory and gymnasium, where the clang of arms is heard, mingled with the roll of the drum and the bugle's blast, and the Freshmen disport themselves in accordance with the Articles of War, we are glad to notice the presence of a fairer element. The graceful uniform of our battalion has become the cynosure of the South End, and the gallant bearing of its wearers has won them admiration of a tender sort. Graced by the smiles of lovely woman, the manual of arms becomes a drudgery divine, and dress parade a pleasure and a pastime. Salute the day that has dawned when fair women and brave men, and all things martial and poetic shall make our barracks their headquarters, with general admiration as the officer of the day.

EVERY student at the Institute is interested in its welfare, and nearly every one takes pride in the work that it is doing, and enjoys talking proudly of the excellent education obtained by studying here four years. All the important facts concerning the condition of the Institute, together with much interesting information about its students, both past and present, are to be found in the report annually made by the President to the Corporation. It seems strange that a copy of this report is not allowed to every undergraduate. We are permitted to take catalogues *ad libitum*, and why a copy of the President's report should be a prize only to be obtained by chance or impudence, is a question which the student mind cannot answer. One catalogue is almost exactly like another, except when the printer is changed, as was the case this year, while every annual report is new and contains statistics that are of interest to every one. As matters now are, however, the men who have good luck, or the other valuable quality mentioned, are the only ones who obtain copies,—the majority are left to long in vain.

TO those who have struggled for the advancement of athletics in the Institute, and to all those who are in the least interested in the doings of the Tech. athletic world, it is gratifying to see so many men working for their respective teams. The candidates for the Freshman nine have now been cut down to about twenty men. Ninety-two now has about fifteen men in the field. Aside from these diamond athletes, there are some twenty men who are working for the spring games, and from the present outlook it is safe to assume that some of our track records will be lowered. Never before in the history of the Institute has the gymnasium been so lively at this season of the year. Let the good work go on, and we will soon have records that we can mention above a whisper and not be afraid some one will hear us.

MASS. INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
April, 1890.

Inasmuch as death has visited our class, and taken from our midst an esteemed classmate and friend, George Mathewson Starkweather,

RESOLVED,—That we, the Class of Ninety-three, express our great sorrow, and extend to the family so deeply grieved our heartfelt sympathy.

RESOLVED,—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and published in THE TECH.

A. BLAKELEY SMITH }
HENRY A. MORSS, } For the Class.
CHARLES TAINTOR, }

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

EDITOR OF THE TECH:—

At the Harvard Medical School examination papers are numbered, corrected, and marked by instructors who are entirely ignorant as to the writers; are marked with a per cent, and this mark given to the student at a proper time.

Since at Tech. standing is almost entirely dependent upon examinations, would it not be fairer to abolish the "personal equation" from the system of marking? By this, no insinuation of intentional unfairness by the examiners is intended, but we all, instructors and students, know that personality makes a difference, conscious or otherwise, which is unjust, if not unfair, and cannot but result in bitter feeling. And it would be gratifying, or, at least, consoling, to have a less vague system of marks. These changes are to be recommended if only because they would do away with much friction and unpleasant feeling, but they appear to have also intrinsic value. Cannot we then have a uniform and definite system of marking and marks? We respectfully offer the suggestion to the Faculty.

ADA, '91.

The Siege of Berlin.

[From the French of A. Daudet.]

WE were walking up the avenue of the Champs Elysées with Doctor V——, recalling the history of the siege in the walls and pavements shattered by shot and shell, when just before reaching the Place de l'Etoile the doctor stopped, and showing me one of the large mansions so pretentiously grouped about the Arc de Triomphe,—

“Do you see,” he said, “the four closed windows over that balcony? In the early part of the terrible month of August, 1870, so full of storm and disaster, I was called to that house by a case of apoplexy. My patient was Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of the First Empire, an old man, carried away with the love of glory and patriotism, who at the breaking out of the war had taken lodgings on the Champs Elysées in a balcony apartment. Can you imagine why? To be present at the triumphal return of our soldiers. Poor old man! the news of Wissembourg reached him as he was getting up from table. On reading the name of Napoleon at the bottom of that bulletin of defeat, he fell speechless.

“I found the old soldier stretched upon the floor of his room, his face lifeless and bloody, as if he had been struck down by some heavy weapon. As he lay there he seemed immense, and must have been a very tall man. Regular features, fine teeth, and an abundance of curling white hair made his eighty years seem no more than sixty. His granddaughter was on her knees beside him crying. She resembled him so closely that, to see them side by side, they seemed like two rare Greek coins struck from the same die; one, however, ancient, dull, and worn, the other clear and shining, with all the lustre and clearness of a new imprint.

“The grief of this child touched me. She was daughter as well as granddaughter of a soldier, for her father was on the staff of General MacMahon, and the sight of the tall old man lying before her called up in her

mind another vision not less terrible. I reassured her the best I could, although at heart I had little hope. We had to do with a heavy stroke, from which at eighty years there was little chance of recovery. For three days the sufferer remained in the same state of paralysis and stupor. In this interval the news of Reischaffen reached Paris. You remember in what a strange manner. Until evening everybody believed in a great victory,—twenty thousand Prussians killed, the prince royal prisoner. By some miracle, some magnetic current, I do not know what, an echo of the national rejoicing aroused our helpless invalid; when I approached his bed that evening he was a different man. His eyes were quite clear, his tongue not so mute. He was able to smile, and stammered twice, ‘Victory! Victory!’

“‘Yes, Colonel, a great victory.’

“And as I gave him the details of the success of MacMahon, I saw his features relax and his face light up. When I went out the child was standing before the door waiting for me. She was pale and sobbing.

“‘He is saved,’ I told her, taking her hands in mine.

“The poor child had hardly courage to reply. The truth about Reischaffen had just become known,—MacMahon in flight and a whole army destroyed. We looked at each other in consternation. She was concerned at the thought of her father. I trembled for her grandfather. It was certain that he could not survive a second shock.

“‘His joy must be maintained, the illusions which have revived him must be preserved, it will be necessary to deceive him,—’

“‘I will deceive him, then,’ said the brave girl, wiping away her tears, and with a beaming face she went into her grandfather’s room.

“It was a difficult task that she had undertaken, but for the first few days she managed it easily. The invalid was weak-headed, and let himself be deceived like a child; but with returning health his ideas became more clear.

He had to be kept informed of the movements of the armies, and be told the contents of the military despatches. It was sad enough to see the child poring day and night over the map of Germany, marking it with little flags, compelling herself to unite everything in a glorious campaign,—Bazaine at Berlin, Frosard at Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. She asked my advice about it all, and I aided her whenever I could, but it was the grandfather himself who was of the most service in the imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so many times under the First Empire that he knew all the moves beforehand. 'This is where they will go next; this is what they will do now.' And as his predictions were always fulfilled they never failed to make him good-natured.

"Unfortunately, it was in vain that we took cities and won battles; we were never quick enough for him. He was insatiable, this old soldier. Each time that I visited him I learned of a new feat of arms.

" 'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' his granddaughter said to me one day with a tearful smile, and I heard through the door a cheerful voice that cried,—

" 'Forward! forward! In a week we will enter Berlin.'

"At this moment the Prussians were not more than a week distant from Paris. We asked each other at first if it would not be better to take him into the country; but as soon as he should go outside he would learn the state of affairs, and he was still too feeble, too enervated by his great shock to learn the truth, so that we decided to remain.

"The first day of the investment I called upon them, much agitated, I remember, by the bitterness we felt at seeing the gates of Paris shut, fighting going on under the walls, and the suburbs become frontiers. I found the old man proud and jubilant.

" 'Good,' he said to me; 'the siege commences to-day.'

"I looked at him stupefied 'What, Colonel, do you know it?'

"His granddaughter turned toward me. 'Why, yes, doctor. It is the great news. The siege of Berlin has begun.'

"She said it with a peaceful and composed air, threading her needle at the same time. How should he suspect anything? The cannon of the forts he could not hear. Unhappy Paris, dark and distracted, he could not see. What he perceived from his bed was a part of the Arc de Triomphe, and about him in his room, well calculated to keep up his delusion, were all the souvenirs of the First Empire: portraits of marshals; engravings of battles; the King of Rome as an infant; heavy, awkward consoles, ornamented with brass trophies, loaded with imperial relics, medals, and bronzes; a rock from St. Helena under glass; miniatures representing a bright-eyed lady in a yellow ball dress, with leg-of-mutton sleeves; and everything, the consoles, marshals, King of Rome, ladies in yellow, had the unbending figure, the awkward style, the heavy elegance, which was the grace of 1806. Gallant colonel! it was this atmosphere of victory and conquest, more than all we could tell him, that made him believe so innocently in the siege of Berlin.

"From this time on our military operations were very much simplified. To take Berlin was only a matter of patience. From time to time, as the old man became dissatisfied, we read him a letter from his son,—an imaginary one, of course, as no one could enter Paris, and since Sedan, the *aide-de-camp* of MacMahon, had been sent to a German fortress. You can imagine the despair of the poor child, with no news of her father, knowing that he was a prisoner, and perhaps sick and in want, yet obliged to speak for him in cheerful letters such as a soldier would write while advancing in a conquered country. Sometimes her will failed her; then we remained without news, and the old man was troubled, and could not sleep. Then there would be a letter from

Germany that she would read to him gayly, restraining her tears in his presence. The Colonel listened very attentively, smiled with a knowing air, approved and criticised, or explained to us the passages which were a little confused. But he was at his best in the responses that he sent his son. 'Do not forget that you are a Frenchman; be generous to the poor people; do not make the invasion too severe;' and recommendations without end, admirable lectures on respect for the proprieties, the politeness due to ladies, a true code of honor for the practice of conquerors. He mixed in them, also, general political considerations, with the conditions of peace to impose on the vanquished. On this subject he was not exacting.

"The indemnity of war, and nothing more. What is the use of taking provinces? Do they expect to make France out of Germany?"

"He dictated in a loud voice, and one felt so much candor in his words, and such a patriotic spirit, that it was impossible to hear them without being moved.

"All this while the siege was advancing, but not that of Berlin. It was a time of great cold, of epidemics, and of famine. But, thanks to our care, our efforts, and the unwearying tenderness that increased around him, the serenity of the old man was not for a moment disturbed. To the last moment he was able to have white bread and fresh meat. He was the only one to have them, however, and you cannot imagine anything more innocently selfish than his lunches. The grandfather in bed, bright and smiling, a napkin under his chin; near him his granddaughter, somewhat worn by privation, steadying his hands, giving him a drink, helping him to all the good things which she denied herself. When he was animated by the repast, in the comfort of his warm room, the wintry wind outside and the snow beating against the windows recalled to the old cuirassier his campaigns in the north, and he told us for the hundredth time of the fatal retreat from Rus-

sia, where they had nothing to eat but frozen bread and horse-flesh.

"Think of it, my child; we ate horse-flesh!"

"I think she must have understood it. For two months she had eaten nothing else.

"From day to day, in measure as convalescence approached, our task with the invalid became more difficult. The dullness of his senses, which had aided us so well, began to disappear. Several times the terrific firing at the Porte Maillot had startled him, and we were obliged to invent another victory of Bazaine under the walls of Berlin, and salutes in honor of it at Les Invalides. One day when his bed had been moved to the window, he saw the National Guards forming upon the street.

"What are those troops doing there?" he demanded; and we heard him grumble between his teeth, 'Bad form; bad form!'

"It was so indeed, but we understood better than before that we must be cautious; but we could not be cautious enough.

"One evening when I called, the granddaughter came to me much disturbed.

"To-morrow they will enter,' she said.

"Could her grandfather's room have been open? Since then, in thinking it over, I remember that he had that evening an extraordinary look. It is possible that he overheard us. But we spoke of the Prussians, he of the French, whose triumphal entry he had so long awaited,—MacMahon riding down the avenue amid flowers and trumpets, his son at the marshal's side, and he himself upon the balcony in full uniform as at Lutzen, saluting the torn flags and the eagles black with powder.

"Poor Colonel Jouve! Without doubt he imagined that we wished to prevent his sharing in the triumph of our soldiers, to spare him too much excitement; therefore he spoke to no one. But the next morning, at the same time that the Prussian battalions entered slowly on the long road from the Porte Maillot to the Tuileries, the window opened gently and the

Colonel appeared on the balcony, with his helmet, his long sabre, all his glorious old cuirassier's uniform. There he was, standing behind the railing, astonished at finding the streets so still and so empty, the blinds of the houses closed, Paris gloomy as a pest-house; strange flags—white with red crosses—on every hand, and no one to meet the soldiers. For a moment he thought he had been deceived. No; behind the Arc de Triomphe there was a confused uproar; a black line advanced in the increasing light; then little by little the spears on the helmets shone, the drums began to beat, and under the Arc de l'Etoile, kept time to by the heavy tread of the ranks, by the noise of the sabres, sounded Schubert's triumphal march.

"Then in the mournful silence a frightful cry re-echoed, 'To arms! to arms! the Prussians!' and the uhlans of the van-guard could see above them on the balcony a tall old man throw up his arms, totter, and fall stiffly. This time Colonel Jouve was dead.

A SONG OF MARCH.

Down the street rude March winds blustered;
Through bare boughs blew clouds of snow;
Dainty Mag, whose ringlets clustered
O'er bright eyes that flashed below,
Sped along, all unattended,
While my lonely way I wended
Where the pavements icier grow.

Quick my heart beat, as I spied her
Rest her tiny hand for aid
On the ancient elm beside her.
Swift I stepped to her and said,
"Lean on me, sweet maid, forever,
And 'twill be my fond endeavor
Firm to stand through storm and shade."

In a trice she looked up, smiling:
"Prove thyself, dear sir," she cried;
"Prove that thou art not beguiling;
Walk just this once by my side.
Should it seem that thou art able
Now to walk with footsteps stable,
I will to thee my heart confide."

Well, we both went down together,
Pretty Margaret and I.
Now, through fair and stormy weather,
When we go down town to buy
Frills and feathers, furs and laces,
I let Mag select the places
Where she walks,—and you know why!

—Dartmouth Lit.

M. I. C. DEPARTMENTS.

VI. Electrical Engineering.

THE profession for which Course VI. aims to prepare the student has practically come into existence within the easy remembrance of the youngest pupil in the Institute; and, moreover, every electrical art now known, except the simpler forms of land and ocean telegraphy and electro-metallurgy, is his junior in age. Multiple telegraphy, electric lighting, the electrical transmission of power, telephony, electric welding,—all these arts are products of the last fifteen years. And with the development of these there has necessarily grown up a new profession,—that of the electrical engineer. There have been telegraph engineers ever since the introduction of the telegraph, and electricians as well, but I doubt if the term "electrical engineer" is even a dozen years old, and its general recognition is still more recent. An interesting illustration of this is seen in the successive changes in name of the leading English society devoted to the study of technical electricity, which, founded in 1871 as the "Society of Telegraph Engineers," became in December, 1880, the "Society of Telegraph Engineers and of Electricians." At that time, although there were numerous suggestions as to its new title, the term electrical engineer does not seem to have been even mentioned. But in 1889 it assumed as a name the "Institution of Electrical Engineers," following the example of the American "Institute of Electrical Engineers," which had been organized about five years previously, in 1884.

The requirements of this profession are especially varied, and in some respects severe, because of its many-sidedness, although the other scientific professions are becoming more and more to resemble it in this particular. To be properly fitted for it a man must first of all be an *engineer*,—a point which has been very strongly emphasized within the past few

months by Sir Wm. Thomson. If he is called to any responsible position, he is certain to have to deal with machinery, and very likely to design it. He should be practically acquainted with the strength of materials, and able to recognize the strong and weak points in constructions of wood or metal. He should be familiar with the theory and practical working of the steam-engine and other prime movers, —a matter that is likely to become more and more of vital importance with the advancing applications of electricity to railway working, and to the transmission of power in general. He may at any time be called upon to plan a building for special purposes, perhaps with dynamo-machines in its upper stories, and independently of his architect he should know what is needed for strength, safety, and convenience. He may have to design machines for laying a cable, or be consulted as to the construction of a system of subways for electric wires, and, in fact, there is no branch of engineering or mechanics of which a knowledge may not be demanded of him. An acquaintance with the fundamental principles of chemistry will often be of the utmost value, as, for example, in relation to insulating materials for electric wires, or in connection with the construction and operation of storage batteries, or in the various processes of electro-metallurgy. His understanding of general physics, —sound, heat and light,—should be clear and extensive. He must have a wide and accurate knowledge of electricity, both theoretical and applied, and a thorough training in physical experimentation, including of course the testing of electrical apparatus and machinery. Moreover, he should be a good mathematician, and to judge from recent developments he is likely to have increasing need of such knowledge. I do not mean, of course, that to succeed at all as an electrical engineer one must necessarily be expert in all these, but in so far as he is lacking in any of them he will be likely at some time to find himself badly hampered.

Since the arrangement of Course VI. proceeds upon the assumption that one graduating from it shall be trained in the lines specified as fully as is possible consistently with the necessary limitations of time, it is clear that no man ought to attempt that course unless, besides having a natural taste for experimental science, he is good in the mathematics and chemistry of the first year. Mere ability to set up electric bells and gas-lighting apparatus is no index of fitness for the profession of electrical engineering. This ability may be consistent with the possession of but very slender reasoning powers.

The aim of the course being to train electrical engineers rather than mere students of theoretical electricity, it has been thought best to devote only a moderate amount of time to the mathematics of this subject. But the work done is so shaped as to give to the student the requisite preparation for entering upon the study of the highest work of this class; and provision is made for the special wants of one desiring more advanced instruction, either prior to graduation or in the courses for a higher degree.

The amount of chemistry given in the course is also much less than would, on many accounts, be desirable. But this could be introduced in the higher years only by displacing subjects of even more importance. The occasional student who wishes to prepare himself especially for any branch of electricity in which a knowledge of chemistry is particularly called for, can do this by entering Course VIII. (Physics), and taking the electrical and chemical options in it; though in doing this he necessarily sacrifices a very considerable portion of the mechanical engineering studies.

Finally, a word as to the outlook for those completing a course in Electrical Engineering. The student must not look too confidently for large remuneration and speedy advancement. His chances of success are not greater than in other professions. He will find that large

numbers of men with good training are entering the business, and still more with bad training or no training at all, and that the public does not always at first discriminate between them. He will learn that he must work hard, and that there is no place in the profession for the inefficient, the ignorant, or the lazy. He will always be sure of finding abundant room at the top; but while on his way to that eminence he should be prepared to meet with severe competition, and be content with a very moderate recompense for his services.

CHARLES R. CROSS.

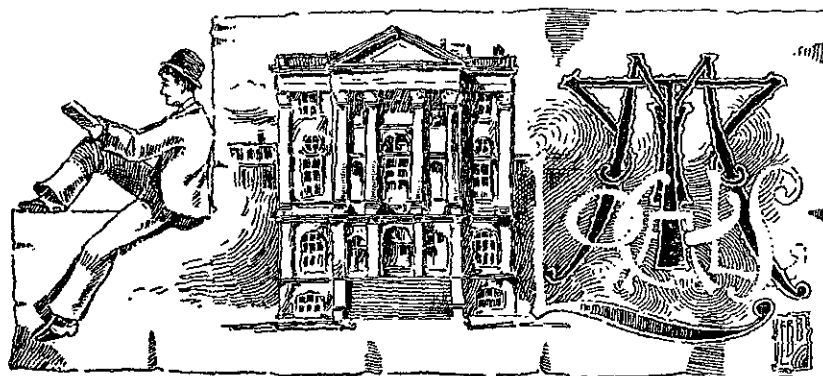
This year a new cup will be given for the Mott Haven games. At the meeting of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association it was decided to award it to the college winning the greatest number of points, instead of to that one winning the greatest number of first prizes. Points are to count as follows: First prize, five points; second, two; and third, one. It was also decided to exclude safeties from the bicycle race, and to decide in a tug-of-war contest only when one team pulled the other by more than half an inch.

Exercises in Claflin University, S. C., have been suspended on account of 800 of the colored students leaving. The cause of their leaving is the caning of the colored chaplain by one of the professors.

Six Siamese students have been sent by the Government of Siam to be educated in this country. They will go to Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa.

The average expenses at Yale per year have been for each Freshman, \$783.96; Sophomore, \$831.34; Junior, \$884.17; and Senior, \$919.70. The largest expenses reported for any one was \$2,900 for the year.

The University of Pennsylvania catalogue just published gives the total number of students as 1,302.



The outdoor meeting of the Athletic Club will be held May 2d.

The Freshman baseball nine has received its new uniform.

The second-year Civils are making a survey of Peters' Hill, near Roslindale Station.

Tech. '92 defeated the English High School nine Saturday, 21-4.

A dummy has been secured for football practice.

Professor Lanza has given the '91 Mechanicals a talk upon their next year's thesis work.

The game between the baseball teams of Tech. '93 and Harvard '93, resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 12-5.

The Technology Quartet, assisted by the Mandolin Club, will give a concert April 18th, at Wellesley.

There was a neat contest of three rounds in the "gym" last week, but few were fortunate enough to be present.

The Freshmen battalion indulged in their first outdoor drill last Saturday, and the drum corps played Annie Laurie!

Mr. H. E. H. Clifford is delivering a private course of lectures in physics to second-year students.

Third-year students in Chemistry and Chemical Engineering visited the Standard Sugar Refinery at South Boston, Friday, April 11th.

The '91 Mechanicals began surveying, April 4th. The fine weather is the result of the circumstance.

For the benefit of those who are training for the short runs, there have been marks of 100,

220, and 440 yards laid off on Boylston Street above Exeter.

L. J. Nilson, formerly of '92, is working in the office of Geo. Lawley & Son as draughtsman. He will return to the Institute next year.

One of the third-year Civils cut a twig on some private grounds while running the railroad lines at Quincy. The line has been abandoned; it was discovered that it is not worth a "twig."

Ice and snow have disappeared. The brooks once more babble their songs of love and spring, the hills now attire themselves in their cheery garb of green, the cattle low in the meadows,—but alas! our bird thaws not!

The Sophomore baseball team has the following games scheduled for the rest of the season: Harvard '93, April 16th; Exeter, April 19th; Brown University, April 26th; Cliftons, April 30th; M. I. T. '93, May 10th.

It has been decided by the joint Senior Dinner Committee to have the dinner in Odd Fellows' Hall, April 25th. Now that the date has finally been settled, arrangements will be pushed forward rapidly.

The Class of '88 held its annual dinner at Young's Hotel, Thursday, April 10th. The following-named officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, Edgar F. Dutton; Vice-President, Geo. C. Dempsey; Secretary and Treasurer, Winslow Blanchard.

The Freshman Baseball Team played the English High School on Brookline Common, Saturday, April 5th. The batting was rather light, a number of men on both sides being struck out. The game resulted in a victory for '93. Score, 7-5.

Entrance examinations for 1890 will be held June 5 and 6 at New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Washington, St. Paul, Pittsburgh, and Portland, Oregon. Detailed information in regard to requirements for admission will be furnished by the Secretary.

The Class of '93 held a meeting in Room 15, Rogers, Tuesday, April 8th. The meeting was called to take action on the death of Geo. Mathewson Starkweather, '93, of Pawtucket, R. I. The following committee were appointed to draw up resolutions: A. B. Smith, H. A. Morss, C. Taintor.

The Freshmen should remember that it is not the custom to fast two days before the Senior dinner and then order everything on the *menu*, and above all, not to have the dinner interrupted until the management can obtain a new supply of salt-cellars and butter dishes. It might also be added for the benefit of those who expect to take trunks, that all the signs in the hall are of marble or iron, and are bolted down.

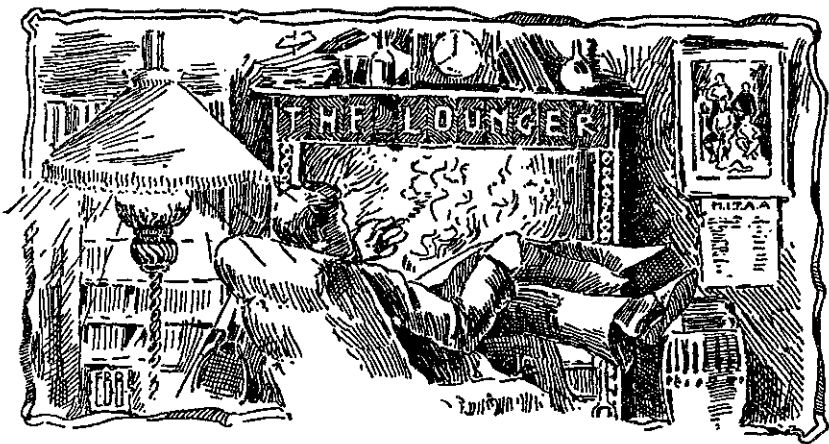
The Directors of the Co-operative Society held a meeting in 15, Rogers, Thursday, April 10th. Committees were appointed for canvassing the entire Institute with tickets for the ensuing year. Other committees were appointed as follows: Book Exchange, Hammond and Kales; Lunch Room, Swan, Meserve, Bemis. These are to serve for one year. The advisability of establishing an extra scholarship next year was discussed.

The annual meeting of the Co-operative Society was held in Room 15, Rogers, Saturday, April 5th. Reports were read by the officers which showed the Society to be in a flourishing condition. Immediately after the annual meeting, a meeting of the directors was held for the election of officers. The officers for the ensuing year will be as follows: F. C. Blanchard, '91, President; C. F. Hammond, '91, Vice-President; F. H. Meserve, '92, Secretary; A. E. Fowle, '93, Treasurer.

The Cycle Club had its first run of the season Saturday.

The third-year Civils have work laid out for twenty-nine hours a week.

A paper was read before the Society of Arts Thursday, April 10th, on "Alternating Currents," by Elihu Thomson, Esq.



THE Lounger has often been asked to discourse on "Our Boarding Houses." The subject offers a fertile field for a reformer; but the Lounger is very little of a reformer, and so can treat it but inadequately. But some general principles which are patent to every one he, perhaps, can formulate as well as another. First, the term boarding house shall be held to include those places of resort known for a long time as "hash houses," and shall exclude among others Young's Hotel, Huyler's soda fountain, and the Park House. Of boarding houses there are two varieties, the good and the bad. The former is the theoretical form; the latter is in actual existence.

Boarding houses spring up like mushrooms in the path of the Freshman, and present to him more inducements than the catalogue of the Institute. In the dawn of their career they offer us the delicacies of the season at the hand of a pretty waiter girl. By the time of the semi-annuals, if the New Year has not rung them out of existence, their fare is expressed in its lowest terms; viz., beans in the numerator and hash in the denominator; and the waiter girl has become prematurely aged in her efforts to supply the appetites of ever-hungry students.

From the multitude of such boarding houses that yawn along the thoroughfare where the sons of Columbus still vend "bellissima banana" and grind the strident organ, let us select one indistinguishable from its companions by any alleviating features, and hold it up to the world; and in accordance with the spirit of specialization, which is the spirit of the age, let us limit our research to the consideration of one table in one corner of the particular eating house that we have selected. The landlord of this house is a lady of uncertain years and more uncertain income,—the possessor of a fine instinct

for bargains in second-hand provisions, and a poor taste,—the latter qualification being universally admitted to be necessary for the enjoyment of life in a boarding house. The waitress, the direct agency to whom we look for our daily bread, is a damsel whom fate transplanted from the old sod in the time of the potato famine, and famine in general has been her attendant ever since. She has the voice of an auctioneer and the arm of an Amazon, and is a servant worthy of her hire.

The six students who fare at this round table, equal in that misfortune, are in other respects most dissimilar. First, Arthur Allen (S.B., M. I. T., '89), a survivor of a glorious class, whom five years' experience has acclimated to boarding-house life. He is taking a post mortem course in the 'Stute for his own amusement. On his right is another bachelor of learning,—Charles Greenleaf, Esq., astute and didactic, positive of ideas, and insatiable of appetite. Next him, a character that might be called an original. Otis Rankin, '92, is taking a special course in engineering. He is a scholar, a mechanic, a musician, a wit, and, above all, a critic. His imitations of Institute worthies might make their hair stand on end, and his criticism make them bald-headed. To hear him order a dinner is an inspiration, and to see him eat it a thing beyond description. Fourth on our journey around the table is Adam Smith, Jr., also '92. He is literally a man of figures; they drop from his lips like the jewels of the fairy story. His reason is limited only by infinity. It is as easy for him to say how much of the *soupe maigre* would be required to support the population of the globe, as for an ordinary man to calculate the amount needed to appease his own hunger. He has estimated the number of matches that can be made from a cord of wood, and can tell to the inch how far they would reach if placed end to end. His neighbor, Theophrastus Beard, '91, is studying for the stage, in anticipation of his sudden removal from the Institute, and at odd moments bends his energy to the conservation of a blonde moustache. Sixth and last is Robert Short, unclassified, who is addicted to shocking his companions by inventions reflecting on their private characters, and who is only tolerated among them on account of an unpaid board bill. The other interesting features of this little company must, for want of space, be relegated to the growing list of things best left unsaid.

College Notes.

The Johns Hopkins students have thrown aside their regulation caps and gowns.

Harvard has one hundred and eighty-nine courses of study; Ann Arbor two hundred and forty-two.

The Boston Athletic Association will put a nine on the field this year. Three games will be played with Harvard, one on the Boston League grounds.

The next convention of the New England college presidents will be held at Wesleyan University.

The Senior class at Cornell have decided to build a boat house as a memorial of the class.

It is expected that St. Paul's School will send thirty men to Yale next fall.

The President of the Pekin University is translating Shakespeare's works into Chinese.

According to the London *Lancet* the number of deaths from football in all the world last season were 13; fracture of legs, 15; of arms, 4; of collar-bones, 11; serious injuries to the spine, 3; to nose, 1; to ankle, 1; to cheek, 1; and to knee, 1.

A friend of Syracuse University has provided a fund for the purpose of fitting up an athletic ground for the students, with facilities for baseball, football, and track sports.

The Harvard Quinquennial catalogue for 1890, heretofore published in Latin, will this year be issued in English.

Dartmouth College has formed a new tennis association, which is limited to 18 members. A tournament will be held this spring, and the winners will be sent to represent the college in the intercollegiate tennis tournament.

Over \$3,675,000 was given to forty-two American Colleges last year, in gifts ranging from five to ten thousand dollars.

The management of the University of Pennsylvania nine has given two season tickets to each member of the Faculty, in hopes of getting them interested in athletics.

Only 16 of the 103 men who started to train for the Harvard-Freshman crew at Harvard, now remain.

At the last admission examination of London University, 47 out of 175 women were successful.

Recently a German student was killed in a duel at Leipsic, and another at Wurzenburg.

Hamilton University, of Rome, N. Y., has changed its name to Colgate University.

The average age of those who enter college is seventeen years. A century ago it was fourteen.

The Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute has received a collegiate charter from New York.

The Class of '80 has decided to present Princeton with a gateway to cost \$3,000 as their decennial gift.

A comparison of the yearly number of students at Princeton for the last five years shows the following results, indicating the growth of the college. The increase in past year, 103; in two years, 167; in three years, 211; in four years, 271. Total number of students now at Princeton, 770.

The old intercollegiate cup, won by Yale last year, and competed for at the intercollegiate games for the last thirteen years, will be given to Harvard after the games this spring. Harvard has won it eight out of thirteen times, and there is no more room left upon it for inscriptions. The record of the colleges since the cup was first competed for is as follows: In 1876 Princeton won it, and for the three following years it went to Columbia. In 1880 Harvard took it, and retained it until Yale won in 1887. In 1888 it again went to Harvard, and last year Yale won with Columbia a close second. The number of first places are: Harvard, 52; Columbia, 45; Yale, 34; University of Pennsylvania, 26; Princeton, 24; Lafayette, 4; Dartmouth, 4; Williams, 3; Lehigh, 3; Stevens, 3; Amherst, 3; Wesleyan, 2; Cornell, 2; C. C. N. Y., 2; Michigan, 1; Union, 1.

There is a movement on foot at Yale to secure the erection of a building to be called the Yale Home, where sick students may receive the care and attention which cannot be given in their rooms. It is estimated that \$700 annually will cover all expenses.

A new scholarship, to be known as the Scott Hurst Scholarship, has been founded at Yale. It is the income of \$5,000, and will be conferred upon two students, one Junior and one Senior, for intelligent industry and approved scholarship, without any specific competitive examination.

A new weekly will soon be published at Harvard, containing a report of all the University lectures, and all the work done in the scientific department.

Six hundred Russian students have been arrested, on account of recent disturbances.

The average expenses at Yale per year have been: for each Freshman, \$783.96; Sophomore, \$831.34; Junior, \$884.17; and Senior, \$919.70. The largest expenses reported for anyone was \$2,900 for the year.

Including the last race, 47 eight-oared races have been rowed by Oxford and Cambridge. Oxford has won 24, and Cambridge 22, and one has been drawn.

The *Yale Lit.* is the oldest living college paper.

Last year the Atlanta crew won 18 races, 14 banners, 18 individual cups, 64 medals, the Harlem eight cup, the Harlem challenge cup for fours, and the Harlem ladies' plate for pairs. The total number of prizes was 99.

The new athletic board of Amherst have decided that no person shall hereafter be a member of any of the college athletic organizations unless he is an accredited member of the college as determined by the registrar's books.

The members of the University of Pennsylvania orchestra dress in caps and gowns when they appear in public.



Dancing, says a philosopher, is like the father of the Prodigal Son. It kills the fatted calf.

McCormick: "I want two poached eggs on toast."

Waiter: "Yes, sir."

"And be sure and have them fresh laid."

"Yes, sir: I'll have 'em laid on the toast, sir."

Mr. De Style: "Let's go to the theatre to-night."

Mrs. De Style: "I have nothing to wear."

Mr. De Style: "Then let's go to the opera."

Biggs: "It was rather queer about that cab-horse running away on the avenue yesterday and dashing into Hagerty's saloon, wasn't it?"

Figgs: "Oh! I don't know. I understand there was a Congressman in the cab."

"And you will be my wife, Clarinda?" he pleaded passionately.

"No, Mr. Wilkins," she said, gently but decidedly; "you can't enter the league; you'll have to be satisfied with the brotherhood."

Young Man: "I understand you want a young man to edit your paper."

Editor: "Yes, sir; have you had any experience?"

Young Man: "I have taken one term in journalism at Cornell University, and—"

Editor: "That will do. You may take my desk and go to work and I'll go and run the elevator. Please be as kind to the rest of the staff as you can."

Presently the census-taker will be around, book and pencil in hand, and conversations like the following will be in order:—

Census-taker: "Have you children?"

Woman: "Yes; a son."

Census-taker: "Male or female?"

Woman: "Male."

Census-taker: "Age?"

Woman: "Two years and a half."

Census-taker: "Married or single?"

Woman: "Single."

Census-taker (closing book): "That's all right. Thanks."

Mr. Skin: "Didn't I tell you, sir, that I wouldn't be responsible for any bill contracted by my son?"

Mr. Shears: "Yes, sir, you did. But he didn't contract the bill, sir; he expanded it."



"DEAREST, BE MINE; MY FORTUNE SHALL BE YOURS."

"MY LOVE IS NOT TO BE PURCHASED, MR. COUPON, BUT YOU MAY HAVE THE REFUSAL OF IT."