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PREM

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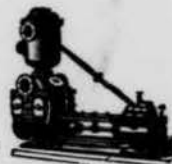
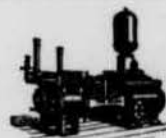
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The W P I.

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“HOW happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.”
—Sir Henry Wotton.

TO the undergraduates, Alumni, and all its friends the W P I sends greeting. It has friends, for, though the W T I has disappeared, the spirit and energy which carried it on to success still exist, and it trusts thereby not only to retain all of the old friendship, but also to win even more sincere regard under its new title. The W P I is not the property of the Editors. Let it become the voice that speaks the thought and sentiment of the members of our Institute, and its variety and sincerity will become its most attractive feature.

FOR the third time in its history our editorial lamp is lighted. The reservoir has been replenished, and a new shade diffuses its light about us. Its standard is secure, its foundation solidity itself. No ancient carvings of forgotten fame adorn its pedestal. No bronze of heraldry attracts the public gaze to some past victory won or success achieved. Our predecessors simply builded as they knew, and the shaft upon which our beacon rests is pure, clean-cut and shapely. As we stand beneath it and extend our greeting, not a shadow falls about us, not a spot appears to mar the hearty welcome which we offer.

It is with confidence and yet with a touch of fearfulness that we take up our pen in your behalf. In solemn conclave in our sanctum, have we decreed to spare not kith nor kin, to censure as the case demands, to convict where there needs conviction, to commend as our best judgment dictates. We have deemed it as our portion and our duty to lay aside our individual preferences, and to expose before you in the bareness of simplicity the result of impartiality and discretion.

In our journalistic modesty we refrain from further statement. In your appreciation and criticism of our efforts, and in your profit from our suggestions shall we find our reward. And when, at the last, we shall receive your censure or your praise, if the editorial flame still burns, let it be remembered our object is attained.

AT a meeting of the Athletic Directors it was voted to have a series of inter-class foot-ball games, to be played before Field-day; and as an extra inducement it was decided to give each member of the winning team a badge of some sort as a prize. The class teams have met, and '88 carries off the well-earned honors. But these games, it must be remembered, are not an end, being simply a means by which the players can get in some good practice, preparatory to serving on the Institute eleven this Fall. They have shown that there are a great many very good players in the school, and now, if the best men can be selected and trained to play together as a team, there is no reason why the W. P. I. should not have a successful foot-ball season. But practice is the one essential, as it is in all things. As in base-ball, each man should learn to play a certain position, and play it well, and then, as far as possible, keep it during the season. A man can not practise as end rusher, and expect to do anything as quarter-back in a game. And let each man who expects to play on the eleven be sure he *understands* the game fully, as it will save many serious and costly errors. This may seem rather superfluous advice, and we hope it is, but it is one thing to be able to play a game, and quite another thing to understand it so that you are never at a loss to know just what to do. And just one other thing. Now that a captain has been elected, let him do the managing and placing of the men, and if any disputes arise during a game let him settle them. Let us not be known as "kickers," even in foot-ball.

WITH the change in name of our Institute, it seemed advisable that its representative magazine, the W T I, should also make a corresponding change of title. The subject of an entire change of the design of the cover was also brought before the Board of Editors. Owing to the most hearty cooperation of two prominent graduates of the Institute, Mr. C. B. Albree, '84, and Mr. L. R. Burleigh, '75, a design was secured and lithographed, and with the present number we bring it before our subscribers.

Perhaps it is not for us to criticise or commend the design. We can speak from experience, however, that Mr. Albree has faithfully represented the development of the student. We would especially call to the attention of our readers his blending of the humorous with the truly artistic in the design. Also his faithfulness with regard to detail, should be carefully noticed. We think that Mr. Albree's design is complete, and leaves nothing to be desired.

Of Mr. Burleigh's work we cannot speak too highly. He had a fine piece of pen-work to copy, but every line in the original sketch has been reproduced with scrupulous exactness, not a single point having been modified or left out. Mr. Burleigh surely is a perfect master of his art, and has already gained a wide reputation. His establishment is very complete in all its departments, and we take pleasure in recommending him to the Alumni and others who may be in need of a lithographer's services, as one who will turn out thorough, reliable and satisfactory work.

We are proud to feel that what we

have is entirely our own, and we believe that our cover will stand as a permanent illustration of the quality of work which our graduates are taught to cultivate.

FIELD-DAY has come and gone. It stands as one of the most successful meets we have ever had, and to declare it otherwise would be to contradict the sentiment so generally expressed. The closeness of the contests and the more equal distribution of the prizes added not a little to the interest of the occasion. We regret that our attention has been called to several things that were not as they should have been. The ushers, as a body, were not alert enough in their attention to the seating of the ladies. Perhaps this failing was due to a lack of combined action, perhaps on account of insufficient numbers. The grand stand was hardly in a fit condition for the reception of a body of spectators, consisting, in a great measure, of ladies. It should be someone's duty to see that the stand is properly swept before the sports. On the field, each director should attend to the events which he has in charge and see that the men are ready to start promptly. To throw this work upon the Marshal and the Judges seems hardly fair, for these officers have their full quota of business besides. Of course it is impossible to obtain a perfect system of regulation. We like to think that our sports come as near the ideal as any, but let us not, on that account, be blind to our failings, for we have them.

"My native English now I must forego;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstrung viol or a harp."

A SENIOR'S WOE.

BY the steady glow of lamp-light
Sat the Senior in his den.
Not a sound disturbed the stillness
Save the scratching of his pen,
As in sentence after sentence
He allowed his thoughts to flow,
And in polished, well-turned phrases
Quite concealed his inner woe.
For this Senior was in bondage,
Writing essays for the Prof.,
Essays classical and learned,
Essays at which none could scoff.
On and on in dull abstraction
He pursued his steady work,
Till it seemed as if, in justice,
'Twere but right that he should shirk.
Suddenly, while thus he pondered,
Looking up, his lamp he saw
Rising upward through the ceiling,
Quite opposed to Nature's law.
In its stead he saw descending
A contrivance, new and strange,
Lighted by an incandescent,
Showing all within its range.
"Result of inventive genius
Of a student at the Tech,
To take notes in English classics,
Thus preventing total wreck.
Guaranteed to take notes faster
Than the fastest short-hand pen;
Writes five thousand words a minute,
Sometimes eight and even ten.
Ninety-nine per cent. efficient,
Registers from one to four;
All manipulation needed,—
Push the button,—nothing more."
This inscription, upon reading,
To the Senior caused much joy.
"Surely," said he, "this machine is
Of great value, not a toy."
Reaching out to seize the wonder,
He withdrew his hand with pain,
For his highly-heated lamp-shade
Brought his senses back again.
With his essay still unfinished,
Volumes of notes to compare,
Thus I leave him, once so hopeful,
Now so gloomy, in despair.

O, ye wise, inventive student,
 Heed this wretched Senior's dream.
 To take notes in English requires
 Force of electricity or steam.

A DAY IN A CANOE.

THIRTY miles northeast of Bangor, Maine, as the crow flies, and almost at the head of the Machias waters, is a pretty lake, dividing the forest for a stretch of about nine miles by a band of clear water varying from one to three miles in width. This lake, unlike many of its smaller companions near by, still retains the name which the Indians gave it, being known as Lake Nicatous. Nearly half-way up the lake, upon a point of land jutting out into the water, is a substantial cabin of hewn logs, which stands in the midst of a cleared space of about seven acres. This, during the Summer and Fall, is the only human habitation on the lake, and, indeed, is separated from the nearest house in any direction by many miles of dense forest. It was in this spot that I found myself during the latter part of my summer vacation, thoroughly enjoying the object for which I had come, that of studying Nature in her wildest and most original forms.

As I arose one morning, full of pleasant anticipation of an all-day trip up the lake, and stepped to the door of the cabin, it seemed as if all the varied forces of Nature were combined in one grand, harmonious system. There was just enough breeze to bring the fragrance of the neighboring spruces and pines to the spot where I stood, while out upon the lake a gentle ripple upon the surface, glistening in the path of the sunlight,

made one long, silvery bar reaching far up toward the point of land which concealed the upper portion of the lake.

In an almost incredibly short space of time, for in my location we always made the circumstances fit the case, I found myself reclining comfortably upon the bottom of a canoe well out in the lake, and so fully filled with the spirit of the atmosphere and my surroundings that it seemed as if I, too, was a natural part of the whole scene. Our guide sat in the stern directing our course, while my companion plied his paddle vigorously in the bow. The stillness was unbroken save by the occasional long, dismal cry of some loon, as he took his morning bath in the lake a few hundred feet from us. After proceeding some three miles up the lake, I turned to get a last glimpse of our cabin, now scarcely discernible from the stretch of woods behind it, and in another moment we had passed behind a point of land shutting off our view, and enclosing another large and distinct portion of the lake. This basin is the first reservoir for the clear spring water which numerous large brooks carry into it. Entering at the mouth of one of these forest streams, and proceeding on through a channel some twenty feet in width, for the first time I became fully conscious of the truth of the well-known saying,—“Nature unadorned, adorned the most.” Threading our way through intricate tangles of wild grape-vine, passing beneath arches formed by the low, overhanging alders, now entering a broad lagoon, now pushing up a series of shallow rapids, we could easily imagine ourselves to be explorers in an unknown country. At intervals along the bottom

lay the huge trunks of trees, almost grazing the bottom of our canoe, while along the shore, threateningly overhanging the stream, and waiting only for the first strong gale to lay them also across its course, tall pines, stripped of their branches, reared their summits high in air, and seemed like ghostly sentinels to challenge our passage. Soon a series of impassable rapids were reached, and we were obliged to make a "carry" of about a mile. Our guide, with the canoe inverted upon his head like a great helmet, led the way, while we followed behind with fishing rods, lunch-box, and last, but not least, a frying-pan. Once more on our way up stream we began to cast our flies, and by the time we reached the head of navigation we were quite plentifully supplied with trout for our lunch. Building a fire upon the bank, our frying-pan became supreme. And no epicure ever found the most delicious dainty one-half so sweet to mortal taste as were those trout eaten from off the clean surface of the paddle blade.

Here we left the brook, and a walk of a mile brought us to a beautiful sheet of water known as Horse-shoe Lake, so-called from its shape. Embarking in the traditional Indian birch bark canoe, which we found hidden in the bushes, we prepared to cross the lake. Romance fails to tell of the discomforts of a birch bark canoe when it has been left a few days without "pitching." There were only a couple of inches of water in the bottom when we reached the other side.

Scarcely a stone's throw from Horse-shoe Lake we came to Green lake, which

is at the head of the system known as the Machias waters. This little lake, hardly a half-mile in diameter, is fed entirely by cold springs, affording excellent drinking water. The peculiar feature of this lake is the color of the water, which bears a close resemblance to sea water, being a bright green. Here we found a large logging camp, with its bunks of hay ranged about the large square stove in the centre. It was now silent and deserted, but in a few months a merry company of lumbermen would wake it from its solitude, and the place would resound with their jests and laughter. With a trip to a bear-trap, set a few days before by our guide, where we found only the tracks of Sir Bruin as he had discreetly walked around the trap, our journey forward ended.

The return trip was as full of novelties as if it had been our first time over it. We entered the lake just at sunset, and the silvery gleam of the morning was changed to a darker hue, giving a mirror-like reflection of every tint and shade of the beautiful sky above. Our trip down the lake was enlivened by a continual chorus of loons, varied occasionally by the screech of a night-owl far off in the woods. And the last sound that greeted my ears, as I retired for the night, was the so-called "demoniac laughter" of a loon far up the lake, as if he rejoiced in his solitude.

"I SLEPT and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth and noonday light to thee."

—Ellen Sturgis Hooper.

ALL ABOUT SOAP.

DURING the summer vacation, time weighed very heavily upon the hands of a certain little colored boy, a resident of the classic locality of lower John Street, Worcester.

When the August sun was pouring down its sweltering rays upon suffering humanity it was his daily custom, in common with numerous other young friends of his, to hie himself over the West St. hill to the shades of Salisbury Pond, where he would revel for an hour or so in the delights afforded by a dip in the cool water. While swimming "dog-paddle" around the pond, catching blood-suckers or sitting on a rock dangling his ebony-hued legs in the water, he fondly imagined himself at Long Branch, Newport or Bar Harbor. He wore only a hat, a shirt and a pair of trousers, but, with great attention to detail, had an old strip of carpet tied around his waist in lieu of a silken sash, for he had read somewhere that such was the latest freak of the giddy youths at the sea-side.

As we have said, it was the custom of this extraordinary youth to journey to the beach several times a day. He didn't always keep in the beaten track over the avenue, however, but would occasionally take a promenade about the grounds of the Washburn Machine Shop. In one of these promenades he made a discovery that caused the little woolly kinks upon his head to fairly bristle with delight.—

What do you think he saw?

Soap.

That's all. Only a box of soap.

Now this soap wasn't the common, John-Smith, every-day kind of bar soap that his mammy used on the clothes. No, sir, it was a dude kind of white soap, this was, and as he rapturously gazed upon it his soul was filled with yearning. Perhaps it was the "Ivory" soap he heard his sister talking about, that would float around on the top of the water! He made a mistake here; this soap would not float, as he soon discovered, for he yearned in so practical a manner that he appropriated a cake to his own use, and skipped off to the beach with it.

He nearly paralyzed his fellow-swimmers with the style he put on, that day. Such fine soap *he* had never seen before. *This* soap wouldn't raise a blister on his body like the old bar soap. So, when he returned home from his bath, he yearned for another cake, and when he took his next swim he yearned again. In fact he yearned nearly every time he passed the place.

Being of a generous nature he told all his friends, and soon each and every one of them were filled with the same yearning.

But these friends weren't prudent at all, and they soon ran this bonanza into the ground, or better, into the water. They yearned so frequently that the top layer of soap in the box got so low as to excite suspicion in the breasts of the guardians of said soap. They laid in waiting for the thief or thieves, and as luck would have it, our young friend was the next one to come, and was accordingly held for trial before the authorities of the shop. His ardor for soap had cooled somewhat, but he gave

a pretty good reason for his pilfering. "Huh!" said he, "I thought dis was de Woster 'Free' School, an' eberyting in it free!" We can only add, as in anecdotes concerning ail great men, "his ready wit saved him."

The law concerning the name of the school has since gone into effect, and that excuse is now useless. The little darkey still takes his daily swims, but he doesn't get his legs tangled up in a thick froth of the school's soap.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

THE great cry of modern times, and especially among Americans, is that education be practical. Let all studies which are not to be of actual use be discontinued, and train students to a thorough knowledge of those branches, which will fit them more effectually for the work of life. The Technical and Trade schools are the outcome of this feeling, and even our colleges and universities are being influenced by the same idea. Greek and Latin are giving place to modern languages and to the sciences. Whether this is a good plan, is a question which has been and is now being warmly debated by the educators of the country; meanwhile practical education advances steadily, forcing its claims upon even our oldest institutions.

The question is often asked the technical student, "Can you in the short time of three and one half years, and with the limited practice, become skilful mechanics?" and the same question sometimes comes to the student himself, especially after a trying day at practice, full of difficulties and mistakes. The

question arises from the confused ideas, which many people entertain in regard to technical education, leading them to confound the object of the trade school with that of the technical. Gen. Francis A. Walker, President of the Boston Institute of Technology, plainly indicated the difference between them when he said: "In the latter, principles are taught; in the former, the object is the mastering of an art, perhaps the mere acquisition of a knack." In the trade-schools, of which there are many in Europe and an increasing number in our own country, the students are trained to be workmen in such pursuits as weaving, printing, watch-making, dyeing, book-binding, saddle-making, engine-fitting and many others. They are to perform the actual manual labor, and each student receives the training and acquires the skill in doing that part of the work for which he is fitted. All grades of intelligence can be received, and each student set at something which will not be beyond his abilities to perform. In the technical school there is a marked difference, for only a few of our young men perhaps, are capable of pursuing the course of study required with profit, but having completed it, they will not become the manual workers—many, indeed, assuming the responsibility of overseers or superintendents of labor. Throughout the course they have studied the methods by which science is applied to art. They have a thorough understanding of the principles of doing work in all its branches, rather than the ability to perform the labor in one branch alone; still, as much of skill as possible is acquired in the short time

allotted to practice, the amount varying with the capacity of the student and the faithfulness of his work. If we look into the matter in our own school, which makes more effort in the line of practice than any other, we find that a large percentage of the graduates hold responsible positions as superintendents of manufacturing concerns, while at least ninety per cent. are engaged in occupations, for which their training at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute specially prepared them.

That the technical student is farther advanced, and is laying a much broader and firmer foundation upon which to achieve success than the trade student is obvious. Indeed, many people believe that a technical education develops a young man even more than the regular college course, while at the same time it gives him a better fitting for the business of life. That he is to use his brains more than his hands is evident. He will on that account receive a larger remuneration, for brain work always commands a higher price than manual labor.

There appears to be, however, another kind of training which should go hand in hand with that already mentioned. If we go into any kind of shop, we find only a few men out of a large number of skilful workers, who can plan and direct how work should be done. The majority need to be set at work by an overseer and told what to do first. There is no doubt that inability to plan stands in the way of the advancement of thousands of skilful mechanics in our country. The technical student has more or less of the train-

ing which teaches him to think, and to plan what he will do next and how he will set about it. The civil engineer, in his turn, has charge of his practice party, and he must decide at once where to begin, and should direct his men what to do, so that all may be kept busy, and the work go along as rapidly as possible. The mechanical engineer, who takes half an hour to get ready for actual work upon his job, simply wastes time; he should be able to commence at once, and while doing one part well, should be planning ahead what is to be done next. It depends upon the student with respect to the amount of practice he gets in this direction. What we have been discussing is popularly called "executive ability," and its importance cannot be overestimated. Some people have naturally a large faculty in this direction, while with others it is small. It can, however, be cultivated, and no better time could be found than while here at school. It requires exertion, as indeed does everything which is worth having, but after a time it becomes a habit, and makes the work easier to perform. It is especially needed by overseers and superintendents in directing the work of their subordinates. The business of the world is constantly calling for intelligent men to direct labor, but there is always a dearth of men, who are thoroughly fitted for such positions. This then opens a broad field before the technical student, and although in very few instances it would happen that he could step from the school directly into such a position, yet after a short time of actual experience in the work, he could fit himself for it. With executive ability

he can go forth with faith in himself, and take a position worthy of his talents and education, but without it his sphere of usefulness becomes limited to no small degree.

JOHNNIE KNOWALL ON
ELEVATORS.

A ELERVATER is a thing that elervates. A grane elervater is a elervater that elervates grane but a steem elervater doesn't elervate steem but steem elervates it.

A Boiler when it bursts is a kind of a steem elervater but not the kind I meen.

Their is another kind of a elervater called the highdrawlick elervater becaus it is made at the washburn Machine Shop.

this kind of elervater doesn't hang down with a wrope but stands up on one leg like a sick hen.

The kind that hangs down with a wrope is dangerouser than other kinds becaus if the wrope brakes it is apt to fall unless it is on the grownd floor and if it falls it is apt to do harm such as breaking a tumbler of water or craking an eg shell if there are any in it.

Sometimes men pull the elervater way up to the top and then cut the wrope to see it drop and if they have an air cushion they are all wright. A air cushion is a cushion made of air and a hair cushion is a cushion made of hair and sum people say one when they meen the other and if they call for air when they are washing their hands they meen horse hair which is good to get dirt off with only I think pumise stone is better.

A highdrawlick elervater cant ever fall becaus the wrope never breaks becaus it hasn't got any. When you want to go up in one you pull the valve wrope down which pulls the valve up which lets the water in from the street which gets under the elervater and boosts it right up.

Sometimes if you don't know how to run a elervater it runs away with you and gos so fast it strikes the bottom and bounds right up and strikes the top and begins to go down again before you get through blistering your hands on the wrope.

Sometimes the place where a elervater gos through the floor is covered up with a trap door which opens when the elervater hits it, and sometimes people think they are going to strike there head on the door and jump off to save their life and when they see the rest go up all safe they get into a corner and kick themselves to sleep.

My brother he was going up in a elervater once when sumbody pulled on the wrope to bring him down and so he pulled the other way and then he said he opened his watch and took moments but sigmer y equaled zero so the elervater stood still. pretty soon he thought he would go down and see who was pulling the wrope but when he got there the other one had gone up stairs so he went up again but when he got way up the other man had gone down again so he gave up the hunt and went down the other way.

This is all I can tell about elervaters except that they are not to be run till a metre is attatched.

JOHNNIE K.

FIELD-DAY.

THE Fall meeting of the W. P. I. Athletic Association was held at the Fair Grounds, Saturday, Oct. 8, and for the first time in several years it was favored with perfect weather. Scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the sky, there was little or no wind, and the air was warm enough to make the spectators in the grand stand very comfortable. Under such auspicious conditions, one would naturally expect to see a successful meeting. And it surely was, as every one who witnessed the events will testify.

To those who have been accustomed to attending the sports, several little changes were noticeable. On account of the recent improvements at the Park, it was found necessary to have the finish line for the running and bicycle races farther south, bringing it about opposite the middle of the first section of the grand stand.

There were also a few changes in the order of events, especially in the position which the hurdle race occupied. This event has always been one of the most interesting to the spectators, but, unfortunately, it has usually been the first event, and has, therefore, been missed by all those who happened to come late. For this reason it was thought best to make a change, and the mile run was placed first, it being less interesting.

In this event Bartlett, '89, took the lead, followed by Duncan, '88, Bigelow and Southgate, '89, in the order named. At the end of the first half Bartlett had a lead of about 30 yards, while the other three men were about even. On

the last quarter, Bartlett quickened his pace and came in handsomely, with a record of 5 m., 1 s., Southgate securing second place. Bartlett improves in running each field-day, having broken the record for a mile three times in as many seasons. If this improvement continues, he will leave a record at the Tech which will be hard to beat.

Camp, '88, and Frary, '90, were the only contestants in throwing the hammer. Camp won, making a record of 61 ft., 3 in.

In the hurdle race, Chadwick, '88, pleased his classmates by breaking the record which has stood so long, lowering it to 18 sec. It was confidently expected he would do it, but for all that the '88 men cheered as though it was quite an unlooked-for event.

In the fourth event, the running broad-jump, Jewett, '88, sustained his well-earned reputation as a record-breaker by clearing 21 feet, 2 inches. This is an exceedingly good record, and places Jewett among the best college jumpers.

With the next event this mad career of record breaking came to an end. This was the favorite 100-yards dash, for which there had been eleven entries, but of all this great array of speed, only five men started at the pistol shot. These were Jewett, '88, Allen and Mills, '89, Frary and Rockwell, '90. The start was even but Allen soon gained slightly and finished in 10½ sec., with Mills second.

The standing high-jump was well contested, but was of course rather less interesting to watch than the races. Chadwick won, but was unable to touch his previous record.

'90's Tug-of-war team was found to exceed the limit of weight, and was consequently barred out. It is to be regretted that an event like this should have to be omitted, for it usually proves to be one of the features of the day.

The half-mile bicycle race, which was the next event on the programme, was looked forward to with much interest. With the knowledge that the respective merits of the riders were nearly equal, it may well be imagined that the excitement among the students ran high. There were four entries.

Harriman, '89, took the lead, closely followed by Mathewson, '90, Speirs, '88, and Desper '89. When just below the upper turn Desper took a header, but, fortunately, he was not seriously hurt. '90 men had the greatest confidence that their man would win, and this was increased when Mathewson passed Harriman and took the lead near the quarter pole. But they did not know Speirs, for on the home stretch '88's man bent over his wheel and the other riders appeared to stand still. The race was won in 1 m., 27s., and '88 has double reason to feel proud of her champion, for he now holds the record for the fastest half-mile ever ridden on the track.

Putting the shot came next, and it naturally seemed rather tame after the last event. Camp, '88, won, making a record of 30ft., 4 in.

In the hop, step, and jump, Jewett, '88, while winning, did not do himself justice, clearing but 41 feet, 4 inches, with Chadwick, '88, a good second. In the pole vault Sessions, '89, practically had no competitor, Barnes failing to clear

the first notch. Sessions cleared 7ft., 8 in. '88 missed their champion, Marshall, but they still have his record.

Bartlett, '89, won easily in the half-mile run, but, not being forced at all, the time made was quite slow. At the quarter-pole Duncan, '88, took second place but soon gave it up again to Barnes, '89, who secured second prize.

The high kick found a place in the order of events this fall, and was well contested by Griffin, '88, and Crosby, '90, Griffin won with 8 feet to his credit.

Chadwick showed up in fine form in the running high jump, securing a record of 5ft., 2in.

The mile bicycle race, next in order, was the finest event of the day. Each class was represented by a good rider, and the time made was very fast, breaking the old record by 19 sec. During the first half the order of the men at the start was preserved. Harriman leading, closely followed by Speirs and Mathewson. However, when the next quarter was reached, the positions changed, and from that time to the finish it was one grand spurt. Speirs took the lead and held it to the last turn, when Mathewson, who had been pressing him hard, drew up even with him, and finished first by about 6 inches, in 3m., 6s. Thus '90 won her first and last event. Mathewson is a good rider and worked hard for his well-earned victory.

There were but two starters in the 220 yards dash, and it was not very close. Mills led from the start and finished in 24 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

Chadwick made his third record of the day, scoring 10 feet, 4 inches in the standing broad jump. After this came

OCTOBER 8.

FALL FIELD MEETING.

1887.

EVENT.	WINNER.	TIME OR DISTANCE.	SECOND.	TIME OR DISTANCE.	INSTITUTE RECORD.	TIME OR DISTANCE.	COLLEGE RECORD.	TIME OR DISTANCE.
*Mile Run.	Bartlett '89	5 m. 1 s.	Southgate '89	5 m. 20 4-5 s.	Bartlett '89	5 m. 11 1-5 s.	Yale.	4 m. 37 s.
Throwing Hammer.	Camp '88	61' 3"	Frary '90	55' 8"	Camp '88	59' 3 3-5"	Yale.	101' 1 1/2"
*120 Yds. Hurdle Race.	Chadwick '88	18 s.	Kimball '89	19 1-5 s.	Hawes '82 Fuller '84 Stevens '84	18 3-8 s.	Yale.	17 s.
*Running Broad Jump.	Jewett '88	21' 2"	Hunting '88	17' 10"	Jewett '88	20' 1/2"	21' 3 3-4"
100 Yards Dash.	Allen '89	10 4-5 s.	Mills '89	11 s.	Fuller '84	10 3-5 s.	Harvard.	10 s.
Standing High Jump.	Chadwick '88	4' 5"	Sessions '89	4' 2"	Chadwick '88	4' 6 1/2"	Harvard.	5' 1/2"
*Half-Mile Bicycle.	Spiers '88	1 m. 27 s.	Mathewson '90	1 m. 28 s.	Spiers '88	1 m. 34 1-10s.
*Putting 16-lb. Shot.	Camp '88	30' 4"	Desper '89	27' 10 1/2"	Camp '88	29' 8"	Harvard.	41'
Hop, Step and Jump.	Jewett '88	41' 4"	Chadwick '88	41' 1 1/2"	Jewett '88	42' 8 2-5"
Pole Vault.	Sessions '89	7' 8"	Marshall '88	9'	Princeton.	10' 5"
Half-Mile Run.	Bartlett '89	2 m. 10 1/4 s.	Barnes '89	2 m. 21 3 5 s.	Doon '88	2 m. 13 s.	Harvard.	2 m. 1-5 s.
High Kick.	Griffin '88	8'	Crosby '90	7' 9"	Pinney '86	8 6 3-8"
*Running High Jump.	Chadwick '88	5' 2"	Lovell '88	4' 7 1/2"	Chadwick '88	5' 1 1-5"	University of Pennsylvania.	6' 4"
*Mile Bicycle.	Mathewson '90	3 m. 6 s.	Spiers '88	3 m. 6 1-10 s.	Spiers '88	3 m. 25 s.
220 Yards Dash.	Mills '89	24 2-5 s.	Allen '89	24 3-5 s.	Allen '89	23 4-5 s.	Harvard.	22 s.
*Standing Broad Jump.	Chadwick '88	10' 4"	Griffin '88	9' 8 1/2"	Fairbanks '86	10' 2 1/2"	Swarthmore.	10' 6 1/2"
Throwing Base Ball.	Griffin '88	108' 9 1/2"	Crosby '90	282' 10"	Jordan '82	361' 8"	Holy Cross.	387' 8"
Tug of War.	'89	2 3-16"
*440 Yards Dash.	Mills '89	54 1/2 s.	White '89	54 3-5 s.	White '89	58 2-5 s.	Harvard.	47 3-4 s.

* Breaking Record.

throwing the base-ball in which Griffin took first easily, throwing the ball 308ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Contrary to the expectations of '88 men, who, as stated in the *Telegram* a few days before, were "expected to win the tug of war," '89 won that event to the unbounded delight of the class. The drop was quite even, though slightly in favor of '89; but, by magnificent heaving and coaching, '89 gained steadily, and, at the end of the three minutes, had robbed their opponents of $2\frac{3}{16}$ inches of rope. '89 had never put in a team before, but, wishing to make a good showing, had trained hard this time, and the result was very gratifying. They pulled as a team and made everything count to their advantage. When the result of the pull was known, the class crowded around the victors, raised them into the air and bore them off on their shoulders.

The last event of the day was the 440-yds. dash which was won in fine style by Mills, '89, in $54\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. White, '89, although he also broke the record, was in no condition to run, and deserves much credit for his fine showing.

Thus ended one of the most successful meets of the Association. The audience was quite large, many being in carriages. During the sports, music was furnished by the City band.

'88 took 11 first prizes and 5 second; '89, 10 first and 8 second; '90, 1 first and 4 second.

Eleven records are now held by '88, three by '89, one by '90, one by '86, one by '84, and one by '82.

Eighty-nine is weak in jump,
But strong in wind and speed,
And even in the tug-of-war,
She seems to take the lead.

ATHLETICS.

The action of the Board of Directors in offering prizes for the foot-ball champions in a series of class games, brought out for practice all the material of the school, and resulted in the games described below, in which '88 proved the victor.

The first game of the series was played Sept. 17th, between the two teams most evenly matched, '88 and '89. The men of '89 were out in force, full of confidence as to the result, and they started in with a rousing cheer, as the ball took its first move toward '88's goal. It proved to be '89's first and last yell, however, as the ball was forced slowly but surely back to their twenty-five yard line, where a fine run by Cushman placed the ball squarely behind the goal, and '88 scored its first touch-down. Cushman succeeded in kicking a goal from this touch-down. The '89 men made a hard and plucky fight, but the experience and discipline of the older class told against them, and at the end of the first half the score stood one goal and three touch-downs in favor of '88. The second touch-down was made by Camp, and the third was again due to Cushman. The second half was opened by '89, and several rough scrimmages followed in rapid succession, in the course of which several men were placed on the retired list. The ball, meanwhile, worked steadily towards '89's goal, and when, at the end of six minutes, their third man lay stretched upon the turf, they voted to give up the game, leaving the score 14 to 0 in favor of '88. Though the '89 men would have been happier with a different result, yet the school, as a whole, had every reason to feel satisfied with the game, as it displayed some very good material for the make-up of our Institute eleven. Mr. Bird, '87, acted as referee.

The second game of foot-ball in the class series, namely that between '88

and '90, was to have been played on Saturday, Sept. 24; but the use of the Park could not be obtained for that afternoon, and the game was postponed. The first half of the game, was played Wednesday, Sept. 28, after five o'clock, and, although very one-sided from the beginning, it was quite interesting, at least to all but the Juniors. '90 got the kick off, and soon sent the ball flying towards their opponent's goal, but it must have received hard usage when it reached that end of the field, as it kept very shy of it during the rest of the game. By hard rushing and a run by Cushman '88 got their first touch-down and goal within five minutes, and this so pleased them that they did not stop till they had nine touch-downs, five goals, and a safety.

Cushman, Patterson, and Jewett did the best work for '88; in fact, if it were not for these three men, the game might have resulted very differently. But although beaten 48 to 0, '90 did very well considering it was its first game and some of the '90 men made some very good plays. Lake was especially fine in tackling, which he did as well as any one in the field. Starr, who took Taylor's place when the latter hurt his leg, made one of the best runs for '90, taking the ball as near '88's goal as any one.

One of '90's weakest points was in tackling and stopping a man who had the ball. They were easily dodged, as a rule, and on this account several touch-downs were made which never should have been. Mr. Gilbert, '89, made a very satisfactory referee.

At the autumn meeting of the New York Athletic Club, Oct. 1, Thomas Bay beat the American record for pole vaulting by clearing 11 ft. 1½ inches. At the same time W. J. M. Barry threw the 16-pound hammer 121 feet 7 inches, beating the English record of 119 feet 9 inches.

In the October number of the *Century* is

a very interesting and instructive article on foot-ball. The author evidently understands his subject thoroughly, and has told what he knows and has seen of the game in a very clear and attractive way. We would advise all to read it.

The new gymnasium in the Y. M. C. A. building will be ready for use about the middle of this month, and will undoubtedly prove a great attraction to students. One hundred and seventy lockers were taken the first day and the classes are expected to be large. Those proposing to join the Association had best do so at once.

OUR COVER.

THE poor Prep's pain,
 When first he learns
 How many, many thousand turns
 The saw can make,
 While he, forsooth, doth merely rest
 His unskilled hand upon its crest.

The Jnnior's feast
 With Chauvenet,
 The fiend that turns night into day,
 And makes with glee
 Of him who tastes his poisoned fare,
 A slave to toil, a slave to care.

The Middler's bliss,
 As, deep in love,
 He thinks himself in realms above
 That ne'er can fade,
 His Calculus and German prose
 He brands as his most bitter foes.

The Senior's pride
 When, in the hall
 Before the public gaze of all
 Who come to see,
 The magic B. S. added to his name
 Advances him upon the road to fame.

LAWN TENNIS RULES.

1. Wear light and cool clothing. It is only when attired in a paper collar and linen duster that the full beauties of the game can be developed.
2. Never return a ball that you cannot reach.

3. If your adversary shows more skill than yourself, try strategy. Volley the ball occasionally so as to strike him on the head. This stroke is sure to count.

4. If you feel fatigued during the course of a game, accuse your opponent of cheating, and immediately commence an animated conversation with him. This will give you time to rest.

5. If a swiftly-served ball troubles you, persist in returning it as far as possible outside of his court. After hunting for several of these balls your adversary's spirit will be broken, and he will adopt an easy service.

6. In playing doubles with a fair partner, contrive to have her do all the "shacking." If she objects, overcome her objections by citing medical authorities that American girls do not take enough exercise.

7. Enliven the game by assaulting the umpire when he makes a decision adverse to yourself. This will greatly increase his respect for you.

8. If you find yourself beaten at the end of the game, make jocose remarks about playing with unskilled players, and offer to play your opponent half-court when you get into practice.

CH—.

Scientific Notes.

Prof. Gray is perfecting his telautograph, and expects soon to revolutionize telegraphy. In using his machine, the operator at one end of a line traces a message on paper, while the machine at the other end makes a fac-simile copy of the original. The advantages over the present system are readily appreciated, and various tests have demonstrated the practicability of the invention.

The British War Office has been experimenting with a so-called smokeless powder. They found that it imparted greater velocity with a flatter trajectory, less recoil and less fouling than did the government powder. A battle without smoke would indeed be a novelty, and if some ingenious person would only produce a noiseless powder, battles could be fought with much greater comfort to the neighbors than at present.

Sir William Thomson states that the sun has been doing work at the rate of four hundred and seventy-six million million millions of horse-power for countless ages, and calls upon scientists to furnish an explanation of this inexhaustible energy. This question is suggested to Seniors in want of a thesis subject as one boundless in extent, affording unequalled opportunities for original investigation and a great field for the lively imagination cultivated by descriptive geometry.

Alvan Clark, whose achievements in the optical line have given him world renown, died August 19th. He was originally a portrait painter by profession, and took up optical work through accident. In order to aid his son, who was studying engineering at Andover, and was much interested in telescopes, he began to study optics. Together they made a reflecting telescope. A Cambridge professor tried it, and pronounced it a remarkably good one. His success led him on to further experiment, and finally to adopt the business. His sons will continue the business, and, not content with past triumphs, will soon attempt to grind a larger lens than the famous one recently made for the Lick telescope.

The problem of producing electricity from coal without the intervention of a steam engine has long occupied the attention of the scientific world. Experiments have been made along various lines, but, until very recently, no practical results

were attained. At last Thos. Edison, working on the well-known principle that the magnetic properties of metals vary with the temperature, has evolved a pyro-magnetic dynamo, as he calls it, from which he claims to obtain good results. He places an iron core in a magnetic circuit and subjects it to pronounced variations of temperature, thus inducing electric currents. He expresses great confidence in the future of dynamos built on this principle.

Mr. J. A. Jamieson of Montreal is the inventor and patentee of an automatic fire extinguisher for railway-coaches, which will afford novel and interesting study to railroad men. The extinguisher is so connected with the car stove that if the stove is even slightly displaced, or the car tips to an angle of 45° , the fire is immediately put out. The apparatus, similar to the Babcock, is pivoted by its side on a rod placed back of the stove. It is held in a perpendicular position by an iron projection at the base, which catches in a slot in the stove. An inverted glass bottle, suspended rigidly from the inside of the extinguisher, has a glass stopper held in place by the upper end of a vertical rod. This rod is pivoted at its middle point and so weighted as to remain constantly in a vertical position. When the car tips 45° or more, the extinguisher is turned to a horizontal position, the stopper of the bottle is freed, and the acid acts on the solution, the fumes being carried by a pipe directly to the fire-pot of the stove. The fire is thus put out before it has a chance to spread. The apparatus is said to work well. It surely is an ingenious one.

Personals.

Prof. N. A. Cobb, '81, is to spend several years in Europe in scientific study, spending a great part of his time among the schools of Germany.

Mr. J. J. Donovan, '82, is Engineer-in-Charge of five railroads in Montana, four of them centering at Helena, which place he makes his headquarters.

Married, in this city, July 12th, Sanford D. Leland, '83, and Miss Julia M. De Camp, a recent graduate of the Normal school. Mr. and Mrs. Leland are residing in Holyoke, Mass.

J. N. Heald, '84, has been elected treasurer and superintendent of the lately incorporated Brick and Terra Cotta Co., North Brookfield.

Emery, '85, is assistant instructor in the organic laboratory of Bonn University, Bonn-am-Rhein, Germany. He is to pursue his studies in Germany another year at least.

Frank K. Rogers, '85, has recently accepted a position with Cutting and Bishop, building contractors in this city.

Frank B. Rice, '85, is in the employ of G. Shepherd Page, 69 Wall St., New York. At present he is in Springfield, Ill., building "concentrators" for the Gas Works in that city.

W. H. Oakes, '86, is draughting at the Washburn Machine Shop.

Davis, '87, is located at Hope Villa, La.

E. F. Miner, '87, is with Norcross Bros., Kansas City, Mo.

George A. Ward, '87, has accepted a position with the Worcester Elevator Co.

E. H. Fairbanks, '87, is at the Deane Steam Pump Works, Holyoke.

C. B. Murray, '87, is assistant chemist at the Joliet Steel Works, Joliet, Ill.

J. C. Knight, '87, and Miss Edith Woodward of this city, were united in marriage last August.

Harvey, '87, has taken a position as chemist in an Indiana college.

Walter Weston, formerly of '87, was in town recently. His health is much improved from his stay in the West.

Wilson Fairman, formerly of '88, is assistant superintendent in the Dominion Barb Wire Co., Montreal.

Edwin H. Ames, a former member of the class of '88, was killed by the cars at the railroad crossing in Grafton, last August. His sister, with whom he was riding, narrowly escaped fatal injury.

Alfredo A. Franklin, formerly of '88, having taken his degree of B. S. in a Pennsylvania college, has left this country for his home in Rio Janeiro, Brazil. Upon his arrival there, he will at once make preparations for an extended European tour.

Mr. George Francis Myers, '88, is perfecting an invention for the registering of fares upon street cars.

George H. Kimball, formerly of '89, has entered the class of '89 at Williams College.

College News.

The Yale freshmen number 311.

Bingham, Harvard's celebrated pitcher, has returned to College.

Harvard has received endowments aggregating \$3,000,000 in the past six months.—*Ex.*

At the University of Mississippi, the gentlemen have petitioned to have the lady students removed.—*Ex.*

At Harvard, work on a College paper is accepted as a substitute for regular literary duty.—*Ex.*

The Faculty of Williams announce that unless the students abolish rushing, the Trustees will not allow them to be represented in the Base Ball League.

At Illinois College the rule that a student who obtains a grade of 85 per cent. need not pass the examination has been in force a year, and both students and Faculty are satisfied with it.—*Ex.*

The entire Junior class at Dartmouth has threatened to cease further attend-

ance at recitations until the Faculty take back one of their number whom they dismissed from College for being present at a Freshman hazing and refusing to tell the names of the guilty ones.—*Ex.*

Exchanges.

The *Pennsylvanian* in its issue of Sept. 27, says:

The *Pennsylvanian* is considered by Harvard men the best college weekly published.

The innate modesty of the *Pennsylvanian* prevents it from giving further details, but the whole truth must be told.

Here it is:

When the Harvard boys are informed by special dispatch that a number of the *Pennsylvanian* has been issued, they drop everything for the time being and rush to the post-office, where they form in line to get a glimpse of their favorite weekly. The editorials concerning the guidance of all collegians are carefully cut out and distributed, and the man who is lucky enough to get one immediately pastes it into his hat. Although no systematic attempt has been made at Cambridge to boom the *Pennsylvanian*, its managers are seriously thinking of publishing a Harvard College edition.

But the *Pennsylvanian* is truly a good paper. It is so progressive as to have a "horse editor," in other words an editor from the veterinary department of the school.

Student Life for September has an apt and interesting article on "Indian Clubs," and the *College Rambler* is conspicuous for the excellence of its editorials.

The fair exchange editor of the *Opinator* agrees with a Miss Reed on the subject of "Girls," and thinks to the extent of a long paragraph that a paper on "Educational Problems" in the *New York Tribune* is very interesting. So do we, dear *Opinator*, but we refrain from expressing such thoughts in the column devoted to exchanges.

The *Pharos* is to be congratulated on its reappearance. Its rays shine just as brightly as before its late unpleasantness.

Attending school in Illinois has its disadvantages at this season of the year. The *Illini* has this paragraph:

The scarcity of that edible tuber, the potato, has caused the clubs to raise the price of board twenty-five cents per week. The boys are anxiously awaiting an importation of cheap Michigan potatoes, to put the price down. They begin to suspect a blood-thirsty monopoly.

The monthly published at Geneva College resumes its old name of *Genevan Cabinet*, with the September number. The *Cabinet* is noteworthy for the deep interest it takes in the physical and moral welfare of the students. It contains such sentiments as these:

"It is out of the heart that bad things come. * * * Let us keep fountains pure and clean."

"The physical needs attention as well as the mental and in due proportion. Opportunity for exercise may be found on the ball field, or the croquet ground, in a walk down town or out through the fields and woods."

"You can get cider from an apple but it has to be an apple."

"* * * Hence study hours should have no interruptions except such as are unavoidable."

In places where the seductive joke or the wicked pun is usually employed, the *Cabinet* says:

"Language was given that we might say pleasant things to each other."

"But what we do determine oft we break; purpose is not the slave to memory."

We do not object to these sentiments, in themselves, although the last one is rather misleading at first sight. But we do think that the excellence of a college paper is in a great measure dependent upon its treatment of live, local topics.

Technicalities.

"Per contra."

"Take moments."

"Wrong. The next."

"How far have you wrought?"

The latest scientific fact:—"When a substance becomes hard it dries to a solid."

Don't drag in the chapel hymns. Follow the choir and keep up the time.

Chemistry fees fall due about November 1st, at the same time that other chestnuts fall.

McFadden, '88, has been chosen leader of the chapel choir for the ensuing year.

Penniman, '89, has been elected manager of the foot-ball eleven, with White, '89, as captain.

How much the sketching class will miss the old grove in the rear of the shop!

The Seniors are progressing finely on their cabinet lathe, having reached the interesting process of scraping.

A self-evident truth:—"The chief source of danger from kerosene lamps is when you blow out the gas."

Why is a button like a Junior's mustache? Because it is a small event that is always coming off.

The latest addition to the oil fields of our country, according to a resident professor, is in those States west of California.

Tired students can now take the horse-cars at the corner of Boynton and Highland streets, and ride directly to the Institute grounds.

And now our Gymnasium, the only one we ever had, has been swept away by the hand of improvement. Alas for our athletes!

Student (athirst for knowledge (?)) :
—“Professor, what is the formula for
cider?”

Prof. of Chemistry : “Alcohol + H₂O.

Student (reasoning) :—“Sweet cider
contains no alcohol; therefore, sweet
cider is water. Hm! Strange!”

Seven days are one week, 24 hours
are one day, and $7 \times 24 = 168$. Such is
the origin of that mystic number, 168.
We have but one week of extra practice,
see?

At last a new hymn-book for chapel
use has been secured. It is well adapted
for our use, as the tunes all run low.
Now let us have a full chorus.

It is said that one of our Seniors be-
came so much interested in his shop
practice recently, that one practice
morning he appeared for breakfast at
the unseemly hour of five.

The Junior class of this year numbers
fifty-seven members, and is the largest
class but one that ever entered the
Tech. The Middle and Senior classes
are also large, containing forty and
thirty-five members respectively.

Prof. to class in Physics :—“This
you see is the main wheel, and is con-
nected with this gearing which receives
its power from the crank that you see
before you, and ———”

Prolonged applause.

The building in process of erection
at the south entrance of the Institute
grounds is to contain a number of high-
grade standard instruments for electrical
measurements. It will be connected by
wire with the new laboratory.

Student (who has not shaved for a
week) to Prof. in English :—“I hope
you will excuse my personal appearance,
Professor; I have spent so much time
upon this essay that I have been unable
to get a shave.”

88's record in Junior mathematics
has been closely approached by F. H.
Brophy, '89, he having worked out

demonstrations for 360 of the originals
in Chauvenet. He has a record which
has been equalled by few at the Institute.

A Senior was heard to exclaim in his
sleep, a few nights ago :—“Take mo-
ments! Take moments about the vanish-
ing point and add the friction of the soap
on the picture plane.”

[Explanatory chart to this joke fur-
nished on application.]

Prof. (to student after a somewhat
ambiguous translation) :—“What are the
rules governing the order of words in an
English sentence?”

Student (after deep thought) :—“Er —
— — The subject should come before
the verb and — — — er — — — the
verb after the subject.”

Business is lively at the shop and
the passageways are choked up with
hydraulic-pullers and large elevator
work. A larger force of journeymen
than usual is at work endeavoring to
fill the orders which are pouring in so
rapidly.

Upon being asked at table by his land-
lady if he would have some hash, the
student's mind must have been intent
upon his prospective afternoon's work
at the shop, when he answered : “Thanks,
n—, well, just a hair, please!”

Prof. H. (to Junior in English divi-
sion) : “Mr. O., will you explain to
the class the meaning of the word ‘cen-
tenarian.’”

Mr. O. (who never saw the word be-
fore) : “It is a bug with a hundred legs
that inhabits tropical countries.”

Prof. expires and is interred with
customary honors.

Just a year ago there appeared in
these columns a plaintive paragraph
concerning the long expected street
railway on Boynton St., which plainly
showed the truth of the old adage,
“Hope deferred makes the heart sick.”
It is with pleasure that we notice the

railway now in operation, running a car at half-past each hour.

This is the season when the Senior dons his tile and gazes with complacency upon the world at large; when the Middler mixes all kinds of colors, possible and impossible, and with praiseworthy industry lays them on in streaks upon the *nice* brown paper; when the Junior wrestles with the three hundred and seventy-six redoubtable "Chauvenets" and gains thereby new interest in the billiard table.

The Y. M. C. A. of the Institute held a reception, September 6, at the residence of Prof. A. S. Kimball, in honor of the new members of the Junior class. About fifty were present and a very enjoyable evening was passed. Pres. Temple explained the work of the Association and cordially invited all to become members, after which Prof. Kimball said a few earnest words of welcome and advice. The evening passed pleasantly with refreshments, college songs and social intercourse.

The customary work of the Senior class in Organic Chemistry has been somewhat modified in accordance with the request of the present Seniors. It will consist of ten lectures in Chemical Technology, to be followed by a course of twenty lectures in Geology, the work of the term closing with a series of lectures on Steel. The remainder of the time usually devoted to Organic Chemistry, will be taken up by a course in Electricity and Steam Engineering to be given in the Spring term.

In response to a request sent out last June, the Washburn Machine Shop has received from several large firms engaged in the manufacture of hand carpenter tools, numerous samples of their work. These tools are to be arranged in specially-constructed cases and will form a permanent exhibit for the benefit of the students. Duplicates of the tools in this exhibit have been sent by request

to the "Conservatoire National des Arts et Metiers" in Paris, where they will be used for a like purpose. They are the best that the latest modern ingenuity and skill can produce and will form an interesting study for the mechanical student. The most noticeable in the exhibit are the tools sent from Disston of Philadelphia, the Millers Falls Hardware Co., and the Stanley Rule & Level Co., Hartford, Conn. It is intended to make this the nucleus of a much larger and more complete exhibit to include also all varieties of machine shop tools.

Class officers:—

Seniors: Pres., C. L. Griffin; Vice-Pres., G. H. Frary; Sec. and Treas., C. F. Bailey.

Middlers: Pres., E. G. Penniman; Vice-Pres., A. P. Allen; Sec. and Treas., A. I. Gardner.

Juniors: Pres., F. A. Gardner; Vice-Pres., S. H. Rood; Sec., B. H. Starr; Treas., C. K. Prince.

Officers of the Athletic Association:—

Pres., C. W. Chadwick, '88; Vice-Pres., Solon Bartlett, '89, Sec., A. P. Allen, '89; Treas., F. W. Treadway, '90.

Deacon (to erring church member): "Your ways are very loose and——"

Church Member (interrupting): "Great Heavens! You wouldn't have me tight all the time, would you?"

Brown: "I say, Smith, your boy is quite a contortionist; he can twist himself into all sorts of shapes."

Smith: "I'm glad of it. Perhaps he'll be round when wanted."

Foreman (to country editor): "Do you want Rev. Mr. Goodman's sermon, 'Feed My Lambs,' to go on the editorial page?"

Editor (absent-mindedly): "No. Run it in the agricultural department."

—*Ex.*

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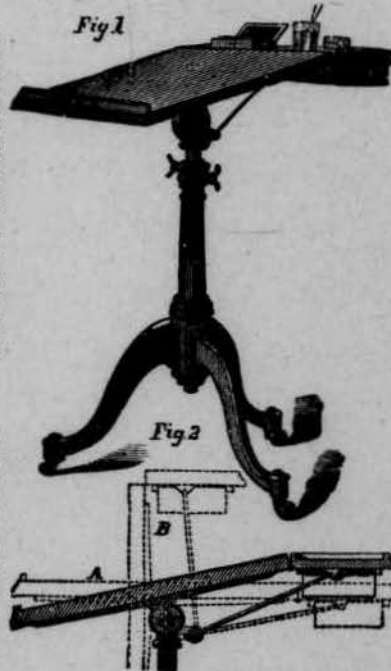
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