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January, '88

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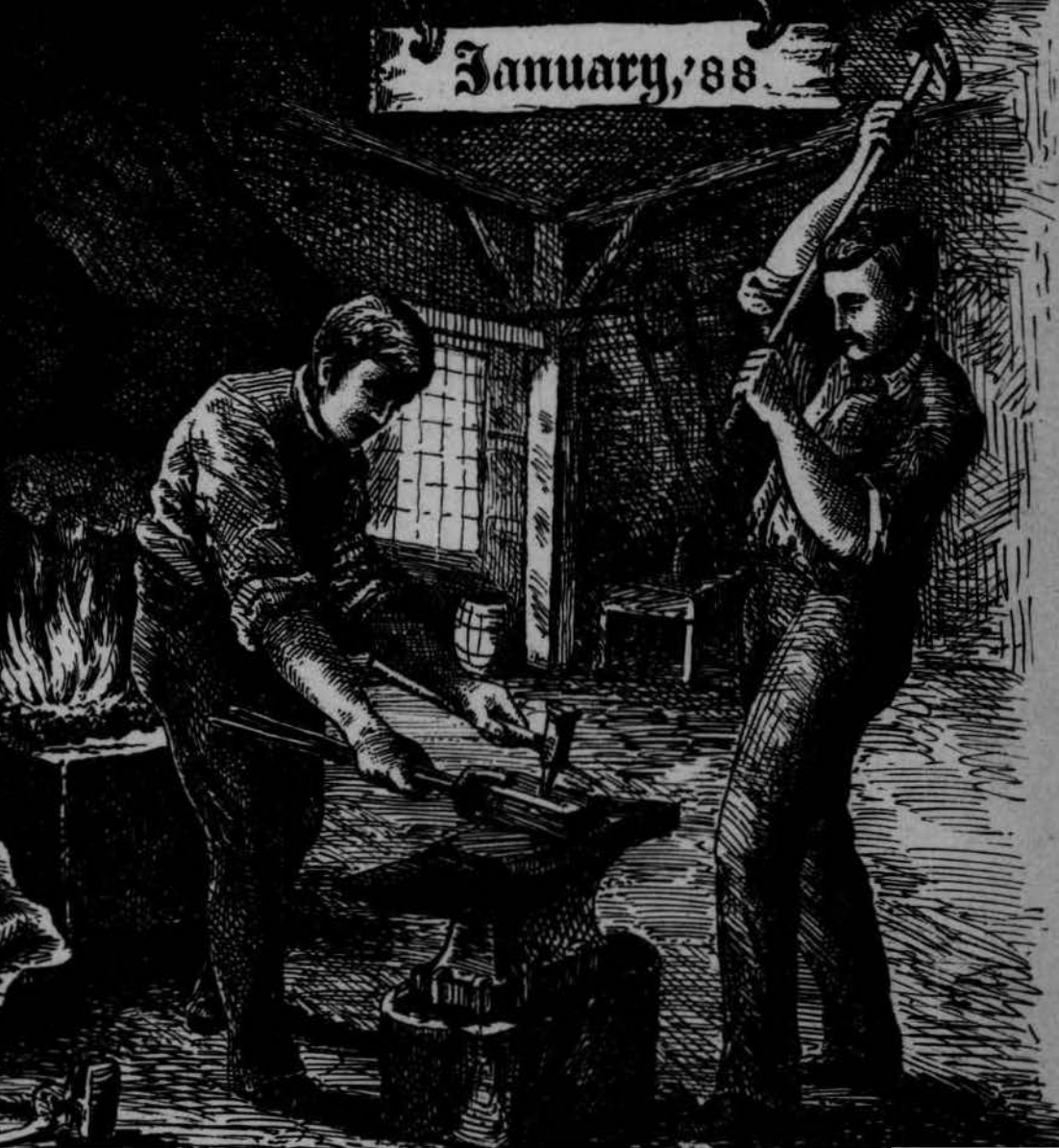
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THE BOYS' BIBLE SOCIETY



CONTENTS.

Editorials	61
The College-Bred Girl	64
All Around New York	66
Ad Professorem Linguæ Germanicæ	68
My Encounter with a Deer	68
The Q. T. V.	70
The Tech Social	71
Communications	72
A Delusion	72
Scientific Notes	73
Exchanges	74
College News	75
Personals	76
Technicalities	77
Museum of Antiquity	80

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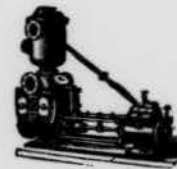
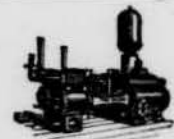
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The W P I

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THE W P I.

Published on the 15th of each Month, during the School Year,
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"SOUND judgment is the ground of writing well;
And when philosophy directs your choice
To proper subjects rightly understood,
Words from the pen will naturally flow."

—Horace.

WE are all fond of saying that the marking system is a dismal failure, that we care nothing for position in the class, and much more to a similar effect. But just notice the man who is foremost in expressing his utter contempt for the whole system, as he breaks the seal of his envelope and draws forth the paper which bears his mark. The expectant gleam in his eye, as he eagerly scans the sheet, and the quick flash of satisfaction or disappointment gives place a moment later to an expression of supreme indifference. But the story has been told.

The indifference is assumed. Say what we will, we would all like to enter that charmed circle, the "first six." And this is a most commendable ambition, for a position at the head of the class means faithful application and mental ability. But there is no necessity of dilating upon this theme, for success always meets with abundant recognition. It is far more profitable to turn our attention to the "last six." Such consideration has at least the charm of novelty. Our work at the Institute is of a very practical nature, and much of it is of value for its own sake, and yet the discipline of hard work and accurate thinking far outweighs the actual knowledge gained. One man glides through the course, grasping things, as it were, by intuition. Another is obliged to fight his way through, step by step. Each day's work presents difficulties which must be met with unwavering courage and indomitable resolution. The former has, on graduation, a store of knowledge which, as his outlook broadens, will appear more and more insignificant. The latter has developed, during the three years' struggle with a slow intellect, a strength of character which will enable him, as he goes forth into the world, to "stand, self-poised, on Manhood's solid earth." There is something higher and better than mere intellectual brilliancy,—a symmetrically developed character. And this, the more precious

jewel, will be found in the keeping of those who grace the "last six," more often than those to whom a superficial judgment assigns the position of honor. Considering this we can well afford to feel in reality that superiority to marks which we are prone to assume. Self applause, in its truest sense, is, after all, the only thing worth striving for, and if haply we are conscious of that, we may look upon our marks with complacency, even if they should consign us to the "last six."

AT a time when there is such an open field for useful invention we fail to see how men can afford to waste their time and energies in trying to circumvent nature; in striving to perfect machinery according to principles contrary to the simplest laws of physics. And yet not long since, Keeley's great corporation met, and listened, with seeming entire confidence in the ability of their leader, to a report wherein he promised a speedy completion of his machine. And he was not only urged on to further effort, but more funds were voted him from the company's treasury for that purpose. The nearest approximation to a perpetual motion machine, or an apparatus for producing its own energy, is a clock in Germany, which, when nearly run down, releases powerful fans which are set in motion by the wind, the weights being raised thereby and the machine running on again. Thus it has been run for many years. But how foolish to continue this battle against nature! We hear also of a great Russian scientist who claims to have discovered an explosive which

exerts pressure in one direction only. What an immense advantage this would be to armies! It would relieve them of much of their *impedimenta* and at the same time make them as effective as if accompanied by a large battery. Hollow logs could be loaded, held by two men during the discharge, and then left behind, if retreat became necessary, without any loss to the army. But as we hear of all these wonderful things we are led to wonder why it is that men cannot be satisfied with using their abilities in a legitimate direction, and not waste them entirely by attempting impossibilities.

LAST winter after the first snow fell the path up Tech hill was most wretchedly taken care of. In many instances no attempt was made to clear it till noon, and even then a narrow fifteen-inch path which stopped short at the bottom of the hill was the most that was given us. Now, when we are so frequently warned to "be careful and not get our feet wet," we think that it would be an exceedingly proper thing for the Institute authorities to do all in their power to assist us in preserving our health. And when at 10 A. M. we are compelled to wade through a small snow-drift in order to get up to Chapel we think something should be done. We hope that these remarks are entirely unnecessary, and that the walk will be properly cleared this winter. And if the Institute is too poor to pay a man to shovel a path clear out to Boynton Street, we believe that a notice to the school to that effect would bring in sufficient contributions to warrant its being done.

IS there not some way to get more heat into the shop these cold mornings? During the recent vacation many mornings it was quite uncomfortable in the shop even with coat and vest on. And the manner in which the wood-room is heated makes it almost impossible and very imprudent for one to work there in cold weather. One of the students has recently been through a severe illness resulting from a cold taken in the wood-room, and we have heard of a considerable number of severe colds which arose from the same cause. It seems to us poor policy not to hire a watchman at least during the winter months, so that the steam may be turned on earlier than at present. When the health of our students is threatened by such an omission, it becomes economy to make a little greater outlay to prevent such an occurrence.

IN our November issue we published a short editorial in reference to the fund which is being established by the Alumni in memory of Dr. Charles O. Thompson. Since that time a few proposed plans for the placing of the fund have come to us, and we think they may be of interest here. Of course any plans which are made must of necessity be very indefinite at present, for it will doubtless take a term of years perhaps to collect the fund. But yet, plans for such an object are by no means air castles, and, it seems to us, are always in order. It has been proposed to erect a memorial building to be devoted to such purposes as will be of direct benefit and advantage to the students at the Institute as a whole. For instance, a

reading-room would doubtless be one of the leading features. This especially would at once commend itself to every one as a most desirable feature, for it seems as if in no place more than an Institute like ours is reference to the papers of the day an actual necessity. To be sure we have our city library, but how much more easy of access a reading-room of our own. Also a room is proposed to be used for the purpose of social gatherings, lectures, etc. A room would doubtless be provided for the meetings of the Y. M. C. A., the same to be used also by the societies of the Institute. To say that a gymnasium is a most important part of the project is scarcely necessary. All plans, as previously stated, are of course very indefinite, yet the central idea of the Alumni is clearly to be seen as a desire to furnish a building for the Institute which will be of *common* benefit to the students. In this we think they show a most wise conception of the needs of their Alma Mater. For what do we need more than a building for just such a purpose? A place where we can all meet on common ground and promote a general school feeling, which, we are sorry to say, has always been one of the failing points in the society of the Tech. When we as students do not throughout the course meet together a single time for the purpose of sociability and enjoyment, can it be expected that there is any chance for a common interest in each other's welfare to grow up amongst us? In a school of 150 students, when 70 per cent., yes, 80 per cent. of the Junior class are without any acquaintance at all with the Senior class, it seems to us that

an outlay in the direction suggested could not be better placed.

We presume that the Alumni have also in mind the propriety of having a room for the exclusive use of the "W P I." If they have not we suggest it as modestly as possible for their consideration. It is a matter of much regret to us that our exchanges (and we have a large and good list of them) cannot be made accessible to all the students. As college students ourselves we all cannot fail to be interested in the doings of other colleges, and much interesting news is to be found in the various college journals. Nearly every college has a room for this purpose, and we would most earnestly suggest the desirability of such at our Institute.

IN less than two weeks the class of '91 will make its appearance at the Tech. We await with interest the first glimpse of the gallant company of "Preps." Will they be tall or short, bold or timid, strong or weak? They will be "verdant" of course. Who ever saw a "Prep" that wasn't! We have all been there ourselves. Just take a look back for a moment, and repress a smile, if you can, at our simple innocence. Do you remember how dignified we were when we each took our turn at shifting belts? And when we climbed the golden stairs and squirted "nasty, greasy oil" upon the counter-shaft bearing till the drip cup overflowed, we thought ourselves prepared for almost anything in the line of mechanics. And then we twisted hand-screws till our little arms ached, and we had to sit down and rest. But when we went home to dinner that first

day we walked erect, and "I'm a Tech" stuck out all over us. O those were balmy days! It is almost painful now to recall them. Oh, to be a "Prep" once more in all our youthful innocence! To live in an atmosphere devoid of the suffocating odor of theses, and free from the dense fumes of Applied Mechanics! 'Twould be bliss indeed.

Boys, don't give the "Preps" the cold shoulder. Let's give them a hearty welcome and make their interests our own as far as possible. Don't wait for an introduction, but make them feel that all Techs are united by a common bond of friendship.

THE COLLEGE-BRED GIRL.

IT is a common resource of all writers for the college press to fall back upon a discussion of our collegians. Their merits are noted; their follies are deplored; their lines of influence after graduation are marked out; their intellectual abilities are extolled. Included in this great class is the college-bred girl, and yet our college writers apparently are indifferent to her existence. Is she so withdrawn, so secluded from the world about her as to preclude all our attempts to form an estimate of her character? Or are we perhaps awed by the too great complexity of the subject for analysis? I must confess that, as I contemplate the fertility of the field before me for the forming of many misjudged opinions, and the consequent misrepresentation of facts,—I must confess that I am not a little abashed at my own temerity. And, therefore, should some fair reader find any of my statements

misleading or incorrect, I most earnestly hope that she will pardon the unintended error, and confer a favor by a correction founded upon the authority of her own experience.

The world is too apt in these days to jump to general conclusions from special cases which, through chance alone, are brought to their attention. It is the nature of many persons, perhaps it is human nature, upon meeting with but a single individual of a class, to announce their judgment of the class as a whole, and firmly stick to that judgment as well-founded and indisputable. It is human nature again, for them to find and deplore all the unpleasant qualities which may reside in this individual nature, and, with not a glance at the brighter and more favorable traits, judge accordingly of the whole class. Now it is a common idea, founded upon the above-named principles (if such they deserve to be called) that the college girl is a fancy production, a false creation of art, a figure-head with brains full of high-toned notions and æsthetic ideas. In the same manner comes the opinion that female colleges are but training schools for the *rich* man's daughter, that their educational systems are compatible only with the exalted and airy position of a wealthy girl, whose time, if not otherwise employed, would be a burden on her hands. The jokes about the slang of the Vassar girl, and the aristocratic nose of the student at Wellesley are to be found in every newspaper's funny column. They ridicule every period of the college girl's existence, and become more distorted as they grow more prevalent.

Are these correct ideas? Have they proper foundation? Does Vassar or Wellesley cultivate a girl of ordinary means, of ordinary ideas, and of ordinary ability beyond her sphere of usefulness? Here is a chance for some unknown fair college friend to sustain me when I answer, "No." Such estimates of the college girl's character, it seems to me, can result only from a narrow-minded view of the subject, and are not warranted by any general knowledge of the facts.

"What is a college-bred girl good for?" is a plain and matter-of-fact way of stating the question. It is almost self-evident that the intellectual activity of a country is directly proportional to the number of institutions of learning which it supports. Can we draw the line between Vassar and Harvard and say that the former does not contribute her full proportionate share? I have talked with college-bred girls; I have been entertained by their brightness and vivacity; I have been almost shamed into silence by their able discussion of the topics of the day, both in business and politics; I have sat on the rustic seats at Wellesley, and, looking at the large fleet of boats out upon the little lake below, I have wondered if an estimate could be formed of the physical, mental, and moral attainments which must of necessity be acquired in a term of years spent amidst the beauties of that charming spot. The mere association with nature is enough to guarantee a development of the most obdurate temperaments. I have watched a company of college girls as they boarded the train at the commencement of their

Christmas holidays, and I have failed to find in any case the common usage of the disagreeable language which our newspapers so deplore. Now to answer the question which began this paragraph, I would say, the college-bred girl is strong because of her influence. Her education is an ennobling quality, and especially is its influence felt where her power is strongest, in her own household. She has been trained in the laws attendant upon physical, mental, and moral excellence, and this training invariably shows itself, and has its effect; and this effect, under the circumstances named cannot be otherwise than beneficial.

The college-bred girl is master of her situation, however trying it may be. She has that dignity of bearing which makes her position an independent one. Not every girl who attends college studies for a definite end. Indeed, I am inclined to think that, aside from those who study for a teacher's position, the end aimed at is simply to gain as broad an education as possible and directed toward no special object. And this, indeed, is purpose enough. I hold (and here again I would call upon someone to sustain or disapprove my opinion) that scarcely a girl enters college with the expectation of being always dependant upon her own resources. Woman was designed as a companion for man. After marriage man's faculties tend to develop faster than woman's owing to activity in business. If then the college-bred girl has obtained her broad education, will her companionship not only be worth more and command a greater respect, but will it not result

in a much more refined sense of enjoyment for her companion and herself?

I believe in the college-bred girl. I admire her good qualities, in the presence of which I would forget her less attractive traits. I place her on the same plane as the college-bred young man, and I respect her position as much. Honor and respect to the high-school girl, but for the college-bred girl I reserve a reverence akin to adoration.

ALL AROUND NEW YORK.

I.

NEW YORK is a peculiar city in many respects, and perhaps one of the most striking things about it is that scarcely anyone owns the house he lives in. This is owing to the high cost of land. The increase in land values has been almost incredible. As is well known, the entire island was once sold for \$24; but to-day there is an acre of land on Wall street that alone is worth \$3,000,000.

This high valuation of land has given the city a peculiar style of architecture. In Baltimore and Washington there are a notable number of two-story and three-story buildings, but in New York, buildings of this style have given place to those of six, seven, eight, ten and even twelve stories. Near Central Park there are numerous very lofty apartment buildings, and someone has aptly said that if higher ones are ever built, a groove must be left in the top for the moon to pass through.

In such very high buildings the pressure on the foundations is immense, and the walls must be made exceedingly

thick to withstand it. A well-known architect, who has had a large experience in matters of this kind, proposes to erect steel pillars and suspend the different floors from these by means of truss-work, so that the strains will be distributed very much as they are in an apple tree loaded with heavy fruit. This is a most radical departure from the established notions of builders, yet there is nothing impossible about it, and the inventor claims that it is not even impracticable; he is willing to undertake the construction of fifteen or even eighteen-story buildings on this plan, guaranteeing satisfactory results. The great object in having such high buildings is, of course, to enclose as much space as is possible with a given expenditure for land.

The practical impossibility of anyone owning a house here, unless he is very wealthy indeed, will be understood from what has been said, and the fact that nearly everyone rents his house, suite or room, will be appreciated. From this arrangement it follows that the average New-Yorker does not take the same interest in his home that the staid New-Englander does in his. He is living in somebody's else house, and he may have to move next year, next week, or to-morrow. The inhabitants feel mobile. The young men are perpetually at the club, the theatre, the concert hall or the saloon, and the others, instead of enjoying life, are continually getting ready to do so.

Many of the business men have their homes in some one of the neighboring towns, preferring the discomfort of two rides on a grimy railroad train or

crowded ferryboat to a night in the City of Unrest. Hoboken, Jersey City, Brooklyn, Staten Island, Long Island City and Weehawken, all of which are reached by ferries, are populous with such men; Harlem is overflowing with them, and every Jersey, Connecticut and Long Island town within a radius of forty miles or more has its proper share.

What a chance for the study of character in the men of New York. We find them from every State in the Union and from every country on earth; they trade with every nation; they speak every language; they are of all colors, have every conceivable religion, and are engaged in every imaginable variety of business. There is the Italian who raises revenue from the pelts of derelict cats; here is he who buys and sells vast railroads as the shop-girl deals in buttons. Here is the thief and the preacher; the ragpicker and the artist; the professional politician and the dude. Each contributes his portion to the ceaseless bustle and activity of the great city.

II.

Mr. Henry Irving has been playing "Faust" in this city, and out of curiosity I paid one dollar for the privilege of seeing this man who has risen to his present eminence, not, like Booth, through any inherent aptness, but by dint of patient study. Since Mr. Irving appears as Mephistopheles, I may truthfully say that throughout the whole drama he acts like the devil. Admirers of Mr. Irving will please read this one way and the rest of mankind may take it the other.

Mr. Irving is a genius, so far as stage management and the designing of stage

effects are concerned; but in my opinion he is not a truly great actor. In seeing "Faust" it is easy to become so captivated with the management of the scenery and the stage effects as to gather the impression that the acting, also, is of the same high order; but the thoughtful and observant person, who has seen Salvini as "Othello," or Booth as "Richelieu," will admit that Irving has not the fire of one of these. Booth and Salvini are mighty, in that they can thrill their audiences with pity, love or fear, and can draw tears of sympathy from the eyes of stern men without one of the accessory effects that hold Irving in the front rank of the actors of to-day. Considered in himself he is a good actor, but not a great one, and I, for one, had rather see Jefferson as "Rip Van Winkle," or Florence's "Captain Cuttle."

AD PROFESSOREM LINGUÆ GERMANICÆ.

O WHY now sprechen Sie Deutsch?

What pleasure say can Sie haben?

You cannot imagine how much

You bother unfortunate Knaben.

Liebster Freund! give besser work,

Nicht so hard, ein kurtzerer lesson,

O then we will not try to shirk,

Und unser will gaben Sie blessen!

O ask us nicht now to decline

"Meines Bruders grössere Häuser";

"Die Fasser" of "alt rother Wein"

Can give us no possible joy, sir.

Die Müller may tragen ein Rock,

Eat schwartz Brod und dem Käse,

Die Gans may be hängen on hoch,

But what can it matter to me, sir!

Return zu Ihr own native tongue,

Leave Deutsch und Sauer Kraut to the Dutchmen;

And seek not to teach to the young

The Sprache belonging to such men.

Und now 'tis my solemn belief

That if you nicht grant this petition,

Sie must schreiben mein Vater ein Brief,

To say that ich hab ein "Condition."

—Ein Armer Schuler in *Yale Courant*.

MY ENCOUNTER WITH A DEER.

PROBABLY all of us at some time during our lives have reason to be thankful for deliverance from some great danger, and although the incident which I am about to relate happened several years ago, yet even now, as I think of it, I cannot but feel that it was a piece of exceedingly good fortune that the termination was not more serious. On one other occasion only did I have so narrow an escape from serious injury. I once absent-mindedly walked in front of an approaching express train, and was only brought to my senses with the train scarcely twenty feet away, by being struck by the gates as the wind gently rocked them to and fro. Had my abstraction continued a moment longer the chances are that I should have received an obituary notice in the next morning's paper.

My encounter with the deer was a scarcely less thrilling experience. First, however, let me explain for the benefit of any who may hear this and do not see it, that it was a d-e-e-r and not a d-e-a-r which I encountered, else they will get a wrong impression of me and my naturally retiring disposition. It was in the fall of '84, when I was employed as rodman, under my older brother, on a topographical survey in the great State of Pennsylvania. During my journeyings in this capacity I had encountered innumerable bull dogs and other ferocious beasts of prey, but had always come off victor after a skilful use of my trusty rod and whatever missiles happened to be lying near. But up to this time I had never met a deer, and proba-

bly it was because of my lack of experience in this direction that I got into such a scrape.

It was afternoon, and we had just been celebrating that festival of eating and repose, which is vulgarly called noon, at the nearest respectable farm-house, but were now at work once more, and were gradually approaching a large estate owned by one of the richest men of the town. On one side of the house was a large field, and in this field, peacefully resting after his noon-day meal, lay a fine fat buck with a good head of horns, supported on a body about four feet by three, side elevation. When we came to this field my brother set up his instrument outside of the fence, not because he was scared at all, but just to insure the safety of the transit, and told me to mark several points in the field, and to hold on the last one till he got a new position farther on. I had noticed the fine proportions of the young buck, but, nothing daunted, I leaped the fence and ventured slowly toward the beast which had arisen at my entrance, and was now approaching to give me, as I then supposed, a warm and affectionate greeting. As I said before, I was unacquainted with the ways of four-legged deers, and, fearing lest he would begin at once to devour me, I offered him the core of an apple which I had just been eating, trusting it would appease his appetite, at least for a time. But I did the gentle creature wrong, for he proved a most affectionate being, following me very closely wherever I went and trying to help me work the rod whenever I held it on a point. Everything went well till I came to the last point, when, apparently sorry that

I must leave so soon, he did all in his power to hinder me. My brother, meanwhile, had set up his instrument on the further side of a little knoll, so that all we could see of each other was the tops of our heads, and when he was ready he gave me a signal and I raised the rod. That is to say, I tried to raise it, but I never succeeded as the deer persisted in knocking it over with its horns as often as I made the attempt. This happened three or four times, until, becoming impatient at my failures to answer his signals, my brother appeared at the top of the knoll and wanted to know what was the matter.

"Nothing," said I, rather ashamed of myself, and resolving to do or die.

"Well," said he, "if nothing is the matter I wish you would hurry up and hold that rod still and not keep me looking through this telescope all day for nothing."

Again I tried, and again the deer got the best of me. Seeing my trouble a carpenter, who was working near by, cried out, "Hit him. He often bothers us that way and we have to drive him off with a stick. Hit him hard."

I thanked him and at once followed his advice by giving the deer several sharp blows with the rod. But alas! instead of running away, the beast took a few steps backwards, lowered his graceful head in mock reverence, and started for me. I saw the crisis had come, and, dropping the rod, I grabbed him by each horn, hoping in this way to keep him from pricking me with them. And then the fun began. Up and down we went, pushing and pulling each other till I, for one, was pretty well tired of it, and

would have been glad to get out of the contest. At this point my brother appeared on the scene again. He was evidently all ready to blow me up again, but, seeing my predicament, his brow softened, his mouth broadened into a grin, and he stood there gazing at us in great amusement. This was too much, and I yelled, half out of breath, "Say, why don't you come over here and help a fellow. I can't stand this racket much longer."

At last over he came, and after much pulling and tugging we managed to get the beast to the fence. Then we threw over the rod, and after disengaging his horns from my coat, which was pierced in several places, we bade the deer adieu. Thus was my precious life saved to the world a second time, perhaps more miraculously than the first.

I think the moral of this tale should be impressed upon every Tech's mind, especially if he is a civil. Never be content with the position of rod or chain man, but be sure you have charge of the instrument; thus you may avoid danger by putting the instrument in a safe place and then keeping near it.

.....
 "He that knoweth not that which he ought to know is a brute beast among men; he that knoweth no more than he hath need of is a man among brute beasts; and he that knoweth all that may be known is as a god amongst men."—*Pythagoras*.

.....
 "There's but the twinkling of a star
 Between a man of peace and war;
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,
 A huffing off'cer and a slave;
 A crafty lawyer and a pickpocket,
 A great philosopher and a blockhead;
 A formal preacher and a player,
 A learn'd physician and a man-slayer."

—*Butler*.

THE Q. T. V.

ALMOST every school supports one or more debating societies. In the preparatory schools, these are generally non-secret, while in the colleges are the well-known Greek-letter fraternities, most of which, established long ago, are now in a most flourishing condition. One of the W. P. I. societies is already known to the school and the public, but the second has thus far been known of by only a few of the students. Something more than a year ago, the Worcester chapter of the Q. T. V. fraternity was organized. This fraternity exists only in scientific and agricultural colleges. Hence its chapters are not as numerous as those of the Greek-letter societies which may exist in any college; but yet those which have been organized are now quite prosperous and with a good outlook for the future. One of the chapters is erecting a building in which to hold its meetings. Another venture has just been started, in the issuing of a quarterly devoted to the interests of the fraternity. The Worcester chapter is at present growing at a very gratifying rate, and the interest in the meetings is also increasing. Regular meetings are held semi-monthly at the club-room when a regular literary programme is carried out.

The benefit derived from college secret societies has been so much questioned that much debate has arisen upon the subject. The most serious objection appears to be to the secrecy attending the initiations and various other doings of the society. This objection is however rather superficial, for it is only necessary to study the general influence

brought to bear upon the students at some of our large colleges to see that few evil effects follow from this cause. It is indisputable that a closer bond of union is formed between the students through friendships formed in the societies, and it is true that this continues also beyond their college course.

THE TECH SOCIAL.

ON the evening of the 20th of December, the last day of the fall term, the first of a possible series of select socials was inaugurated under the direction of an efficient corps of managers, wearing the colors of "staid old Madame Tech," as someone has seen fit to call our institution. "Madame Tech" must indeed have quaffed freely of the "spring of youth," for the parlor of Continental hall has seldom, if ever, presented a more attractive appearance than upon the evening in question, as each couple entered, and were received by the chaperones. And beyond in the brilliantly lighted hall the scene was even more lively. As the time for the grand march approached, and one costume after another added beauty and variety to the scene, the attractiveness of the picture impressed itself more and more upon the spectator in the gallery. Everyone seemed full of animation and in a spirit to enjoy the occasion to the utmost. The grand march was begun soon after 8 o'clock, and was followed by an order of twenty dances with one extra waltz. The first half passed off very smoothly, after which, Zahonyi's cream and cake received their full share of attention. Dancing was resumed at 11 o'clock, and

it continued until 1.05 A. M., when the last waltz was called. Everyone seemed highly pleased with the evening's enjoyment, and at the close, the committee were almost overwhelmed with congratulations on their success.

The march was led by

Mr. George E. Camp and Miss Alice Belding, and following were—

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| Mr. Ernest Gilman | — Miss Carrie Smith. |
| Mr. Albert Gilbert | — Miss Alice Rheutan. |
| Mr. Isaac Rheutan | — Miss Gertrude Everett. |
| Mr. Harry Allen | — Miss Ellie Rheutan. |
| Mr. W. E. Hartwell | — Miss Annie Milliken. |
| Mr. J. B. Chittenden | — Miss Tracy. |
| Mr. Irwin Gardner | — Miss Annie Davis. |
| Mr. Rodger Gardner | — Miss Mary Davis. |
| Mr. James Baylis | — Miss Perry. |
| Mr. Stanley Rood | — Miss Nellie Rood. |
| Mr. Frank Richardson | — Miss Robbins. |
| Mr. John Nelson | — Miss Wheeler. |
| Mr. E. H. Fairbanks | — Miss Julia Davenport. |
| Mr. F. Penniman | — Miss Lanell. |
| Mr. Paul Davis | — Miss Brigham. |
| Mr. Clarence Prince | — Miss Warren. |
| Mr. Blood | — Miss Waite. |
| Mr. White | — Miss McCreedy. |
| Mr. Oakes | — Miss Prince. |
| Mr. Carter | — Miss Hartwell. |
| Mr. Lord | — Mrs. Mattoon. |
| Mr. Howland | — Miss Howland. |
| Mr. Smith | — Miss Clara Rood. |
| Mr. Mulliken | — Miss Mulliken. |
| Mr. Goodell | — Miss Greene. |

The dance order was on a double card, and read as follows:—

"By sports like these are all our cares beguiled."

March and Circle.

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| Quadrille | The Eleven. |
| Polka | "A Toi." |
| Lancers | Saratoga. |
| Waltz | First Kiss. |
| Quadrille | Polka. |
| Schottische | \$15.00. |
| Waltz | "Tackle Low." |
| Contra | Tech's Reel. |
| Waltz | Infatuation. |

INTERMISSION.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------------|
| Waltz | The Ladies. |
| Quadrille | Caledonia. |
| Polka Redowa | The Nine. |
| Lancers | Centennial. |
| Waltz | "Now you're off." |
| Contra | Portland Fancy. |
| Quadrille | Waltz. |
| Polka | Flirtation. |
| Lancers | "Line Up." |
| Waltz | Homeward Bound, Page 396. |

Mr. George E. Camp was floor manager. Aids:—Mr. Harry Allen, Mr. Albert Gilbert, Mr. Isaac Rheutan and Mr. Ernest Gilman.

Communications.

[We have received the following communication, a soliloquy rivaled, we think, only by Hamlet's famous soliloquy "To be or not to be," etc. We assure our friend of our sincerest sympathy and only hope that his frenzy may not continue to a disastrous termination.—EDS.]

A SHAKESPEARE STUDY.

In sooth, I know full well why I am sad;
It wearies you, you say, good faith it wearies me
as well;

And how to catch it, clinch it, hold it fast,
What stuff 'tis made of, wherefore it is born,
I am to learn:

A hopeless task.

God help me that I keep my temper fast,
Or else some moment may o'ercome my soul;
And the Professor, who this part hath set
For me to learn,

Will be in that unguarded hour consigned
To —.

“MERCHANT OF VENUS.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE W P I:

Why wouldn't it be a good plan to elect now the base-ball captain for this year? At all the colleges the captains have been chosen, and candidates for the nine are in active training. Of course such training would be out of the question with us, but the captain would have a chance to find out the men who intend to try for positions, and when spring opens everything wouldn't be in the chaotic state it always has been every year. And, by the way, the captain should be a man who can play ball himself, and he ought not to be hampered by the restrictions which a manager would place on him. The business of the manager is to arrange games and look out for the nine generally on its travels, that is all. The foot-ball eleven had splendid success by adhering to these principles and it is not unreasonable to expect the same of the nine. There is plenty of good material in the school for

a first-class nine, and somebody ought to be getting it into shape about this time.

BASE BALL CRANK.

A DELUSION.

HE was a student bold,
Who climbed the steep "Tech" hill,
Three minutes late for chapel,
He was left—the day was chill.

With four marks and a half on record,
An excuse he sought in vain,
But he went to the "Lab" with never a sigh,
A short, sweet rest to gain.

He found a chair in the corner,
Then enjoyed it as never before,
Took up his little-used text-book,
And looked its pages o'er.

For once in his life, he is happy;
Wait! happier still is he,
For he's found a reason for being late,
" 'Twas to scrape up my chemistry fee."

Of a sudden his pleasure leaves him,
A terrible roar he hears,
He starts, he shakes, he trembles,
At the racket which greets his ears.

Down from Rockology's domains,
Comes a crowd of comical fellows,
Bearing ropes, and bottles marked "Pure Aq.,"
Each has a patent bellows.

They seize the student and bind him,
Hang him up by a huge magnet;
He thinks if he lives forever,
This moment he'll never forget.

Now they set in motion the wind-machines,
And fill them with H_2S ;
Empty upon him, their Aq. bottles,
Thus they complete the mess.

They fill his pockets with lead ore
From one of the richest of mines,
But they load him down so heavily,
That the adhesive force declines.

They give him $C_4H_6O_2$
Until he can hold no more,
And feeling a trifle *spirited*,
He gravitates to the floor.

To be free from this terrible torment,
This terrible deep-laid scheme,
He struggled and then,—he awoke,
'Twas simply a midnight dream.

His lamp was still burning feebly,
He and his chair were upset;
He rubbed his eyes and felt of his head,
He was a student yet.

Scientific Notes.

An English steel, containing 12 per cent. of manganese and 8 per cent. of carbon, exhibits somewhat remarkable properties. Its magnetic permeability is scarcely greater than that of copper, brass or iron. It will probably come into use as bed-plates for dynamos.

The famous steamship, the Great Eastern has recently been sold for \$100,000. The original cost of the vessel was \$3,500,000, and the great depreciation in value is a clear demonstration of the fact that there is a limit in steamships in the direction of size.

The first number of the "American Geologist," a publication devoted to geology in its broadest sense, has just been issued. A glance at the names of the gentlemen interested in it is a sufficient assurance that the new paper will creditably cover the vast field of which it has taken possession.

A process for making charcoal iron and steel direct from the ore has been patented in England. A plant is now in successful operation. The finest charcoal iron is produced by simply smelting the ore. The invention consists in a slight modification of the blast-furnace.

Engineering gives an excellent account of a new type of steamship just completed for the North German Lloyd. It is named the *Lahn* and is intended to ply between Bremen and New York. The engines are of an entirely new type, and their action in the new vessel will be watched with interest.

In illustration of the immense foundry business carried on in this country it is stated that one firm alone, the Tredegar Company, of Richmond, Va., has put out from its four foundries for the past season over one hundred thousand pounds of castings per day. They em-

ploy between sixteen and eighteen hundred men in their various departments.

The plans for the construction of two monster overhead travelling cranes for the new gunshops for the U. S. Navy, Washington, D. C., have been accepted, and work is to begin on them at once. The larger of the two is to have a span of about 62 feet at a height of 40 feet above the floor line. It will have a lifting capacity of about 125 tons, and will be one of the largest cranes ever built in the world. The size of these two immense cranes may be imagined when it is considered that it will take from fifteen to twenty freight-cars to ship them. It is claimed that these cranes will place the gunshops of our Navy Department, in regard to handling work, equal to any such institutions in the world.

A very ingenious solution of the puzzling question as to how the ancient Egyptians managed to set up the famous monoliths has recently been added to the already numerous theories on the subject. According to this theory, the base was built, the huge stone laid on the ground with one end resting upon the base, and then a wall was built up around base and stone to the height of the stone when in position. The obelisk was surrounded by wood in such a manner as to bring the centre of gravity at its lower end when immersed. Water was then let into the great tank, whereupon the obelisk, swinging about its lower edge as on a pivot, rose into a perpendicular position. If the obelisks were not raised by the use of this method it was only because their builders were not bright enough to discover it.

The uses of petroleum are many and varied. It is found to be an effectual preventive of boiler scale. The water used by one of the railroads in India is highly charged with sulphates. In spite of frequent blowing-out the locomotive

boilers were ruined by incrustation. A small quantity of petroleum was introduced with the feed water, and the scale vanished. Recent trials have proved its value in marine engineering. A very considerable advantage in the use of petroleum arises from the fact that its presence in the boiler renders any further lubrication of cylinders and valves unnecessary. Another noteworthy event is the action of the Russian Admiralty in regard to the first of a projected series of modern armored vessels. This iron-clad, a craft of 10,000 tons displacement, is to be fitted for the consumption of petroleum as a fuel. This is the first experiment on a large scale in this line, and the result will be watched with interest.

The terrible lessons taught by the railroad horrors of the past year have taken hold upon the public mind, as evinced by the safety heating devices now flooding the market, designed to prevent fire in case of accident. A novel method of heating cars is reported from France. A dynamo is placed upon the locomotive, the current from which is conducted through a lattice work of lead in each car. The heat radiated from the lead is perfectly satisfactory, but the cost is not. The cars are at present heated by pipes containing hot water. It has been proposed to place metallic spirals in these pipes, fill them with acetate of soda and pass the current through the spirals. This plan promises better results than the first mentioned. Meantime a Chicago man has brought the proverbial Yankee ingenuity to bear upon the subject, and has evolved a non-destructible stove. He has subjected it to an eminently practical test. A hot fire was kindled in the stove, and it was then allowed to drop from the roof of a seven-story building into the street. The symmetry of the contrivance was somewhat marred but it was otherwise uninjured.

Exchanges.

The *Tuflonian* desires the opinions of its contemporaries on the question, "What should an exchange department be?" The following rules for all exchange editors are respectfully submitted:—

I. Glance over your exchanges occasionally. It is very embarrassing to praise the local department of the *Wayback Journal*, and then find on examination that it is composed chiefly of advertisements of soap and stylographic pens.

II. Make your department bright and sparkling. Use frequently such expressions as, "Come now, old boy, you really don't think so, do you?" or, "Our dear little tootsey-wootsey contemporary," etc.

III. Criticise literary matter freely. Nothing pleases us more than to have an exchange from Arizona, whose editor never sees any "literary matter" except an Ayer's almanac, say, "The 'WPI' is an excellent journal, but it lacks literary matter. Please give us something besides detective stories."

IV. Remember that a paper is always glad to receive criticisms on its typographical appearance. It puts the editor in a delightful frame of mind to read in a two by four western exchange which looks as if printed from a font of carpet tacks, that his paper "is up too the literary standard, but is brinted from PatterEd type on cheep paper and is full of typergrafical error\$."

V. Enliven your columns with wit and humor. Suppose you are criticising the *Pacific Pharos*. In such a case you would say: "The *Pharos* is a very fair exchange. In fact, it is as *Pharos* (fair as) they make them."

VI. Exhibit your knowledge of printers' lore by using such words as "proof," "galley," etc. Remark at least once a month, "The pica type in last month's issue of the *Breeze* shifted, when the platen was locked, into the upper case and as a result the third folio has no imprint. You have our sympathy, brethren, we have been there."

VII. Put plenty of spirit and animation into your column. You are likely to be too pedantic and stupid. Say, for instance, "The baldheaded old ichthyosaurus who

runs the ex. column of the *Guardian Angel* had better be careful. We have stood the mud and billingsgate of this fire-breathing fiend as long as we propose."

VIII. Don't be afraid of the exchanges from the young ladies' seminaries. The girls like to read such things as these; "The *Girls' Own* gave us a great puff in their December issue. We would like to squeeze the little beauty who edits the exchanges."

IX. If you have only partial success after following these rules you had better resign from the staff.

The triangular discussion now going on between the *College Rambler*, the *Williams Weekly*, and Mr. Alfred E. Day, a correspondent of the *Rambler*, is interesting, involving as it does the local department of a college paper. The *Weekly* thinks that the *Rambler's* locals are low and vulgar, and prints nearly every week several of these items in its own columns, to the great amusement of its readers. In the *Rambler* of Dec. 24, Mr. Day buries the local column under a heap of scathing adjectives. In return, the editor buries Mr. Day. The whole trouble seems to be in the local editor's selecting only a few men for the butt of his jokes. The students who suffer most at his hands are named Day, Triplett, McElfresh, Tanner and Catlin. Tanner is Editor-in-Chief of the paper, McElfresh is Business Manager, Catlin edits the "Easy Chair," Day is a former editor, and we presume Triplett has charge of the mailing department, although his name doesn't appear in the publisher's notice. These individuals are "worked" to the extent of one or two columns every issue. If the local editor would only withhold his comments on these men his department would leave little to be desired.

Eight of our exchanges, the *Varsity*, *Tuftsionian*, *Phoenix*, *Mosaic*, *Polytechnic*, *Student Life*, *Crescent* and *Critic*, issued obese Christmas numbers. The *Varsity* surpassed in the quantity and quality of its matter. The author of "A

Sanctum Dialogue of Modern Times" made some bad slips in his handling of the technical terms abounding in a newspaper office. His "Deputy Inspectorship of Back Alleys," isn't a "dozen sticks-full" by a majority of eight or nine "sticks," neither is it "fat matter" with "hanging indentation." If realism is our aim, let us be realistic.

The *College Index*, discovering a seeming deviation from the truth on somebody's part, says:

"Yale has a freshman class of 204."—*Yankton Student*. "The Yale freshmen number 311."—*W P I*. Query: How many freshmen has Yale?

On referring to the *Yale News* of September 23, 1887, we see:

"The Academic Freshmen number 205 and the Scientific School 106, making the Freshman class in both departments number altogether 311."

Lassell Leaves, always bright, heads its "College News" column "Boiled, Roasted or Raw, Take your Choice."

College News.

The nine men suspended at Williams for hazing have been reinstated.

President Bartlett, of Dartmouth, says that he never knew of a Dartmouth student who spent over \$1,500 per annum.

The University of Pennsylvania proposes to send an expedition to Babylon for the purpose of archæological and literary search.

Miss Helen A. Shafer, for eleven years professor of mathematics at Wellesley, has succeeded Miss Freeman as president.

A book has lately been published containing the history of Yale's class of '37, the most famous one that ever graduated from that institution.

The presidency of Wesleyan, made vacant by the removal of Dr. John W.

Beach last Spring, is still unfilled. Among the prominent candidates is Dr. George E. Reed, of New Haven.

In all our contests, Harvard has been a most formidable rival. She has had advantages in point of numbers, and it is only by virtue of our greater enthusiasm and harder work that we have won.—*Yale News*.

One of the Greek Letter Fraternities at the University of Penn. has adopted the innovation of offering a prize to that member of the sophomore class who does the best work in English composition throughout the year.

The new building at Cornell for the departments of Architecture and Engineering will probably be completed by next September. It will be second in size of the University buildings, constructed of brick, with stone trimmings. Its length will be 200 feet, and its height four stories.

Mr. J. S. White, Harvard, '70, and Mr. Walter Camp, Yale, '80, advocate a number of important changes in foot-ball rules. Chief among these is a proposition to have the second half of the game start with the teams in the same relative positions as those in which they were at the close of the first half.

Cornell is prohibited by law from holding an endowment of more than \$3,000,000. When the wife of Prof. Fiske made her bequest of \$1,500,000, the University became richer than the law provided, and the entire bequest has been lost by a recent decision of the courts.

The American Protective Tariff League has renewed its offer to the senior classes of the colleges and universities of the United States. It consists of three prizes, ranking first, second and third, of \$250, \$100 and \$50. Subject, "Home Production Indispensable to a Supply at Low Prices of the Manufactured Commodities Required for the People of the

United States, and Adequate Home Production of these Commodities Impossible without a Protective Tariff." A silver medal will be awarded for essays declared worthy of high merit. These essays are not to exceed 10,000 words, and are to be sent to the office of the League, No. 23 West Twenty-third street, on or before April 1, 1888.

The tallest man in the freshman class at Yale is 6 feet 2½ inches in height, the shortest, 4 feet 10½ inches. There are seven men in the class over six feet tall. The heaviest man weighs 192½ pounds, the lightest 87½ pounds. The oldest is 25 yrs. 8 months of age, the youngest 15 yrs. 9 months. The greatest chest capacity is 368 cubic inches, the smallest, 70 cubic inches. The *News* says there has not been a case of such wide divergence in this measurement since the records were commenced some years ago. The average height of the class is 5 feet 7¾ inches, the average age 18 yrs. 7 months, and the average chest capacity 240 cubic inches. About 6 per cent. of the parents are foreign born, and 15 per cent. of the class use tobacco.

Personals.

Chas. L. Allen, '79, has been elected a member of the common council for 1888, at Holyoke, Mass.

Chas. L. Newcomb, '80, has risen to the dignity of alderman in the city council of Holyoke, Mass.

Joseph Beals, '85, of Westfield, Mass., spent his holidays in Worcester, his favorite city.

Frank N. Sanderson, '85, recently Superintendent of the Electric Light and Power Co., Milford, has assumed the duties of a similar position at Waltham, Mass.

M. B. Kaven, '85, who is in the employ of the Simonds Rolling Machine Co. of Fitchburg, Mass., has recently

been appointed to the charge of the company's die department in London, Eng.

On the last day of the year Miss Ella M. Whitney of West Upton, and a graduate of the Normal School, was married in this city to Mr. A. D. Risteen of New York, a graduate of '85 at the Polytechnic. Mr. Risteen, it will be remembered, is associate editor of "Power," a mechanical paper published in New York. As a former editor of the "W P I" he especially receives our most hearty congratulations. After January 15 Mr. and Mrs. Risteen will receive their friends at their home, No. 312 West 14th Street, New York.

W. H. Oakes, '86, recently draughtsman at the Washburn Shops, has changed his headquarters to Boston, where he enters the employ of Rogers and King, manufacturers of hot-water heating apparatus, their main office being in Montreal.

Grimes, '87, was on from the West to spend his holidays.

Lloyd, '87, is studying at the University of California, Los Angeles.

Harvey, '87, was in town recently, and did not forget the Tech in his tour of sight-seeing.

Fish, '87, with his brother, took a glimpse at the shop during vacation.

Walter Weston, '87, has joined the corps of instructors at the manual training school at Washington, D. C.

McNab, '87, was in town during the holidays.

Lovell, '88, and Holdsworth, of the same class, were both on the sick list during the vacation.

White, '89, spent his vacation in a trip to Florida.

Armstrong, '89, just felt of a circular saw while practicing during the recess, and as a result his name is added to the list of maimed and mutilated.

Baylis and R. F. Gardner, '89, put in their two weeks' vacation amidst the chilly pleasures of Montreal.

Technicalities.

What did you get in your sock?

The Prep will soon be here. The soap assessment should be pressed to a climax about that time, too.

"I love to steal awhile away" is the favorite song of several mechanics during practice hours.

"This is caused by the missile toe," groaned the Middler as the old man watched him glide down the front stoop.

We can't all be chemists. A Senior civil wanted to know recently which was the more expensive metal, tellurium or "sellurium."

There are those in the school
Whom the authorities ruled
Were too earthy by far for their health;
So they gave them a pointer
About using water,
And now they all have a clean pelt.

There is one queer feature about the American game of foot-ball. During the game there is but one "full-back." After the game all the players are full.

The population of New York City will receive important additions after Feb. 1st. Several Juniors say they are going there if they are left on the approaching examinations.

Our Prof. says that "this company isn't doing anything now, for they have gone out of the business." Queer, isn't it?

The photo of the foot-ball eleven prints remarkably well. The heavy men do not show up quite prominently enough, but still the picture has a solid, "get there" look which is highly characteristic.

It is understood that the title of K. C. B. has been conferred upon several gentlemen in this country. This title is a very honorable one, and can be obtained only after passing very rigid mental and *chemical* examination.

When next you cut a "Math"
 Say you 've been to take a bath,
 And then excused you 'll be I'm very sure.
 But if you skip a "Quiz"
 And state you 're out on "biz,"
 Your scalp will ornament the office door.

Prof. in Physics: "This is the diameter of the bare wire."

Student: "What kind of wire is that?"

Prof. (solemnly and with a far away look in his eyes): "Wire before it is dressed."

Most of the boys who worked through the vacation got things down to such a fine point that they could stop work at five minutes before the hour, wash up, and be half-way across the field when the clock sounded.

Several of the Juniors have been heard to express their desire to "swap shells" with the Middlers. Sorry, dear boys, but you will have to wait till you are full-fledged "Mids." But you might take lessons.

A French experimenter claims to have discovered a process for rendering glass unbreakable. The Senior class will soon have their pictures taken. To the unthinking these two facts seem to have no connection.

An inventive Junior has originated a great scheme for his innocent diversion. In the course of his Sunday-night call he looks languidly at the ceiling over her head and remarks, "A bough of mistletoe would look pretty up there, wouldn't it?" When the lovely creature unguardedly answers "Yes," the cruel deceiver gets in his work.

There are so many reasons why
 A "Mid" should wish to die,
 That the business is conducted at low rates;
 Before passing in their checks
 Let them mention that they 're Techs,
 And their baggage will be forwarded on high.

A complete bathing outfit may be obtained at the office. This outfit consists of,

1 cake acidified Welcome soap.
 1 pkg. Excelsior Pomade (to clean brass).

1 swab towel.
 1 Russian ditto (extra grip).
 3 vols. advice.

N. B. No water is used with this combination.

What is being done by the different classes:

'88. — Wishing the trustees would "divy" the aid fund before graduation.

'89.—Starving in preparation for class supper.

'90.—Preparing something soft to fall on in case they get dropped.

'91.—Consulting the oracles to see if they will pass the entrance exams.

Student (to Prof. in English): "What is the difference between the words 'hug' and 'embrace'?"

Prof. (embarrassed): "Well, really, now, I—I am hardly prepared at this moment to give you the precise distinction. I am not so sure but you may be the better prepared to answer your own question."

The girls of a certain college not a hundred miles from Worcester are credited with the following unique specimens of the "class yell." How we should like to be around on field-day and hear the musical voices of '90 sing:

"Hurrah for eighty-ten!
 May she never lack for men!"

or,
 "Hurrah! Hurrah for '90!!
 For she spreadeth like a pine-tree."
 and the class-supper song,
 "Hurrah for good old '90!
 May she e'er be strong and mighty.
 Drink her down, down, down."

One of the Seniors avails himself of every opportunity to quote the passage from the Merchant of Venice beginning, "Beshrew me but I love her heartily." The class are beginning to believe that there is some method in his madness, and when he further quotes, "But love is blind," etc., such a conclusion is irresistible.

The '88 class pins are out and the unique design calls forth much favorable comment. The design is a gear wheel, between the arms of which the letters W P I are cut, the whole being surmounted by a triangle with a chased edge, the character '88 appearing in the centre upon a background of black enamel. A more appropriate combination of emblems could scarcely have been devised.

Professor Eaton is arranging for a course of "Emergency Lectures" to be delivered during the winter by some physician of the city. Several foot-ball men who have been interviewed have expressed themselves strongly in favor of the plan, and it is earnestly hoped that it will be carried into execution. In these days when shortened fingers, broken limbs and sprained ankles are liable to result at any moment it is sometimes very important to know "what to do."

"I didn't have very good success with that last mash of mine," said a friend.

"Didn't she treat you well?" we asked, sympathizingly.

"Oh, fairly well, but when I went on to tell her of my undying affection, my unrequited love, and my inability to live without her, she wasn't affected very deeply."

"What did she say?"

"Rats!"

Professor: "How would you test for fulminate of mercury?"

Student: "Pound it lightly with a hammer."

Professor: "What would prove conclusively that it was that substance?"

Student: "The instant death of the experimenter."

Professor: "Name an oxide."

Student: "Leather."

[Professor, who has never heard the chestnut before, laughs, to the great amusement of the class.]

Our biblical editor has hunted up the following quotations, which he thinks are timely, on account of the approaching examinations:

"Thou shalt not pass."—Numbers, xx., 18.

"Suffer not a man to pass."—Judges, iii., 28.

"The wicked shall no more pass."—Nahum, i., 15.

"None shall ever pass."—Isaiah, xxxiv., 10.

"This generation shall no more pass."—Mark, xiii., 20.

"Though they roar they cannot pass."—Jer., v., 22.—*Tech.*

The story of the vacation practice at the shop is an interesting one. Twenty-seven men answered to their names on the 21st, the majority of them being Seniors. Saturday night, but four days later, eleven tired students washed up as the machinery stopped. The Juniors were all played out, and but one man was left to sustain their reputation. On the 27th ten men reported for duty, and from that date on the number steadily dwindled to a mere handful at the close of the week. At the end the boys braced up a little, and on the last day ten names were checked off. A Senior holds the record for the greatest number of hours made up during the eleven days, 111½ hours standing to his credit. Next we have a Senior and a courageous Junior, each with 110 hours as their record, and following closely upon them another Senior with 108½ hours. The Seniors, it will be seen, make the best showing. There stands also to their credit the record of the man who made up the least number of hours, he calling quits after ten hours' toil. There were some two or three whose names were on the list who did not appear at all, the spirit indeed being willing while the flesh was weak. We fear it will be weaker next June.

Museum of Antiquity.

THE JUNIOR'S LAMENT.

CURSE ye! blast ye! long haired Fates!
Go hang ye on Perdition's gates!
And rot and reek in ghastly filth,
Unransomed e'en by Cræsus' wealth!
My soul is split—my brain's awirl;
Rage runs riot—wild fancies hurl
A thousand shafts against yon churl—
The devilish Soph that's got my girl.

—*Ex.*

"I have a girl," says a Jerseyman,
"that's so modest she wouldn't even
learn improper fractions in school."

"My girl is more modest than that,"
replied another. "She always goes into
the next room to change her mind."—
Boston Budget.

THE knot is tied,
The groom and bride,
Without an earthly care
Sail up the lake
Where there they take
A little sun and air.

A year goes by,
Again July
Comes with its heat and glare;
They seek the lake,
And now they take
A little son and heir.

—*Ex.*

"Boy, can I go through this gate to
the river?" politely inquired a fashionably
dressed lady.

"Yes'm; a load of hay went through
this morning," was the urchin's horrid
reply.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

'TIS now the festive skater
Doth cut the figure 2,
And limpeth homeward later,
Stiff-limbed and black and blue.

Omaha Medium: "The spirit who is
now here tells me you are not an American
by birth."

Omaha Man: "He vas right."

"He says you were born in another
country."

"Dot is drue."

"He says the name of that country is
Germany."

"Dot vas so; it vas Shermanny."

"I am tired now. Two dollars."—
Omaha World.

A POSSIBILITY.

WE were standing in grandma's old kitchen,
I was seeking for something to say;
For grandma, who'd just introduced us,
Had left us, and hurried away.

"That's an old-fashioned chair there! I wonder
What they made it so big for, don't you?"
"Perhaps"—and she blushed just a little—
"Perhaps it was meant to hold two."

—*Yale Record.*

Niagara boy (twentieth century):
"Ma, can I swim the whirlpool and
rapids this afternoon?"

Mother: "No, my dear, not this after-
noon. But the first time we go to New
York perhaps I will let you jump off the
Brooklyn Bridge."—*Ex.*

Miss Newbury (of Boston): "Do
you know a Mr. Trainer at Yale?"

Young Chubbs: "Know him! I
rather think I do. Why he is the
funniest man in the class!"

Miss Newbury: "I never knew that
he was especially brilliant."

Young Chubbs (absent-mindedly):
"You ought to get him full once and
hear him tell stories."—*Ex.*

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

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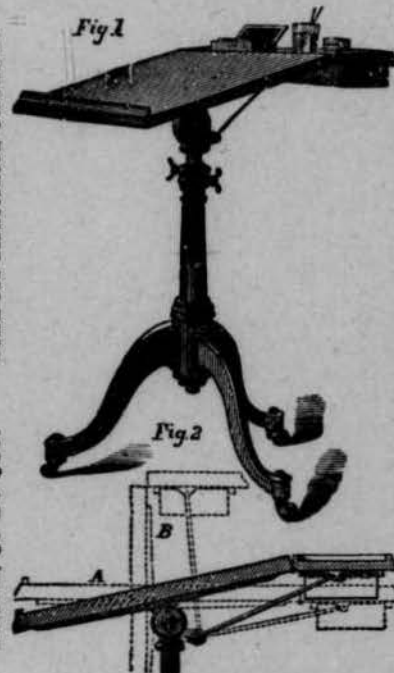
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