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THE twenty-first birthday of the Institute has occurred and with it the annual graduating exercises. Reckoned by the vast amount of good the Tech has done, it might easily be thought that the school existed, at least, "before the war." Such is not the case. There is, however, much to be said about the exercises that form a fitting close to each year's work. Indeed, eight extra columns are required for the press of news. We feared we should not be able to give an extract from Gen. Walker's interesting address, since the city reporters were refused it. But a request for the same, by mail, brought back a very pleasant letter from the gentleman, accompanied by the desired article.

"91 LEAVES THE TECH.

One More Class Prepares for the Life Battle.

One more class to leave us and join the Alumni. To many of the class it seems but a short while ago that they entered Boynton Hall. Entered it as High School boys and left it as men fit to cope with the world and win a victory. Every year we hear the same cry: "The learned professions are being over-crowded. There is no room for the collegian." And yet the collegian finds room. The indefinite "they" may declare with great emphasis and with much shaking of heads that the boy behind the plough stands the best chance of winning his way. Still he never does until reinforced with this self-same "book-learning."

To be sure there are many lawyers, physicians and engineers, but the man with even a particle of genius shines in their midst like gold-dust in the uncovered soil. These self-styled prophets may look aghast at the great number of professional men turned out every year from technical schools and colleges and wonder what will become of them. But, although he may not know it, still the truth remains that the college rules the world.

The college cannot make brains, but it can and does show how to make use of such as are already made. This is the great work of any educational institution, and in this work such schools as the Tech stand pre-eminent.

Though many of '91's men may fail to reach their ideals yet they can let fly their bolts so that the attempt may gain them one more rung upon the ladder of fame.
ENGLISH AND "AFTERMATH."

Causes of the Objections to Political Economy as Now Taught. Also a Resume of the Class-Book Episode.

The past few weeks have given rise to occurrences most serious in their nature. We refrained in the last issue from making comments when three of the graduating class were refused leave to graduate by reason of inefficiency in English, not because we feared to do so, but because there existed so much doubt regarding the outcome of the matter. It was believed the Faculty would rescind their action since the course in English is so far outside the work of an engineer. But it was not to be.

And in these columns we protest against the system which requires a mechanical engineer to be fully acquainted with political economy, civil government, and constitutional law,—the studies of a lawyer. In our opinion it were as well to say the doctor must be a politician; the soldier a minister.

No one here has the slightest objection to literature, as such. We think men are but half-educated when they know nothing outside the narrow confines of their particular trade or profession. But when literature becomes merely a discussion of old English corn-laws; when the essays of John Stuart Mill, Adam Smith, Ricardo and Cairnes become of more importance than like discussions in political economy of more recent date, then that so-called literature usurps what does not belong to it. When a man has to shirk the duties of his chosen profession to fulfil those of one entirely foreign to his tastes, something is wrong.

The situation is not overdrawn. There have been many students here, who at great loss to themselves, have actually been obliged to spend just as much time upon English as upon the other studies of their departments. In fact, to spend valuable time upon a study that grew more repugnant as the "grinding" process continued. We do not believe that the study of political economy should be stopped. What we do believe is that it should be proportioned to our time. It may be perfectly just to give lessons which, if conscientiously studied, must take more than the stated two hours, but we doubt it. And when, moreover, these great lessons are supplant ed by essays, etc., it is no wonder patience gives way under the strain.

The course here is but three years and however advantageous English may be, our work here is hard enough, severe enough, without adding the extra burden of that study, as now taught. Most of us are being educated as engineers and due consideration should be given this. Lighten the course in English and much good will be accomplished.

Still another sensation has startled the Institute and has furnished food for the daily paper; the refusal to grant diplomas to the editors of "Aftermath," at the graduation exercises. No one knows why such decisive action should be taken towards the editors of a class-book, the least objectionable of any ever published here, and not one iota as caustic as those issued every year from Amherst, Princeton or Yale.

Vague rumors had been flying around all Commencement Day that something was about to happen. Only two or three suspected the true nature of this something. That evening, at the hall, Dr. Fuller's extreme agitation was noticed by many. Nothing was thought of it at the time. It of course appeared strange that the men were not called to the platform, one by one, there to receive the diplomas they had earned, but that was not a circumstance to arouse much suspicion. The blow fell wholly unexpected. In addition to handing the editors, only a copy of the Trustee's regulations, instead of the diplomas, each of the other men received a copy of the following:

"Extract from records of Trustees of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, dated June 2, 1885:—

"'The degree of Bachelor of Science will hereafter be granted on condition that it may be revoked by the Trustees within 12 months after it is conferred for gross impropriety of conduct toward the Institute or any of its officers. In such cases the name of the offender will be dropped from the list of graduates in the catalogue. The trustees may also, in their discretion, restore any degree so revoked."

The question arises, in reading this extract; what is gross impropriety and who shall be judge of it? Is it gross impropriety to draw up a set of resolutions, as did '89, asserting the conditions were maliciously imposed, and that the students had been
unfairly dealt with? Was it thought these students would proceed further than condemn such action on the part of the Board of Trustees? If fears were not entertained on this account, was it not an insult to deem an entire class capable of acts unbecoming gentlemen? It is the opinion of all that the Board acted hastily and almost without common sense in the matter and allege, in support of this, the conferring of the degrees upon these editors the very next day. But it really seems that in the treatment of this most delicate matter, common sense has been entirely ignored.

It has been declared malice was brought into play. Malice, and by whom? By the Board of Trustees? No, it is wholly improbable that men who have won honorable names for themselves in Congress, courts of law, in the pulpit, and in private life should so far forget themselves as to be influenced by motives of malice. More than improbable, it is impossible. Not one of the boys accuses the Board of Trustees of being entirely responsible. They say the Board is misinformed. They do not say prejudiced by false reports, simply misinformed. And it is the impression of the undergraduates that the Board took this action believing it the best way to make an example of one class for the benefit of the rest.

The president of the Board said, in speaking to the five editors, there was a general uneasiness and dissatisfaction in the school which it was their duty to aid in overcoming. There is no occasion to deny it. There is a dissatisfaction here and a grievous one, which only a radical change can cure. Why there should be so much discontent among students so few in numbers, can be known to only those who are acquainted with the many discomforts under which the students are laboring. We feel confident that were the Board of Trustees to make an investigation, the axe would not be applied to the branches but to the roots.

This article is not written as a criticism on the Board of Trustees; nothing in it can be construed as such. It is merely a statement from a student's point of view. We considered it our duty to say what we have. Indeed, the W P I would not be, as it declares, on the title page. "devoted to the interests of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute," were we not to mention this matter in its columns. To pass the affair by in silence, would be to place the paper in a false position. We appeal therefore to the Board of Trustees, to think upon this matter. For nothing has ever been insinuated or advocated in the paper but that which is conducive to the welfare of the Institute and the students.

CLASS DAY.

The first two days of the week, though exceptionally warm, were as good samples of pleasant weather as could be desired. Wednesday morning, slightly cooler had just as propitious an aspect as the preceding days but in six short hours there was a great change. Between twelve and one o'clock considerable rain fell, but for the rest of the afternoon the dark, lowering clouds held their moisture, though at times they looked threatening enough.

The weather is an important factor in the success of any out-of-door exercise and this was against '91's efforts as has been everything since the class prepared itself to graduate. In the afternoon it became quite blustering and the wind rustled the leaves so that at times the speakers had difficulty in making themselves heard. In spite of these adverse circumstances there assembled to witness the proceedings over five hundred people among whom were a number of the professors and a large assortment of young ladies.

The class met at Boynton Hall and at 2:45 marched down the hill, in double column, under the leadership of grand marshal Bullard to the elm tree at the right of the entrance to the grounds. Here each member deposited a shovelful of earth about the roots of the tree and the Institute yell was given. The same order of march was resumed to the stand upon which the officers and speakers of the class took seats. This platform was erected just adjoining the electrical laboratory, slope seats were constructed which served to accommodate friends and interested spectators. Around the stand and two end trees, hunting of the class colors was tastefully entwined which produced a very pretty effect. Introductory to the exercises and inter-
spersing the order of events, selections were rendered by Battery B Band.

The programme of the day was as follows:

**PROGRAMME.**

Introduction by Battery B Band.

Overture.—"Beautiful Galatea." Suppe.

Selection.—"Giralda." Adam March.

Head.

Planting Class Tree.

Tree Oration.—Bradford Adams Gibson.

Class Ode.—William Hull Baird.

Selection.—"Austrian Retreat." "Keler Bela."

Class History.—Read by Harrison Prescott Eddy.

Class Oration.—Sumner Alvah Kinsley.

Selection.—"Hungarian Dances." Braham.

Class Poem.—Arthur Louis Rice.

Selection.—"Waltz Atmospheric." Gungl.

President F. A. Bigelow addressed a few words of welcome to the spectators and announced Bradford A. Gibson as first speaker. Following him came William F. Baird who read the ode, since no suitable tune had been selected for it. The class history written by Charles H. Dunbar was read by Harrison P. Eddy. This contained a humorous account of the class's accession to the Institute, its darkest days, its escapades, and its achievements. It is very interestingly written and its reading was excellent. The banner event perhaps was the class oration, "Looking Outward," delivered by Sumner A. Kinsley. The concluding speaker was Arthur L. Rice, who read the Class Poem.

**Tree Oration.**

BRADFORD A. GIBSON.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-Students:

We have done a deed which will leave its impression upon our memories and will leave its mark upon the annual topographical map of these grounds. The twenty-first class to leave the Institute turns aside today from its accustomed duties and conducts exercises in marked contrast to them. Ninety-one for the first and probably for the last time in its life is engaged in the observance of an arbor day.

The idea has not originated with us but is a custom we have found here and are proud to honor. There is a not unreasonable sentiment, caused partly perhaps by a spirit of rivalry, calling for new ideas to replace those that have been used before, but it would be a pity to sacrifice a good custom like this because it was not new, and the planting of a class tree is as interesting a proceeding to us as it was to the first band of brothers, or sisters, or brothers and sisters, that established the idea.

The lapse of time furnishes a reason for this deed. The lapse of time! We will think of it as Bryant did.

"Then haste thee, time—'tis kindness all That speeds thy wingèd feet so fast: Thy pleasures stay not till they pall, And all thy pains are quickly past."

As time has allowed us to experience many pleasures here which have not stayed long enough to pall, and as the pains of three years are now past, we wish to leave something as a memorial. We would leave something to help perpetuate our memory.

What would the world be to us with no remembrances of the past? If we could never think of anything but the affairs of the present and the affairs of the future, however important they may be, would not our whole natures be greatly narrowed? What a blessed state of calm and tranquility when friends, long separated from each other, meet again, and after the first greetings, dropping all present subjects of interest, rehearse their recollections of the friends and incidents of long ago! Members of Ninety-one, we will one day arrive at such a point and will have a satisfaction in knowing that a certain elm stands sacred to the memory of us as a class.

The tree is identified with the class. Each member has deposited his portion of earth about the roots. Each one wishes it to grow and thrive, and this gathering is in sympathy with us. Surely, with so many good wishes to encourage it, it should thrive, and besides, we took good care to obtain a healthy and promising tree.

To-day it possesses a special interest. In time it will possess only the interest of an ordinary tree for the many who will pass through these grounds. With them perhaps its identity will be lost, it will be one of many. When, however, an alumnus of Ninety-one returns to visit
his Alma Mater, as many an one will in future years, he will rejoice to see how the grounds have been beautified. He will admire the trees and he will look for the tree, the monument he has helped to erect. What suggestions and recollections it will bring! Perhaps other trees will receive some of his attention when he remembers that they also have attached to them a special interest in the hearts of certain groups of young men, or of men who may be no longer young. He will pay them an attention that others might not give, induced by his sentiments toward his own tree.

This class will not always be as prominently before the public as it is today. It will take its proportionate part in the history of the future, but as its members become scattered, each one doing his part, they will cease to be thought of as a class by the multitude. In the minds of each one of them, however, the class will ever be prominent, it will ever be a reality, it will never lose its individuality.

It is proper that one of our last acts while still connected with the Institute should be this tribute to our Alma Mater and to Nature. If during our course here we have not always given her the thought she deserves, we unite today for a little while in bringing our thoughts back to Nature. We are glad to go out into the open air for a little time and to "list to Nature's teaching."

Classmates, we are soon to separate and must run our lines independently. Here, at the foot of the hill, on our right hand as we enter the drive, to be watched over during its younger years by worthy companions, we have established our Bench Mark. It is a substantial and a goodly one. Whatever our future may be, we will retain the memory of this tree, planted at a time when all things appeared bright and promising to us.

**Class Ode.**

William H. Baird.

"Honor to him who caters to the King."
The King—the soul—the inner man—the mind.
Tributes of honor, songs of praises bring
To him who thinks and labors for his kind.

**Class History.**

By Charles H. Dunbar, but Read by Harrison P. Eddy.

Naturally but little can be expected from a historian who received his dignified title before any particular indication of ability in that direction was at all apparent, and no apology is therefore necessary for what I here present as the Class History.

The first and paramount essential for an acceptable history, whether of a race, a nation or even a college class, is that it shall be a complete, accurate and unbiased record of those events which have transpired during the time under consideration, and which have directly or indirectly concerned or influenced the people of whom it pertains. It is most fortunate for this historian that neither eloquence nor profound thought is particularly demanded at this time.

The first essential, permit me to say, is incorporated to the letter throughout this history, and it is here, my friends, that I trust you will look for the real merits of this article. Whatever else may be lacking, rest assured that I have told you neither lies nor fairy-tales.

The history of this somewhat remarkable class as a recognized body properly began at seventeen minutes past five on that glorious and memorable afternoon of January 27, 1888. This, according to the chronometer which still hangs upon the wall, was the instant when our President of the Faculty in the old chemical lecture room read the verdict. He had pronounced to a throng of anxious, careworn and half-frightened
candidates, the names of those fortunates, or at any rate the fifty-eight men whose names were to adorn the next issue of the catalogue, whose presence was to adorn the east side of Boynton Hall and whose young but well-developed little voices were to proclaim the divine praises on those eventful days when Hymn 44 was to be run through the miniature organette that once graced the chapel floor.

Though I spoken of the afternoon of our birth as a most glorious one, I believe the weather bureau reports and our own memories certify that fresh snow at the rate of about a foot per hour had been the order of the day, and that every man who reached the summit of Tech hill on that afternoon first transformed himself into a snow-plow of the most efficient type. In spite of this trivialis the afternoon of January 27, 1888, was to us indeed glorious.

We will ever remember the anxiety we felt as we humbly and beseechingly gazed into the Doctor’s face while the famous articles of confederation were being read. We will never forget the unbounded joy we experienced when informed that our names had been incorporated into that confederation. Policy and an assumed regard for authority had taught us to say until recent times, that John Fiske’s confederacy on page 205, was the only one in which we were or ever had been particularly interested. We are interested in that now as a relic of the past. The confederation of 1777 which bound the thirteen colonies into its perpetual union, was no doubt important, but to us our own confederation was far more so.

Having been thus recognized and incorporated as the Class of ’91, of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute we lost no time in establishing our claims and in beginning the career of which this is but a retrospect. Of the fifty-eight members of our class admitted, twenty-eight of us evinced or thought we evinced a decided aptness for mechanics, thereby fulfilling the catalogue requirements and becoming eligible to the Prep domain under the jurisdiction of the gentleman known to us throughout that year as Sir Roger de Badger or more briefly Sir Roger. For this gentleman we have always entertained the greatest respect and well we may continue to do so, for he has not only taught us to distinguish the plane from the screw driver, the sandpaper from the saw, but he taught us how to live and be whole. The story of his own life tells us what we must do to be saved. Sir Roger’s cane is not so much a matter of gentility as of personal necessity. Those of us who were there remember poor “Mettie” as he lay in his pool of crimson on the stretcher in the tool room, a warning example to his fellow students. No tears were shed, not a remark was made, but the service was impressive.

What ex-Prep will say that perhaps he does not owe his very life to Sir Roger de Badger of Prepdom. Verily, by his stump speeches, his prompt and fatherly advice scores of lives and great scores of limbs, have undoubtedly been saved. Would that lives and limbs were souls, souls of Tech students! But alas! how little after all has been saved.

Without considering the numerous minor things for which we have been remarkable or eccentric, I will touch upon some of our more important virtues and victories. First of all was recognized our remarkable ability to get hold of things. We got hold of the sandpaper long before we were supposed to know its remarkable virtue; we got hold of the sawdust and the shim theories with unprecedented enthusiasm. Our French was grasped with a concentration of thought that would have become a philosopher, and more interlinearis were constructed to the page than could be printed in a lexicon. In free drawing, like those who had gone before us, we apparently lacked our usual complement of brains and good sense, and got hold of everything in the shape of a model or a missile in most vicious fashion.

Our base-ball record during the Prep year was fair, but fell somewhat short of the championship. Our track athletic record however was unprecedented. At the first day in which Ninety-one was represented we won six firsts and five seconds, with a total of twenty-eight per cent. of all prizes and established one Institute record. On May 24, 1888, we furnished a large per cent. of the material which at the Inter-collegiate sports tied Williams for third place.

On June 27, we bade a final farewell to the wood rooms, the French rooms and all the paraphernalia with which up to this
time we had been so intimately associated. Our joyful Prep days were past and strange as it may seem, not a man had been stricken down by the wayside. We had gained the Faculty's approval and with unbroken ranks we modestly received the distinguished title of Juniors.

After the regular summer vacation of ten weeks we again assembled in Boynton Hall. We observed the empty chairs where we were wont to sit, but knew full well that those were not reserved for Juniors. As far as the east side of chapel is from the west side, so far did we separate ourselves from those empty chairs, whose very shape seemed to remind us of a typical Prep.

Until this time, the class of Ninety-one had consisted of twenty-eight mechanics. Our number was now increased to fifty-eight by the addition of fourteen prospective civil engineers and seven prospective chemists. Work now began in earnest. We were still young and not particularly well acquainted with the majority of our Faculty. We had heard stories of promising stars, leaders of their classes in fact, who had been cut off in the prime of their course here, because they failed to spend more than twenty-four hours a day on their work, because they had been known to smile in term time, or because they had shown ability and enthusiasm in matters not strictly embodied in the regular curriculum. Whatever may have been the cause or the inspiration, it is certain that if any class ever worked at this Institute, we did during our Junior year. We solved Chauvenet's enigmas by the thousand. We committed to memory more pages of German than we ever translated, and we translated probably more pages of German than we ever will again. As one of the professors asserted we should be, we were held to the grindstone, but the grinding was all on our part.

However, we were not entirely dead to the outside world. Ninety-one's performances at the last field day made matters in an athletic point of view look rather dubious for the other classes and especially Eighty-nine. These Seniors not wishing to be humiliated by an overwhelming defeat at our young hands, called a meeting of the athletic association to consider the advisability of omitting the regular fall field day. After a most exciting discussion the question was put, and carried. No field sports were held and no victory therefore won.

The tennis tournament was about to begin and we thought a hand in the department of athletics might be agreeable. The result is given in the tennis report. The former champion, a member of the class of '88, handed the Landsing Cup to the new champion, a member of the class of '91.

After tennis came football enthusiasm. The Institute team did most creditable work during that season, and were well supported by the students, but the class series of games was devoid of any particular merit worthy of perpetuation. A detail account of these games however, may be had from the article on football, published in our class book.

Cold weather was now coming upon us with its attendant evil. "The Techs Visit the Musee. Fifty-two Students in the Front Seats Last Evening. Five Students Arrested." Such was the heading of an article which appeared in one of the morning papers.

This, however, is no offence to be charged to Ninety-one. We accepted an invitation from our senior students to witness or inspect the Front Street comedy company, and it was for this innocent purpose that we chartered the larger part of the orchestra. The performance was interesting to say the least; but the after performance in which the five students were arrested was rather an unusual spectacle for students of our age and standing. This episode, however, had a peaceful and even a pleasant conclusion. Experience begets wisdom, and wisdom gained by experience is of inestimable value.

Because I have been recording incidents of athletics, of amusement or recreation, I trust, I have not given the impression that our lot was one of ease and high life. On the contrary, it was one of hard and unremitting work. Most if not all of these incidents, remember, have transpired at times when there was no session of the Institute and for Juniors such times were infrequent and of short duration. After session at night or an occasional Saturday afternoon furnished what little time we devoted to such frivolous matter.

Our third semi-annual examinations were upon us before we were aware, but while
we were still Juniors, and with possible conditions awaiting us in German, Solid Geometry, Higher Algebra, Trigonometry, Chemistry, Physics, and the like, it is not strange that we, like Juniors of all the preceding and of succeeding classes, had considerable antipathy for this set of semi-annuals. The cyclone however came, and Ninety-one has been crippled and incomplete ever since. Whatever may have been the system or lack of system in passing judgment, one thing is certain—the Junior examination swept from our ranks some of our smartest and most worthy men—students whose intelligence and good character was apparent in every word and action. Policy prevents my mentioning names, but if it were my privilege to do so it would give me great pleasure to cite and discuss individual cases. The sentiment of this class protests and has protested for over two years against any system or method of ranking or of sizing up in which the element of personality or favoritism can be so unscrupulously exercised. Some of the men who have gone from our class are to-day holding positions of trust and responsibility which many a graduate of this institution would be only too proud to hold.

Those of us who were permitted to return after the summer vacation, rejoiced in our new degree, and seats in the chapel centre, near the organ. We realized that some of our greatest obstacles had been overcome, and that with the fates and Faculty on our side we might hope for a Commencement in 1891. We had become somewhat familiar with the wires and pipe lines by this time and we worked them to advantage. Most of us realized that nominal membership, at least, in the Y. M. C. A. was essential for best results, and we hastened with our annual due of twenty-five cents to secure this point. There was also a certain professor whose authority was recognized and whom we met in our Middle year for the first time. Above everything else, a profound interest, a reverence for those subjects which he pretended to teach was absolutely essential for peace and progress. By great perseverance and exertion this interest and reverence for him and his subjects was assumed and maintained for nearly two years, but it was the struggle of our course. Our Middle year nevertheless was not darkened by anything of this sort, for we knew that atonement was sure to follow in due time.

During that part of our course which had already passed we had experienced many happy times, but none so pleasant as the event which according to an established custom we commemorated about this time. On a Tuesday night at the Bay State House, the thirty-five representatives remaining proclaimed again the existence of Ninety-one. It was here that we reviewed the past and discussed the probable future.

After paying our respects to the rousing banquet which the occasion demanded, we continued with a lively programme to make ourselves merry until the small hours of the morning were upon us. Nothing had been forgotten to make the event a suitable commemoration; not even the Faculty’s toast. The destroying bowl was there to drive away all cares and to keep our spirits in tune for the occasion. For once at least in our course all thoughts of study were put aside and all melancholy obliterated. Surely our half-way supper will ever be remembered as one of the most jubilant occasions of our lives.

Such jubilation as this, however, was only for an evening. The class rooms received us the next day with their accustomed coolness and everything moved on at its regular pace. We were on the last lap of our Middle year and found no time for loafing. Mathematics in its last stages was somewhat deep, and our Physics’s finals proved an unpleasant surprise. Our German however was not so formidable and our excellence in this language was often the source of much comment. “Jinny’s” pace was fast but our pony was invincible.

As we started upon our Senior year we began to have a consciousness of the fact that our days at the Tech were numbered and that as Seniors we were, as the Doctor puts it, in a measure responsible for the progress and deportment of our under-classmen. Realizing the seriousness of the situation, we could not but conduct ourselves as was befitting those of our exalted position. We trust that during the past year we have set our disciples an example more or less worthy of emulation, but we shall not feel particularly offended if coming classes fail to follow our exact foot-
steps. Excitement and enthusiasm seem to be most lacking at this institution, but our efforts to supply this deficiency during the past few months have not met with universal approval. The tale of the tub and elevator crates is still fresh in our memories. Never in our history had there been such a grand display of enthusiasm or such a genuine interest in any piece of work as was manifest when the old washstubs was demolished and with ten thousand feet of elevator remains decomposed into their original elements. Fire and oil, enthusiasm, animation, excitement and a lasting benefit to Tech society was recognized by the Faculty as a criminal offence, and our treasurer was held personally responsible by Chief Justice Higgins, in the sum not less than fifty dollars. The treasurer promptly appealed, when the Chief Justice withdrew his decision and imposed a fine of seven dollars and thirty cents. This might have been a fair price, had the materials consumed been of rosewood rather than second-hand spruce, but the victim of our enterprise was willing to contribute to the support of the Washburn Shops to this extent, and though a poor man, he cheerfully made the donation.

Our next incineration, however, was arranged with a proper regard for the law and Faculty feeling. When it became our unpleasant duty to try Miss Poly Con for the grave offence with which she was charged, and to carry out the degree of the court after sentence had been pronounced we proceeded cautiously and with due preparation. The sanction of the city marshal and the support of the city guards were obtained for the occasion. An account of the trial and the incineration of this ignoble culprit may be found in the class book which I trust you will all have an opportunity to peruse. Thus our reputation as enthusiastic students, as well as our athletic career was not only maintained, but strengthened and broadened as time went on. That we have been without a rival in athletics is shown by the fact that we have broken sixteen records and to-day hold the Institute records in eight athletic events. Our history in the class room, the laboratories and the work shops is told by the fact that we have reached our Commencement and are about to become

Alumni of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Our total membership has been sixty-five and but thirty-four of us or fifty-two per cent. are left to graduate. This is an old story told by all classes on Commencement Day but it is nevertheless a subject for reflection. Though our history as a class is at its end we have but just crossed the threshold of life and we realize that as individuals our work has but begun. The world has yet its claim upon us and will hold us responsible for the work which is before us. May we then live such lives of usefulness as shall justly entitle us to the honor and respect of our fellow-men.

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Class Oration.

LOOKING OUTWARD.

SUMNER A. KINSLEY.

MR. PRESIDENT, CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS:

I am uncertain if my subject is quite as happily chosen as one less enigmatical would be. It clearly fails to disclose anything, peculiar or otherwise, that one might hope to see in the direction suggested. Even the particular field that is being covered, when one is "looking outward," must depend on the construction placed upon those words. It is certainly not intended herein to imply, that to look in the opposite direction,—to make a personal introspection of character,—would be less engaging or less appropriate at this time. But any reminder of the "personal" is exceeding unpopular in this vicinity, and my classmates would never forgive the resurrection of a ghost which they buried forever at the last examinations.

Nor could one look inward without questioning the wisdom of a famous divine, when he said,—"Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in, and lend a hand." It is true that no less a writer than Edward Bellamy flatly ignored the advice just quoted, in the title, at least, of his recent remarkable success, "Looking Backward." Writers of Edward Bellamy's reputation, however, are in a position to ignore advice from any source, and get well paid for it, too. It would hardly seem
in keeping with the limitations of this maiden endeavor, to make a like incursion on Edward Everett Hale's oft quoted words. Much, therefore, as a personal introspection might seem desirable, in view of the closing to-morrow of our chequered Institute careers, the vis a vis of this effort will be expended on a broader field.

The date of these exercises is one of the parties to a happy coincidence. Our flag is flying to-day, not only because this is our particular carnival, but because this is a day of days for every true American citizen. Everyone who has not been out of school so long as to have a distorted impression of important dates in history, knows that this is the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of Bunker Hill. That battle without doubt was largely instrumental in making the present gilded dome on Beacon Hill a possibility. What, then, is more natural or more fitting, than to let this coincidence serve as a reason for the expression of some thoughts, national in their character.

One hundred and sixteen years is a short period in history, yet the present century has witnessed the building up of a republic that has astounded the tardy, conservative nations of Europe. We are fortunate in our ancestry and are justly proud of our heritage—a birthright to citizenship in this world-wide honored nation. We are more fortunate still, to live in a time of peace and unbounded prosperity. This nation was conceived in a frightful struggle, amid the clash of arms with the mother country. It was perfected by the consummate skill of the Federal Conventionists. Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and Franklin, in the Federal Convention of 1787, builded better than they knew. They could only struggle, and prophesy, and hope for the best; we are comfortably reaping the rewards of their indomitable courage. They left us a perfected nation, yet left it with the injunction to preserve its entirety, establish justice, ensure peace at home, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. Our posterity is indeed an uncertainty,—for the present, a hazy, nebulous dream. On the other hand, our own existence is a reality, which, as responsible citizens, cannot be too strongly impressed on our minds. It is in looking outward over this vast heritage, noting some arid spots that need wise cultivation, and discovering, perchance, the measure of our responsibility, that these few moments will be occupied,—at least in intention.

National holiday orators never fail to declaim upon the wonderful republic that has resulted from the union of the thirteen little States. And well they may, since the proudest monarchies of the world unite in admitting that our theory of popular government has survived tests that would place their own vitality in question. Yet, as has been said, a century is a short period in history, and in that time, notably in the last fifty years, a remarkable change has come upon the fair face of this nation. This change is in the nature of a growth,—a growth that ought to be healthy because it is so strong,—a growth, nevertheless, that is making some ugly scars on our body politic. The reference is directly to the fast increasing number of hastily-constructed, ill-governed cities. The ascendancy of so many mighty cities, all out of proportion to our ability to cope with the problems they have presented, has been the cause of some seemingly well-grounded alarm.

It is not that the city is in itself necessarily a danger or a blemish. There are no inherent qualities that ought to cause alarm or distrust. It is only when the city becomes the controlling influence in the nation, and that influence is in the hands of irresponsible and vicious politicians, that the danger to our foundations becomes apparent. There is no question that the great cities rule the world. It has always been so. In ancient times there were Alexandria, and Ephesus, and Jerusalem, and Damascus, and Athens, and Rome. They ruled the world. To-day there are Berlin, and Paris, and mighty London, and heartless St. Petersburg, and in our own country New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco. Is there any question that these cities rule the world? France has never been anything more than a wholesome morsel, upon which Paris has settled, and sent out her emissaries, like the tentacles of a great devil-fish, to drain the country to its dregs. Massachusetts, whose career as a State and as an integral part of the nation has been so honorable,
is vaguely known abroad only as an indefinite piece of territory, somewhere in the vicinity of Boston.

If then, the cities always have ruled the world, why place any bar to their evident purpose and seemingly inherited right? The answer must be found, if anywhere, in the colossal robbery and bare-faced fraud that characterize American city governments. The survival of the strongest is to be encouraged only when it is also the survival of the fittest. Unfortunately, our magnificent cities,—magnificent from a distance,—have become safe harbors for all that is most unwholesome, unholy, and vicious. No one who reads the papers, believes that New York ever had, or ever will have an honest election. No city, which has so little regard for moral principles on a large scale, as to encourage any such vicious scheme as the Louisiana Lottery, ought to complain when a band of Italian snakes dares to glide fearlessly through its principal streets, to plunder and murder where it will.

The Clan-na-Gael of Chicago, the Mafia of New Orleans, and Tammany Hall in New York, are the natural and legitimate outcome of our policy of extending the freedom of our cities to the riff-raff of Europe. It is only within a short time that our legislators have thought it necessary to close the national doors to foreign paupers and criminals. Great reforms move slowly, indeed. It is first in allowing these vicious elements to find protection with us, and then in permitting them to gain control in our city governments, that the nation has made its mistake, and our legislators are just waking up to the fact. Hence it is that the press, the pulpit, and members of Congress have recently become so earnest in their demand for the suppression of this cause of evil. This is by no means a new subject and is not chosen because it presents any elements of originality. Yet it is in keeping with the patriotic feelings that the day ought to inspire, and also in keeping with such application of it as I hope briefly to make. I assume that my classmates are in sympathy with law and order, even though the chain of evidence in this regard, appears to be weak at points in our class history. It is because of our position, as prospective graduates of a high institution of learning, that we are in duty bound to recognize a responsibility and meet our obligations.

This week and next will witness scenes that will be indelibly stamped upon the memories of thousands of young men,—men who have completed their course in some honored college, and must soon begin active life for themselves, and as the constitution says, for posterity. It will not require an intimate acquaintance with the census reports, to accurately locate a large majority of these men, taken as a body. They will go to the cities—a great number of them to the large cities. A college graduate is out of place in a small village, unless he be a physician, a teacher, or a parson,—and he knows it.

Not that there is anything-disreputable about rural life—not at all. A sure sign of the good health of a nation is the songs of its poets, and you seldom hear a poet sing of the city. Imagine the possibilities before the poet who sits him down by a shaded brook, to pour out his soul in lines to his "Bonnie Lassie!" Now picture the same man in an eighteen-story high, five by nine, fifty-dollars-a-week room, inscribing some lines to "Bonnie Chicago!" No, the poet sings of the country and of its picturesque people. Every one has recited those lines of Whittier's:

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot-boy with cheek of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;"

And lest I seem exclusive and indifferent to our friends who are present, let me quote another parallel stanza which is in point. I am uncertain of the authorship, but the lines are as follows:

"I'm a merry little mountain-maid,
As o'er the fields I rove,
Eating huckleberries all the day,
And learning how to love."

All of which is irrelevant, except to disprove any intention of ignoring the charms of rural life. It is simply that the country contains scarcely anything that the young man, or the young woman, for that matter, wants. College boys would be too proud to go barefooted, much as they might like
to, and college girls are looking out for
themselves, and haven't time, either to eat
huckleberries all day or learn how to love.
Hence it is that the city, more often the
large city, gets the college graduate.

The application is simply this. The col-
lege man, by reason of his education, is
peculiarly fitted to exert a strong influence,
either for good or for evil. He has been
educated on questions of civil government
and understands the nature of the evils
that are gaining a foothold in the large
cities. These elements of evil do not
openly menace the nation, but they turn
the cities into great sores which are never
healed.

The nation is ruled by the cities and the
cities are ruled by the slum-kings. It does
not seem an exaggeration to say that the
slum-kings are everywhere acting under the
direction of the lords of the saloon, and
the lords of the saloon are gloriously paint-
ing the land, under the immediate general-
ship of the Devil.

Something is evidently the matter with
this good old nation of ours. The well laid
plans of our forefathers to make of this
nation a home for any who should seek its
shores, have somehow sadly miscarried.
One great trouble is manifestly the perfect
control exerted by vicious politicians over
our ignorant classes, who know nothing and
care less about purity of government.

For us to claim a degree of intelligence
and capacity for judgment about questions
concerning the nation's welfare, is clearly
not an assumption of arrogance. Civil
government is a science unknown to the
masses who have sought America, rather
than be lodged in European prisons. We,
on the other hand, have been brought up
on it.

Surely there is enough here to be done by
men who have some honesty of purpose.
We understand some elements of the evils
that are placing our future prosperity in
question. Some of us are going soon to
the great cities. To carry into them a feel-
ing of national pride and integrity of pur-
pose, is clearly within the limits of our
obligation. Let us not forget, therefore,
the responsibility that is ours, but carry
into our future abiding places a determina-
tion to influence for good, commensurate
with our education and ability.

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Class Poem.

ARTHUR L. RICE.

In olden times, so runs the tale,
In a distant land across the sea,
There bubbled forth from a hillside green
A spring, whose waters pure and free,
Gave health and vigor to all who drank;
Made weak ones strong, and the blind to see.

The fame of the spring spread far and wide,
And many came from distant lands
To drink of the waters, and be made whole;
And thither travellers came in bands,
For strength to last them on the way,
E'er they went on journeys to foreign strands.

They tarried awhile at the fountain's brim,
And quaffed the waters, sparkling bright,
Talking and jesting carelessly,
Enjoying their freedom with keen delight.
Till, stronger grown and more vigorous,
They parted, and passed from each other's sight.

We, too, like a band of travellers came
To tarry at Wisdom's fount a day,
To drink deep draughts at her sparkling spring,
And vigor gain from the grateful spray;
And strength and knowledge, to quicken us
E'er we started on life's uncertain way.

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Now, classmates, let us do our best
To help Alma Mater thrive;
Let us spread her fame for training men
Who can keep the world alive;
Let us remember, our fame is hers,
And onward and upward strive.

There are victories waiting for us in the world,
If we boldly enter the fray;
Our Alma Mater has given us
What will help us on our way.
We came here boys: she has made us men,
And she says to us to-day:

"I have taught you lessons of wisdom and truth
To be through life your guide:
Go forth, my sons, and live such lives
That in you I may take just pride;
Be true and manly; and if may be
Win honor and fame beside."

Let us heed her words as we journey on
In our lives that are just begun;
Let us take them with us on our way
Till our work on earth is done.
As we go forth now to commence that work,
May God bless Ninety-one.

Succeeding the exercises the members of
the class escorted friends over Boynton
Hall and reviewed the free-hand drawings
and particular points of interest about the
building.
The ushers of the day were C. A. Tucker, '92, F. A. Morse, '92, R. H. Hammond, '93, D. A. Bullard, '93, and V. N. Cushman, '94.

RECEPTION.

From 4 to 6 o'clock Dr. Fuller gave a reception to the members of the graduating class. Almost every member of the graduating class was present accompanied in a number of cases with relatives and friends. The rooms were decorated with laurel and flowers. Refreshments were served and a good time enjoyed. The ushers were Z. W. Coombs, D. A. Bullard, F. A. Morse, and C. A. Tucker.

THE ALUMNI REUNION.

The First Meeting of the Association Since Incorporation.

The 18th Annual meeting of the W. P. I. Alumni Association took place Wednesday Evening, June 17, in the Bay State House. The parlor was crowded with members while in the corridors several groups of former Tech men were gathered, chatting about old times.

President Charles G. Washburn, '75, called the members to order at 6:30 o'clock. The minutes of the last annual meeting and of the special meeting were approved without being read. These minutes were issued in pamphlet form and published under the direction of Secretary John F. Kyes, '76, hence it was not necessary that they should be read.

The election of officers came next. Secretary Kyes and Treasurer Edward K. Hill, '71, were re-elected. The Executive Committee for the ensuing year will be composed of Charles G. Washburn, '75, John F. Kyes, '76, John C. Woodbury, '76, Edward K. Hill, '71, Edward F. Tolman, '71, J. Fred Wilson, '77, and Louis W. Southgate, '85. This committee has the power to elect a president and three vice-presidents for the association. A good suggestion was made here by one of the Alumni. He said he thought it well for the members to consider that there were other classes graduated than those of '71 and '75. Of course there was not the slightest objection to the present officers still it would be just to allow men of other classes to have a hand in the government of the association.

The next business was the election of members of the examining committee. Various suggestions were given and it was finally decided to elect three members to this committee and also alternates to these men. The following were elected: Messrs. W. L. Ames, '82, Charles D. Parker, '79, C. F. Alger, '76; alternates, A. D. Risteen, '85, W. L. Chase, '77, E. J. Dallett, '81. There was some discussion as to the advisability of continuing the practice of having visiting committees. It was left to the executive committee to appoint them.

It was voted that the president draw up resolutions on the death of Mr. P. L. Moen. The meeting then adjourned and the line of march was taken to the banquet hall.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

After the business meeting was concluded the members of the various classes arranged themselves in a long line and with the older graduates at the head, marched to the large dining hall. Over one hundred and twenty-five graduates, trustees and members of the Faculty were present at this banquet. Below is appended a list of those present:

To the right of the President, Mr. Charles G. Washburn, were seated, Judge P. Emory Aldrich, Stephen Salisbury, and Doctor Fuller; to the left, Rev. Dr. Merriman and Professors Kimball and Sinclair. The others present at the head table were:


At the other tables were the following:


The menu occupied the attention of all until after ten o'clock. It was as follows:

Soup—Consomme imperial
Cucumbers. Vienna Rolls. Sliced Tomatoes.
Baked shad, a la maitre d'hôtel
Radishes. New Bermuda Potatoes.
Fillet of beef, larded with champignons.
Mashed Potatoes. String beans.
Mayonnaise—Lobster salad.
Water ice, Cigarets.
Roast spring lamb—Mint Sauce.

Baked sweet potatoes.
Asparagus.
English plum pudding—Hard sauce.
Plain cake. Chocolate cake.
Lemon ice cream.
Fruit in season. Strawberries and cream.
Edam and domestic cheese.
Bent's water crackers.
Coffee.

After the different courses had been thoroughly interviewed, the president called the meeting to order. He welcomed the Faculty, students and Alumni to the eighteenth annual meeting of the association and the first of the incorporated Alumni. "This is the only opportunity for those who have graduated from the Institute, to meet the Trustees and Faculty. Many have come here from distant points to renew old associations and to strengthen the bonds that bind us to the Institute. The opportunity comes so seldom to hear from the Trustees that I know you will all take great pleasure in listening to Judge Aldrich."

Judge Aldrich was received with applause and said it was a great occasion to see the enthusiasm of the Alumni who come to see each other once more. "Nothing can be more important to a school than the support of its Alumni. No one knows what the institution may be. It has become too trite to speak of the importance of a technical education. It is by the progress of scientific and industrial pursuits that the world is benefited. Lord Salisbury has said that the world has made more progress the last fifty years than in the preceding eighteen hundred years. This is not exaggerated. Indeed the progress of science has been so great that the mechanic of twenty years ago would not answer for the needs of to-day. Degrees of skill and knowledge are needed now that were not requisite twenty years ago. I think that one of the greatest benefits of technical or of manual training schools is the advancement of the dignity of labor. Why is it that educated men are esteemed more honorable than those who support themselves by manual labor? It is easy to understand why this should be so in feudal times when destruction was the rule. I believe the reason is because the laborer is uneducated. Were the blacksmith to have command of twenty languages, much more considera-
tion would be accorded him. The idea should be inculcated in young men that manual labor is just as honorable as intellectual power. In the study of civil, mechanical or steam engineering, we must not forget the essential training of the mind. There is no reason why the mechanical engineer should not understand political economy, constitutional law, etc. It is for that reason that the Trustees have taken so much pains to stimulate young men in this direction and to send them into the world trained in mind as well as hand. We have taken our position and from that position, we will not swerve one jot or tittle! The two things must be carried together and due proportion between the two, observed. They say there is a danger to exalt the literary pursuits to the detriment of the practical. No such danger has existed and never will exist. We should have the endorsement of all graduates in our designs to send from the Institute young men with trained intellects and familiar with political economy, literature and all that goes to make an accomplished young man.”

Judge Aldrich’s speech was noteworthy from the fact he intimated that not only was the present course in English to be maintained but probably would be carried on much more strictly than heretofore.

President Washburn then called upon Dr. Fuller.

Dr. Fuller stated that the number of students has increased about twenty-five each year. “The graduates are engaged in business of much wider scope than ever before. A very large demand for past graduates, not the present ones, has been received and can not be filled and there is no reason why this demand should not continue unless a great depression in business occurs.” Here the departure of Prof. Eaton was alluded to. “The Senior, Middle and Junior classes are increasing and one man will not be sufficient to carry on what was Prof. Eaton’s work. Five additional instructors, composed of graduates, have been added to the present staff. The courses in the languages and in mathematics will be enlarged. The question is now, how to find time to display our facilities. Tuition has proved no detriment to the Institute. Many students show pluck and energy in borrowing money to take them through. We shall by doing our level best succeed in our work.”

Mr. Salisbury was introduced in fitting terms by the President. He responded by saying: “None take more interest in these exercises than the Trustees. It is a great pleasure for them to receive into their number one of the Alumni, whom you have greatly honored. The aim of education is to teach industry and none succeed better than the Polytechnic Institute. The proof of this is its Alumni. In colleges the graduates find they have to learn how to learn. But here they find that the requirements, though hard, render them fit to take up some calling. You should be loyal to the school and to the Faculty. You should instil obedience and industry into the young graduates.”

President Washburn thought there was no stronger proof of the fidelity of the Faculty than the fact that three or four of the professors who began with the Institute have continued to the present time. He said they would now get a chance to hear from Prof. Alden.

Prof. Alden said; “To illustrate the great progress for twenty years, look at ’71 and if the progress may not be quite tangible, look at ’91 and exercise the imagination to see them twenty years ago and then to-day. You will be aware of the great progress in sending your children in time to the W. P. I. It is customary to speak of the great achievements of science. Formerly large lenses were used to view the skies, now a plate receives the impressions of light and a microscope does the rest. So it is in all branches of this study. Science if conscientiously studied must be elevating, for it teaches truth and truth cannot debase.” Prof. Alden spoke of Mr. Washburn; of the great system of education founded by him and which if carried out cannot fail to be of great value. “The work done by Mr. Washburn upon the Board of Trustees will long be considered as the brightest diadem in his crown of honor.”

President Washburn said, many professors have remained true to the institution though offered much more lucrative positions elsewhere and it had lately come to his ears that the professor of physics had again declined a very advantageous
position. "In no department of the Institute has so much advance been made as in physics. This is undoubtedly owing to the painstaking care of Prof. Kimball who has brought his department up to its present high standard."

Prof. Kimball said: "One of my happiest moments is after reading the theses, to meet the Alumni in my laboratory and to point out the improvements to them. I much prefer making my little speech to them separately. This department fills quite an angle in my eye. The most pleasing feature of my work is that it is ever new, constantly changing. Even at this moment something may have occurred to revolutionize our present ideas in regard to science. I hope to see you all in the laboratories to-morrow."

Mr. Merriman said: "Every man requires the services of a doctor and a minister once in his lifetime, but Mr. Garver and myself are the only ones of our cloth here. The learned professions are not so pre-eminent now as formerly. This comes of the mixing of professions. A minister of now must dabble in law. A German scholar has said, 'the finest fruit of culture is the faculty to interpret.' I think science will check that tendency which becomes license. If the things called liberty by the great mass of people, be so, then death is the happy choice. Good traditions are better than the dignity, future, and success of the Institute. In England it is said to take 250 years to make a greensward and a gentleman. Nothing can sustain us more than good traditions."

President Washburn, before introducing the next speaker, gave a comprehensive review of the life of F. C. Blake, '76. He made brief mention of the many important offices held by Mr. Blake and said he considered it his duty to bring this man's life before the Faculty and Alumni. "Having had an understanding with several members of the Faculty, it will be a pleasure for me to call upon them. Your turn now Mr. Gladwin."

Prof. Gladwin was enthusiastically received and made a short address, at the conclusion of it, he said, he had made a pen and ink sketch of the head of Diomedes and should be greatly pleased if the Alumni and guests would accept photo-engravings of the same. The rounds of applause that followed must have convinced him there was no need to repeat his invitation. The sketch was made with great care and is a very fine memento. It is entitled, "A Waif of the Studio."

Much amusement was created by President Washburn reading the "grind" on Bigelow, '91, President of that class, from the "Aftermath" and after finishing it, dryly remarking: "Well, I am glad nothing can scare 'Biggy' for we all want to hear him." President Bigelow made a short speech, thanking the Alumni for the reception and referring to the Institute pin and class book.

President Washburn said there were two chief duties to be observed by all Techs: first, prompt payment of the WPI; second, to buy one of those books. Then he introduced Mr. Frank Aborn, of Cleveland, Ohio, as the oldest living graduate, one who had not been present, in sixteen years at these meetings.

Mr. Aborn rose slowly from his chair and very laconically remarked: "I believe I am the chestnut." He continued in a witty manner to describe his first impressions of Boynton Hall, and ended with an earnest plea for the WPI. He claimed there was nothing kept him in touch with the Institute more than that paper and this after he had been graduated ten years. He urged all who had even a particle of loyalty for the old school to subscribe for the paper.

The unfinished business was now taken up, the motion was carried that the executive committee should have power to levy assessments upon the members for the dinners, etc. James Logan and George A. Ross were elected honorary members. Reports of the visiting committees in mechanical engineering and electricity were read by Messrs. Whitney and Clough. A vote of thanks was given Prof. Gladwin for his thoughtfulness in presenting the members with the sketches. Speeches were made by several of the Alumni and Mr. Kyes entertained them with an almost forgotten reminiscence. At 1.30 the meeting adjourned, being one of the pleasantest ever held by the Association.
COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Reading of the Theses in the Hall in the Morning.

At half-past nine o’clock in the morning, a considerable number of friends, graduates and non-graduates gathered in the chapel to listen to the theses. The most noticeable feature of this year’s theses-reading was the questioning of the various examiners. Last year not a question was asked but it was decidedly the reverse this year. However, the boys stood the ordeal well and proved they possessed well defined ideas of what they said.

The examining committee was composed of Profs. Winfield S. Chapin and Thomas W. Drown, M. D., Orlando W. Norcross, Herbert Nichols, S. B., John I. Souther, S. B., and John C. Woodbury, S. B. The theses were well read and as far as such things go were interesting.

The men who read the theses were: in chemistry, Harrison P. Eddy, Albert J. Reinbold, Jr., and John F. Rogers; in civil engineering, Bradford A. Gibson, Edwin S. Phelps and John A. Whittaker; in mechanical engineering, Gerald Alley, David F. Atkins, Charles A. Davis, Norman V. Fitts, Fred C. Hodgman and Arthur L. Rice. Mr. Hodgman had a small model all prepared so as to illustrate his thesis subject, the “steam loop.”

GRADUATION EXERCISES.


Thursday evening, June 18, Association Hall was fairly filled by friends and acquaintances who had ventured out in the cold, wet storm which then prevailed, to see the closing scene in the Tech life of ’91. Upon the platform were seated the members of the Board of Trustees including Judge P. Emory Aldrich, president; Rev. Daniel Merriman, secretary; Waldo Lincoln, treasurer; Mayor Francis A. Harrington, Hon. Geo. F. Hoar, Chas. H. Morgan, Stephen Salisbury and Chas. G. Washburn. The Faculty was represented by President Fuller and Professors Kinnicutt, Kimball, Sinclair, Moore, Higgins, White, Gladwin, Alden, and Cutler. Also Hon. Edw. L. Davis, Pres. Hall of Clark University, Dr. McCullagh of Plymouth Church, Prof. T. W. Drown of Boston, and Gen. Francis A. Walker, President of the Boston Institute of Technology and speaker of the evening. The members of the graduating class occupying the first three rows of seats on the floor.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Dr. McCullagh. Judge P. Emory Aldrich, president of the Board of Trustees, then welcomed those present and spoke at some length upon the work of the Institute including a history of the Bigelow Gift. He said in substance about the latter, that the Trustees did not think themselves justified in going ahead with the proposed trade school, unless sufficient capital was guaranteed beforehand. Accordingly Col. Russell was appointed by them as a solicitor to raise what seemed to be the necessary amount. That gentleman after making a thorough canvass of the moneyed men of the city, was finally obliged to report the attempt a total failure. With that the Trustees had done all that they could, and as the citizens of Worcester had failed to respond to their appeal, they were obliged to let the matter drop.

At the close of his remarks, Judge Aldrich introduced Gen. Walker, who delivered the Occasional Address.

His subject was “The place of Schools of Technology in education.” It was a very fine address and was listened to with the closest attention from beginning to end.

After distinguishing between three different classes of schools, generally confused in the public mind, viz.: Trade schools, “Manual training” schools, where drawing and shop work are practised as a means of general education, and thirdly, schools of applied science and technology; after describing the rise of the last class of schools in the United States and paying a tribute to the wisdom and presence of the men who founded them and to the devotion and self-sacrifice of their early teachers; and finally after claiming that the schools of applied science and technology has done a great work in promoting the industrial development of the United States, Mr. Walker said:

“But no one who thoroughly believes in the mission of schools of this class can be content merely to assert that the full time
had come in the industrial evolution of the Nation, when such schools were imperatively needed for the promotion of our industries, and that the institutions thus called into being have done this, their primary work, with triumphant success. We go far beyond, and assert for these schools that they have come to form a most important part of the proper educational system of the country, and that they are to-day doing a work in the intellectual development of our people which is not surpassed, if, indeed it be equalled, by that of the classical colleges. No statement less proud and strong than this would do justice to the view we take of what these schools are doing, and are, in an increasing measure, to do for the manhood and citizenship of the country, altogether in addition to what they have done and are still to do in promotion of its arts and industries. Nay, we believe that in the schools of applied science and technology, as they are carried on to-day in the United States, involving the thorough and most scholarly study of principles directed immediately upon useful arts, rising in their higher grades into original investigations and research, is to be found almost the perfection of education for young men.

"Too long have we submitted to be considered as furnishing something which is, indeed, more immediately and practically useful than a so-called, liberal education, but which is after all something less noble and fine and grand. Too long have our schools of applied science and technology been popularly regarded as affording an inferior substitute for classical colleges to those who could not afford to go to college, then take a course in a medical or law school, and then to wait a few years for practice. Too long have the graduates of such schools been spoken of as though they had acquired the arts of livelihood at some sacrifice of mental development, intellectual culture and grace of life. For me, if I did not believe that the graduates of the institution over which I have the honor to preside were better educated men, in all which the true, educated man, implies, than the average graduate of the ordinary college, I would not consent to hold my position for another day.

"It is true that something of form and style may have to be sacrificed in the earnest, direct and laborious endeavors of the student of science; but that all the essentials of mind and character are one whit less fully or less happily achieved through such a course of study, let no man connected with an institution like this, for a moment concede. In view of the widespread popular misconception on this subject, and of the habitual tone of disparagement with which schools of technology are treated by many who occupy high places in our system of public instruction, it is full time for us to take a bold and aggressive attitude, asserting the truly educational character of such schools, and challenging the old fashioned colleges to show a better product of educated men."

After Gen. Walker had finished, Judge Aldrich and Senator Hoar each made a few remarks and then the Valedictorian of the class, George W. Booth, spoke as follows:

The Valedictory.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

"Two decades have passed since the first class left its Alma Mater, and with us, the 21st class, the Institute reaches its majority.

"We of the class of '91 can scarcely realize, I suppose, the difficulties and trials under which that first class and its instructors labored. But we know of the increase of material prosperity, and we know that the number of graduates in each class has more than doubled, and is steadily advancing. When we see the brilliant and successful careers of many of the graduates of earlier years, we cannot but hope for some like success for ourselves. Whether or not success awaits us time only can tell, but we feel sure that everything possible has been done for us by those interested in our welfare, and that we start with the good will of all our friends.

"Citizens of Worcester: We count you as not the least among these friends, for you have shown your interest for us in various ways. Your libraries which we know how to appreciate, have been thrown open to us and in your church and home life we have been made welcome. We shall ever remember these years as among the most
pleasant of our lives. We feel that it is a
distinct advantage to you and your repre-
sentatives among us to have the Institute
within your limits. The library in Boynton
Hall has shown its usefulness, and has re-
ceived valuable additions during the year,
for which it is my grateful duty to thank
you. But there are yet empty shelves
yearning to be filled, and we would bespeak
a continuance of your generosity in filling
them.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the
Board of Trustees: The period of our stay
here has been one in which the most im-
portant advances have been made and an
entire change of policy in some directions
has been affected. Through all these
changes, evidence of wise and skillful fore-
sight on your part is given by the fact that
the development of the Institute has not
been checked in any direction. On the
contrary, its affairs were never in a more
flourishing condition, and the outlook for
the future never so bright as now. Proofs
of a progressive spirit are not wanting.
Accomodations for the apprentice class
have been enlarged, and with the enlarged
accommodations has come an increased
number of candidates for admission. No
words of mine can testify so highly to the
worth of that one of your number who has
recently deceased, as the remembrance and
results of his life among us. To his inter-
est in us and work for us is due in great
measure the success of the Institute, and in
that success he will have a lasting memo-
rial. The election of one of the Alumni as
a member of the Board of Trustees meets
with the hearty approval of all, as represen-
ting an element best fitted to know the
real needs of the Institute.

"Gentlemen of the Faculty: Our course
here has been marked by wonderfully in-
creased facilities, both for teaching and for
study, which you, whose life work is here,
can value perhaps more highly than we
who are here for only a few draughts from
the deep well of knowledge. When we look
back we can see that discipline was the best
thing possible for us, and that in learning to
apply ourselves we have learned one of the
most useful lessons in life.

"We regret that the Institute is to lose
that instructor who, with the close of this
year, terminates his connection with the
school. Though as a class we have never
had the benefit of his instructions, yet his
cheerful manner has made us feel that in
him we had a personal friend, and particu-
larly in athletic matters he has shown his
interest in the students. As graduates, we
know that the high standard of instruction
shall not be lowered, and we shall always be
proud to claim the Worcester Polytechnic
as our Alma Mater.

"Undergraduates: The time has come
for us, as it will come for you, to take leave
of the school and of those who are still en-
joying its benefits. We feel that as time
goes on those benefits multiply. The
students’ clubs that have been formed in
some of the departments show the interest
that is felt in the work, and will greatly in-
crease the practical knowledge so character-
istic of the Institute. We would suggest
that the scope of these clubs might be ex-
tended to take in exercises of a more social
nature, and thus cultivate acquaintances,
especially among the members of different
classes. This would introduce an element
at present unprovided for, and much
needed at the Institute. Now that athletics
have reached a settled basis, we would hope
for a renewed interest in this direction, and
that the success and reputation the Insti-
tute has secured may be maintained. A new
bond of union has been created in the adop-
tion of a school pin, designed by one of our
own number. Wherever we may see this
emblem, it will call up recollections of the
pleasures we have enjoyed in your com-
pany, and in the wearer may we hope to
find a man worthy of our friendships.

"Classmates: When first we came to-
together, most of us were strangers to each
other, but during these last three years
friendships have been formed which will
not be broken, though seas roar between us
and mountains separate us. The school
days of most of us are perhaps ended, but
we must remember that in this age of pro-
gress the successful man must ever be a
student to keep abreast of the times.
Chauncey M. Depew has said: ‘If a na-
tion would be free, its young men must be
the most important factor in its politics and
its parties.’ And since politics and parties
are necessary for the welfare of this great
republic, and at no time in the history of
the nation has there been such a need of
careful legislation as the present, there is need for the best element in politics—need for the young men of this and other institutions, taught to see the danger before us. Classmates, be ambitious, be self-reliant.”

The recital of two stanzas from Park Benjamin’s poem, “Press On,” brought the valedictory to a close.

After Mr. Booth had finished Dr. Fuller addressed a few remarks to the class, urging upon them the necessity of an exact standard in all things, integrity, and a high ideal in life.

The seventy-five-dollar prizes were then distributed to the six especially meritorious members of the class. The recipients were, John F. Rogers, Arthur L. Rice, Gerald Alley, Daniel F. Atkins, George W. Booth and Bradford A. Gibson. After these gentlemen had taken their seats, a representative of each department was called to the platform and to him were given the diplomas in a bundle for that department, the customary individual distribution not taking place. Dr. McCullagh hastily pronounced the benediction, and that portion of the exercises down on the program was finished.

Scarcely, however, had Dr. McCullagh finished speaking before an unusual stir was noticeable among the members of ’91. Upon investigation, it was found that the five editors of the Aftermath, instead of receiving their diplomas, had found in their roll a note as follows:

WORCESTER, June 18, 1891.

Dear Sir: The enclosed is a copy of a vote of the Trustees of the Institute passed this day, which I have been requested to communicate to you. This action of the Trustees is based upon the fact of your connection as editor with the very objectionable class book of ’91.

Should you desire any further information respecting this vote, you can, if you wish to do so, see me at my house to-morrow or the day following.

Yours truly,

P. EMORY ALDRICH.

It was accompanied by the following copy of record:

On motion of Mr. Hoar, it was voted that the question of conferring the degree of B. S. upon the following members of the graduating class, be postponed for the present for further consideration:

W. B. BAIRD,
HARRISON P. EDDY,
DANIEL F. O’REGAN,
HERBERT A. WARREN,
SUMNER A. KINSLY.

A true copy from the record,

Attest, DANIEL MERRIMAN, Secretary.

It would be hard to describe the wrath of the class. The men were fairly stupefied with astonishment. The news soon became noised through the audience, and a large number of people came forward to express their sympathy. With one or two exceptions, the members of the Faculty present, claimed not to have known anything about the matter beforehand. For a long time the students remained in the hall discussing the matter only at last to seek the various supper rooms and hotel corridors where this action was vigorously denounced by speeches and resolutions.

THE SENIORS’ BANQUET.

After the Commencement and Mock-commencement exercises in Association Hall, and, after part of the members of the class of ’91 had been declared Bachelors of Science and requested to be Bachelors of Silence, the class adjourned to the Bay State House and tried to have a good time. At such an occasion one would expect mirth and jollity to reign, now and then relieved by a feeling of regret and sadness at leaving the “dear old Tech.” Was it so? Not at all. The men essayed to give way to fun and joy, but at each attempt there steadily arose that thought of the way five members of the class had been fooled that evening—how they had been allowed to think they were graduating, and how when the prizes were given out, five men who had fairly won their diplomas and were recommended by the Faculty for degrees, drew only blanks! There were no pyrotechnic speeches, no excited condemnations of the authorities, but what meant more—the calm expression of a deep-seated indignation. The class swallowed this bitter pill for an appetizer and proceeded to discuss the following menu:

Oysters on Shell.
Queen Olives.
Consomme Imperial.
At the conclusion of the supper, the tobacco was kindled and the "lemonade" was brought on. President F. A. Bigelow introduced Lunt as the man who "hadn't even seconded a motion during his whole course." Mr. Lunt was given a subject which he was not profane enough to do justice to, and so the same theme was continued by Joe Taylor under the title "How does he look over the transom?" At this point O'Regan was elected bar-tender, after which Mr. Foster spoke with authority on the subject of "The Ladies."

Mr. Eddy, after being encouraged by the "Mac Duff-Rats" combination, discoursed on the Trustees. Referring to his thesis, Mr. Eddy said he had found "five S. B. cough drops in the sewage" He was followed by Mr. Power on "Scratch," Mr. Kimball on "The Home School," and Zow Bradford and Tracy on "Barber-poles and Other Signs of the Times." Mr. Ramsdell then eulogized "My Brother."

Mr. Kinsley escaped making a speech by moving that the present board of officers be continued during good behavior. The motion was unanimously carried. The officers responded. Mr. Hodgman said the class had been insulted, and that all members of '91 were as much concerned in the class-book as the editors. Mr. Tracy said that the class was ashamed of nothing in the book.

An auction was then held to raise money by disposing of various pieces of class property. Base-balls and bats went at fancy prices. The ball used in the famous '91 game occasioned lively bidding and was at last sold to Alley for $8.00. The class pennant brought the biggest price. The W P I representative, knowing that the '91 men would not let such an emblem go out of the class, bid the banner up to $8.00. Under the exhortation of the President not to let the pennant go to an under-classman, Mr. Booth bought the trophy at $8.55. About 100 class-books were then sold at the regular price, $1.00 each. Mr. Kinsley led off, taking 14 copies.

It was voted to hold a reunion every odd year. The first man to get married will receive a free supper.

The party broke up at about half-past three in the morning. There were numerous hand-shakes and parting wishes of success. The usual visit to the Tech was abandoned out of charity for the five editors, the class not wishing to jeopardize the editors' chances of receiving their diplomas by incurring further immediate displeasure.

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**REUNIONS.**

**Fifteen Members of the First Class, '71, Gather at the "Bay State."**

The first class graduated from the Institute, the class of '71, held a reunion at the Bay State House on Thursday, June 18, at noon. This occasion marked the twentieth anniversary of their graduation and the following men were present: Henry P. Armsby, director of the experiment station of Pennsylvania State College; Frederick W. Bateman, Franklin Falls, N. H.; Frederick W. Billings, Taunton; William A. Nelson, Sterling; Samuel S. Jennison, Dollar Bay, Michigan; Elmer F. Howe, Boston; E. J. Bardwell, Edward F. Tolman, Herbert Nichols, Edward K. Hill, F. Walter Hamilton and A. J. Marble of this city. Frank Aborn, Cleveland, O., a member of '72, and John D. Curtis and E. W. Southwick, non-graduate members of '71, were also present.

Fifteen men graduated in this class, three others leaving after a partial course. The class had originally 33 members, 5 of whom have died. It was a source of great satisfaction to those present that all the graduates could gather as an unbroken band after 20 years absence from the Institute. While enjoying the dinner many pleasant reminiscences were indulged in and the members separated with many good wishes for each other.

Most of the men remained to the Commencement exercises at Boynton Hall and
the Association Building. It was stated
at this meeting that only two of the twelve
men on the Board of Trustees at the time
the Institute was organized are now living;
Hon. Geo. F. Hoar and Chas. H. Morgan,
while of the five instructors composing the
Faculty at that time only one has died,
Prof. Thompson.

Reunion of '87. Twelve Members Renew Old
Associations.

The class of '87 held its reunion at the
Bay State House on Thursday evening,
June 18, at the close of the graduating exer-
cises. The programme was a compre-
sensive one and a general good time was
indulged in till an early hour the next
morning.

After the toasts had been responded to
and matters of interest discussed, the
following officers were elected: President,
Frederick L. Emory; vice-presidents, John
A. Chamberlin, John C. Knight and
George A. Ward; secretary and treasurer,
Joseph O. Phelon. The members present
were: F. L. Emory, John A. Chamberlain,
John C. Knight, George A. Ward, J. O.
Phelon, John W. Burke, C. J. Sawyer, I.
L. Fish, H. S. Streeter, F. F. Miner and
J. O. Rourke. Guido F. H. Von Wrede of
'88 was also present.

Members of '89 Gather in Continental Hall.

The class of '89 held its first reunion
and banquet since graduation, Thursday
evening, June 18, at Continental Hall.
There were present, H. V. Baldwin, A. P.
Allen, E. G. Penniman, W. E. Hartwell,
I. L. Rheutain, M. J. Bigelow, H. L. Houghton,
F. Leland, Eli Pickwick, Jr., L. H.
Harriman, F. H. Brophy, E. W. Desper,
J. J. Daesen, W. S. Ball, W. S. Putnam;
A. J. Bean, E. O. Hathaway.

The members assembled at the hall
shortly before midnight and for some time
enjoyed themselves by recalling old days
and reviewing the pleasant incidents con-
nected with their career at the Tech. The
spread was prepared by Caterer Zahony and
H. V. Baldwin, who acted as Toastmaster,
withly introduced the men to respond to
these toasts;—"Our first reunion," A. P.
Allen; "A talk on teaching," Eli Pickwick;
"Harvard," H. L. Houghton; "The bene-
dicts," E. G. Penniman; "The ladies," I.
L. Rheutain; "The city of Worcester," W.
E. Hartwell; "Our next reunion," F.
Leland.

The action of the Trustees in dealing with
the editors of '91's class book was vigor-
ously condemned and the following resolu-
tions unanimously adopted:

Whereas, we, the class of '89, learn that
certain members of the class of '91, because of
their connection with the publishing of the class
book, have been denied their diplomas;

Resolved. That we do unanimously condemn
the action of the Board of Trustees in withholding
these diplomas, and

Whereas, we, the class of '89, understand
that certain members of the class of '91 have at
very late day been prevented from graduating
from the fact that they have been conditioned,
and have not been allowed a chance to make up
their conditions, and as we believe that these
conditions have been imposed in a spirit of
malice;

Resolved. That while we heartily disapprove
of conduct in a class unbecoming a student and
a gentleman, we believe that such conduct
should be punished forthwith; nevertheless we
firmly believe that these students have been un-
fairly dealt with.

Officers were then elected for the next
two years. These officers are: President,
E. O. Hathaway; vice-presidents, A. P.
Allen, H. V. Baldwin; secretary, M. J.
Bigelow; Treasurer, W. E. Hartwell. The
party dispersed just at sunrise after having
a most enjoyable time.

'91 AT WORK.

What the Different Members of the Graduating
Class Intend to Do.

Many of the class had accepted offers of
situations even before graduation week,
while others are considering whether they
will accept places offered them.

Norman V. Fitts is undecided but thinks
some of taking a course in mathematics at
Johns Hopkins.

Howard B. Foster has a position as in-
structor of mathematics in view.

Alexander D. Lunt intends to take a
two years' course in steam engineering at
Cornell.

James C. Pelham will probably take up
draughting.

Herbert J. Somerset will do draughting
at his home in Winnipeg, Man.

Charles H. Dunbar will take a course in
electricity at Cornell.

Joseph P. Taylor will enter the shops of
the Michigan Central R. R. at Jackson,
Mich.
Sumner A. Kinsley will go to Lawrenceville, N. J., as assistant in mathematics and drawing.

Arthur L. Rice will remain in the Tech as assistant instructor in steam engineering.

Charles H. Stearns will cast his lot with the Thomson-Houston Co.

H. Homer Tracy will enter Cornell and strive for the degree of M. E.

George W. Booth will return to the Polytechnic Institute as assistant to Prof. White in civil engineering.

Bradford A. Gibson is already at work as draughtsman in the employ of the Lancaster Mills.

Edwin A. Taylor has a position with his father in civil engineering work.

John A. Whittaker has accepted a position with Darling Bros. and is at present draughting at their works in Milford.

Edwin S. Phelps and Herbert A. Warren are considering offers.

Edmund P. Power may seek his fortune in the New State of Washington.

Harrison P. Eddy will find a place in the Sewage Works at Quinsigamond.

Daniel F. O'Regan is to be an assistant to Dr. Moore in the chemical laboratory.

**ATHLETIC NINETY-ONE.**

*What the Class of '91 Has Done on the Field and Track.*

When the class of '91 graduated from the W. P. I., the Institute lost her leading athletes. It is true we have several good men left, but with Dadmun and Taylor out of our ranks, what can the Tech do at the Intercollegiate Sports? In a place with so small a number of students as are here, it is largely a matter of luck whether or not any prominent athletes come forth. At such places as Harvard and Yale, with two thousand students, there are always many good athletes; but where there are only two hundred students, we must depend upon the few chance stars which happen to fall among us. Our leading lights vanish with '91.

This class has since entrance captured first place at every field-day except one, its first appearance, when it, as a Prep class, accomplished the really remarkable feat of taking second place with six first prizes. Of these, Dadmun procured five, and Bradford one, the mile walk.

Out of seventeen events, Harry L. Dadmun holds the Tech record in eight: the 100-yards dash, quarter-mile run, 220-yards hurdle race, 220-yards dash, mile run, half-mile run, 220-yards hurdle, and two-mile run. He also holds the New England Intercollegiate record for the half-mile run, which is 2 minutes 1 3/4 seconds. Taylor has often been Dadmun's closest rival, and though he holds no record, he has captured many a prize for his class.

Dadmun won the amateur championship of America for the half-mile run, at Washington, D. C., last spring, being sent there by the Manhattan Athletic Club. He is a member of the club and is now in Europe with the team of athletes sent by that organization. At a largely attended meeting in England, he lately won the quarter-mile handicap race.

In base-ball, '91 has generally been a buck number. However, the class boasts of having Teddy Phelps, the wildest base-ball crank in the Institute.

Foot-ball has not been '91's favorite game. Still, having played three games, the class won one, lost one, and the third was a tie thus leaving them square with the world.

Dadmun showed up again in tennis as '91's best man, and had possession of the Lansing cup for two years. At last fall's tournament, the trophy was wrested from him by Southgate, '92, who had during the summer become champion of the city.

In the highly exciting cross-country runs of 1891 the Seniors took the gold and silver medals which were awarded to first and second men, but the class lost the championship pennant to '93 by the narrow margin of 6 points. Dadmun and Taylor were of course '91's leaders.

Few Tech classes have won so honorable a name on the athletic field, and the Institute will sorely feel the loss of several individuals of the class of '91.

"AFTERMATH," A LOG OF '91.

Ninety-one may well be proud of her class book and much satisfaction should be felt by its editors that so large and ready a sale has indicated such general interest on the part of the whole school as well as the outside public. Tech literature has been
swelled from time to time by the addition of several "class books," but that of ninety-one certainly sets a higher standard to those succeeding classes who may be so aspiring and venturesome as to strive to emulate this example of artistic and literary excellence in the line of a college olio. The board of editors is composed of Sumner A. Kinsley, Editor-in-Chief; Chas. H. Dunbar, Business Manager; Daniel F. O'Regan; Harry L. Dadmun; Harrison P. Eddy; Herbert A. Warren and William H. Baird. There are 130 pages of reading matter and illustrations besides 30 pages of advertisements which speak well for the efforts of the business manager. Not only a large share of the literary matter, including several poems, but nearly all the striking array of illustrations were contributed by the editor-in-chief.

The book is opened by a beautifully designed title-page on which is represented a stage, with drawn curtain, upon which stands a dudelot cupid making an obeisance and presenting to the public, a scroll bearing the names of the editors. The book is dedicated to the "Tech Widow" in two charming stanzas of Mikado verse which are illustrated by a figure of a female sitting at her window while a party of students are passing beneath. Each class is suitably represented by an article descriptive of its peculiarities and attainments, which is headed by an illustrative sketch. The heading for '94 represents the struggles of a "Prep" in turning out the inside of a rapidly revolving cylinder of wood on a turning lathe. '93's article is headed by a view of the Musee stage with a nimble creature performing evolutions for the benefit of a crowd of admiring Juniors. The Middler's sketch represents '92 with the mascot, pulling down the scale pan of a balance, on the other side of which are hanging '90, '91 and '93. All the figures being supplied with base-ball bats signifies '92's numerous victories on the ball field. All the fanciful sketches, whose subjects are many amusing and thrilling incidents in Tech life, are done in pen and ink. Two gelatine prints, reproductions of photographs, adorn the book;—one, the frontispiece, a most excellent likeness of Dr. Leonard P. Kinnicutt, professor of chemistry, and the other a group picture of the class of ninety-one. There are two half-tone engravings, one from a photograph of the team which represented the Institute at the N. E. I. A. A. meeting, at Springfield, and the other from a picture of the board of editors. John Hurley, the traditionally popular Janitor, is represented by a full-length drawing and a description of his life and good works. The design, which adorned the menu card for '91's "Halfway Supper" and which was the subject of so much amusement a year and a half ago, is reproduced in a full page illustration.

The escapade of the wooden tank and the Seniors' bonfire is commemorated by another cut accompanied by a receipt for damages signed by the Sup't of the Washburn Shops. Every club is represented by a full page article, giving names of officers and the object of the society. The "W P I" is reproduced on several pages with imaginative advertisements, several clever hits being introduced with good effect. A tribute is paid to the memory of our late trustee and benefactor, P. L. Moen, in an appreciative article expressing the loss of the Institute in his sudden death. Among the other things given are the Commencement honors, titles of theses, and theses drawings, a short biographical sketch of each member and "grinds" too numerous to mention. Ten pages are devoted to athletics in all its branches, comparative tables of records being given.

The composition and press work was done by the Makeznie Press of Walbridge & Co., New York, and the Boston Photogravure Co. made the cuts. The whole book, bound in steel-gray cloth with "Aftermath" in crimson, on the cover, makes as handsome a college book, of any kind, as it has ever been our privilege to examine. Clean and good natured in its "grinds" as well as interesting and elegant in style the "Aftermath" will be held as a treasure by the whole school as well as by the class of '91.

A CORRECTION.

By some mistake the Corresponding Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. was given in Aftermath as A. D. Flinn. It should have been C. E. Goodrich.
The Ware-Pratt Company

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