OBSERVE the cut above. This is the Lounger at his ease. The final copy has just been sent in, the rapacious demands of the editor-in-chief at last satisfied, and a whole week of quiet repose and reflection is in store. Alas! all good things are fleeting,—it is only study which is always with us,—and so once more the Lounger turns to his desk to send forth his words of wisdom.

The "Technique" grindstone has again begun to turn, and the results are being recorded for future references and use. There was a man around the other day who looked the Lounger over pretty carefully, as though he had been in his mind before, and then with an "I've got it" gleam in his eye whipped out a notebook of quotations and made an entry. Another peculiarity was doomed to exposure,—another victim gained. The Lounger therefore advises you one and all to keep a sharp weather eye out and to hide your idiosyncrasies under a large bushel when you think you see this fiend approaching. In many shapes and disguises will he come. Perhaps your dearest friend may wield his sarcastic pencil,—perhaps your bitterest enemy. In all events, he will prove himself most heartless; no fault will escape, no criticism be too severe. Kindness will not beguile him, and bribes or entreaties are equally in vain. In fact, nothing so pleases the grinds man, nothing so tickles him clear through, as to put in a notice reading that "Mr. Blank has especially requested that no grind shall be inserted on him this year, and the Public will observe that his request has been complied with." Equally useless is it to expect retaliation, for on the day of publication the grinds man fades away and vanishes into the mist from which he came. No trace remains,—only the mocking and ever heartless voice of the Public, which says, "Verily they have their reward."

As you all know, one of Billy's chief claims to distinction is that these star remarks of his still apply to humanity two centuries after his will was probated, and his real and personal effects turned over to posterity. Billy knew that somewhere about the middle of the nineteenth century an institution of learning would spring up in Boston, Mass., U. S. A., and would flourish, and that among its many other bequests to the well-being of humanity, it would give birth in due season to a periodical called The Tech, which would include among its promoters and directors persons who could fully appreciate his, Billy's, ideas. And the Lounger, in accordance with this hereditary privilege, now deems the occasion ripe for applying the above-quoted passage in "Twelfth Night" to the consideration of some persons who have lately been meeting together in Tremont Temple. Somebody will doubtless here exclaim that the Lounger is overstepping his bounds in referring to such matters, which they may not see as bearing particularly upon Institute affairs, but the Lounger claims to have met with more inconvenience from this gathering than he can stand without "getting back" at them in his beloved column,—hence the speaking of it.

The application of the quotation to these misguided worthies is as follows:

"Some are born bull-headed, some achieve bull-headedness, and some have bull-headedness thrust upon them." That these persons were born bull-headed is too apparent just at present to be emphasized. That they have achieved bull-headedness in addition to what they started with may in part account for their present condition, as exemplified in certain of their resolutions. But it is certainly necessary to conclude that they have also been living among bull-headed companions ever since their initial infahtile proof of bull-headedness, and that they have had bull-headedness thrust upon them in the most forcible manner conceivable ever since, until their taste for the article has become such a passion as to compel them to seek that society where bull-headedness reigns supreme among all other characteristics and attributes, until exasperated humanity takes up the cudgels in sheer desperation, and, climbing to the dizziest height in reach, descends upon them all with one fell, crushing, annihilating thud.

And the Lounger will cheerfully urge humanity on, and will anticipate the thud with much satisfaction.

One of Billy Shakespeare's star remarks was this:

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

The Freshmen at Wellesley number 252.