and sometimes they are only plated. They are easily distinguished by their high polish and the vast amount of music they give forth. Music with them seems a matter of quantity rather than of quality.

The opera did not attain its present high degree of perfection at a single bound. It has risen, step by step (as our old book of proverbs told us to do before the days of the elevator), only to fall again with a dull, nauseating thud. Having tried everything else with no improvement it at last tried Professor Wagner's restorative, and after a few applications all the old tired feeling left, and it soon regained its present good health.

The Lounger wishes to congratulate the kind reader upon the approach of Spring. The east wind's edge is now more favorably tempered to us lambs, and Nature herself, unrestrained, will soon begin to bud and sprout. But spring is the cause of too many misunderstandings to be dealt with recklessly; we will turn elsewhere for the inspiration which the approach of the alternate Thursday demands.

The season of outdoor athletics has come upon us with a rush, and a week or so will show us tennis and baseball enthusiasts vieing with our runners in the records of "cuts" they must establish.

We are to have the excitement of a tennis tournament provided us, if the Tennis Association means what it says, and the Miners in Rogers and the Electricians in Walker will doubtless take the precautions which former experience of wild balls will suggest. Rogers steps will become an animated stamping ground at all hours, and the Chapel will suffer in consequence.

The Lounger already feels that springiness beginning to impart itself into his legs, and wonders what concoction he would better imbibe to prepare himself for the annual onslaught upon the Senior Dinner Committee. This body has already given warning of approaching trouble in its action in changing the long-advertised date of the dinner, because, forsooth, there is an odd number of peculiarities among us who can't find it consistent with their religious convictions to go to a dinner, and such a dinner, in Lent! They have the Lounger's pity, but not his sympathy. Their excuse will probably be that they didn't know there were so many different species of the freak at Technology; but we can't congratulate the toastmaster on the consolation he will draw from this explanation as he puzzles away at his toast list, and constructs it anew. Yes; the Lounger scents trouble ahead, and warns the Senior Dinner Committee to tread carefully.

Speaking of Seniors, when will the influential members of the Freshman Class deal as they deserve to be dealt with, with the unfortunates who will insist in parading that pitiful conglomeration of antique remnants, gathered from heaven knows where, and economically scraped together to make a self-styled uniform before the sickening eyes of their fellow-creatures?

For the sake of humanity, Freshmen, tar and feather them, bury them in the base drum, lose them somewhere, and leave us one nuisance less to rail at. And, by way, this uniform should, in the Lounger's opinion, suggest much to Lieutenant Hawthorne.

Civilization would probably condemn an attempt to decorate the youthful soldier in the war paint and feathers of a Sioux Indian; but put the Tech. Freshman and the Sioux side by side on a Saturday morning before the genius of good taste as a judge, and let the decision be recorded as an object lesson to Freshmen in general.

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The Bijou Versified.

The West End's rules, from many sides,
Appear to me most fickle;
A policeman for a copiver rides,
While others pay a nickel.

St. Peter felt a gentle pull
Upon his earthward limb;
And turning then the cause to see,
Beheld a student slim.

"And wherefore now, my little man,
Audacious darst thou be?
Thy cheek is likened unto brass,
Made firm with layers three."

And then the student answered straight,
"A college 'leg-pull' I;
Now open wide your portals bright,
To me a harp supply."

St. Peter smiled in dreadful scorn,
And called to demons three,
Who bore that college youth away
Unto the burning sea.

And now above St. Peter's head
A sign in bold words clear,
Which says, "No college 'leg-pulls' e'er
Can be admitted here."

—Amherst Student.