"If this is the condition of things, then where do the Institute men stand in the outside world?" is the question that is asked by all. The Lounger thinks he knows, and perhaps more than one of his readers are on the right track. We have our position among the proper class of men, and we are recognized, every one of us who has done his duty, as "a man among men."

The popularity of college athletes may be very well in its way, but people do not consider what becomes of these men of so much college fame, in their business careers and their later walks in life. It is needless to dwell upon the disappointments and failures some of them have made; examples of this are familiar to all of us. It all goes to prove that at such colleges and institutions as ours, where less time is given to athletics and more to study, the men who are turned away from our doors are better able to make a more decided and successful stand in life (not comic Life).

"Moderation in all things," is one of the best rules that the Lounger can recommend to the Institute men. Who knows the tendencies more than himself. When for six evenings in the week he has dropped into his old armchair and tried to think. He never got any further than that. Then he would spend his next week in thinking what he ought to have thought about the week before, when he only thought he was thinking. A condition of affairs like this is truly awful, and yet how many of us experience such trials. We do not follow this old maxim. We are too willing to go into things too deeply. First, we imagine we are grinds, then we like to think we are athletes, and firmly believe athletes were born, not made (quietly banking on our chances for the general merit cup). Later we get the society bee in our alpine hats (women wear them), and we are mental, physical, and, I might add, intellectual wrecks inside of a few weeks. But saddest of all is that man who thinks he is a sport. Ah me! The Lounger is grieved to admit he has seen now and then a case of misplaced confidence in one's self. (This invariably occurred after some of our numerous dinners.) The Lounger pities a man when he has no more self-confidence than to hesitate where to put his foot down next. He will never have sufficient confidence to bluff the Faculty for a degree. And what do all these stages of a Tech. man, which Shakespeare speaks of so admirably (no space to give exact quotation), bring us to? We all know, and who so well as the sport? The Lounger's advice is that every one who wants to try the different phases of Tech. life should start first with the sport, then society, athletics, and finally a grind; this will give "better results."

FACULTY RULES.

A Prex should be fat and fair,
With not much hair,
And an air
That seems to say through the long, long day,
"I know much more than you think I do,"
And he needs to, too.
A suitable Dean should be lean,
And lanky and grim,
With an air about him
Which says, "Young Freshmen, you'd better beware
Of my gruesome lair,
After Saturday toots,"
And he is, you may bet your boots.
But a Prof. may be what he pleases,
With a fierce moustache,
Or a look as if rash
On boarding-house tables had been his fare:
But he needs an air
Of knowing much more than he really knows,
And that goes.

"I used to cwease my trousers,
And I got quite used to that;
But now, baw jove," said Cholly,
"I have to cwease
nmy
hat."

WASTEFUL.

A quiz had been given an hour before
On "Waste," to the Pol. Econ. class;
The digs got an "Ex" (for they're up on such lore);
But one who was not, didn't pass.

He bitterly laughed, and his grim eyes shone,
That he such a fool could still be,
When he was acquainted with Polly Conn,
And knew what, well!—"wait" meant,—see?

WELLESLEY DEMOCRACY.

"Why waste your time on him?" I said;
"The man is silly, stupid, flat."
Rebelliously she shook her head,
"A man's a man for a' that."

All ye who such puzzles enjoy,
Explain to me this, if you can,—
Why the men call each other "My boy,"
While the boys call each other "Old man."

H. A. R.