THE Lounger’s friend, the Editor-in-Chief, approached him the other day, through the forest of bulletin boards in Rogers corridor, with long-drawn face and a pitiful tale of woe. The vote was going, or rather not going, all wrong, and THE TECH office was fast approaching the dogs. With bitter appreciation and ready sympathy the Lounger absorbed the particulars, and set himself to investigate. Stand with him in the corridor, dear reader, and watch there the surging throng of students. See them read the glaring bulletin—See THE TECH Bulletin Board; observe them approach the latter, and digest the request there made, that they record their preference for the Presidency of the great Republic; watch them read and—turn away. The Lounger watches with you, and, as you may do, perhaps, reflects. Such is Tech. One man in every two too lazy, too indifferent to waste twenty seconds time in doing his share in the Institute canvass. A plan requiring co-operation, that plan must fail, for such is Tech. The Lounger turned away thoughtfully toward the sanctum. Here a motley crowd appeared, pushing and pulling, rushing and tearing, and for what? why, in order that one man might obtain a cambric uniform a second or so ahead of the man rightfully before him. THE TECH office was filled, and the crowd surged hither and thither, utterly oblivious of the fact that a private office for the Presidency of the great Republic; watch them read and—turn away. The Lounger watches with you, and, as you may do, perhaps, reflects. Such is Tech. One man in every two too lazy, too indifferent to waste twenty seconds time in doing his share in the Institute canvass. A plan requiring co-operation, that plan must fail, for such is Tech. The Lounger turned away thoughtfully toward the sanctum. Here a motley crowd appeared, pushing and pulling, rushing and tearing, and for what? why, in order that one man might obtain a cambric uniform a second or so ahead of the man rightfully before him.

The small boy made himself quite prominent, and generally chose inopportune moments and methods for his expressions of approval, but then all that is part of every properly conducted political parade, and especially fitted this particular occasion; the urchins, unconsciously but necessarily demonstrating to all the truth of the Republican claim that the McKinley Bill is directly responsible for any and all noticeable increase in the newsboy business.

Needless to state, there was a conflict between one or two of our fellows and some odd hundreds from over the river. Each side claims the spoils, but comparisons are odious,—would be especially so in this case, judging from a few samples that the