The Lounger has had no opportunity to offer his condolences to the members of the Republican Club since the election, they having kept themselves conspicuously out of sight, but he feels for them just the same. To think that all those bold assertions that shone out so resplendently on the night of the parade must be called back! But it all points out the wisdom of those who went into the parade to yell for Tech. and not for Harrison. The Lounger was, of course, on the winning side. His reputation being at stake, personal considerations went to the wall, and his prognostications stand justified as usual. But in this his moment of triumph, the Lounger calls upon all to observe that he does not say "I told you so."

Reflecting upon the result, the Lounger is forced to confess that he sees no promise of those upheavals predicted by the outs while they were in. O'Shaunessy, Hoolihan, and Mulhooly will continue to add lustre to our roll of Government officials, grim forebodings of our political future will occasionally darken the literary horizon, while our courses in History and Political Economy will still point their morals as emphatically as usual.

And speaking of our courses of instruction, the Lounger is reminded of our professors and the ideas entertained of them by some of us. The Lounger reviews with the amusement that always follows shattered expectations of a gloomy hue, the feelings he used to entertain for the instructors with whom he came into contact in his early days as a philosopher. He had few friends then, and he would never dare count a "Prof." among them. And yet he has many opportunities to see that his was by no means an isolated case. The professor who is popular with a Freshman Class is a rare specimen, while almost the reverse is true when one consults the grave and reverend Seniors. One reason for the fact is, of course, very simple,—the larger the student body, the less the sympathy between its members and their instructors. But another not so universally recognized reason is, that close acquaintance with most of our instructors greatly changes our original conceptions of their character. Of course there are some specimens above us whom contact with for three or four lifetimes would only render more distasteful to us than now, but we should be thankful that they are few and far betwixt. Respect for the body as a whole restrains the Lounger from any criticism of individuals, though he does regret that any consideration, however great, prevents his expressing the universal opinion of some individuals. It would do them a little good, surely, besides affording immeasurable satisfaction to some odd thousand of us. All of which homily is to impress upon the under classman, and all undergraduates within reach, the value of personal contact with your instructor. And as an example the Lounger might tell an experience of his own. Long ago he began to take notes from the lectures of a man whom he regarded, in common with the majority of his contemporaries, as a pretty black specimen of the race,—one who had long since lost sight of his own youth, and who, apparently, had only a very meager excuse for living, anyway. As time rolled on, and the notes grew more voluminous while the contemporaries grew fewer, he became conscious of a change in the feelings with which he heard the professor's name mentioned, until now he knows him for what he really is,—a "white man"; and you all know what that means. The Lounger hopes to tell him all this some day, whether his chase after a degree ends satisfactorily for him or for the few he has referred to above. Whatever the result, however, he very gratefully acknowledges the conviction that if that professor drops a black ball into the Faculty box, it will be the Lounger's fault, not his misfortune. Wherefore, reader, heed if you can the teaching of the Lounger's experience, and give the Profs. an honest trial and an honest effort. Most of them will do the same by you; and those that don't can't cut you very deep, after all.

The teacher asked, "And what is space?"

The trembling student said,

"I can not think at present,
But I have it in my head."

—Collegium Forense.