membrances of some man's greatness. In one place a professor is rebuked for folly by threats, bad words, or even pictures; elsewhere flares out a eulogy on the studies of the gigantic mind who scratched his opinions deep and lasting. One man would make you believe that he was so far above the average Institute student that he thought "Applied a snap." Another, less hopeful of his success in the exam., gives you to understand he is not so sure of this fact. All kinds of rhymes and verses find their place among the names of the living and dead. Some apply to "the powers that be," and others to the powers that have been. On several desks you read the inscription, "Old Elm," when even Course IX. men could tell you that it is made of white pine.

Now and then one comes upon an example of the ingenious mind. The engraver of many and varied signs and insignia has been at work, and left his little quota of ingenuity to be the subject of much study and speculation for his successors. But when ingenuity comes into the question, the man who is content to make only a bas-relief of his work is far eclipsed by him who cuts deep and hard. See these caverns excavated to the very middle of the desk, with here and there an opening to the surface, or perhaps an adjoining passage. How the poor man must have slaved to achieve such success in his undertaking! Ah! but this is the work of many minds; no one man could ever have conceived of such a work as you now see it, completed and in its entirety.

"What shadows we are, and how like shadows we depart." The mighty throng represented by all of the signs and tokens one reads and sees on the desks is ever changing, and the man who carves his little epitaph to-day may to-morrow have left. How often has every one of us sat and pondered over these never-failing subjects of amusement and contemplation. When in an exam. have we not all studied out the inscriptions one by one, when we would like to believe we were thinking only of the subject in hand; and at such times have we not unwittingly added a little here and a little elsewhere to some of the strange figures before us? An old maxim reminds us that

"Fools' names, just like faces, Are always seen in public places."

Does this apply to us or to these perpetuating scribes?

The Lounger feels called upon to comment somewhat upon the breazy communication which appeared in the last issue of The Tech over the illustrious signature of "The Bird." Would that the Lounger, in glancing wearily over the other columns of our weekly sheet than his own, could always dwell as fondly on the bits of periodical pabulum as he did on this. What feathery spice lingers in those words, inspired by the "rattling crowd"! How often does the unsuspecting Freshman imagine that his little idiosyncrasies are being cunningly "spotted" by the keen-eyed denizen of the "Cage"? Not very, thinks the Lounger. As a gentle "tip," the Lounger would advise the editors of "Technique" to seek that downy "nest" if they would gather many a tuneful roast that would ring out right merrily in the columns of our Annual. Many a precious freak pursues his undiscovered methods unappreciated by all save "The Bird." Even the Lounger's hungry eye has failed to fix him on some occasions, and such a humiliating avowal could never be made did not the spirit of justice, which some say is inherent in us all, inspire this testimonial to the genius behind the bars.

"The plan" will, doubtless, be duly considered by '93, who, the Lounger understands, is looking for a chance to propitiate posterity. But whether so or not, the readers of The Tech will ever hail with pleasure future responses from our Delphic Oracle.

VENIT, VIDIT, VICTI.

"He came"—yes, he came in the gloaming;
He came in the pride of his power,—
The traditional lion a roaming,
And seeking what he might devour!
His steps in the passage resounded,
He timidly (?) knocked at the door;
We thought 'twas our chum, and, confounded,
Arose and admitted—the bore!

"He saw"—in plain view on the table,
Our cigar case, well filled, open wide,—
(We strove, but alas! were not able
A basket of apples to hide);
Near the fire, too, his favorite invention,—
Our rocking chair, cushioned and tall,
He saw, and with kind condescension
Politely made use of them all.

"He conquered"—our insinuations,
Our hints, though as broad as the door;
Our smothered yet deep execrations
Were all alike lost on the bore;
But with a devotion inspiring,
From study he kept us so bold,
Till the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And next day we "flunked" as of old'
—Roanoke Collegian.