Verily, there is a woful dearth of news at Tech just now. In making this statement, the Lounger be-thinks himself of the mental agony some others highly connected with the staff of a highly reputable and respectable journal would go through, before per-mitting such a reckless statement to get into print. But then, there are very few contemporary sheets which can boast of such a highly developed and emulous department as this presided over by the genial and voluminous scribe who adorns the cut at the head of this column. The pen is indeed mighty, but there are degrees to its mightiness. And that is why the Lounger, bowing gracefully to the toiling editor whose assignment to our news columns prevents his conceal-ing himself in the shadow of any such plea, declares without any effort at prevarication, that there is the dearth.

Saturday next should be a great day for Tech,—that is, the evening should be a great evening for the athletic element. And as we like to think that this "athletic element" includes the vast majority of Tech men, and doubtless does, perhaps the first statement doesn’t need this qualification. The list of attractions offered by the Athletic Club is certainly a promising one, and he who stays away will have to be very sure of his reputation. The time and place have certainly been well chosen, and the man who can’t take Saturday evening off is indeed to be pitied. The Lounger hopes to see a grand array of Tech men and fair friends at the Armory, if only just to show that the honor that we have achieved is fully appreciated by all.

The Lounger has learned from a responsible source that the annual Institute Dinner to the retiring class is to be omitted this year. To use an expression that was long ago expunged by unanimous vote from future columns of *The Tech*, "this is as it should be." It is true that we live to eat, but eating is an accomplishment that most of us acquire perfection in long before we note the youthful aspirations which urge us to a course at Technology, and few of us by that momentous time feel in need of any further instruction in methods for satisfying that natural craving which has been the ob-ject of so much philosophical discussion since Eve first stole apples. And apparently the object par excellence of the previous Institute Dinners has been to present for consideration, new and unimproved fashions for propitiating the inner man. Each of these occasions has been signalized by some startling innovation in this line. And as the exact situation of our mouths, and the means and appliances for reaching them, have been successfully tested and adopted by us all, it is hardly to be wondered at that we refuse to see the necessity of paying a minimum of three dollars for testing our abilities to eat under any distressing circumstances that may be invited by pecu-liarly constructed pastry cooks. No; it is only surprising that the Institute Dinners have been no more unsuccessful than has been the case, all things con-sidered.

And now it becomes necessary to search for new methods of bringing together for some short period the whole of Tech’s bravest. Tech cannot dance or eat together with as much profit and pleasure as an enthusiast might wish,—perhaps a picnic to Chelsea, or a progressive poker party, might serve as a pleasing substitute. And as a last resort we might all respect-fully petition that we be admitted to a typical Faculty Meeting. There are very few of us who would willingly forego such an opportunity to satisfy college spirit.

Little drops of sweet oil,
Little grains of sand,
Put the faithful Freshmen
Where the Seniors stand.

Tramp! tramp! tramp!
The boys are marching;
Cheer up, comrades, they will come:
In a year, or two, or three
They will be as bright as we,
When they’ve learned to march alone
Without a drum.