The Lounger extends his congratulations to the Senior Class on the results of the recent Class-day election. He also takes to himself no little credit in bringing about such happy conditions. It has ever been his duty and pleasure to point out the irregularities and faults of past elections, and after a few years' tutelage the Seniors have evinced the practicability of abolishing caucus methods and political cliques from class elections. There was little of the lobby element in this election, and the officers may rest assured that they hold their positions independently of course or fraternity "pull." To be sure there were some amusing failings, which would attract the attention of an exacting critic. It can scarcely be doubted that the meaning of the Australian ballot system did not receive its strictest interpretation, and as a result, the man who ever volunteers the use of his extensive and valuable knowledge of the ability and fitness of candidates to those members of the class who exclude themselves from class acquaintance, was allowed to advertise himself unmolested. On the other hand, the Lounger did not fail to notice the novel election method, due, it is said, to the Clemency of the Nominating Committee, which did away with the much abused, yet hitherto necessary, "consolation committee" election. The appearance of the names of candidates for the Class Day Committee, and for more prominent class officers as well, avoided the necessity of a second election, and at the same time afforded to unsuccessful candidates the opportunity for representation on the Committee. Those were wise heads, too, that placed the election on the day following the class dinner, for the toasts of that occasion furnished factors which were, without doubt, of no small importance in the estimation of candidate efficiency; and although such benefits were of necessity confined to certain candidates, it is well that the displays of merit should come before rather than after election.

As for the men elected it will suffice to say that the Lounger is assured that they are those who have ever shown their interest in the class, in the football field, in the official chair, in committee work, in class meetings, and in all the social gatherings which go to make the life of a class more than can be given by books and laboratory. Class Day is essentially a social event, and it is well that Ninety-four may rest assured that the duties and pleasures of such festivities will be well and honorably conducted by representative men well qualified to fill the office.

Ninety-six, too, with its startling yet characteristic "M. I. T. Ballot," seems to have arrived on the happy side of a class election; and although the harder rub is yet to come, the Lounger has been confidentially informed that the electoral committee will conduct itself according to usual Sophomore decorum and unanimity. The Lounger was pleased to note that co-education is receiving full acknowledgment at the hands of the Sophomores; for with that gallantry, efficacy, and intrepidity which permits the Sophomore to twirl the cane so daintily, has he recognized the benefits of universal suffrage and the need of adequate representation. Another striking feature of the results of the election was the good judgment shown in following The TECH Board in recognizing the literary abilities of several prominent Sophomores. The Lounger only regrets that there were no more TECH editors to be elected. With such results in mind the Lounger says to '97: "Go to, and do likewise. Contribute to THE TECH, and when the passing glory of 'Technique' Boards appears, then again may you gather fame by the wayside."

The gorgeous spectacle of doughty warriors attracted the Institute world to Boylston Street last week. It was no ordinary procession of ancients and horribles, nor yet the well taught, self-confident parade of the M. I. T. C. C. that aroused the ecstasy of expectation and stirred the well-known military instinct of Technology when the distant boom of approaching medley disturbed the ever-quiet profundity of Institute walls. The scarlet splendor that greeted the Lounger's appearance on the steps was only equaled by the energy with which the inspired souls beat the far-reaching drums. On one of these fearful instruments appeared the words, "Heaven, Eternity, Hell;" and as the band disappeared in the distance, the last word directly under the drummer's vicious strokes seemed, to the Lounger's great satisfaction, in immediate danger of everlasting destruction.