What striking scenes are enacted in that playhouse of the Institute on Garrison Street. Interesting memories are those of afternoons long ago spent in the dusty air of those handicraft gymnasiums provided by our august Faculty. There are the laboratories where embryo carpenters, mechanics, and foundrymen are in process of development. Amid their cheerful scenes of activity energetic Sophomores may be observed playing with blocks of wood, and "working them up" by filling the gaping jambs with sawdust slyly selected. Here may be found the merry Junior, clad in profusely lubricated overalls,—the ablest representative of the "unemployed,"—blithefully humming an opera tune, and incidentally turning a bolt. The Senior, too, amid these genial surroundings, throws aside his customary complacency and classic repose, and condescends to relate his accomplishments to admiring underclassmen. In the forging room, not far removed from the scene of saw and lathe, the animated anvil chorus is to be heard; where the glorified representatives of Technology may be seen ensconced in leather aprons, their grimy faces surrounded by a halo of smoke and lighted by the lurid glare of the forge. See the lithesome blacksmiths, as with Delsartean grace of gesture, they haul the white-hot iron from the fire, and lustily ply the yielding metal. Only the gnomes of Rogers Building, who, in the fiendish glow of chemical furnaces await the proper condition of their melted concoctions, can equal this thrilling spectacle. Amid such scenes may be found hearty good fellowship and cordial co-operation. Class and social distinctions are forgotten, and mutual interest prevails. These Knights of Labor are ever a jovial lot, and judge their fellows only by the test of hand and eye. Especially midst the whir of machinery and the noise of the forge are grimy jokes passed around, and laughing comments made on passing events. Here from time to time may be seen groups of budding mechanics clustered about the time-worn machinery, listening to the whispered secrets of the "instructor" as still the wonders grow.

Such attractions are ever interesting to the Lounger. He finds many a tale of interest in the piles of sawdust and scraps of steel as they accumulate from year to year. The practical pleasures afforded at Tech are no better represented than in the eventful happenings which occur from day to day in the murky light at the "shops."

The Lounger is glad to welcome the display of good fellowship which manifests itself in the formation of the Exeter Club and the Andover Club. The Maine Club, too, with its strictly prohibitory clause, is among these recent creations, and bids fair to rival all in its mixture of lively spirits. When the unifying influences are at work moulding harmonious souls under distinctive titles, none can tell the end of the succession of mushroom societies. Surely if these things be, then may other men with similar affiliations demonstrate the existence of congenial feelings in the formation of more societies. Why should we not have a Budweiser Club of those who gather so persistently at the Old Elm, and a St. James Avenue Club, composed of those merry sprites who cluster about favorite boarding houses. The sympathies of Columbus Avenue should likewise be represented, and a society composed of Tech men at St. Botolph would not come amiss. Bijou and Lyceum Clubs, to which our French dancers would be duly elected, not to speak of Double F Clubs with unrestricted membership, would no doubt give great impetus to social life in this abode of learning. Finally, too, the healthy agriculturists from our suburban towns might find opportunity for the formation of a club for the cultivation of social instincts. With all these improvements, Technology life would certainly receive an impetus toward a few of the philanthropic ends for which the Lounger ever strives.

**IN CHAPEL.**

Her eyes upon the organ vast
Look up in rapt devotion.
My conscience chides me; I should, too,
Be filled with her emotion.

'Tis chapel, and I look across
To where she sits demurely,
Down toward the front. There cannot be
A sweeter picture, surely.

I look above, when—can it be?
My vision now grows clearer;
I catch her bright eyes fixed on me
From out the organ's mirror.

—Oberlin Rev.