Hail to the base ball victors! Who says now that our stupid management is wofully inefficient? Have we not surpassed the expectations of the most doubtful, and distinguished ourselves in magnificent score making? Is not even the B. U. outdone? Truly then may other colleges stand aghast at our record, and despair of equaling it. And, forsooth, our merry band is unexcelled in jocose good fellowship, as they trot about the country. When one of our pleasure seekers lags behind, behold a worse representative is secured, and yet more are we played upon as the wind listeth. Tech men may lavish extensive meditation on such exuberant results, and spend their money wisely in supporting our sportsmen, who so enjoy the fleeting clays and gather for us such renown at sundry suburban picnics. Meanwhile, we may celebrate their conquest in some small aperture, which we may appropriately pull in after us.

Sometime since a “showre swoote” forced the Lounger to retreat from his vantage ground on Rogers steps to the more secluded “general library” where he oft retires to see that the bursar’s venture on a TECH exchange table is still intact. In silent contemplation he sat watching the growth of Technology quarterly plants in the conservatory, where the guardian gardner was humming softly as he deftly culled the leaves of a new magazine. Suddenly a series of muffled cries came from the end of the room where the Lounger thought the conservatory refrigerator was kept. A moment later a rich, feminine voice shrieked from within, “Hello! Mr. A., that number was ‘leven thousand, no hundreds and twenty-six; no, no hundreds, none; ‘leven thousand, the next figure is a cipher, then twenty-six. It’s one, one, cipher, two, six; yes, good-bye!” The Lounger’s fears were groundless. It was neither a murder case nor an escaped inmate of the Emerson School of Oratory. Softly he tiptoed himself out of the room, lest he should disturb the fair telephone manipulator.

Technology’s none too ample resources are sorely taxed to supply meeting places for the nearly countless societies, social, scientific, political, and “what not,” which artlessly request the privilege. At times it seems as if the favor of our smiling, open-armed Alma Mater was to be given to all such parasites, rather than to more deserving Tech men. That old offender, the B. U., is now more or less endured, and the sight of its sons and daughters is not so strange as once, although many a time still does the unsuspecting student come upon a queer professor delivering an unaccountable lecture to these incomprehensible beings. They have now become callous to remarks which audibly consign their college to warmer latitudes, and such favorite localisms now strike with surprise only the long-bearded members of the cotton growers’ alliance, who periodically favor Rogers corridor with their “all-wool” presence. These frisky personages manage to preserve a semblance of respect toward the dignified students, and being somewhat chary of their visits are not looked down upon with that deep disdain which the Tech man is wont to exhibit toward the afternoon frequenters of Huntington Hall.

Prominent among the more serious offenders is that merry gang of freebooters known as the Appalachian Mountain Club. This devoted band of tramps expends untold energy in exploring the wild and impassable meadows of the surrounding country, and in bringing to light rare historical bits which have invariably been exhaustively treated of ages ago. Occasionally, when their courage is good, a long, long walk is taken,—nearly nine miles is the best record,—the last one being over the recently acquired Blue Hills reservation. The circular which contains explicit directions for the arduous outing should not be overlooked, as it includes important bits of advice, amongst them the injunction to get up early, take lunch and a dipper, not to build fires or break twigs, and not to walk on the ground except when it is unavoidable. A large gathering is assured by the clever announcement that barges will convey lazy ones when they feel disinclined to walk. But the best fun is in their meetings in Rogers, where an inspired lecturer relates picturesque experiences in East Boston, or exhorts the members to join a certain “touristic” expedition. Many are the spongers upon the Institute, but few are there with the prestige of this famous society for the promotion of barge riding.