The Lounger rejoices to know that those two bright particular stars in the firmament of Technology organizations, viz., the Glee Club and the Banjo Club, have started in with most encouraging prospects upon another year of activity. The call for recruits went forth some time ago and met with flattering success; and though hampered by the loss of certain members of the late lamented class of Ninety-four, the two clubs bid fair to outdo even their remarkable efforts of last season.

Certain strong-throated and lusty aspirants for the Glee Club having satisfied the critical examiner of the depth of their attainments, received the coveted appointment extraordinary and plenipotentiary, while the merry manipulators of the banjo succeeded in capturing some valuable prizes from among the bashful applicants. Now that the depleted ranks are filled, soon will the cheerful plunk-plunk of Mr. Shepard's cohorts obtrude itself on the ear of the straggler as he hovers about the doors of historic Huntington Hall, to tell him of the struggles for harmonious unison going on within. Though the rehearsals of the singers are, perhaps by Divine dispensation, held in specially designed sound-proof apartments, the Glee Club always contrives to make a good showing when the time comes round, and the two clubs together draw such brilliant and illustrious gatherings as make the Lounger's heart glad to think of. The successful career which this worthy couple inaugurated a year ago will, the Lounger doubts not, be uninterruptedly pursued; and realizing the remoteness of attacks of the coolheaded leadership of the twain, he looks forward to the approaching era of festivities with the brightest of anticipations.

The Lounger also gladly observes that the "Technology Band" has aroused itself from its long period of innocuous desuetude, and that it is preparing to astonish Technology once more with the blare of trumpets and clash of cymbals whensoever L'Avenir or the Deutscher Verein shall produce a ballet worthy of its musical endeavors. The fortunate elect who were present in Copley Hall on a certain gala evening last March, will remember how delightful were the strains of soft, slow music that were coaxed from the reluctant instruments during Monsieur's carefully prepared impromptu, and how efficaciously the wielder of the leader's baton performed his onerous task. Indeed, those worthy souls who masqueraded under the title of "Le Tech Orchestre"—Anglicé, "The Technology Band,"—quite outdid themselves on that famous and memorable occasion. That they will eclipse our other two musical organizations is, of course, merely a matter of conjecture at the present stage of affairs, but the Lounger anticipates great things, and sees no valid reason why they should not ultimately occupy the same enviable position here as does the Pierian with our neighbor over the river.

Until Dame Rumor is much mistaken, the warlike spirits of Ninety-seven are waxing passing weak, and unless invigorating measures are taken in liberal doses, they will soon arrive at a state positively lethargic and comatose. While the Lounger is much gratified at the sturdy spirit which the Freshmen are exhibiting, it is with much disgust that he observes the growing hesitation and downright apathy amongst the men who ought now to be vigorously upholding the fame of former Sophomores, who yet, with unbecomingly shrinking modesty, seem wofully loath to accept a challenge to the annual Cane-rush. What though "their officers lack the confidence of their classmates"? Is it, perchance, because confidence of any sort is so scarce that Ninety-seven has none either to bestow on her officers or to store in her heart to steel it for the coming fray? Will the Sophomores stand idly by and see the Freshmen wield the cane undisputed? The Lounger cannot bring himself to believe that the Sophomores will prove such an easy mark for the Freshmen, or that the stirring scenes around the old flag pole will not this year be enacted with erstwhile vigor and bravery. But let Ninety-seven rouse herself, bestir herself, whip the Freshmen if she can, get squarely beaten, if she can do nothing better,—at any rate, do something, anything to add zest to her existence, which has hitherto seemed to border on the stale, flat, and unprofitable.