SURELY it is passing strange that extremity so dire as
that which a recent incident brought out should exist
among our Architects. The Lounger was impelled to
this reflection by a sad tale he heard not long ago,
which runneth something this wise. Up in the sky
parlors where the sketch class portray flowers, casts,
and now and then the contour of the human form
divine, continual difficulty has been experienced by
the worthy pursuers of the fleeting muse in keeping
their drawings in such a condition of immaculateness
as to satisfy the critical eye of the professor in charge.
Finally this latter inventive individual bethought him-
self of the unparalleled virtues of bread crumbs as a
cleanser of soiled works of art, and hying him to a
nearby bakeshop, purchased a beautiful loaf of bread.
With this triumph of the baker's art he hurried to the
class again, and amid their plaudits bestowed it upon
them. It was now waxing toward the hour when even
architects like to eat, and longing glances were cast
ever and anon to the door, which stood temptingly
open. Soon one of the toilers, who had just com-
pleted his drawing, reached out for a piece of the
bread with which to put on the finishing touches, but
not finding it in his reach, as he had supposed it to be,
glanced up inquiringly, only to descry the last morsels
disappearing into the mouth of a certain other artist.
The Lounger hears that the budding designers now
chain their erasers and padlock their pencils. But
that bread is gone, and the question now seems to be,
who buys the next loaf?

The era of the annual class elections, with all their
political significance, has once more passed by, much
to the Lounger's relief. Now, as ever, have the bud-
ding politicians who yearn to sway the destinies of
their class been out in force, and secret consultations
over the desks in the drawing room have again be-
tokened the mysterious bargains and machinations
which seem almost inseparable even from class elec-
tions. The Lounger is glad that Ninety-six and Ninety-
seven appear to have passed through this interesting
period without any undue amount of corrupt dealings.
The Freshmen, however, seem even now in the throes
of an exciting contest with a more or less well-defined
ring, which, if really existent, the Lounger trusts will
meet with the scornful treatment it deserves. Among
our grave and sober Seniors, however,

"Ways that are dark,
And tricks that are (not) vain,"

It is certainly an unedifying experience which our
Seniors have had, and one by which Ninety-seven and
Ninety-eight should profit. That Ninety-five should
permit itself two years in succession to be dictated to
by Johnny Moore in two particularly important elec-
tions, certainly seems very much like traditional ring
methods. Of the successful candidates nothing need
be said, for it is to be hoped that they are sufficiently
well known to their class by this time. But, verily,
when men reach the position of staid and sober
Seniors, it seems as though they ought to exhibit a
little more familiarity with the subject of class politics
than pea-green Freshmen.

After the dubious thoughts engendered by the ridic-
ulously thinly attended mass meeting in Huntington
Hall, the Lounger was scarcely prepared for the lively
demonstration at the departure of the team for West
Point. Two weeks ago one might well have asked,
"Where is our boasted athletic interest, and how are
we to retain our silver drinking horn won at Worces-
ter?" Now comes a sudden rush of enthusiasm, and
the railway station is thronged with cheering Tech-
nology men. All this would be true balm to the
Lounger's heart did he but foresee any permanence in
this access of virtue; but so long as only constant
urging will bring men to the games, the Lounger can-
ot indulge in any wild hopes of athletic revivification.