The Lounger's able coadjutors, the members of the Faculty, have, he is glad to observe, seen the wisdom of a Junior Week recess. A few days of respite will surely be welcome after the wearinesses of that festive period which the Lounger rejoices to see constantly growing in favor and in prospect of permanence. Five years ago, the bare mention of a holiday at Christmas and a deliberate interruption of a second term's grind at Easteride would have sufficed to give any well-regulated Technology man a case of brain fever. The fact that an equivalent announcement to-day causes no marked increase in the death rate, is sufficient indication that the trend of the times has kept on trending.

The many innovations which are being introduced into Technology surely find their raison d'être in the more cordial relations which are springing up between our noble preceptors and our wayward selves; and the Lounger gladly observes the growth of a closer bond of sympathy between these two bodies, once so hereditarily inimical. The Lounger believes in fostering this spirit, and he is therefore not thunderstruck to observe a prof. and some of his charges quietly enjoying each other's company in a secluded corner at the Old Elm. This indication of good comradeship does away with the necessity for cut and dried expressions of the traditional valedictorian order, which are mostly perfunctory and constitute but a species of flattery laid on thick at the last moment, in order to fill up and gloss over the gaps and rough places previously existent.

Instructors and professors are only mortal—though this trifling but humiliating truth has been known to escape their observation—and they have their little failings. Taking them all together, some of them are a good-natured, capable, long-suffering lot. Those others who are without these amiable gifts of Fortune the Lounger will not stop to characterize now. With his habitual open-heartedness, however, he wishes all of them who take a proper interest in Technology and in the efforts of the students to advance her in the more agreeable direction of social distinction, the sum of human joy. This wholly unconditional and unrestricted benediction is one of the kind the Lounger delights in pronouncing, and he opines that it is not such a bad kind, after all.

Ninety-seven's preliminaries to the choice of her "Technique" Board seem to be happily consummated. Perhaps this announcement is premature, but aside from considerations of the manner in which her election has been conducted, it is a relief to know that it is over. The game of politics has ample playground at Technology. So numerous are the various organizations, and so plenty the offices appertaining thereto, that a sort of election fever is continually raging. Ninety-seven has no sooner emerged from her Electoral Committee election than the struggle for positions of honor in the Athletic Club commences, and the whole pot begins to boil again. When this is over and the hard-won prizes are distributed, the excitement of a final "Technique" election absorbs the attentions; and the desperate efforts to get a "Technique" Board, or perhaps, rather, to get on the Board, fill the air with all sorts of rumors. All this is instructive to him who is not too wise to learn, but over many of our students seem to be in the woful condition of the weak-minded youth who said, "When I was seventeen I didn't know nothin', and father sent me to school to learn some more"! Among college men sparseness of worldly knowledge is the unusual thing; yet at Technology the Lounger observes year after year the same undignified scramble after positions, and the same amount of "trading," which as well from a point of expediency as from ethical considerations, is decidedly poor policy. Whatever organization has the sense to conduct elections in a fair sort of way surely profits by it, and the Lounger wishes the bulk of Technology men appreciated this point sufficiently to compel its general observance.

A Wail.

"Tis sad for distant lodgers,
Who don't go home at noon,
But seek in depths of Rogers,
Refreshment with a spoon,
To hear the waiters utter
That spirit-crushing cry,
"We've nought but bread and butter;
They've eaten all the pie."

Kaw.