The Lounger has small sympathy with those who malign the spring poet. He would be one himself did but the divine afflatus deign to descend upon his soul at an opportune moment. As the observant public has noticed, he occasionally lapses into verse on occasions like St. Valentines Day and other feasts where emoluments are more valuable than even his not overwhelming dividend in The Tech's profits. In this connection he might observe that it has been many years since The Tech has been on a remunerative basis. On the question whether its present financial burdens are due to the persistant refusals of Technology men properly to support a college paper, he has no compunctions in deciding in the affirmative. But "that is another story," and one not calculated to inspire the calm thoughts appropriate to Springtime. The evidences of its presence are everywhere at hand, however. The Tech office boy has washed the windows, and the board coverings have been removed from the steps, each screw carefully numbered with its corresponding hole against the inclement days of next autumn. The proprietor of "my laboratory" has had his hat ironed, or, rather, ought to have, and the daffodils and the violets are, and of right ought to be, meditating of sprouting their annual sprout. Owing to the Lounger's arduous labors on behalf of Technology at large, he is confined within the tiresome limits of brick sidewalks and cobblestones during term time, and the bright botanic phenomena appear without his French assistance. This same devotion to duty compels him to sit in his corner and watch the "bloody rain" come down and make pretty wrecks of Easter finery, while the same gentle downpour transforms into a murky sea that triumph of highway engineering known as Boylston Street. Such are the fugitive thoughts engendered in the Lounger's brain at the presence of a budding season. The ideas are worthless, and, after the usual custom in such cases, he will let them stand for what they are worth.

Ninety-seven has done something. Their "Technique" Board is nearly all chosen, and the class has the Lounger's congratulations. An appeal to the artistic talent of the class lying in insinuating repose against the "Technique" Bulletin seemed recently to remind Technology that possibly our noble Juniors had occupied that vantage ground long enough. Ninety-six's mortgage on the location has certainly been of long duration, and its ending with the announcement of the Prize Competition will doubtless afford the present Sophomores a gratifying chance to exhibit their skill in catchy bulletins. Now that the Ninety-seven "Technique" artists are yet to be chosen, the Lounger might suggest, in view of the difficulties of securing impartial and wholly competent judges, that he has survived the vicissitudes and turmoils of several "Technique" Boards, and that he is prepared to settle this delicate matter to the satisfaction of all concerned. As the Lounger's inherent modesty prevents any more extended exploiting of his attainments, he will graciously leave further action in this matter to the members of the Board, who, he trusts, are amenable to less violent arguments than the proverbial kick.

A pretty maid is nice to see,
And she is nice to woo.
It matters not how sweet she be
If she's not sweet on you.

—Yale Record.

THE MODERN LORELEI.

August—The Shore.
Roll, gray sea, on thy shining sands;
Sigh, young breeze, through the silent tree;
With a sad farewell and a touch of hands
My lover has gone from me.

December—The City.
Ah! haven't I met you before?
I seem to remember your face,—
How extremely crowded the floor,—
Yes, at Newport; the very place.

My card? Not a number left;
So sorry! What, must you be gone?—
And this, in the guise of a summer girl,
"Hat die Lorelei gethan"

—Cornell Era.