The Lounger has heard malicious whisperings that he is secretly glad of the rejection of Technology's petition to Phi Beta Kappa. Personally, of course, he can have no particular interest in a society which demands the exceptional attainments of the scholar as a requisite. His own failings in that line—F's mostly—are too well known to need mention or description now; but if he himself has neither the soul-consuming eagerness of the honor man, nor the slavish devotion to books of his amiable friend the grind, he at least could have no ground for denying to these any satisfaction which might be brought by a glittering mention at Commencement or by the wearing of a motto-decked watch key for the term of their natural lives. The Lounger has a great respect for learning. He has whole bookshelves full of it in his den, for which he demands from his visitors the most deferential treatment; and he would scarcely take this trouble did he not deep in his heart feel an appropriate awe for the courage of a man who writes a college text-book. As the Lounger views the question in this clear light, he can only regret that the honorable society did not feel at liberty to grant a chapter to our institution. At the next convention he hopes that an equally able presentation of Technology's case, supplemented by documents to prove that she possesses more stairways per unit student than any other college upon the globe, may be able to secure what our enthusiastic scientists so much desire.

The Lounger is glad to acknowledge a favor which he has recently received from a firm of agents for the disposal of manuscripts. Permit the Lounger to say, lest mistaken notions prevail, that manuscripts entrusted to this agency are disposed of presumably to publishers, and not to the garbage man, although the latter person might perform a service more important to the public than his usual one, if such were his office. Be this as it may, the Lounger can be but flattered by this attention. Whether his weekly dissertations have proved of such a nature that the agency, by securing the Lounger's patronage, hopes to make a rich thing in obtaining a percentage commission of any "disposals" of his manuscript, is, of course, left to his sense of appreciation to infer. He regrets that he has at present no superfluous works of his own to palm off on an unsuspecting public; he might suggest, however, that he has a lofty pile of effusions from various contributors, whose productions have traveled by easy stages from the Lounger's wastebasket to the capacious bin wherein are stowed such things against the visit of the rag dealer. These he would be "more than pleased" to rid himself of; and if his friend the agent can descry any likely prospects for them, the whole lot might be his at a low figure. Meantime the Lounger rejoices at the esteem in which the literary quality of his own efforts is evidently held, and he freely gives his assurance that upon the completion of his great work, "How to Graduate," the kind attentions of the agency shall not have proved vain.

The Lounger has noticed from his scrutiny of the bulletins that another attempt is being made to revive the somewhat defunct spirit of tennis at Technology. This is good, and pleases the Lounger vastly. He hopes the interest will be renewed, and that enthusiastic devotion to the game will bring about a state of affairs as hopeful as existed at the time when it was deemed likely that the building of courts might be thought of. Those times are vividly before the Lounger's eye, and he hopes to see them duplicated with a trifle more of realism. Well would it coincide with the Lounger's idea of the picturesque to while away the lagging hour in watching the game of 15-love between, perchance, bashful undergrad and coy co-ed. Such a delightful scene on our rolling expanse of green sward with the classic outlines of the Walker Building for a background, would be sufficient to summon many happy memories of the departed summer, and in this way form a source of joy perennial. But to return to earth, the Lounger must admit that in his long and variegated career he has seen so many vain efforts to breathe new life into our multitudinous array of neglected societies that he cannot bring himself to regard this latest endeavor with very wildly expectant hope. The promoters of the scheme may nevertheless be assured of the Lounger's complete sympathy, and whatever quantity of this they may take let them feel that it is gratuitously bestowed.