Another revolution of the whirligig of time has again brought that opportunity for sport which our politicians easily find in the class elections. Each year as the science of class politics becomes more elaborate and permits of greater finesse and strategy, the Lounger awaits the recurrence of this period with increasing expectation, not unmixed with curiosity. For the past few weeks, however, no particular novelties have manifested themselves; the Lounger has been an amused spectator of the superlative cordiality which each candidate exhibits prior to the election; has marveled in the customary way at the suddenly widened circle of acquaintance in which the aspirant delights to move; and has observed likewise this person's utter indifference, after the formalities of election, to the men whose friendship was erstwhile in such demand. Let no callow youth think that these incidents have being only in the Lounger's imagination, fertile though that be, for the Lounger has watched too many exciting campaigns to be wholly ignorant of all the entertaining and instructive phases of electioneering; and though a new method is occasionally employed, the old ones are still thought to be quite as efficacious and somewhat less expensive than the newfangled innovations.

Perhaps the honorable gentleman who recently posed so attractively before the public will forgive the Lounger for insisting that the result of a class election is nothing forever to embitter a man's life, or to send him into the world a sneering, case-hardened cynic; nor, on the other hand, to raise him to any unheard-of pinnacles of beatitude. Like other terrestrial pleasures, the joy of political preferment is but fleeting; and though the Lounger arrogates no credit of originality in this statement, he trusts that his friends the defeated candidates will have become cheerfully resigned to its everlasting truth.

The Lounger has been amused to see to what fervors of righteous indignation his friends of the long-named society can attain. Their last brilliant effort seems to have been the wide exploitation of certain "inhuman cruelties" practiced in the Biological Lab. upon cats from which, as subsequent investigation showed, the ninth life had long ago taken flight. The people in question appear to have been members of a cooking class undergoing a few lectures upon biological subjects—the nature of their culinary pursuits obviously fitting them in a marked degree to probe to the bottom questions of anatomy and dissection—and, fondly gloats over their supposed discovery, they decided that a column in the daily paper was none too large a space to devote to a detailed description of the barbarous practices in vogue. If these worthy persons who were so anxious to rush into print with their woful tale of Technology atrocity had but stayed their too ready pens, they might easily have ascertained that the late felines which were supposed to be suffering the tortures of vivisection had been chloroformed some time before, and that their sufferings, if any there were, could have been only those inflicted in the next world for certain derelictions of cat-duty in the life just quitted.

All of which recalls a famous saying by a late philosopher, whose advice is so well known that the Lounger will forbear quoting it.

More agreeable, if not quite so sensational, was an experience which the Lounger had the other day within the confines of the sanctum, where he was called upon to extend the hospitalities of THE TECH to two fair visitors. The presence of ladies in THE TECH office is by no means a common event, and it was therefore with something swifter than alacrity that he removed his feet from the table and cast a half-burned cigar out of the window. A graceful bow, an exchange of compliments, and the Lounger, assuming his most chivalrous air, was soon engaged in animated conversation. The manifold attractions of the office were duly exhibited and discussed, while the Lounger diligently sought new seductive features wherewith to divert his friends. Everything, from the Lounger's view of Boylston Street to the degeneration of modern manly beauty—typified in the recent photographs of the editorial board—was duly discussed, not to mention delights to come with the advent of Junior week and another TECH tea. The Lounger was thoroughly enjoying himself when his guests, with an apology for the brevity of their call, rose to go, leaving him alone with his thoughts, and deep in speculation when he should again see the fair twain whose visit had so agreeably interrupted his morning.