"'Twas at the—— no, not that famous Amherst game, but at the recent disastrous collision with Brown that the Lounger witnessed a pathetic sight. A friend of his, whose devotion to a life of study is well known, had torn himself away from his tasks in order to witness the noble game, and, some time after the end of the last half was found by the Lounger alone upon the bleachers. He was repeating in a disconsolate tone a list of subjects, presumably those due upon the morrow. A brief but impressive silence followed, succeeded by a startling burst of profanity, wherein the speaker called high Heaven to witness all manner of weird and eerie things. In the matter of swearing the Lounger considers that he is something of a connoisseur himself, and a really creditable effort in this line is necessary to attract his attention; but he must admit that the utterances he had just heard were worthy of especial note for their neat and comprehensive character.

The Lounger's cause for wonder in the incident came wholly from a sense of astonishment that so confirmed a grind could see any profit in attending a football game, and that he could deign to draw so freely upon his prospects of future happiness in expressing his regret at the inevitable flunk upon the morrow. Upon questions of the athletic supremacy of his Alma Mater the average Technology man is a miserably apathetic creature, unwilling to manifest any enthusiasm upon those occasions when such a display is possible, and entirely too selfish to do anything substantial for her advancement. Perhaps this is why the Lounger could scarcely repress a tear at the sight of such heroic self-sacrifice. Perhaps, too, he was sorry that he could not feel that this incident_betokened any re-awakening of a vigorous, old-time college spirit, the absence of which is a mournful fact.

The present day seems still to be with us, and our craving for diseased art and complicated tergiversation as irremediable as ever. The Lounger would not put himself to the trouble of saying such difficult words did he not feel that the truth of his statement was amply borne out by the artistic fence work along the subway. He is free to confess that he admires the ingenuity of the bill-board man and his insinuating signs, and he wishes that such ability might find a more serious and enduring object. He is aware that it is the fashion to speak of other people's efforts as being worthy of a better cause, particularly if the better cause happens to be our own; nevertheless he can but sigh that a man so cognizant of "mass" and "sub-mass," and so worthy to be an able rival of our own free-hand Charlie, should waste his genius upon a board fence. Such efforts, however, seem to be in the heyday of their popularity, and of their remunerativeness also; and hence the Lounger might suggest that a great opportunity is being missed by some of our author-professors, who might adopt this means of advertising their laborious compilations, and of securing for their works a larger and less coercive circulation. This, like Swift's, is but a modest proposal, but one, nevertheless, to which he is glad to invite their respectful attention.

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