If the Lounger's usually accurate memory does not fail him, it was Socrates who made the slighting remark that "Bad men live to eat and drink." Perchance in his day such an assertion was warranted, but the Lounger would fain believe that it is no longer strictly true, for he hopes that the supply of bad men has been proportionately diminished, and he fears, also, that no such harmless amusements as those set forth by the Greek sage are the end and aim of the burgherious and other evil enterprises of whatever malefactors may be left. No one, however, would be likely to insist that such improper motives animate those who dine out at the present day, if, indeed, a certain species of petty larceny may be overlooked; and so the Lounger can feel that those who indulge in the public dinner, and fidget so industriously in anticipation of the post-prandial oratory, may be excluded from the category of the bad men whose sole aim in life is to supply aliment to their systems. Without going into a more recondite discussion of the question, it might be fair, in view of the prevalence of this dining habit, to say that the average college man is apt to find a continuous diet of hotel cookery nearly as wearing as the more deadly fare provided ill the unspeakable 'joint' where he may chance to exist. What with the numerous club and society dinners that have been lately prevalent, the Lounger has small doubt that his ideas on the subject will go unchallenged. But he may safely hope that, despite any possible effect of such ennui, these pleasant functions may continue in the enjoyment of the unabated esteem in which they have ever been held.

When the capacious wastebasket, to which the Lounger has made occasional reference, was emptied yesterday of its week's accumulation, the following bit of genre fluttered to the floor, thereby attracting the attention which it had fortunately escaped before. The Lounger interviewed the author shortly afterwards, who promised a liberal douceur if the Lounger would give his production the favor of an insertion. The inducement having proved sufficiently large, the Lounger begs to present the following entrancing stanzas. He cannot himself venture to decide whether they represent the highest type of heroic pentameter, or whether they are an unknown variation of the sonnet, but he graciously permits the privilege of classification to whomsoever feels equal to the task.

I went to see thee with a check,
To pay tuition's debt;
Thou call'd'st me by my name before
Mine eyes with thine had met.
Again I brought a check to thee,—
On thee for cash relied;
"I cannot cash that check," thou saidst,
"Till you're identified!"

Times are indeed dull when some new project or interesting scheme is not afoot at Technology. After the ambitious efforts of the "aliens," the Lounger has not been surprised at the desire for emulation which has overtaken the Course IX. society. It is rather sad to relate, however, that the projected English play came near to being placed under ban by one of the powers, who felt that whatever prospects of added dignity there might be in the success of the play were more than counterbalanced by the odium which he might undeservedly acquire in the event of its failure. Then, too, the design to produce an original play was duly frowned upon, the reason being, the Lounger thinks, that the attempt to usurp certain interesting functions of "Technique" was, perhaps, a trifle too evident. Not that any jealousy arose in our meritorious annual, but rather feelings of trepidation among those who felt themselves personally interested. The Lounger remembers well the enjoyable productions which were in vogue in by-gone years, and trusts that no supersensitivity in the corps of instructors will have proved formidable enough to prevent the revival of the spirit of good-humored satire, which characterized those famous performances in the past.

The Lounger hopes that in the coming cane rush the irate combatants will have due regard for their friends the enemy. Of late years certain attempts to convert the flag pole into an upright cheval-de-frise and to aid the struggling contestants by artillery from the bleachers, proved extremely ill-advised. The Lounger trusts that less heroic methods will be resorted to this year, and that the rush will be conducted in the old-time spirit of manly rivalry. Verbum sap.