THE TECH

The peculiar mixture of weather with which our good city has lately been favored has been productive of some diminution in the popularity of Technology's favorite resort—the steps. There, erstwhile, the Lounger was wont to tarry and to exchange his jovial greeting with the passers-by, while enjoying the genial whiffs of "divine tobacco"; he now may not remain unless he be pleased with the aspect of dull gray skies and muddy pavement. The peculiar advantages which the steps enjoy have never been lost on the men of Technology, and their reign of popularity in seasonable weather is stronger than ever. Such a vantage point, second only to the Lounger's own particular corner in the TECH Office, whence to view the passing show of Boylston Street, he has been loth to leave for so unsatisfactory reasons as stress of weather. But not much choice is left, and so with due thankfulness for a sunny day, he enjoys to the full the rare opportunities of the autumn weather.

It was upon one of those selfsame rare days that the Lounger was recently lingering on the steps. The bustling crowds that passed up and down distracted the tenor of his far-away thoughts, and he came not to himself till a glint of gold shining in his eye caused him to look up. Vast throngs of messenger boys were pouring in and out at the portals, each member of the noble "army" close buttoned to the chin in brassy jacket and topped with gilt emblazoned cap. The Lounger was on the point of interviewing the Secretary to find whether these youngsters were perchance bearers of bequests to Technology from benevolent testators, when a closer inspection of their habiliments convinced him that those whose identity he had at first mistaken, were but the doughty wights of the Freshman battalion.

The Lounger is quite at a loss to account for these palpable efforts of the Freshmen to deceive the public. Of course the ever-ready "gullible" will instantly associate all semblance of a uniform with the notion that a soldier is contained within it, but our Martian heroes must realize that the introduction of the proverbial "pomp and circumstance" into the corridors of the Technology buildings is a futile effort, if their purpose is really what it seems.

It is often asserted nowadays that the art of writing a polite letter has been lost. In refutation of this common misapprehension the Lounger would like to submit the following communication with which the editors of this paper were recently favored:

Boston, Nov. 18, 1895.

The Teck!

Dear Sirs:—

Received on the 12th Bill for $2.50 for years' subscription for tech. I wish to say that I did not subscribe for it nor I will not pay for it. Discontinue to send them at ONCE

Yours sincerely
X. Y. Z.

This is certainly an interesting specimen of Freshman anger, but the Lounger will forbear to criticise or suggest. Mr. Z. doubtless might have intimated his desires in a somewhat more elegant manner, it is true, but the Lounger contents himself with submitting to those interested in the progress of English education this accurately reproduced specimen of a modern business letter.

The Lounger must confess to a certain shock of surprise which overcame him the other morning when he saw by the paper that "M. I. T. '99 defeats Wellesley, 6-o." The Lounger has long been an interested observer of a prevalent movement, which shall be nameless, and he has read with absorbed attention the recent accounts of Vassar's athletic performances—before a private audience he surmises—upon the track and in the field.

Even the Lounger's hardened sensibilities, however, were hardly prepared for the news of a football game between girls and their sterner cousins, and so he was nearly overcome with wonder at the startling head line in the paper. It was not until he had read a few lines farther that he was reassured in learning that it was not the fair members of a hypothetical Wellesley College eleven who played that remarkable game. It was only a Wellesley Athletic Association team that met defeat at the hands of our valiant Freshmen, but until the Lounger was convinced that this was the fact he was under the sway of feelings more easily imagined than described.