The Lounger rejoiced to observe from last week’s “Communication” that the Institute Committee is still hale. The epistle in question doubtless caused in the hearts of the baseball magnates thrills of honest pride, and administered balm to the feelings of the less successful sons of Arminius and Charlemagne, which, of course, not unexpected in view of the augustness and solemnity of the body from which the encouragement emanated. The Lounger has always cherished for the Institute Committee a fond regard not unmixed with fear, and he has often wondered how the Corporation and the Faculty contrived to direct the affairs of Technology previous to the establishment of the great and only. This last edict of the Committee has, however, silenced all doubts of the probity and sincerity of its members, and the Lounger is glad to know that the practice of paying debts has at last been authoritatively sanctioned. If the same aggregation could only use its good offices to the end that some x dollars of the Lounger's back salary might be coaxed from their shy retreat, he would add to the prayer of the Institute Committee a more than usually earnest Amen.

Spring has at last arrived. This is a statement whose veracity the hypercritical may be inclined to impugn, but nevertheless the signs are so obvious as to vanquish reasonable doubt. The inchoate tennis ground behind Architectural takes on a definite form, and notices of the Artistic Competition for the ’98 "Technique" Board have been placed in Rogers and in Walker. Also there was to be seen last Wednesday in the Engineering Building a notice relative to the first of April, and in the Engineering Alley the floods have subsided to the normal depth. The light-hearted see on every hand much food for merriment, the busy Senior is cursing deeply over thesis complications, and everything is rushing. Verily spring is upon our heels.

It is to be hoped that when the English plays have at last been duly consummated there will be a proper shrinkage in certain occipital dimensions. The glamour of the footlights has proved within the Lounger's sphere of observation a pernicious influence, and men who are ordinarily rational and law-abiding have for the last two weeks let all useful occupations remain unmolested, and in a cloud of exaltation wandered about in a peculiar state of aberration. Perhaps those cuts in the Sunday Herald had much to do with the peculiar state, and though it is pleasant once more to welcome the stately beauty of "Henriette," it is doubtful if such a charming coiffure can again be looked for. The Lounger confesses also to a lingering longing (a lingering longing Lucying longing) for the graceful ballet and the Parisian flavor of last year, which is not quenched even by the sight of certain bloomers and appendant shanks. This picture, by the way, a harsh critic has compared to an X-Rays photograph, to which opinion the Lounger is too polite to subscribe.

The subject of these extraordinary radiations reminds one of the recent meeting of the Alumni Association. It is pleasant to note the excess of enthusiasm with which the Alumni have of late been afflicted. The Lounger has several times thought seriously of becoming an alumnus himself, but some circumstances beyond his own control have always intervened to persuade him of the superior advantages of his present position, and, like the man who accepts office on "Technique," he is always ready to sacrifice himself for the public good. Nevertheless, the position of an alumnus seems an enviable one. The Lounger has heard how graduates are deluged with offers of positions of high trust and excessive emolument, and he would be glad once to have this sort of experience.

It is quite unnecessary for the Lounger to sketch the beauties of a graduate career, for everyone knows how after commencement the new S.B. begins to enjoy the reward of his four years' course, so that he can devote his time to eating annual dinners and fostering the affairs of Alma Mater.

If it so happens that the eager grad can help to form a new alumni association, so much the more glorious is the feather in his cap. For this enjoyable and festive occasion the Lounger hears that our Philadelphia contingent is assembled to-night, and he certainly wishes to them and to their genial guest much pleasure and success.