The Lounger has repeatedly had occasion to caution the rash and precipitate youths who make up that energetic organization, the Institute Committee, against the danger of taking any step which might have any effect upon anything. Hitherto the body has preserved its dignity unsullied by any trace of achievement, but the action taken last week tends to put a period to the innocuousness of its desuetude. The occupation of drawing up resolutions recommending and prohibiting various things is a harmless and even a praiseworthy one when confined within limits. But our senators, in their mad passion for this particular form of amusement, have transcended the bounds of the Institute, and sought new prey across the Charles. It will doubtless be reassuring to Harvard men to know that Technology entertains a friendly feeling toward their Alma Mater. Indeed, the Lounger has himself heard that many of them have been seen wandering about Cambridge with a peculiar sadness of demeanor, due to their feeling that the Institute of Technology did not appreciate them duly. The kindly words of the Institute Committee always confer a pleasing glow of pride upon their recipients, and the Lounger can only hope that an undue cerebral capacity will not be manifested at Harvard in consequence of this communication. It is also to be devoutly hoped that the document will not by any mistake get into the hands of the Lampoon instead of the Crimson.

It is a proverb that misfortunes are birds of a gregarious habit; and perhaps an instance of this is the fact that only a few days before the receipt of our Institute Committee's epistle the crimson eleven was matched against the orange and black of Princeton. The game last Saturday was of the usual harrowing description,—a fine showing by Harvard at the beginning, with a gradual diminution of vigor and energy until the end. The day, however, was most propitious, and the maids and the costumes passing fair. At first the Lounger was inclined to envy the bold gladiators in honor of whose prowess this gay assemblage was convened. But he found by experiment that when he whispered airy nothings in the ear of his companion, that her attention was with great facility distracted from the canvas backs in the arena; and as to presume that such a result was due to his own poor charms of conversation would savor of conceit, the Lounger must suppose that such was the case all about the field. Here, too, as elsewhere, the soft word gains access to the heart of beauty, while the brave deed goes unregarded.

The Lounger hails with delight a manifestation of even greater vehemence than usual in the formation of new societies, and new projects among the old ones. The Department of Politics and Polite Learning is planning a second representation; may we be mercifully preserved from another bloomer outrage! The disciples of Monsieur are also throwing out deadly hints of a perpetration about Christmas time, which we may hope will be attended with no serious tonsorial sacrifice. All that the votaries of Terpsichore now need to put them in high feather is the usual state of guerilla warfare between them and the votaries of the flagon. The latter, however, are not yet emerged from their annual stupor, so that the Gauls are forced reluctantly to be at peace. The Architectural Society has found its true level at last, and publicly regales it vigorous appetite upon pickled rats and bird's-nest soup. The Tennis tournament goes merrily on at the rate of a game a week, and promises to be quite finished by Christmas. Among the newer aggregations which bid for a place upon the rolls of fame,—in other words, a page in the '98 "Technique,"—are the Chess Club and the Fencing Club. It is time that the Chess Club should be rejuvenated once more, for it is now some seasons since the old association broke up. The game is a noble one, and well worthy to occupy the leisure (!) of the Course V. or the Course VIII. grind. The art of the rapier may perhaps be considered in this age as more ornamental than practical. The Lounger has noticed that those men who have joined this class are all of them of more or less pronounced beauty in form and feature, and it is probable that their aim is the acquisition of an added physical grace to set off their manly forms. Taken together, all the budding plans show great promise for Technology's social life.