The Lounger notes with approval the occurrence of another "brief respite from the labors of college life," as the stately editorial writers of this organ would probably describe it. He refers to the anniversary of the nativity of George Washington. For the gentleman in question the Lounger has the greatest respect; in spite of the fact that he was in politics. The mind which first evolved the concept of raspberry jam between an upper and a lower stratum of sponge cake is worthy of all reverence. In one direction only the parent of his country did not excel: his imaginative powers were sadly limited. One of the Lounger's rivals, a well-known humorist, once remarked that he considered himself a greater man than George Washington, because George Washington couldn't tell a lie while he could and didn't. The Lounger, however, is far ahead of either, for he not only can tell a lie, but does frequently.

It is pleasant indeed to see that calm peace has settled down upon the warring sons of '97, and that all goes merrily as a dinner bell. This phrase strikes the Lounger as peculiarly happy, even for him, because the principal cause of the reconciliation was the imminence of the annual feast. These particular youths, now masquerading as Seniors, have always shown a marked addiction to the pleasures of the table. When, therefore, they discovered that their little difficulties about nominating committees were interfering with the more weighty affair of their Class Dinner, the heated conflict stopped at once. The gastronomic questions were carefully discussed. Then the matter of the repast being settled, all found themselves in good humor, and the settlement of the Class Day dispute became easy. One other factor contributed also to this felicitous conclusion; namely, the presence of a veteran of last year's struggle, whose wide experience in Institute politics renders him peculiarly fitted to act as the guide, philosopher, and friend of incipient alumni. The success of his intervention suggests strongly the advisability of creating a permanent office, whose incumbent might lead successive generations through the devious mazes of the Senior elections.

The Lounger has in the past found occasion to say a word of commendation for the canny policy which actuates the authorities of the Institute. Nothing is more pleasant than a careful and economical administration of public funds, and it is only just to speak with praise of the last instance of thrift on the part of the Corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Some time ago the Athletic Association held a meeting modeled in miniature after the Olympic games, in the gymnasium on Exeter Street. As usual a large and enthusiastic concourse of loyal students supported the efforts of the management, and the custodian of unpaid bills, yclept Treasurer, began to rub his hands with glee. But he was reckoning, literally, without his host. The next morning came a missive from the Powers that Are,—it was a bill for the gas burned during the evening. Such good business methods as this cannot fail to place the Corporation of the Institute very soon on as firm a foundation as the Sugar or the Whiskey Trust. The Lounger only regrets, however, that the splinters from the floor which may have stuck to the athletes' shoes were not estimated as kindling wood and added to the bill.

The Lounger usually lunches late, after the hoi polloi has departed, trusting, of course, to his faithful Hebe to save him the fat of the land and the skim of the milk. At these times a certain instructor who teaches the young idea how to shoot (No, not the gallant Cap'n; this phrase is purely metaphorical), always occupies a particular seat of peculiar convenience. How said instructor manages to secure his special point of vantage the Lounger perceived on a day last week when he departed from his usual custom and lunched early. As he complacently munched his ham sandwich and quaffed his creme-d-no, just cream, the instructor stealthily approached and whispered in his ear, "Have you finished your lunch?" For answer the Lounger chewed expressively and grasped more firmly his sandwich and his flagon. "Well, turn up your seat when you get through, will you?" said the other, and glided away. But thus it is that the witless Freshman is bamboozled and has to eat his lunch standing.