Some days since, as the Lounger was dreaming in his sanctum, his revery was disturbed by a succession of most painful sounds. He roused himself with a start, and began to speculate as to whether the inhabitants of the Zoo or several hundred barrel organs were more likely to have invaded the quiet precincts of Rogers. There was no Senior class meeting at the time which might account for such a babel; neither could the pandemonium be caused by the usual greeting of Ninety-eight to her favorite son (and hair). At last the Lounger decided to investigate for himself the cause of the disturbance; and upon opening the door of The Tech office his curiosity was gratified. The Banjo Club in Room 31, and that newest enemy to peace, the Freshman Orchestra quartered in Room 33, were engaged in a dual contest. In volume of dissonance the Orchestra easily bore off the palm, since it possessed a drum under the control, apparently, of a promising athlete. In endurance, however, the older aggregation was vastly superior, and it also gave more indications of team work. As the Orchestra began a serenade in D minor, and the banjos twanged merrily away at a plantation melody in G sharp, the Lounger sadly but firmly left the Technology Buildings, and walked down Tremont Street to seek comparative peace and melody in the rattling of the electric cars and the twanging of their bells.

Truly is there no rest for the Institute politician. Now that all the energies of '97 are bent upon the comprehension of the Class-day election scheme, the Juniors and the Sophomores are plunged into the mad vortex. The statesmen of '99, of course, had their "Technique" Board arranged long ago, but still the election of the Electoral Committee has made the schemers yet more active. It is to be hoped that every man upon the Committee will go into this matter firmly convinced that everybody else is banded together in an iniquitous clique, and resolved to suspect and distrust everyone in consequence. This has been the method found in the past most fruitful of confidence and good-will. As for '98, there would appear to be no reason for political difficulty. Yet, nevertheless, the Lounger hears sundry whispers which lead him to infer that the selection of a Prom. Committee has caused heart-burnings in some quarters. This the Lounger regrets, for he always looks forward to the joys of Junior Week with chastened eagerness. He hopes, therefore, that the Committee will uphold the standards of the past and the credit of the present Junior Class.

The Lounger was surprised to note a widespread desertion of the Institute last Saturday, and on inquiry was still more astonished to find that the missing ones were all bound for the weekly run of the Hare and Hounds. The fact that the course passed through the Wellesley College grounds served, perhaps, to explain the peculiar phenomenon. Indeed, every man who had ever run, or had ever thought he could run, and who was proud of the calves of his legs, as most men are, grasped the opportunity with avidity. Only a few of those cursed with over-slender shanks stayed at home. The effect of this galaxy of masculine beauty upon the minds of the Wellesley maidens must have been moving in the extreme, and the only possible retaliation is for the college bicycle club, if there be such an one, to visit the Institute in bloomers.

There are certain of the chemists who, having wearied of dissolving insoluble residues, and filtering unfilterable precipitates, seek something softer and analyze butter and milk. One of them wished for some of the lacteal fluid on a certain day, and sought out for its purchase a neighboring emporium where they sell milk—and other things. He had recently paid his subscription to The Tech (this seems improbable, but is true, nevertheless), and was poor. He informed the clerk, therefore, that the milk was for Technology, and turned to go. But the clerk in question was new and conscientious. "Technology?" he said. "Wait a minute. Is that a branch of the Y. M. C. A.?" This tale is certified by several credible witnesses.

"Why look you so intently?"
She asked in accents terse.
"I love to scan your perfect form."
Quoth she, "I'm not averse!"
—Ex.