The Lounger is glad that another class now shares with '98 the supreme glory of a special number, for ever since the honor awarded them last spring the gallant Junior's self-approbation has been painfully apparent. Of course it was last year more particularly, that the sons of '99 came under the Lounger's protecting care; and he is constrained to say that never since his installation as the patron of Freshmen has he had such a troublesome lot of youngsters to deal with. They would have a class pipe; they would drink ginger ale; they would go to Keith's; and in every way showed a firm determination to be quite men of the world. Nevertheless for a bit of a dance, which the Lounger enjoyed after the drill last spring, he is strongly tempted to let all the youthful follies be forgotten. This year, too, '99 has sown its wild oats and has settled down quietly to feel them. In the matter of the cane rush the wily Sophs made up in legal acumen and oratorical talent for any lack of brawn and muscle. Finally, it has elected a "Technique" Electoral Committee without any scandal about Fraternity or Course II. rings. May it choose its Class-day officers, when that time comes, with as great unanimity.

When the Boston Herald digresses from the subject of prize-fighting and treats of matters literary or scientific the result is liable to be amusing. Some three weeks since an inspired emendation greeted the Lounger's matutinal gaze upon the subject of "The Electric Revolution in Railroading." The Herald, like some Sophomore architects, considers electricity a very deep subject. With a charming naïveté, it relates that when eleven men, employed on a railroad, were asked whether a current passed along the outside or through the body of a conductor, five said outside, five inside, and the eleventh was non-committal. This, the Herald thinks, shows how very "occult" the whole subject is, and the Herald wags its head sagely. Moreover, when a scientific man, who recently lectured before the Lowell Institute, very kindly set the matter right in a communication, the Herald lost its temper, and last Sunday attempted with convincing sarcasm to justify "newspaper exposition of scientific progress," which "consists in the interpretation of scientific men to the ordinary reader." Now, the Lounger would suggest to the Herald that the lesson it should learn from this little faux pas is to leave the "exposition of scientific progress" to more legitimate agents. Scientific men, as a rule, have neither time nor inclination to seek newspaper notoriety, and when the Lounger reads an "interpretation of the language of scientific men," he is inclined to suspect that the interpretation is unauthorized or the scientific man a charlatan.

The Lounger has heard dim rumors in the past of difficulties between the President of the Athletic Association and the Captain of the Track team. He is pleased to note that the recent election has laid the foundation for a more peaceable state of things. Indeed he is assured that there will be perfect unanimity of action in the future between these two functionaries. It is only another case of the lion and the lamb lying down together—the lamb inside the lion.

Recently, a student at the Institute, well known to his friends, and popular with those who like him, made a call upon a young lady, as students sometimes will. Now it began to storm with great fierceness while he made his call, a thing which also sometimes happens in Boston. The young man had a long distance to go, and seeing the inclemency of the weather the maiden took pity on him and asked him to spend the night. When the youth came down to breakfast in the morning they asked him how his coat and hat, which hung in the hall, came to be dripping with water. "Why," said the guest, with a slight hesitancy, "I went home for my pajamas!"

Time Brings Changes.
(By a man from a Military "Prep." School.)

Four years ago, a martial man,
I "sighed" on Alexander's plan.
But now I say (speech thev abhorred)
"The pen is mightier than the sword!"

"But mine's a transitory stage,—"
This is a mercenary age,—
I'll doubtless yet say, nothing loath,
"Cold cash is mightier than both!"

DON D.