The athletic boom has kept on booming. The Lounger makes this statement without reservation or qualification; for what but a boom, and that of the loudest description, could have called together that astounding concourse that filled Huntington Hall to overflowing last Friday? The greasy grind, the pallid sport, the slumberous architect were there. The forge fires were left to burn themselves out, the Emery testing machine was given a half hour’s rest, the little kettles of the chemist were allowed to boil away without restraint. The Faculty was out in force, and even the Secretary and the janitor’s boy forsook their respective tasks, and hastened to swell the throng.

It was a cheerful and enthusiastic crowd, also, and bore with patience the long list of collectors and contributors, even extracting some amusement from the smaller sums. All this may have been scarcely so pleasant for the donors themselves, the exact amount of whose munificence was thus announced before their faces, but it gave an opportunity to test the relative popularity of the members of the corps of instruction. Judging by the quantity of vociferation, Monsieur of the Initials and the Knight of the Purse are close rivals for the favor of the barbarous multitude.

One pleasant feature of the meeting was the extreme good feeling which appeared to prevail among the gentlemen on the platform. First Mr. A. got up and said what a fine man he considered Mr. B. Mr. B. then rose and declared in a few well chosen words his admiration for Mr. C. Mr. C. next dilated upon the remarkable virtues of Mr. A., and altogether it was a very pleasant family affair indeed. The Treasurer of the Association was, of course, the particular hero of the occasion. In the course of this newest light in the Technology firmament the Lounger has been much interested of late. It has been a puzzling question to him to discover to which of two causes the increasing length of hair and beard, so alarmingly noticeable, is due. Are the duties of an athletic Treasurer so arduous that he can find no time for the periodical abbreviations of his hirsute adornments which the canons of good society prescribe?

Certain it is that past Treasurers of the M. I. T. A. C. have not found their labors so absorbing. Or, like the strength of Samson, has political pull mysterious connection with length of locks? This would explain the fact that the popularity and the beard of the individual in question have increased pari passu. The Lounger, therefore, bestows his benison upon "the most popular man in Technology," for whom, if he carefully eschews the striped pole, a first marshalship may be waiting next year.

The Lounger was somewhat surprised last week to note an aching void about the table where the Walker Club tickets are dispensed, instead of the usual interested circle. It occurred to him at first that perhaps one of the improper posters of the Club had caused a boycott. He soon perceived, however, that it was only the presence of a rival attraction that had caused the old favorite to be discarded. The Freshmen had begun the sale of tickets for their war-like festivities at the close of the season, and a regular bargain counter rush was the result. As usual, the deadly fascination which the panoply of horrid war always exerts was proving quite too much for the soberer charms of the dramatic muse.

What the Institute of Technology really needs is a lot of nice new societies; at present there are not quite enough for every man to be an officer. The Lounger was, therefore, pleased at the idea of a mechanical engineering society, and dropped in at the organization meeting the other day to see how the plan was getting along. From one of the speeches he learned that the projected organization will, indeed, be an acquisition. The gentleman in question was urging that only upper classmen should be eligible, and cited the Technology Club as an example of the good effects of such a rule. He added that he wished to make the new society very select indeed, "not like the Hammer and Tongs." Now, of course, the Lounger does not know how things are run in these degenerate days. But when he was a Junior the Hammer and Tongs was considered quite one of the most exclusive of the professional societies (except, perhaps, the Architectural Society, whose members, as all gentlemen of leisure, might take precedence), and the Lounger is sorry to hear that it has lost its old prestige.