The Editors of the '98 "Technique" were happy about the middle of last week. Their work was almost done, their darling volume on the verge of completion, and it was natural that a thrill of exultation should be theirs. Unfortunately, however, they were not content to be happy among themselves but wished to call upon all the world to rejoice with them. So they decided to make a poster; and the felicitous thought occurred to them of using the yellow Young Person as an advertising medium. The novelty of this idea cannot but strike every observer. So the merry Editors rose with the sun on Wednesday morning and sallied forth in jocund wise, bearing large pots of glue. It was quite evident to them that the advent of "Technique" was the most important thing in the world; everyone would be more interested in its forerunners than in any private affairs such as the meetings of societies and so on. So, with generous gobs of glue was the yellow abomination fastened everywhere: on blackboards, on glass bulletin-boards, on the clock in Rogers, on the pillars, at Maclachlan's, in the Architectural and the Engineering Buildings, upon every tree along Boylston and Clarendon streets, until the whole universe seemed to reel under the terrors of another yellow day. It was only fortunate that one of the Administrative officers of the Institute had not arrived at this early hour or posters might have been fastened on his back during his progress through the corridor.

At last the deadly work was completed. The Editors looked upon the result of their labors with honest pride for a few minutes,—and then went home to breakfast, with the calm confidence that the glad news that "Technique" was at hand would be disseminated broadcast throughout the land. But, alas for their proud hopes! The reign of kiddishness was to be of short duration. Scarcely had they departed when the stern minion of the law arrived. The trees in Boylston street were city property; and the offensive pla
cards must be removed. About the same time the student body began to appear and in a short half hour the voracious Freshmen had carefully and conscientiously cleaned out every poster that had been affixed with tacks; while those which had been glued, were torn off with maledictions by the officials of the organizations to whose property they were attached. About ten o'clock, as the saddened Editors pensively watched Janitor John cleaning the trees off with a sponge, there was no vestige left of the morning's outbreak except one solitary poster locked in the "Technique" bulletin board and a large number of glue stains and tack holes in various parts of the building.

The Lounger has had the privilege of a glance at the advance copy of "Technique" sent to his coadjutors for review, and considers it a decidedly creditable production, considering the amount of boasting which has preceded it. The grinds have an old-time vigor which is refreshing, though hardly quite in keeping with the highly moral aphorisms in the Greeting. "Technique" appears to come in for an unusual share of hard knocks, which is amusing considering the number of men upon both boards. The Lounger likes to picture his friend the Editor in Chief, and all the sub-Editors in one disguise, belaboring themselves soundly under another to the applause of the outside world. There is certainly little danger of the humor being ill-natured which is aimed at the "Technique," while the same men are victims and satirists.

The Lounger hears frightful rumors of a game of hand ball, or battle ball, or basket ball, or one of these fancy athletic sports, between a team from Technology and a bevy of Amazons from the Posse Gymnasium. May the authorities be held back from any such suicidal plan! Will not the spoils of the second-best Harvard team suffice? Will not the laurels that bloom by Lake Quinsigamond reach at least once around the enlarged athletic head? Let us not tempt the fates by an advance into fields of new and untried danger. Our heroes of the cinder path are susceptible. Who can tell the deadly effect of a glance, of a wave of the hand, a toss of the curls from a fair antagonist at a crisis in the game? It would rattle the pitcher and break the interference up completely. Besides such a contest might provoke a renewal of the Woman's Rights discussion, recently conducted by correspondents of The Tech. And that is an evil which must be averted at all hazards.