Although the Lounger is gifted with a calm and equable disposition, yet he is not always gay; like other men he has his moments of pensiveness tinctured with mild melancholy. At such times he loves to pick out a few sad, minor chords on the piano, or to peruse the Harvard Lampoon. It was while engaged in the latter occupation that he came across the following “Specimen Lecture,” purporting to be a typical discourse by a certain instructor of youth across the Charles:—

Gents, in order to write, you'd better have some paper, and ink, and pens. Then you better have something to say. If you can't find anything to say, come to me, and I'll give you something. I never said anything yet in one of my books, so all the ideas I've got, I've got yet.

Gents, having got an idea, use it. Use it until it's worn out, and throw the resulting manuscripts in the fire. Then, when you've worn out the idea, when it is all threadbare, and you are dead sick of it, write it again, and if you are like me, you'll sell the manuscript. I never sold any manuscript until I had worn the idea all out. I used to send lots of manuscript to magazines, but I never sold any, until I got to be an editor. Then I sold manuscript to my own paper, for a thousand dollars a line. Excuse my being personal.

Did you ever see my poem to my baby boy? They wanted to print it in the Youth's Companion, but I sold it to the Fireside Companion, instead, for seventy-five—now don't look so funny—I mean dollars, of course. Well, you may read it for next time, also my novel, “The Phillyloos,” and write a report on them.

Is it necessary for any Technology man to be told that the above was headed, “Carlo Bites in English 12?”

The Lounger felt it to be clearly his duty to encourage the cause of Technology athletics by attending the cross-country run last Saturday. He arrived at about three o'clock, in time, as he expected, to see the finish, and to join with the enthusiastic multitude in showering plaudits upon the winner. To his astonishment Exeter Street was deserted, and the President of the Athletic Association stood alone, with folded arms and impassive countenance, upon the Gymnasium steps, looking like Napoleon at St. Helena.

“Is the run over?” cried the Lounger. “No.” “Well, where is the throng of palpitating spectators?” “O, some of them have gone away, and some are in the Gym. Only two of them have gone. The other three are in the Gym.” “Well, haven’t you any officials?” “O, yes; I got an alumnus, an old officer of the Association, to act as timer, and we were going to borrow a stop watch from the Y. M. C. A. for him; he's gone though, too.” “Well, but I don’t understand. Are you timing the run?” “Well, there isn’t any run this afternoon. I called it off.” “Called it off? Why?” “O, the weather isn't good.” “You didn’t give the run up on account of the day being cloudy?” “Well, the official reason I gave was the insufficient number of contestants. You see there were only three men down here, and two of them said they wouldn’t run to-day on account of wetting their feet. We can have the run in the spring, you know. The truth is, the boys don’t take as much interest in Track athletics just now as they ought.” “No,” replied the Lounger; “I see they don’t.”

The Lounger's old friends, the Institute Committee, are stirring vigorously, and the interests of the “undergraduate body at large” are likely to be well attended to. The Lounger must confess to a slight misgiving that our Senators have tackled a rather hefty subject in that of Class-day elections. The promptness with which their scheme has been presented to the Senior Class would be highly commendable,—if it were not for the fact known to a select few that the Committee tried to prepare it for ‘97, and by being rather less than a year late, came in nicely for ’98! If this well-considered and thoroughly matured plan is adopted, the greatest amusement of life at Technology will be done away with. How can Class-day officers be properly selected without the usual opportunity for candidates to test the ductility of wires? How can the voter intelligently distribute his suffrages unless he has been worked up to a thrilling pitch of excitement by denunciations and counter-denunciations, by dark hints of fraternity and non-fraternity rings?

In passing the bulletin board of the Lowell Institute lately, the Lounger noted that “Cannon Cheyne” was to speak on various Biblical subjects. He must be one of the great guns of the season.