The Lounger has been re-reading "Walden," a book, as the Professor of English would probably remind his classes, written by Mr. Thoreau about the charms and the freedom of a woodland hermitage. He has been struck anew by the crudeness, the incompleteness of its philosophy. The Lounger understands Nature; he has lain on a hilltop at night gazing at the silent stars, and has felt the thrill of life, whirring, rustling, twittering life, in a meadow under the midsummer sun. He does not undervalue the comprehension of this Nature; but to be wise, to be really a thinker, one must comprehend a deeper, subtler nature, Human Nature. And with Human Nature Thoreau had no sympathy. If he had possessed it his scorn of mankind might have lessened. He might have looked beneath the externals, and found even in the most humdrum lives ideals and aspirations which would have put his own selfish independence to the blush. He says in one of his charming moments of mysticism, "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail." What does he mean? Faith, perhaps, and Strength, and Hope. Well, the Lounger believes there are men leading sorid, practical lives; engineers, perhaps, or draughtsmen, who are yet mounted upon their bay horse and following where the turtle dove leads. The hermit bent on self-culture is not the only—not even the true idealist. If a dreamer is not animated by love of his fellows in some way to make his visions serve mankind his dreams do not come from the ivory gate. The highest ideals are ennobled when they produce actual benefit to others, even of the slightest. The best aspirations are made better when they are shared, which is, perhaps, why the Lounger has permitted himself to write the above, which must appear sad drool to many of his readers.

The Lounger is greatly disappointed by the defeat of the scholar in politics. It would have been indeed pleasant to see the professor of Wormology sitting upon the platform of the Grammar School, listening to the star scholars' recitations, pinching the little girls' cheeks, rewarding the good boy with an apple. It would have been a delightful, though a somewhat violent innovation, to have had a man who knew anything about education on the Boston School Committee. But the fates and the Irish vote willed otherwise. And the cause, according to the Lounger's opinion, is not far to seek. When a man is very, very popular with the ladies, those of his own sex feel a certain jealousy which prompts them to vote against him. Against such a force the power of the Press, even the Boston Herald and The Tech can do little.

The Lounger is always pleased when one of his friends in Technology achieves distinction in the world which lies without the portals of Rogers. Such has recently been the case with the comely maid who dispenses beakers and test tubes on the third floor of the Walker Building, just opposite the Margaret Cheney Room. "It seems strange to find oneself so suddenly famous," said petite Elsie to a Post reporter last evening, blushing, and insisting that she had done nothing worthy of notice," so reads a portion of an interview with the "vivacious little woman" in one of our great journals. The fact is, that the young lady not only engaged in a thrilling hand-to-hand struggle with a would-be bicycle thief, but finally took part in a tug-of-war contest with burglar No. 2, in which burglar No. 1 played the part of a rope, and in which considerable window glass was shattered. The Lounger is inclined to doubt the "blushing" part of the reporter's story; as to the rest, he can fully believe it, for he once tried to return some apparatus after the time was up, and his experience was much like that of the unfortunate bicycle thief.

"I hate that man," the rooster said.
Unto his cackling frau.
"I sympathize with you," she clucked;
"I'm laying for him now."

—Ex.

He loved his Dinah dearly,
And he sighed to her one night:
"Dinah, could you love me?"
And she whispered: "Dinah might."
They were married in the autumn;
When she blows him up at night
He realizes what it meant
When she whispered, "Dynamite." —Ex.