Now have we, truly, many agreeable singers within the precincts of our village, whom the Lounger takes no small pleasure in honoring by his official presence at many of their public efforts. The time itself is full of unusual significance, for at this season the Lounger is accustomed to dine more than ordinarily well, it being a well-established fact that such custom lends itself excellently well to a happy disposition of the digestive organs, and by consequence to a most favorable receptive condition of the nervous tissue. Such, at least, in the opinion of Voltaire. Imagine, then, your obedient servant, clad in the height of fashion suited and groomed to a pinch, sauntering with easy grace, at twilight, along the principal thoroughfares, to the groaning board of one of our genteel hostelries. There, for a modest stipend (mathematically equal to \(\frac{3}{2}\)), see him digesting a soup, a fish, a relish, a roast, a wine to each, with all the little accompaniments which M. Guillaume, our maître d’hôtel, has prepared for his delectation. Imagine all this; truly a fair prospect. But we must about the evening’s business. With ample ease, and a quiet application of the toothpick in ordinary, he then adjourns to the neighboring playhouse where, with a proper sang-froid, he leaves the remainder of his V. with the gentleman at the door, and enters the hallowed precincts devoted to (the modist’s) art. By this period, it is needless to remark, he has assumed the blasé and callously uninterested expression customarily worn upon the features of well-bred gentlemen in public. With an unrelenting steadiness, born only of experience, he focuses his glass upon the nearest maiden who, for the moment, is looking his way. It is easily done if the girl is pretty, otherwise it is embarrassing. The curtain up, the piece is poorly done if we cannot forget our surroundings. And this is difficult enough if our neighbor unfortunately prove an enthusiast of the clapping variety, who will insist upon clapping himself into every tragic scene when we would happily try to think a little. For him and creatures of that ilk, the Lounger can enunciate only certain phrases in “Latin.” Yet are there two circumstances which do ordinarily interfere somewhat with the evening’s entertainment, namely, the occasional metallic ring in the upper register of the tenor which does remind us of our free gift to the gentleman at the door, and the presence of supers whom we recognize, under indifferent disguise, as our whilom companions of the morning, and who do invariably turn the color of the evening sun and appear hopelessly distressed whenever they see occasion to disfigure the stage. However, notwithstanding these rejoinders, there is yet much real pleasure, obtainable at high cost, in entertainment of this class, and the Lounger will continue to squander his pittance in search of the same so long as the cheerful singers shall continue to visit the neighborhood. This year especially, thanks is due to Mr. G. Washington for making his birthday come within the festive season.

The Lounger is pleased to note that even in the stress of Class-day elections his friends in ’98 have not lost the modesty and self-repression which has characterized them since their entrance to the Institute. Upper classmen will remember the extreme difficulty experienced in getting any one to accept the honorable sinecures on the staff of “Technique” two years ago; and the same drama has been re-enacted within the last two weeks. Instead of the usual ambitious struggle on Class-day nominating committees, the only object of the ’98 men has been to escape running for office; and forcible means were resorted to in order to obtain a creditable ticket. After the committee disbanded, the authorities of the Class had once more to exercise coercion in order to prevent the self-effacement of the altruistic candidates. A wave of popular indignation, however, asserted the inalienable right of every ’98 man to resign from everything. It was, however, useless. These modest Seniors did resign; but, to their chagrin, they were instantly renominated, and in some cases for more important positions than before. Only on election day were the hopes and fears of those concerned all set at rest. There were ruthlessly sacrificed on the altar of public service many of the best and bravest of ’98. The Lounger congratulates those who have triumphed after such arduous efforts, and escaped Class-day office; while to the candidates who were elected, in spite of all they could do, he extends his heartfelt sympathy.