The wholly deplorable lack of interest shown by the Senior Class in its recent election of officers has been a source of no little regret, not to mention pain, to the Lounger. For as it fell out, there were on the entire ticket but two more candidates than officers. Thus, in the majority of cases, it became the painful operation of the properly qualified voter to choose between one man.

Were they elected? Of this no man may be sure, for is there not the exigency of lack of sufficient votes to constitute one election? And for this state of affairs to thrust itself upon us but one week after the editorial writer discoursed at such great length and beauty upon the manifold blessings incident to a full list of candidates! Truly, in the present case there seems to have been much waste of printers' ink and inordinate expenditure of good, valuable time in the checking of costly ballots. A rarer scheme, it would appear to the writer, would have been to refer the question quite properly to the Lounger, when a respectable, intelligent, and highly genteel selection would have been made without this "destruction of wealth," as our hero of Manilla would say. But even while weeping profusely over the sad course of '99, it is a joy to glance at the goodly lists of '01. These gentlemen have followed the advice of the editorial writer, and, behold, it is rumored that ten bushel baskets will not hold the names of the candidates for vice president alone.

Amid the many changes that have been unwittingly enforced upon us during the summer siesta under the pseudonym of improvements; amid the tearful partings asunder of familiar features or associations; amid this great upheaval of educational earth, and the gradual settlement of the particles into grander but sadly foreign shapes,—amid all these whirlpools of environment, nothing so much creates the sentiments of constancy, stability, and immutability; above all, nothing so much instills the conception of the imperturbability of time, as the meeting with an old, true friend. Such a friend the Lounger has found—such a constant, unchangeable friend, that it is a real pleasure to look upon its calm, unruffled face again. Many a time and oft while hastening up the stairs of Rogers in Freshman year, and since, has its cheerful face brought a temporary relief from the tardy mark and the forcibly locked door, until he, too, found that it, like myself, had long since ceased to hope to be on time. O Rogers' Clock on the stairs, with hands graciously extended at fifteen and a quarter minutes of the hour in welcome to the weary and forsaken, thou, at least, art with us once again; thou, at least, though others change, reveal'st no lapse of time; and thou, O Clock, wilt never, we are sure—perhaps canst never, by reason of rust—pass thine hands sadly over thy face and turn away!

It is indeed gratifying to the Lounger to witness the pleasing alacrity with which his timely precepts anent avoiding the crafty Soph., have evidently taken root and borne golden fruit in cerebral Freshman soil. As the Lounger was hurrying, as much as is consistent with his dignity, to his sanctum one noon not long since, to prepare a warning to his Freshmen flock, he became aware of a crowd of slouch-hatted, loud-voiced, sinister-eyed youths wending their miserable way toward Huntington Hall where, according to a bulletin duly inscribed and posted, the Freshmen were to hold their first class meeting. Mindful, undoubtedly, of the difficulties which newcomers often encounter in establishing an approved system of class politics, these noble-minded Sophomores had, it seems, charitably arranged to lend their aid entirely gratis to the occasion. Fearing, moreover, lest '02 should be overcome by a sense of gratitude, they had neglected to mention their intentions, but nevertheless unanimously decided that "he-of-the-rosy-hued name" would unquestionably make a faultless Freshman president. But, alas! and here is where the Lounger industriously skims his cream, realizing how foolish it is to do anything yourself when some one else is willing to do it for you, '02 had coyly postponed their meeting, and not a Freshman was on the ground. Thus do the baleful schemings of bold but misguided youth ever fail before the piercing intellect, the honorable intentions, and the real steel pen of the Freshman's friend.