Now that the season of class elections is over, and the various candidates are less lavish in the disposition of their cigarettes and pleasing manners, the Lounger feels constrained to congratulate the Junior Class upon its narrow escape from the terrors of a military despotism, threatened, it appears, in the person of a certain "corporal" upon its Board of Directors. The conflict was most sanguinary. The friends of the military worked with untiring zeal, and with an energy which boded ill to the cause of liberty had they been successful. But still more persistent were the champions of civil and political freedom, among which it is needless to remark was your obedient servant. And now comes the beauty of the story, for upon examining the official document pertaining to the nomination of the entirely innocent corporal, it was found to read to this effect, "The undersigned present in nomination for the office of class director Corporal R. B. Wailey, believing that he is unqualified for the office." Surely a most original document, yet one, it would seem, little likely generally to obtain.

It must surely have been one more than commonly a philosopher who, having passed some minutes very pleasantly in observing a cab horse partake of his midday meal out of the familiar nose bag, suggested that the basic principle of the idea was capable of a broader application to the needs of man; for example, to the chemist or physicist, the nature of whose work will not allow of absence from his laboratory sufficient to procure a proper meal outside. True, the arrangement might triflingly interfere with an easy and graceful delivery of speech, but then the lonely experimenter needs little of such, and the obvious saving of time would more than compensate any possible loss. Evidently the art of eating by this improved method is one only of habit, as the Lounger has personally seen the most demented-looking creatures of the cab-horse profession successfully operating in this manner. He, therefore, cannot believe that a human being, gifted with an ordinary degree of intelligence, would experience any considerable difficulty in acquiring the process. Undoubtedly the imaginary objection of taking one's soup with one's dessert would quite disappear with the novelty of the thing.

Once again it becomes the painful duty of the Lounger to relate the cracking of a joke by a member of the board. The event is not of frequent occurrence, the spring of '94 being the last previous case on record, this time the Assistant Editor in Chief being the culprit. It happened thus: One fine morning of the week past the Lounger was rather tastefully decked out, in a modest way, with something of a boutonniere in his lapelle, when he went to his sanctum for a quiet pipe. Shortly after the Assistant Editor in Chief came in and remarked quite casually, "A fine 'Cyrano' you wear this morning." The Lounger cheerfully assented, without fully appreciating the compliment, but thought it might be the vest, which in its way could stand alone. When, some time later, the A. E. C. inquired where it came from, he was forcibly driven to ask the meaning of the unusual term. A. E. C. was reluctant to explain, but when properly pressed, glibly replied that he referred to the boutonniere, which being poetically termed a "nosegay," might reasonably bear the appellation of the now famous Gascon hero.

The Lounger can only hope, for their own good names, that our enterprising societies hereafter avoid the mortifying spectacle recently furnished by those youths zealous in the pursuit of the tongue of "Gay Paree." Ventrebleu! these gentlemen, it appears, invited Monsieur Professeur to make a discourse before their body, without notifying the gentleman so honored (?). Thus, as was quite natural to suppose, Monsieur failed to assist at the meeting. Hardly less astonishing was the Lounger's own experience in receiving the announcement of his election upon a committee of a society of which he has not the pleasure of holding a certificate of membership. Have we come to the point of such small devices in the conduct of our organized bodies? If the number of societies is now greater than the students enrolled in the Institute, the Lounger can but suggest that hereafter it would seem advisable to limit the annual crop of new organizations to the number of entering students.