In view of the generally accepted fact that the pleasures of anticipation are, as a rule, more joyful than those of realization, the Lounger feels in no way inclined to bewail the exigencies of modern journalism, in accordance with which he has been obliged to prepare his soul for thankfulness and his inner man for the joys which the artistic editor has so ably suggested on the cover a full seven days in advance. Nor is it necessary to seek a great ways for objects requiring thanks. Has not the Freshman Class at last succeeded in electing officers? True, there were several hundred more votes than there are members of the Class; but that is a mere detail. Again, are we not to have numerous improvements at the gymnasium as soon as the Busy Bursar can find time to attend to them? But, far more important than these, has not our Football team won more games than any previous one, and did not the Sophomores leave a few things in Rogers unbroken during the recent rush? With these suggestions, the Lounger trusts that each and every man will be able to pick out enough other topics to occupy his entire time during the three days of intermission, and he also hopes that each, with a clear conscience and good digestion, may do full honor to the glorious New England Festival.

In perusing the work of his friend, the editorial writer, last week (an occupation never without interest), the Lounger was greatly amused to note the subtle wit and gentle sarcasm which showed itself in the illustration of a commendatory article upon the improved condition of the Engineering Alley with a cut of a particularly watery street in Venice. In view of the fact, however, that the entire noted improvement has been made in a part of the thoroughfare about which there has never been the slightest complaint, and, further, that the article appeared on a notably rainy day, the cut in question seemed, to the Lounger's mind, most startlingly appropriate.

One afternoon, not long since, while the Lounger was indulging in a comfortable doze in his own particular corner of The Tech office, his slumbers were rudely interrupted by a continual stream of men who all inquired for the business manager. Indeed, it seemed as though the whole Institute had suddenly awakened to a sense of the importance of that gentleman. Thinking, of course, that they had all come to pay subscriptions, the Lounger very modestly hinted that in the absence of his colleague he would be greatly pleased to receive them himself. All, however, hastened to deny any such intention; and, so concluding that another assistant had been advertised for, the Lounger gave up all ideas of any further rest. Unfortunately it was not until several hours later,—when he had occasion to go near the cage,—that the Lounger discovered a very seductive notice, inviting all students who wished to make from three to five dollars per day without interfering with their studies, to call upon the business manager of The Tech. For the benefit of all concerned, the Lounger deems it only fair to say that the emolument referred to was not to be earned by getting "ads" for The Tech on commission, but in some other affairs of the business manager's, more or less intimately connected therewith, regarding patent clothes presses and fountain pens.

An opportunity to distinguish one's friends is an occasion which should be hailed with joy, and it is rare indeed that one so good is afforded, as that the Lounger was called upon to notice at a recent Freshman class meeting. The election of a cane-rush committee was the matter in hand, and interest and enthusiasm ran high. There was no paltry two or three candidates, as the upper classmen are wont to have on such occasions, but nomination after nomination was handed in, and the blackboard soon contained a long list of names. But now a difficulty is found. How can a proper selection be made, when none of the aspiring candidates are generally known? A suggestion from a rising young statesman soon settles this, however, and the men in question line up on the platform, facing the class in the order of their names, while a rising vote is taken upon each in turn. A brilliant scheme, forsooth, but can we imagine the feelings of the unsuccessful candidates as they watched the men who voted or rather did not vote for them? Truly, the Lounger fears there will be many a case of wounded vanity, and many a budding Freshman friendship has been rudely chilled by an untimely frost.