The Lounger has on several occasions ventured to hint at the probable fate of various unfortunate members of the canine tribe which, actuated by an inquiring turn of mind, have wandered too near the portals of the department devoted to investigations of bullfrogs and bacteria, and it was consequently with feelings of deepest horror that he heard the following rumor,—the biologists are in search of human victims!

At a recent meeting of the Biological Journal Club it seems an account was read of some investigations in a certain foreign country, in regard to the relation between mosquito bites and malaria. In the barbarous performance referred to, human victims were locked up in a room containing a number of the winged insects aforenamed, where they were left over night! (Can the Sophomore who has flunked "Descrip." imagine any more delightful situation in which to wish the professor of that subject?) In the morning the victims were found to be unwell (how strange!), and thus a remarkable discovery was recorded. In consequence of the above the Lounger feels constrained to mention various groans and shrieks said to have been heard by architects working late in the afternoon, and also to warn all students to carefully avoid lingering in the neighborhood of the department in question.

Once more the Lounger notes the gathering of his friends the Yacht Club, to pledge around the festal board their allegiance to the bounding billow, and to emphasize their devotion to salt water by manfully boycotting the fresh variety of the same fluid. An interesting event of the evening was the action of a certain member who, having deeply pledged the aforesaid devotion in the manner described, mistook the piano for a slot machine, and wishing to be soothed by gentle strains of music, proceeded in the absence of a suitable coin, to drop his coat check into the interior of the instrument, whence however it was finally procured by his admiring "shipmates." But, alas! when the next musical number of the program was called for, the instrument refused to impart its customary sound. The treasurer of the gallant organization now holds a bill reading, "Repairs on piano . . . . ." It was decided that the Club, with its usual generous spirit, would allow the New York Yacht Club to participate in its cruise during the coming summer.

At this time of the year when everybody and everything is shrouded in an atmosphere savoring only of books, when the grind is working every spare moment in drawing-room or laboratory, in order to gain perhaps a day or so just before the exams; when the sport realizing at last with consternation that a whole term's work has piled up upon him, seeks out with celerity some gracious instructor who, in consideration of several "plunks" per hour, will endeavor to inject into his muddled brain sufficient knowledge to tide him over the coming crisis; when even he himself is looking forward with calm submission to the advent of the fatal blue book,—at such a time the Lounger hails with delight almost any diversion, and consequently he is particularly pleased at the prospect of the coming occasion, next Saturday, when he and his colleagues will proceed to celebrate the annual picture-taking and lunch-eating festivities. Even now the Lounger's mind is wandering in the direction of delicious beefsteak and other more liquid refreshments, in the usual little room at the historic Elm where pen and pencil give way to knife and fork. Happy is the lot of The Tech editor on this occasion!

The Lounger wishes to congratulate his friends the Juniors upon their successful passage through the recent ordeal on the steps of the Natural History Building. Each year the Junior Class finds itself in a similar predicament. An obstacle is found in the road which leads to fame and immortality. To overcome it united action (or rather united quiescence) is necessary. A day is set, the class assembles. A suave, smooth-voiced man appears with an instrument mounted upon a triangular support. He points it toward the class and then comes the trying moment. Will the operation be successful, or will there be a sound of breaking glass? With a wave of his hand the man cautions the crowd. Silence reigns supreme. He presses a bulb, and the Junior Class picture is taken.