Hail to the approach of joyous spring, the season of which would-be poets write so effusively; the season when the monotonous and dazzling white of the winter snow is delicately tinted with various and ever-changing shades of beautiful brown, as it passes gradually from snow to slush, and from the latter to mud; the season when the Technology world is looking forward to the giddy pleasures of Junior Week; when the face of the "Technique" editor assumes a mysterious and far-away look, and the echoes throughout old Rogers in the late afternoon tell that the Musical Clubs are not idle; when the ambitious actor in coming play religiously shuns the chapel, and devotes his attention to the mastery of cues of another sort. More interesting to the Lounger, however, than any of these are the actions of his friends, the Seniors, as they strip for the strife of their Class-day elections. The Lounger smiles as he hears rumors of the usual elaborate and carefully-worded schemes, occupying many typewritten pages, and formulated with no considerable care to prevent the carrying out of the wicked schemes of rival politicians (existing chiefly in imagination), while allowing full scope for those of their originators, all requiring more votings and revotings than the election of a Congressman, and involving almost as much red tape as a change in one's attendance card, and he looks forward with pleasure to many interesting events.

The Lounger has long been familiar with the common saying that minds of unusually large calibre are accustomed to seek the same waterway, nevertheless he was hardly prepared for two such brilliant chefs-d'œuvre in the same year, and especially two of such equal merit as that of the Freshman Class resolving "never to do it again," and the more recent output of his friends, the Seniors, in regard to a certain more or less popular cheer, which it seemed grated harshly on the delicate musical ear of the former manager of the Glee Club. Although the Lounger has always entertained a high opinion of the abilities and judgment of the said gentleman, he now feels that he has heretofore never done him full justice. To atone for this the Lounger can only say that in the said gentleman the Institute Committee has lost one who would have been an ornament and a credit.

A most interesting trait of the genus homo, and one over which the Lounger has been wont to ruminate from time to time, as current events presented new opportunities for observation and reflection, is the remarkable effect of aggregation upon the characteristics and deportment of the individual.

Be the individual (a Freshman or Sophomore, for example) ever so quiet, modest, and unassuming, yet twenty such assembled will often constitute a most lawless horde with little respect for any object save a certain well-known weapon of locust wood in the hands of a brass-buttoned bluecoat. This brings the Lounger to the events of the recent visit of the one admirer of the Secretary of War to the vicinity of the Institute. Truly the Lounger wishes that all of those who, at various times past, have bewailed in doleful tones the lack of "college spirit" among Technology men, as manifested by numerous cheering, singing of songs, and other forcible methods of reminding the general public of their whereabouts and importance, might have been at hand upon this occasion. Verily spirit was the ruling passion, and the remains of the previous snow storm furnished a vigorous and convincing means of displaying it to great advantage, to which fact all who had occasion to be in the neighborhood at the time will doubtless testify, particularly the passengers of the cars in which windows were neatly fractured in the course of the exhibition. For some unknown reason, however, although at least one of the officers of the escort was hit, the fusillade was momentarily suspended as the presidential carriage drove rapidly past, and thus, owing to this truly unfortunate circumstance, the chief executive of the nation was probably not as deeply impressed with Technology spirit as he might otherwise have been.

SAFE.

He stood upon the gallows deck,
Whence all but him had fled,
But he was the man with the rubber neck
And hence he isn't dead.

—Cornell Widow.