As the Lounger, in his wonted twilight reverie, calmly reviews the events of the past week, he is forced to confess that he has suffered a most distressing disappointment in the capabilities of his friends the Seniors, and he feels forced to express a most decided disapproval of their ways and methods, as shown by the actions of their representatives on the Class Day Nominating Committee. That such a body should quietly fulfill the obligations imposed upon it in the short space of three meetings with but little argument and almost no excitement, when the Lounger had been promising himself a creditable repetition of the usual interesting drama annually enacted in the same connection, is, to say the least, disheartening; and, in the Lounger's estimation, such a state of affairs can be accounted for only by a very discredit able lack of political ambition on the part of the members of the class, or by an unusual lethargy as regards Class Day. Of the nominations made the Lounger has but little to say, and the fact that the names of several men not on the committee appear on the list of nominations, can be easily accounted for when it is recalled that the number of nominations required somewhat exceeded the number of men composing the body referred to. The rumor, however, that one of the members of the committee is not a candidate for any position seems extremely hard to credit, and, if true, can only be explained by those having a full knowledge of the esoteric details. As to the other matter, which has brought forth from certain quarters remarks of a not altogether eleemosynary character, it can best be disposed of by the announcement that the Lounger has but little sympathy with those ill-mannered persons who have gone so far as to make the not altogether impertinent suggestion that it would not be entirely inadvisable for the class to postpone the Class Day exercises until next year, at which time it is presumed a not inconsiderable number of prospective Class Day officers may be expected to graduate.

A most remarkable testimonial to the efficacy of the instruction in Course IX. in preparing its students for business life is to be found in the recent prize offer of the management of the Walker Club for designs of a cover for their theatrical programme. Indeed, the Lounger marvels at the subtle cunning and wisdom there displayed! The prize referred to is offered "provided there are five or more contestants," while "designs submitted are to become the property of the club whether awarded the prize or not." What a novel and interesting offer, and how likely it is to draw out five or more contestants! Truly the Lounger fails to see why the awarding of a prize for an acceptable design should be withheld on account of the number of designs submitted, and he feels forced to remark that the offer in question would be not at all disgraceful to a gold brick merchant.

That all things come to those who wait has been the philosophy that has cheered the Lounger on many a dismal hour passed since the day he ventured to call attention to the etiquette connected with the use of his sanctum by a certain committee. He has since learned that the committee, as a whole, was not at fault. The Lounger has sought some opportunity when, by the sunshine of soothing words of commendation, he could dispel the winter's coldness that has come between himself and his old friends. However, many moons went by, and the Lounger's hopes sank low within him, but he waited, hoping on, almost against hope that the Institute Committee would do something; he has even hoped in silence, and in vain, that something might be attempted in connection with the trophy room. But now, behold! a deed which, in its heroism and unselfish devotion to student interests, is worthy the high tradition of this ancient, honorable, and respected body, and which has to-day sent a thrill of admiration and pride through our undergraduate life. The Institute Committee has had its picture taken for "Technique"!

THE UNEQUALLED GOAT.

"O my dear daughter" (to a little girl of six), "you should not be frightened and run from the goat. Don't you know you are a Christian scientist?"

"But, mamma" (excitedly), "the billy goat don't know it!"—Ex.