For many moons the Lounger has been suffering under extreme mental worry, owing to the evident lack of work supplied to certain Architects by the Faculty. He has, however, refrained from taking more than passing notice of the matter, thinking that in due time the proper authorities would take the subject under their august consideration. But, instead of an improvement, things have gone from bad to worse, and, as guardian of the moral well-being of thirteen hundred students in "the most successful school of applied science in the world," the Lounger feels it his imperative duty to offer a word of protest before these seeds of moral and mental degeneracy have been scattered broadcast among the as yet uncontaminated Engineers, Biologists, etc.

Since the removal of the tennis courts to their present location, these industrious (?) students of art have been deprived of one of their most enjoyable pastimes. Duck-on-the-rock in the field beside the Art Museum proved tame in comparison, and recourse was had to athletic meets in the fourth year drawing room.

As the Lounger wandered in one day he was extremely edified to see the reverend Seniors breaking the Technology record in the high jump, over a T square placed upon two desks.

After settling their athletic prowess to their own satisfaction, the Seniors looked about for further excitement. A number of them started a somewhat noisy demonstration in the street; and a prominent Junior, desirous that nothing should escape his all-seeing eye, thrust himself far out the window. His feelings can better be imagined than described when he received the contents of a fire bucket on the back of his neck, there deposited by a Senior stealthily stationed one story above, for the purpose of extinguishing the idle curiosity of prying Juniors. In retaliation for this premeditated act of childish exuberance, an innocent, unoffending Senior was the victim of a similar wetting, presumably at the hands of Juniors, while ascending the stairs.

The Lounger is greatly pleased to be able to commend the action of the authorities which be, in providing for the safety and welfare of the students. In regard to the improvement in question, however, the Lounger feels that, with no undue presumption and with all possible modesty, he can ascribe considerable credit to his own noble and untiring efforts. For years past he has been patiently striving toward the result which is now on the eve of accomplishment. Disheartened and discouraged at times by the persistence with which certain classes have strayed from the paths which he pointed out and taken to ruthless and unmitigated grinding, nevertheless he has always maintained that Technology was a pretty warm place; and now, at last, behold the new fire escapes!

Upon the Lounger the evidences of the approaching Junior Week are as many as the state of his purse, coupled with the proceeds of his winter overcoat, would admit; but of a truth the market value of cardboard and printers' ink has risen high in recent years. It was with pleasure, therefore, that he found himself able to invest in the tickets of his friends,—the editors of "Technique,"—at the old price of $12 a dozen.

These tickets are the little red and black ones, the causes of innumerable raffles at which the professors, with their deferential regard and kind solicitude for their own and the books' welfare, put in an appearance just too late to enforce the Institute's anti-lottery laws. In this connection the Lounger observes that the vague hints as to the contents of the coming volume, let fall by the "Technique" editor, and his furtive glance to see that every one is in hearing distance, betoken not a few rubs at these same indulgent gentlemen. But, if the Lounger may be permitted to comment, such is gratitude.

However, the coming week is an anxious one to the "Technique" man; and, as there is only the friendliest feeling between The Tech and "Technique," the Lounger wishes and predicts for him the best of success next Wednesday.