In last week's issue of THE TECH, may be found upon careful examination an editorial—an able editorial, indeed—upon the desirability, in fact the necessity of the election of live, stirring, active, able, energetic class officers, and particularly, a competent Institute Committee. The editorial was good; it pressed the point; it made one strive to do honor at the ballot, as honor had ne'er been done before; it almost persuaded THE LOUNGER to offer up himself as an Institute Committee candidate. The natural inference was, of course, that its writer also was live, stirring, active, able, and energetic, and as he was immediately elected by his class on its recent ballot to hold a place in the Institute Committee, THE LOUNGER firmly believes that he did have all the qualities ascribed to him in the inference above.

The question now is, what impelled that able, etc., editor to write that stirring, etc., editorial, if not the idea that he should reveal his own genius and manifest his peculiar ability to meet the requirements he imposed? Whatever the answer, if there is one, may be, the incident will remain long graven in the mind of man as a dazzling example of the power of the pen.

It occasions great gratification to THE LOUNGER to see the many proofs of the phenomenal success attending all, those who once, back in their Technology days, employed themselves in sustaining the existence of THE TECH. Such fortune in later life is sure to come; and every time it does occur, THE LOUNGER chalks up a new mark on the wall, to show the value of the superior sort of training one gets on THE TECH over and above that, also very fair, which one gets at the Institute proper. Take a case in point. THE LOUNGER has before him the card of a prosperous business man, still young, who is manager—so reads the card—of the Queen Insurance Company of America, of the Hanover Fire Insurance Company of New York, and of the "Branch Office, W. D." He has an up-to-date office in a modern building on a busy street in Brooklyn, N. Y., and is a subscriber of the New England Telephone Company, having a telephone number that reaches well up into the thousands. Yet, back only two years ago, this financier was Assistant Business Manager of THE TECH. He will also be remembered as the proprietor of a famous "Bakery," where "crust" was a specialty mentioned in a recent Technique. There is a moral back of all this. Members of 1902 and 1903 can become more enlightened concerning this gentleman in question by personal application at THE TECH office during the office hours of the Editor-in-Chief.

Scandal is abhorent to THE LOUNGER, but the unfortunate fact that the Secretary was seen to display a black eye, upon the opening of the Institute, awakens in his reluctant mind the gravest suspicions. Physical conflicts among the Freshmen and Sophomores are bad enough, but among the Faculty—!

In an editorial asking for more members of THE TECH Board of Editors, the statement was made; "Exceptional ability is not required." From this it is evident that THE LOUNGER'S place is not vacant.

THE LOUNGER understands that the English Department is distributing blanks among the Freshmen, for them to make return of the enumeration of their accomplishments. History, authenticating theory, reveals that the cards are being returned as they were sent—blank.

The recent discussion concerning Professor Barton's pernicious trip to North Adams has brought out some rather interesting little points in regard to the extensive travels of the above-mentioned geologist. THE LOUNGER was interested to learn that the unpretentious analyser of rocks had in the course of his wanderings been to Greenland. Although he had come into intimate contact with this traveler, many times in his Institute career, both in lecture and in voluptuous personal conversation, he had never heard even the slightest mention made of this Greenland trip, which must have been instructive and in other ways hazardous. Queer. It all shows, of course, the indomitable modesty of some people. THE LOUNGER can sympathize; he has had it himself.

The Way of the World.
When I stole one kiss she cried: "Why stop!"
So then I took a dozen or more,
And when I'd had full many a score
I paused, and she whispered low: "Why Stop?"
—Tiger.