Verily, Class Secretaries are a marvelous people. The Freshmen imitation is, by virtue of his position, a being out of ordinary; the Sophomore specimen is unquestionably *sui generis*; and the Junior official merits well the term prodigious; but the Senior, endowed with the training and compounded capabilities of three years of office, is no less than marvellous — nay, more, even miraculous. Duties of a peculiar nature often fall upon the shoulders of a Senior Secretary; often he finds himself confronted with predicaments, diffugleties, and dilemmas well-nigh insurmountable; but the Senior Secretary is as a giant before all such pigmy obstacles. In a recent *coup d'état* he has shown himself to be a man of wonderful resource, of indomitable originality and initiative, of inordinate *savoir faire*, and of a superior quality of the substance scientifically known as an alloy of copper and zinc. By a peculiar benevolence on the part of the individual in question, the nominations for the Senior elections were kept open one week longer than the law of the land provides. During this time, the above-mentioned dignitary was busily engaged in placing divers shrewed bets upon the probabilities for the coming nominations. At the end of this period, he declared the nominations closed, according to rule, possessed himself of the countless nomination papers left at the cage, and betook himself to the office of the class printer. It is understood that the transportation of the papers from the cage was effected at an early hour of the morning, before the Bird was awake, thus accounting for the rather striking testimony of the cage-tender that he had seen no nominations enter into the case at all. Once at the printers, the conscientious Secretary began to sort out and classify the nominations. This done, he discovered that the Senior class in its zeal had almost overlooked the office of President; but one candidate was mentioned. There was but one thing to do. The type-setter was waiting, and the ballot must go to press. As did brave Aeneas the old Anchises bear, so did this Secretary take upon himself the burdens of a Presidential nomination and reluctantly though firmly place his own name in the coveted space. By another curious coincidence, he discovered, that no name had been presented for the offices of Vice-President, either First or Second thereof. Again he felt the high resolve of self-sacrifice, but refrained, and instead offered up upon the alter of his class election two of his good supporters. Further investigation brought a third shock; no Treasurer was offered in the competition. No time was to be lost; already the type was clicking in the composing stick. He paused, he thought, he wrote. Another friend slaughtered! Next! 'twas Secretary. Barring the multitudinous papers bearing his own name, no candidate had been selected. Another cruel oversight of the patriotic class. He wavered. Already the linotype graphophone was calling for more copy; but he could not supply it. Should he — be — Secretary? Or should he — be — President? That was the poser. Vain thought! The die was cast, or rather the type was set, and his name for President was irrevocably fixed. It must be another friend. But no friend could he recall who could undertake the arduous and diplomatic post so soon to be abandoned by him. In desperation, he wrote down two names, in hopes that their united efforts would prove sufficient. Then exhausted, he gasped, and fell back unconscious.

If *The Lounger* remembers rightly, some two years ago this same martyr figured heroically in connection with his class elections. At that time, a unanimous vote of the entire class — at the meeting — vouched for the fact that he did not fall asleep while guarding the ballot box, that a long lean man did not come up the winding stair-way, that the ballot was not stuffed in a most unrighteous manner, and that the Australian ballot system was a stigma upon the class reputation. The deep confidence then shown by the class fell upon no stony ground; and he who was vindicated by his class two years ago has now paid back the debt in a time of need by a reckless sacrifice of self and friends. 'Noble act!

*The Lounger* feels encouraged. A re-assuring article in a Chicago newspaper brings back his courage by informing him in words of many-point type that "A Tech man makes a good husband." "Clarissa" is given as authority for this statement, though the reader is left in some doubt whether "Clarissa" is in a position to know personally whereof she speaks. A careful canvass of Institute graduates residing in Chicago has failed to give specific light on the question; and though an abundance of "Clarissas" are to be found, no one of them at present holds the required position. There are, however, several who would like to do so, emphatically affirming the accuracy of the newspaper's statement. In spite of the rather overwhelming charter of this revelation, and the not over-conservative source of the information, *The Lounger* is pleased to regard this news as a bit of consolation and inspiration. But the vital question now is: if a Tech man makes a good husband, what, Oh what does a Tech Co-ed. make?