The LOUNGER likes to see labor receive its just reward; he thoroughly enjoys finding public service fully appreciated, but his satisfaction is greatest when he discovers that a generous gift has met in return a thankful response by word or deed. When for example a professor has public-spiritedly presented his class with a pseudo-witty remark, THE LOUNGER is delighted to hear the students bestow their thankfulness by an acclamation, long and loud — loud enough, in fact, to be heard above the roar of the facetious joker, whose appreciation is sincerely felt and unrestrainedly expressed. The professors, however, are not the only benefactors possessed by Tech., and THE LOUNGER wishes to bear testimony to the works of others — of others who have wrought and striven, worked and struggled almost in vain — THE LOUNGER refers of course to that crowning blessing of Technology, the Trophy Room. The Trophy Room was the supreme acquisition of the year that has passed. It far surpasses in value the gift of the new flagpole on top of the Walker Building. It deserves a higher commendation from an ethical standpoint than does the coat of paint that destroyed the time-honored pictures in Huntington Hall; and surely it was more appropriate than the gratings in front of the Rogers Building, for these certainly give that edifice an incongruous, gaol-like aspect, while they perform a function which might have been carried out just as efficaciously by barbed-wire. What overpowering exertion, and what indomitable will wrenched this valuable gift from the donators is not fully known to the public; to discover them ask the M. I. T. Athletic Association, ask the undergraduate committee No. I., ask the undergraduate committee No. II., ask the Editors of THE TECH, ask the Secretary, ask the President, ask the Corporation, in fact ask all the zealous workers who contributed in procuring the benefaction. To find out with what thankful appreciation the student body has received and used the precious donation, go to the Trophy Room and view the prizes presented for inspection. What will be found? — a room, two chairs, two desks, and two cases; in one of the cases will be noticed the flag which Tech. won in the Bowdoin Relay Race of February third, that is — nothing; in the other case will be seen three flags, the rest of the space — oh! inspiring sight — being filled with the pictures of the Tech. athletic teams of the glorious past. That is all the appreciation that a visitor to the Trophy Room can see. THE LOUNGER is dissatisfied; he is not an athlete to win cups to fill the cases or cases to fill the cups; he must do his part by word not, by deed — and hence he has spoken.

To THE LOUNGER ‘the strenuous life’ has, it must be confessed, possessed a charm not yet sufficient to lure him from the quiet paths of learning, which it is his modest ambition to pursue until such time when the optimistic vision of Tech. men rising up for the enforcement of the eight hour law at the Institute shall be realized. But the present turn to his musings is not due to the fact that forty-four Seniors, with the aid of certain machines in Engineering A., between the hours of one and six on Saturday last, worked off forty-four deficiencies in Fourth Year Applied, but rather to the state of affairs actually existent at the gymnasium.

Of late THE LOUNGER has noted that the atmosphere in his sanctum has lost its bluish tinge, and that despite the overflowing conviviality of the place, one by one old friends slipped away. It was puzzling and unaccountable, and at last, in his anxiety THE LOUNGER determined to shadow a departing friend. The task was not easy, but from Boylston, through Clarendon out Newbury to Fairfield and back to Boylston Street he kept his man in sight, until a skilfully executed \( v^2 = x^2 \) dropped him over an embankment and he disappeared among the cars in the B. & A. yard. Disappointed, THE LOUNGER turned back. As he neared the gym. old memories revived and his thoughts prompted him to look in. The sight that presented itself was astounding. There in plain sight were three new pieces of apparatus and any number of men subjecting themselves to tensions and torsions and deflections which, in the aggregate constituted class work in Physical Science. Truly, the gym. was not deserted, and here indeed were his missing friends, Editors of THE TECH, Seniors, Juniors, and a whole multitude besides. And when one stepped up and remarked that the gym. was pretty good fun even though it was deucedly bad form to be seen going there, THE LOUNGER realized the mystery was solved and hastened off lest he too be engulfed in the wave of athleticism that has arisen in spite of the attack of lint on the lungs that has temporarily prevented the use of the poor old gym. by the M. I. T. A. and F. B. A. for the opportunities it has offered for, as it is popularly called, “chewing the rag.”

Little Mabel (visiting New England for the first time) : But, mamma, why do all the trees here wear garters? — E.x.