By the Beard of the Prophet, the hour has arrived when it is befitting that The Lounger should speak. Meditatively and resignedly did he note the inexplicable action of that class of Irresponsibles, known on the fatal scroll as the Sophomores, when they introduced into the nutrimental sanctity of their dinner one of the unsophisticated and innocuous body of 1903; but now the spasm is something more than sorrow, and it calls for more forcible utterance than that made in his gentle insinuations in The Tech of last week. Anguish, like a Professor's marriage, cannot long remain hidden, and in the following sun-burst of his feelings to-day The Lounger pleads only the inevitable consequence of a pent-up delirium of agonized expostulation. Something certainly should be undertaken for the immediate benefit of the mentality of the committee whose duty it was to select for the unsuspecting Sophomores their Class Cane. Such an instrument of pedestrian aid as a cane—though 'twere a misnomer to imply that the article selected could be of assistance in getting any one to any place other than a home for helpless incurables—should fulfill at least a few stated and certain requirements. It should be ornamental, if not useful. The Lounger has some pride concerning such things as this; he remembers that once he was interested remotely in something of the sort, himself; and he would therefore venture, by way of criticism, the suggestion that if the class had intended to procure an imitation of that emphatic but somewhat familiar symbol known as the barber-pole, it would have been well to outgo the original and strengthen the delicacy of the conception by introducing variations of more colors than the rather prosaic orange and black. Looking at it from a puritanical point of view, there would have been a sinuous appropriateness in embellishing the cudgels according to the Class colors; and the styrae, representing Omniscience-only-knows-what, might comfortably have been left to the imagination of the individual possessor. It would, of course, be impossible to select anything better than the mental gyrations of the committee already fastened upon, but The Lounger recommends this other as at least just as good. Poster designs are first-rate things for advertising, but the Sophomore Class does not need them.

In spite of a somewhat vivid appreciation of his own failings in this direction, The Lounger feels impelled to enter a plea against the intrusion of superfluous remarks, suggesting the methods of the Freshman themist, into an otherwise sane discourse regularly administered by the instructor on tools. As an exception, the professor in Physics may be considered pardonable, possibly, for trying to throw an air of naiveté over an otherwise idle hour by the use of an anecdote or two; but it is in no way excusable in the present instance. For this lecturer to inform his class of guileless Seniors that according to Carlyle, "the difference between a savage and a barbarian is their use of tools," reflects considerable acuteness on the part of Carlyle, still more accuracy on the part of the lecturer, and a thorough appreciation of the relative status of the instructor and his as-yet-unsophisticated listeners; but, Carlyle or no Carlyle, it is nevertheless drool.

Not only have the Faculty, the President, the Secretary, the Bursar,—or since the events are of a more or less recent character it is perhaps somewhat presumptuous to implicate the soporific Bursar,—and certainly The Lounger, have been inspired to deliver remarks varying in their sulphurous characteristics, to the purpose of instilling into The Lounger's particular friends, the Freshmen, some serious conception of life. It has been with a surprising unani-

mity that these first year irresponsibles have survived these conscientious attacks, plus those of the President of the Senior Class and the Institute Committee on their procedures and have at last gone their previous records several points better. The actual occurrence whereof The Lounger speaks is that which took place in the lecture course in which the lecturer endeavors to inform The Lounger's friends, the Freshmen, that their ancestors were of American and not of boomerang-slinging nationality—a fact in which the Freshmen evidently place but little faith. Some of these youths, more courageous than the rest, essayed with considerable success to obliterate two members of the class with cardboard writing tablets. While The Lounger regards this initiative action as somewhat brusque, so to speak, yet he cannot but remark on the admirable aim which laid low two members of the class, one with a black eye and the other with a head that is no longer in symmetrical poise. The laudable end of rendering two members of the class hors de combat perhaps justifies the means, yet it is to be regretted that the annihilation was conducted on a retail rather than a wholesale plan. However, these hilarious members were doing the best they knew. To say that they were doing less is to libel the class.

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