THE LOUNGER, feeling that something of a repressing nature is needed for the aerial feelings of the students, incident to the approaching spring and to the anticipated gayeties of the coming Junior Week, takes no slight satisfaction in making definite statement of the fact that the old stone steps of Rogers have become divorced from their late wooden covering and once again appear in all the glory of their natural complexion. The Bursar has awoken.

All prognostication from ill-omened posters to the contrary, THE LOUNGER still has the highest hopes that the coming Glee Club concert will prove a howling success. For some time back, THE LOUNGER'S refined, First-Year Free-Hand-Drawing sensibilities have received constant and poignant pangs upon coming into optical contact with the non-primary-massed and un-Adamized printed notices of the concordant societies just referred to. Still greater were the sorrow and compassion with which THE LOUNGER was overwhelmed upon viewing their pathetic attempts to imitate the Technique spirit of the hymn and has unsuccess fully passed through the critical piano stage in its preparation. If this is true, all Freshmen may feel encouragement and proceed forthwith to invest in one of the "few remaining seats" which were so nearly gone about a month ago. The new song is decidedly original—that is, for a Technology song. Minstrel show rehearsals on Sunday will be not only unobjectionable but even desirable, when done to such hymns as this. Freshmen coming from Military Drill and Sophomores clasping their first-born twin-flunk in Physics will join with one accord into the strain and stress of this musical lament. 

On the whole, the song is unique and wonderfully sympathetic. If the Institute can be favored with funerals enough to give sufficient opportunity for the use of the song, then the success of the Glee Club's new venture is a gorgeous conclusion. As the probabilities for the final examinations now look, THE LOUNGER believes that, under those conditions, the success may be considered as assured. One more picture, THE LOUNGER will present. For the first time in the history of Junior Concerts, the audience will have their innermost feelings accurately expressed by the voices of the singers on the stage before them. This will show a frankness and true self-appreciation on the part of the Glee Club that has heretofore been only a matter of wish.

THE LOUNGER had been possessed, owing to a period of unwonted quiet, of the idea that the Freshmen, gentle and unassuming individuals, had reached the end of their tether, but the latest development of that warlike class has wholly eradicated such a false notion. Briefly, the Freshmen, not content with merely maiming each other with writing pads, now wish to show their martial spirit by a wholesale slaughter. What is worse, the Faculty, observing the tumultuous enthusiasm with which the class has hailed everything pertaining to military affairs, has granted permission for this execution to take place. In other words, the embryo tacticians and strategists of the Institute are about to learn how to shoot. It is undoubtedly most magnanimous and condescending on the part of the Faculty to allow the Freshmen to remove each other from the face of the earth figuratively, and from the precincts of the Institute literally, thus saving the Secretary from sending out notices to that effect. But THE LOUNGER can but wish that a more apt time could be chosen; Junior week is approaching and, just as THE LOUNGER was preparing to become hilariously joyful, the embryo tacticians of the Institute are about to learn how to shoot. It is undoubtedly most magnanimous and condescending on the part of the Faculty to allow the Freshmen to remove each other from the face of the earth figuratively, and from the precincts of the Institute literally, thus saving the Secretary from sending out notices to that effect. But THE LOUNGER can but wish that a more apt time could be chosen; Junior week is approaching and, just as THE LOUNGER was preparing to become hilariously joyful, he sees himself condemned to writing funeral notices. If they persist, however, in their present determination, THE LOUNGER can do nothing but offer his best wishes for the success of the affair and hope they will make a good job of it.

A Helping Hand.

She sat there in the window seat,
A candy box was near her,
Her eyes were soft, her smile was sweet—
I had no cause to fear her.

"Your very like those chocolate creams."
I said at last to flatter—
Just how I could have thought so, seems
An idiotic matter.

But while my face was growing red,
Her answer came in handy:
"You say I'm like those sweets," she said,
"Well won't you have some candy?"
—Tiger.