As one of the events of the week, The Lounger takes it upon himself to evolve a reflection or two on a recent publication of the Junior Class and for once he removes his gaze from the M. I. T. A. A. bulletin opposite him and imagines the photograph above a Technique poster. This publication has been multifariously advertised but up to last week, when, "due to the courtesy of the Technique Board," The Tech was able to advertise it a little further, the purposes and contents of the volume had been very completely closed to the public. The Lounger has discovered that the book contains a poem, if it is permissible so to call it, by a graduate of '87, and as this has been styled the "true battle cry" of Technology, The Lounger cannot forbear from making a comparison between it and the song which was propagated last week in the Institute. The comparison of the two pieces shows what can happen in the molecular structure of the brains of two Course VI, now graduates, who could evolve two such effusions, the one saying of the 'Stute with so much accuracy that The Lounger blushes for his Sunday-School training:

"Thy portals admit to all regions of knowledge,"

and the other remarking in that felicitous and musical style which suggests a block of wood falling down stairs, that

"What we know of Spencer's prose won't buy a hard-boiled shirt."

It is not that The Lounger doubts the truth of the statement for the large majority, but he writes simply to congratulate the Professor of English on the fact that the writer of this composition appreciated the difference in spelling between Spenser and Spencer. The Lounger can almost see the writer of this "poem" evaporating from satisfaction with the fact that the literary capacities and desires of Tech men find their limits in "Applied," DeWitt Talmage and The Lounger. Then too, the fact that Tech men are sufficiently deficient on the side of science which Spencer represents, must be another cause for exhilaration. In connection with this intelligent boast, The Lounger will call attention to one more picture. Last week The Lounger read the inspired lines:

"Thy purpose is broad as the world God created,  
Thy precepts are ever the emblems of truth."

There is a striking similarity of thought between this and the new slogan which is published in Technique and not the least so in the ending of the latter. Some day indeed in the near future when the Faculty duly appreciates the worth of this piece, the Freshman entering Rogers will doubtless behold, not the old gilt letters over the Secretary's office but one of these new broad-minded precepts, as for instance:

"To H—— with Harvard  
And to H—— with Yale."

What the possibilities in this direction are The Lounger will not undertake to say. He can only console with the Professor of English that however deficient Tech men may be on the side of English, they rarely lapse into such things as the "battle-cry" in Technique.

Verily the reputation of Tech is approaching the sublime. As The Lounger has often sat upon that magnificent specimen of architecture, hallowed by their association with a Descrip problem—the steps of Rogers—which are but forerunners of the beauties and delights that lay in wait within (five flights in twenty seconds and then find the door locked) he has always been highly observant of the propensities of the gentler sex to gaze with delight or vulgarly to "rubber" at the magnificent specimens of manly beauty who daily take their siesta on the downy softness of the aforementioned steps. That is to say, The Lounger had always thought it was the manly beauty that was the attraction, but he is in a quandary now as to what was the cause. But a short time ago, The Lounger happened to be walking behind one of those aerated fashion plates with cream colored hair, a hat warranted to eclipse anything within reach, and a dress that would darken a diffraction spectrum. She was accompanied by a companion equally inconspicuous; his yellow waistcoat and green tie gave him a bilious resemblance to a Spanish flag after the war. This couple, in search of the Mechanics Building, were just approaching Rogers, when the gorgeous feminine turned and asked her escort if that were the Dog Show. The Lounger didn't bite until it was too late; the shock had overpowered him. What he regrets most is that he must find a new place to repose; it is heart-breaking to have to abandon the old stone that he has polished till it shines, but The Lounger really can't bear the thought of the girls describing him as "such a pretty little dear,—that one with the short legs, and a long nose, with a pipe in his mouth,—isn't he a darling, just too ugly for anything." Ugh! No, the mere thought is too much, it is absolutely unendurable.