THE LOUNGER has long worshipped from afar the energetic characteristics of the Class Day officers, as exhibited by the series of phenomena that have occurred in the furtherance of post-examination preparations, but now his delight has become too many for the walls of THE TECH den to contain. It has become something more than a matter merely of personal admiration; it has reached to heights of adoration seldom attained except by newly graduated seniors for their own worshipful selves. The last straw that has caused the breaking forth of this tumultuous feeling of reverence is the newly conceived scheme for a true Bohemian Club Class Day; — for the blending of orations, spreads, introductions, into one grand and delicious pot-pourri, on the—
h'm — the "Technology Campus" — in other words, — the — well, frankly, the tennis-court. A more or less obscure prep-school, known by the title of Harvard, has until now maintained the lead in affairs of this church-picnic order, but now the glory of a continental reputation will become enhanced over the grass plot between the buildings of Rogers and Walker. At first, the plan of the Class Day Committee was to have the aforesaid garden-plot fenced in by a canvas barrier, but to the delicate sensibilities of the fourth year architects, this savored too much of the class of architectural structure known as the circustent, and the idea was therefore abandoned. It was then proposed to surround the patch of lawn by a barbed wire fence, after the economical and ornamental manner of the Bursar. But aesthetic reasons led to this intention also being relinquished. Finally, the example of the school in the Harvardian suburb was followed; winter green, spruce trees, and conifer firs, interlarded with blue-coated policemen, are to serve as protection from the vulgar outsider community; and at the solitary opening in this line of breastwork, Janitor John is to stand and with beaming countenance receive admission tickets that will previously have been intimately associated with monetary transactions of a six dollar variety. As THE LOUNGER, in imagination, conducts his friend's sister into this miniature Coney Island Promenade, he sees on one side the good old ice water tank of the Mining Department, filled with lemonade; at the other hand, stands the customary fortune-teller's tent; while in the middle are five sporty Thirteeners trying to pitch wooden rings over a lot of impossible umbrella handles, to get a ten-cent cigar. As he, and his, wander about in the Acadian simplicity of the surroundings, the melody of the passing electric car gongs is mingled with orchestral harmony from the vicinity of the basement of Rogers. As he, and her, stroll blissfully in this direction and wander in happy and naive appreciation among the jiggers, boxes of slag, ore crushers, and Hendry concentrators, he observes a suffering orchestra distributing metallic concord in rag-time from the poetic and Pan-suggesting recess commonly called the Metallurgical Pit, distinguished for its contiguity to the coal cellars and for its twenty-four hour copper-runs. As he skillfully dodges a white-hot blast from a cupelling furnace, THE LOUNGER murmurs, "This — this — is happiness," and his companion, she of the bewitching eye, as if interpreting his inmost thoughts, murmurs in her peculiar, meditative, wondering way, "This — this — is Class Day!"

It is with a considerably varied assortment of sentiments that THE LOUNGER regards the masterly conception and appreciative reception of the plan adopted last year by the Class of 1902 to hold a competitive drill, and present a cup to the school which won, in four years, the largest number of points. The trusting and confident Freshmen of last year totally unsuspicous of the existence of such as go to make up the Class of 1903, expected to see the drill carried on by the latter class. As for the Freshmen drill, it was, due to the general effort of the class, and the able cooperation of the instructor in Military Science, made a thing less possible than the Bursar's entering in the mile run at the Worcester meet would be. Then the wily Sophomores outgeneraled by circumstances and placed in a box which was of somewhat inconvenient dimensions, selected a committee to engineer the drill under the auspices of the Class of 1902. The committee called on the President and were at once hurled into outer darkness, and, as THE LOUNGER has always believed that virtue is its own reward, the fact that the whole scheme is decorated with crêpe is the most consoling thought of all. Altogether the incident is pathetic to an unutterable degree, and, on the whole THE LOUNGER is inclined to think that the Freshmen got some fun for their money, while the Sophomores had the noble reward of being good. Perhaps they'll build another chapel.