THE LOUNGER feels happy in being able to say that he has seen some demonstrative enthusiasm infused into the torpid spirits of Tech's evenly-tempered, calm-minded students. The LOUNGER accompanied a fair sized body of incipient vocalists down to the wooley wilds of the Touraine last year and announced in as prominent a tone of voice as he could command to the large audience of appreciative onlookers that he wanted Dewey. After having enunciated the fact a thousand times, THE LOUNGER felt highly repaid by obtaining a glance at that august individual and returned to his waiting domicile in a profoundly awed and self-satisfied state of mind.

Imagine then THE LOUNGER'S promiscuous entanglement of complicated feelings when he observed the homogeneous assemblage of Tech students and torch lights which was collecting with such unnecessary quietness around the environs of that imposing edifice known as the "Gym." THE LOUNGER was actually inspired by the sight and when he was informed that '04 was assembling down Blagden Street, this final blow sent him hurrying down the vertical plane which leads to the halls of athletics and lockers. Once there THE LOUNGER proceeded to invest all his spare cash in fireworks that eventually turned out to be torches and in torches that developed into fire-works. Then THE LOUNGER rose from the depths and calling upon the fence for support, proceeded to await developments and, incidentally, the police. THE LOUNGER had leisure to remark many things. He was greatly edified by the English style of mourning worn by all the officers, and although the night made a change of color necessary in order to produce an impression, still THE LOUNGER would call the attention of all to the fact that a strikingly novel mode of procedure was used in introducing the new custom. THE LOUNGER was also greatly impressed with the superb horsemanship of the two centaur-like aides whose steeds coursed up and down the ranks at a walk as if they likewise were inflamed by the passion for hoofing it that infected the rest of the crowd.

Of what happened thereafter, THE LOUNGER has but the vaguest ideas, he has recollections of conductors using language that would turn a parrot green with envy; he remembers getting lost up in the dizzy wilds of Beacon Hill and listening to a learned demonstrator of strains and stresses straining his voice while cracking jokes from a second-story window, and of the strains of the band dying away in the distance as the musicians escaped down Charles Street.

THE LOUNGER while recalling reminiscences of the night cannot but help think that he will strike a corresponding, sympathizing vocal chord in the throat of every student when he gives the reply of the student, who, on being the fifth man to start to recite in a hoarse whisper the next morning, and receiving therefor the highly practical information that now was the time for a man who was going out into the world to practice how to speak loudly said in a mournful tone, that he had been practising the night before.

THE LOUNGER feels compelled to speak on a subject which has long caused him hitherto untold pain. He appreciates the fact that the tailors have decreed in solemn council that a man is well dressed in the present season only when his coat fits snugly to his figure and is not unduly long, to say nothing of the necessity for an abundance of shoulder. THE LOUNGER appreciates this decree, but the question which is at present vainly seeking an answer in his troubled brain is "In just what way does one of our sportive Sophomores consider his beauty and effectiveness enhanced by wearing a coat which makes him look like a roped-in ballet girl magnified?" THE LOUNGER would like to further illustrate his meaning with measured drawings showing the lintel shoulder construction, the cone-shaped middle portion and the two-inch flange below the apex which was originally designed to shield him from the wintry blasts. The wily Soph must not allow himself to fall into the mistaken belief that he has received more good cloth than usual by means of the aforementioned annex shoulders, because THE LOUNGER feels fully able to demonstrate to him, by the method of least squares, that all material added to these was taken from his waist. The first shall be last and the last, first.

And has it come to this! "First edition sold out, second edition sold out," . . . (taken n times). THE LOUNGER had confidently expected a proper appreciation of the efforts of the Board in cutting down four most excellent pieces of oratory to the limits of a sixteen-page souvenir, but had he anticipated the mad stampede for copies that did result would most certainly have had the foresight to prepare a retreat in Rogers Corridor, designed along the line of the Bursar's, as a protection against the sea of would-be purchasers of copies to send to Marys and Ethels. Even as the Bursar is fortified against the rush of men clamoring to pay tuition fees, so would THE LOUNGER have esconced himself against the eager throng.

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