As The Lounger ensconced himself in his easy chair and viewed with critical eyes through a haze of smoke, a new picture, presented for his criticism, entitled "M. I. T. '02," he was struck with the great improvement the aforesaid cloud of smoke produced on the picturesque, the artistic effect of the picture. It was to it as a heavy veil to one of our co-eds. The co-ed behind Br-w-r though evidently does not need a veil. It was, indeed a fine photograph of the entrance to the Public Library, but The Lounger humbly begs to suggest that it would have been better if the crowd had been kept off the steps. The Lounger wishes to congratulate the class on its innovation of including the class motto in the class picture. It is in truth a motto suited to the class, devoid of all that is narrow and bigoted—"Free to all." Ah! see that face, peaceful and tranquil, raised toward the sky. How much like St. Cecelia P-mb-r looks! It does seem unfortunate that such a class as 1902 should be burdened with any of that almost extinct species of man (the word is misused here) which refuses to take off its hat in a class group.

The Lounger is glad to note that this issue of The Tech brings the semi-annual evangel of joy. He is also pleased to notice that in this little souvenir of the season that the usual number of pleasantries are present. He is, nevertheless, decided not to let any such trivialities alter his opinion of the Faculty or the administrative officers in the slightest. No doubt they are doing the best they know how. The Lounger will continue to look pleasant and wish he were an architect until the scence is over,—and then rejoice that he is 'nt. But such a topic should not engage The Lounger's attention when another of deeper interest presents itself. In the last issue of The Tech, an account of the Alumni dinner was given, at which the subject of the new gymnasium was brought up. Since then, The Lounger has failed to hear an objection to changing the old order of things and the abandoning of the old gymnasium without a regret. Does this indicate that the structure on Exeter Street is going straight into oblivion without a thought and without a protest? If such is the purpose, if the old casino is to be neglected, forgotten, then, for the sake of old memories, let the structure be brought up and placed beside the Walker Building and converted into an Art Museum or a theatre. If this institution is to go with so little protest, undoubtedly in time the Walker Building will disappear, and what examples of home industry will then be lost to which in the past, the architectural department has been fain to point with pride.

As The Lounger cast aside his well blackened briar for the annual luxury of a cigar at the Lunch, he surveyed the faces of his fellow editors beaming with good cheer and could not help thinking that, after all, the seat of supreme contentment is in the stomach. As the flowing bowl, a chemical combination varying from milk to champagne, went the rounds of the table The Lounger saw all signs of memory and wisdom die out of the haggard faces; he saw fade out into the depths of obscurity the brilliant break perpetrated by the photographer when he requested the board to "try to look intelligent" he saw the anxious, wan looking countenance of his editor-in-chief grow happy and careless as his woes and troubles were drowned in the glass of good-fellowship, and as for The Lounger he lost account of happenings about this time and retained only the impression that Tech Luncheons are altogether very enjoyable affairs. The Lounger would suggest that they be held every Monday noon.

The Lounger has noticed with much pleasure the entirely irreproachable conduct of his proteges, the Freshmen. They have not hung their drill instructor in effigy nor perpetrated such juvenile games in Military Science lectures as setting off alarm clocks and throwing pennies. In fact they have shown themselves, throughout the year, to be very well-behaved little boys, as all Freshmen should. It does seem unfortunate, on the other hand, that 1903 cannot get over its childish ways. It would seem that English Lit., Calculus and Physics should prove to be of such absorbing interest that the little Freshmen of but a few months ago would forget the spirit of play that is so constantly bubbling over, and settle down. Now that they have bought themselves pipes and canes wherewith to while away their spare time let us hope for a reaction. The Lounger in his boundless pity and compassion would fain give them much advice as to the best way out of their present deplorable condition, but he will content himself with but this one admonition, "Be good! but if you cannot be good be careful!"