THE LOUNGER has oft of late been obliged to soothe the agitated minds of agonized Freshmen, who have been hurling the question at him as to whether or not they are about to see their names in print this year. The LOUNGER has been able to explain the dilatoriness of the annual catalogue only on the ground of a suggestion of his own last year, namely, that the Secretary is about to run an opposition event to Technique. The LOUNGER applauds the move as a step in the right direction, but he foresees that it will probably be rather risky, if the catalogue is produced in its usual form, and The LOUNGER has heard no rumors of anything to the contrary. Perhaps, it is waiting to include the photographs of our newly fledged Profs. Perhaps—but it is useless to hypothesize. While the Freshmen are undergoing Analyt. Descript. The LOUNGER can state authoritatively, that the Secretary's time will be so filled that it is impossible that the catalogue should not suffer.

The LOUNGER is indeed charmed to see fresh evidences of that remarkable spirit of amity and good will with our friends across the river. He felt, as did all Tech men, that perhaps on the last occasion of Tech's meeting with Harvard, the latter did not fully appreciate the completeness and amplitude of this feeling, but he notices with pleasure that every opportunity to prove the fact is taken full advantage of. Consider the sympathetic yells at the recent B. A. A. Meet. The LOUNGER can see how the Tech men, seeing their touching and overpowering pranks of affection unnoticed, felt compelled to yell for Pennsylvania. Whether the effect of this was the processional form of the race, The LOUNGER will not venture to state. He would not venture to start the idea that the Tech yell is a “hoodoo” however strong grounds there might be for such a statement.

Rare it is and as welcome as rare, to have an unsolicited and sincere compliment paid one, such as that which The LOUNGER quotes below. Last week The LOUNGER was pleased to note that his own worth and accomplishments had met with an extended approval in the eyes of a fair scribe at Wellesley and this week he is rejoiced to note that another—one more popular than The LOUNGER—has been duly appreciated. This clipping is taken from one of the daily papers:

"ROUND TABLE CLUB AT DINNER:

The Round Table Club had a dinner at the Savoy last evening and incidentally talked things scientific. George Beach Seyms was chairman of the little meeting, and M. Y. Ferris, secretary. The speakers were Benjamin Nichols, Jr., Maj. F. S. Bradley and Rev. Milford Wertheimer. The subjects discussed were ‘Linus Faunce, His Life and Works’ and ‘The Amphibious Age.’"

That certainly is fame,—or at least an imitation of it. Some time ago The LOUNGER wrote of The Round Table as a branch of Harper’s Young People and was at once annihilated. He is now reassured as to his former position on reading the sentence, "George Beach Seyms was chairman of the little meeting" of The Round Table. Perhaps the adjective explains the choice of subject—"Linus Faunce, His Life and Works," as something suited to "a little meeting"—as something within the mental limits of the miniature tea-party. The LOUNGER is also pleased to note that Tech's fashion plate was present. As for the rest, the readers must make his own guesses independent of The LOUNGER's help.

The LOUNGER has been overjoyed to learn that the times have been propitious enough for a certain Junior in Course III. to experience the indefinite joy of a P in Heat. To get an I is to have a warning of a coming indifference; to get an F is to have the indifference blossom into thirteen different kinds of flower, but to get a P!—Mr. Ch-l-f-j-x—congratulations!

The LOUNGER has been on many occasions startled by the extraordinary growth of the Institute, but he has recently come across a fund of information relating thereto which so overwhelmed him that he carefully omitted the rites of registration at the beginning of the present term, thereby adding to the general condition of gayety in the Secretary's office. This information he has gathered from a source which is more or less renowned for general accuracy and reliability—in other words, the New York World Almanac. It is therein stated, in its comprehensive way, that the graduates of the Institute number 2,000, and of this number 3,000 are still extant. So you see, if you are observant, that Technology has grown not only rapidly but somewhat peculiarly as well. The realization of the truth has been of considerable aid in explaining the graduate circulation of The Tech and it certainly bids well for the success of the new gymnasium, which will now undoubtedly appear before The LOUNGER graduates. Surely statistics are great things to manipulate.