It sounds like a dime novel, but the Lounger is assured that it is true, masked men, mysterious cabs, handcuffs and all; that the story of the menus was true is an assured fact to every Sophomore at Tech. But to return to the beginning from which the Lounger has deviated in his unaccustomed excitement. Be it known that there is a Sophomore Class which redounds credit to the Lounger’s efforts at reform! He pleaded for class spirit, interest in Tech life, and such things and they have come — with a vengeance, the Freshies say, and who should know if not they. For at their recent banquet (the Lounger hopes to be forgiven for retailing stale news) by what were they met; by the information that their embryo editorial staff, the publishers of the menu, had been scooped, if one might call such an affair a “scoop.”

They were forced to effect alterations by a liberal supply of pen and ink and during the evening the Lounger saw (for he will confess he was interested enough to view the ceremony) several individual porters and waiters grow wealthy by absconding with all of those unfortunate cards they could lay hands on and delivering them into Sophomore hands at so much per card. By the time the evening was almost over, however, the Lounger was able to observe that the delicate feelings engendered by this faux pas of the first part had worn off and under the mellowing effects of the grape, Freshmen were even heard exhorting friendly Sophomores to “have a (hic) drink on me.”

But as to the other conspirators, the group on the corner of Newbury and Arlington Streets, for them, after a suspense as agonizing as it was long, to be hailed by the news, as they stood dangling a pair of suspicious looking “bracelets,” and a gag, that there was nothing doing; that disappointment formed a counter reaction to the overbalancing joy of the printed menus they possessed in their pockets. For the birds to have flown the coop just as they were about to be nabbed (the Lounger begs pardon if he speaks in too technical a parlance) was hard luck, but to have the elaborate accounts of the muddled menus in the next morning’s papers before their eyes exercised a soothing effect, which the Lounger has often noticed to be caused by the pleasant glow of cheerful recollections.

The consciousness of having done a good deed and the knowledge that people can be close mouthed when occasion demands it, has given the Lounger new hopes for the reformation of Tech. When the Lounger’s special birdie brought him in November the information of the incriminating acts prosecuted last Saturday night, he remarked that every Freshman would know of it before March, but he sees that none of his Co-Eds were told and it was kept quiet. Wise Sophs — be good.

Poster Prizes.

L’Avenir offers two prizes of five dollars each, one for the best design for a poster advertising its play, the other for the best program cover. The poster should, if possible, suggest the story of the play. Competitors are advised to consult Mr. Bernard. Considerable space must be left for the announcement of the play and time and place of its performance. Only the words “Program, L’Avenir, Massachusetts Institute of Technology,” are to appear on the program cover. Designs must be handed to the Manager, care of Box 71, Cage, on or before Monday, April 11. Each must be accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing the same mark as the drawing and containing the name and address of the sender.

Keep’s EASTER NECKWEAR

At 50 Cents will be displayed Monday, APRIL 1st.

They will not be surpassed by any other store.

Get Your HAT for Easter of us, only $2.00

Keep Manufacturing Co., 156 Tremont Street, Boston.