While The Lounger was musing upon finances, the practicability of an application of the eleven o'clock law to Technology, and sundry other minute and interesting matters, the trials which he has had to bear flashed over him and he began to diagnose the marvelous intricacies of Fame. This highly illogical conclusion is, The Lounger would state, pertinent to the question despite second year English and other such evils. As Junior Week was drawing nigh The Lounger began to skirmish around after some coy young thing who would act Beatrice to his Benedick during the approaching festivities and it was during an animated conversation on one of these prospecting expeditions, that he was informed by the damsel that she had heard all about the Tech Convention. After much mental acrobatics it dawned upon The Lounger that it was his beloved chapel which was so ignominiously referred to, and too stunned for words he made for the door, collapsing into the gutter when he reached the street. The Lounger has become case hardened now; he feels that he could even contemplate hearing with equanimity that Tech was running a nunnery across the street; his heart is broken, slander has done its worst, and The Lounger is now going to change his tap.

The Lounger has always appreciated wisdom and foresight, and having applied such principles with conspicuous success in his progress through the Institute, he was naturally startled and phased at the super-abundance of worldly sophistication shown by a certain member of the Technique Board who essayed to sell a ticket to the Bursar. The latter, who has put it on record that Technique "was a pretty bright thing when it was started, but has degenerated and at present takes all its material from The Tech," was seen by this enterprising editor to go into the small office off Rogers Corridor. This being the first time he had seen the Bursar for many moons, the editor stepped briskly up to the door, knocked, and turned away. Two days later, as The Lounger was standing near the same place, the editor called at the office, and, hearing the handle of the door turn, knew that the Bursar had at least heard the knock and that there was a chance now to sell a ticket. The scene was too dramatic for The Lounger's sensibilities and he quietly withdrew into the omnipresent shade of inner Rogers.

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Rumors are gathering concerning the un-Civil Engineers and their mysterious journeys into a far country called Faneuil. It has been intimated to The Lounger that the last trip was productive of experiences suitable for the plot of Arlo's next.—The chariot is ready. The Arabian steer sleepily blinks his eyes and inwardly rumbles for hay. The daring hero stealthily approaches, seizes the ribbons in his Herculean grasp, leaps upon the seat, and with a flourish of the whip off the chariot bumps; and Ben Hur proceeds to take a back seat. Sunny Italy comes to, and seeing his fast receding hurdy-gurdy he swings into a 2.40 clip, and with teeth gleaming and eyeballs shining gallops down the road howling the most approved operas to the distant accompaniment of "There'll Be a Hot Time, etc." and "A Little Bit Off The Top." Put a nickel in the slot, and the teeth stop gleaming and the eyeballs cease shining. Then the conquering hero and his chariot, escorted by his eager followers, proceed to serenade the chieftain of the little army, who has held himself apart digesting deep thought and hard boiled eggs. But his ear is not trained for such classic melodies and a professorship at Tech has exterminated all symptoms of romance. He has forgotten the nights that he has passed beneath his sweetheart's window, he has forgotten, um, those parlor sofa experiences and those moonlight rides. His heart is hard and—likewise the egg. Such insubordination is intolerable! Italy departs, the company is dispersed and the fallen hero wends his way up a hill trailing a leveling rod.—The Lounger would offer Arlo the suggestion that if he work a little local color into the novel in the shape of a co-ed as heroine (please omit the shape) its contents would be more appreciated.

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Great movements are on foot these days. There is no need of stroking the cat the wrong way to scare up a little electricity. The Editor-in-Chief has been frantically tearing his hair, and keeping The Lounger on the jump with his imitations of the Othello act. Despite his constant dodging of the office shears The Lounger hopes to monopolize an extra amount of that highly cracked-up Junior Week issue of The Tech.

Where are authentic athletic records to be found? In Technique, 1902.

Technique contains a complete list of all students at M. I. T., their courses, and home addresses.