Athletics at Technology has always held a position in The Lounger's affections, and a tight grasp upon The Lounger's purse; and the lack of success with these two mainstays for support, has not always been as we read in that entertaining book "Analytical Geometry or the New Arabian Nights," easy to see. Last winter in the ante-deluge days, when the sun was wont to shine for a whole week at a time, The Lounger read in the columns of this valuable instrument of popular enlightenment, of the establishment of "The Doric Order of Architects." Later he became aware of the intentions of the Course IV. Juniors to conduct under this immortal order a series of baseball games in the Tech Campus between Berkeley and Clarendon Streets. The Lounger, favoring athletics, was naturally elated, and he had boundless visions of railroad ties, loose bricks, boulders and lost balls. But the enthusiastic, though care-worn architects, who had proposed to substitute baseball for design on every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, had reckoned without due care. Had Prof. Sandericker been called upon to express an opinion he would have, said they had neglected to multiply by twelve to reduce to inches; had the Secretary been called upon to remark on the case, he would have said they had neglected to hand in section slips, had Professor Sedgwick been asked he would have said they had neglected Providence. But all these amount to the same thing and consequently that which promised so much has yielded less than the course in first term chemistry, and not a game was played. The sun has shone on Rogers Building but about three times during the past two or three months and the scheme which arose in dreams has gone down in a fog. The Lounger has no explanation.

The plot thickens. The TECH has a rival. The ultimatum has gone forth that the Class Day TECH is to be humbled to the dust. The Class Day Committee has decided after due consideration that, having never supported Technology's weekly publication it cannot afford to begin now. On careful inquiry it was found that the Senior Class boasted three subscribers to THE TECH. Under the circumstances it was felt that if the Class Day proceedings were reported in this organ, the Seniors would not know that they had been graduated. Hence, taking into account the fact that the gift which has always been the Senior's last expression of co-operation to THE TECH would pay for a good time at the "Pops" for the Committee, that august body of public-spirited men said, "No! We have thee upon the hip. We shall try our hand at publishing. We know the principles of mining, the structure of a locomotive, the digestive organs of a frog. Why, pray, do we not know all else? Why should we not show Technology, once for all how the thing should be done?" So spake our worthy representatives of 1901. The Lounger wishes them success with all his heart, but begs to add that if the Committee should have to borrow a few bones after the fiddler is paid, he, The Lounger has just spent his last cent for a shave.

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The Lounger has often wondered what has been the object of those miniature Labor Day excursions of certain courses under the guidance of so-called instructors, which have been reported from time to time as infesting some of the manufacturers in Boston and vicinity. At last The Lounger fears that he has discovered this object, he must confess, only after a little eavesdropping. He fears, for he is loath to believe his evidence. After a day of affectionate intercourse with his instructor The Lounger took the train for home. He ensconced himself in the rear seat in a car—one of those seats in a corner, running lengthwise of the car. By chance (note the chance) he had one of Allen's Prayer Books with him. He was aroused from the depths of an eager perusal of the wit and humor of its pages by the word "Tech." Tech? Where had he heard that name? Ah! yes, that was the place where they kept a Secretary and Bursar. The Lounger heard the mystic sound again, coming from the seat in front occupied by two young women. The Lounger edged nearer and listened. "Yes, there were a lot of Tech fellows down to the factory today," he heard one of the damsels drawl. "I don't know what they come for. One of them came into my room today, and looked at me and grinned. Says he to me, 'I'm lost.' Says I to him, 'I'm sorry.' Says he, 'I'm lost and can't get out.' Says I, 'I'm sorry if you're lost.' 'Yes,' says he, 'I'm lost.' Says I again, 'I'm sorry if you're lost.' Then he grinned again and went out. Huh! lost and couldn't find forty fellows. Lost's he was. Don't you suppose I know what he was after! He came in to jolly me." The Lounger merely quotes and does not uphold this conclusion. He cannot bring himself to believe that such is the truth. The young woman must have been a little premature, mayhap prejudiced, in her decision.