The Lounger is delighted—at last his labor has borne fruit; his virtue has really become its own reward. For some time past, it will perhaps be remembered, The Lounger has devoted a considerable part of his intellectual display to enhancing in the popular mind the regard and appreciation for a certain institution of learning known to the sapient as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Years of persistent effort have finally resulted in victory; the Boston Herald—one of the Tech's contemporaries, posing alternately as the Vox of the Populi and the organ of the Republican dago—has taken up The Lounger's work and, on a certain day of last week, put forth no less than two different articles in regard to the chief executive of the previously-mentioned institution. In one of these, the President is described as telling a story to the Association of American Gas men. This is significant. The Lounger knows no man more modest in his conceit and more conceited in his modesty than this same chief executive: and so the writer of these lines feels that it devolves upon him to point out that, when speech-making and story-telling are in question, these head gas men of the country come to President Pritchett to get points on their own chosen game. It is a gratifying picture: the Gas Association surrounding our President who, doubtless with an appropriate pipe, is giving them an illuminating discourse and dazzling them with intellectual light.

In the other article—which, be it noted in passing, appeared in the editorial column of the paper—some doubt is expressed as to the success of any effort on the part of the President to make an instantaneous transplantation of the Munich beer-halls into the cultured precincts of Copley Square. Without wishing to discourage the writer of this well-meaning paragraph, The Lounger feels it his duty to state that this fear is groundless, baseless, footless, null and void. Where, let it be queried, can be the difficulty? Have we not the Secretary's office, for a place,—or even the general library, or Rogers steps, in case of an over-flow meeting,—and is there not an hour at noon especially set apart for just such a purpose, and are there not men to the number of more than thirteen-nineteenths of the years of Our Lord to obey the first command of their uniquitous leader? What, pray, is lacking,—except the Munich beer? And can our President be accused of lack of foresight? Is he not famed for administration? Who can doubt that at this precise minute five and twenty heavily-freighted vessels are making their way from the Straits of Gibralter to the Institute's dock at Constitution Wharf? Who has not heard of the so-called eclipse expedition? Is it not apparent that the members thereof were sent off under sealed orders, that upon the high seas they learned that they were to repair immediately to Munich and superintend the selection and consignment of the Institute beverages? Were not those chosen eminently the men for such a task? And did he not last year receive a highly exuberant telegraph telling of the success of the mission? Every link in the chain has been fitted with a nicety and subtle adroitness that puts to the blush—even the Freshman tabular views. There is little more to be said. Moreover, The Lounger is tired of the Socratic method; and the repeated volleys of "yes," vociferated by his excited hearers have become monotonous. With the Herald editorialist lying shattered at his feet, The Lounger has only to suggest that a mass meeting—an Xmas meeting, if no earlier—be held to arrange for a torch-light procession to welcome the expected cargo and accompany it to its place of storage in the Bursar's office.

Certain shadowy remarks upon the cuts appearing in The Tech of the preceding week have collided with The Lounger's sense of hearing. The Lounger feels it incumbent upon him to silence such incendiary expressions of opinion. The substance of the complaint is of this nature: "That picture of Engineering Alley has nothing funny about it, it's no cartoon." Also, "It's no advertisement to Tech to have such a thing in circulation." Of course this latter remark cannot apply to the execution of the sketch; the subject must be at fault. The Lounger would venture to remark that there exist several shades of humor,—one of these is prefaced by the awful adjective grim. As for the picture's being of value as an advertisement The Lounger is undecided. However, if this develops into a possibility, The Lounger assures his readers that the corporation will be called upon to pay the customary penalty. The Lounger even believes that he will relieve the business manager of the exquisite pleasure of such an errand to the Bursar. But, by way of explanation, The Lounger would announce that the real purpose and excuse for existence of this series of Technology scenes is to furnish the Freshmen with the means of illustrating to fond parents the depth of meaning and vividness of expression contained in the classic lines:

"We are happy,
Tech is hell."

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