enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. The LOUNGER as chief advocate of this new game, confidently expects to be chosen, manager or adviser of the team, if such is forthcoming, and he will promise faithfully to arrange a very attractive schedule of games. A few kindergartens might be taken on for light practice, which would eventually lead to a game with Radcliffs or Malden High as a finale. The Tech line should average a shade less than two hundred and fifty pounds. Opposing centers would have to jump lively to gain any advantage, in which case, if the co-ed's ire was aroused—at any rate, The LOUNGER hopes to see the game taken up.

The LOUNGER confesses. He has been keeping something back—something pent up in him, too hallowed for publicity; but now too great for secrecy. It is time to divulge. In all of the several columns of council, commendation and condolence that have sprung from The LOUNGER's pen, to win a local habitation and a name on the last page of this periodical, there has never before appeared any sign to bear witness to the fact that The LOUNGER is deeply interested in art. Interested?—nay, more; enthralled, invigorated, dominated, by it. Art, by the way, is not a science: it is an art. It is a great game:—that of showing things not as they are, but as they might have been had they been sufficiently different from what they are to have been like what a certain deformed individual wishes they would be like, so that he can paint them. In other words, art is showing us nature through somebody else's glass eye. Now for a case in point. But it is impolite to point. For a case, then, in disappointment. The LOUNGER, by the way, makes no pretense to the position of an art critic. He is one: pretense is unnecessary. Yet an occasion arose, not long ago, when it was highly desirable that he should pretend that he was not one. It was at the Technology Club; and The LOUNGER was taking in, with no slight interest, the three paintings hung there, bearing in one corner the name of the Institute's massive instructor in Free-hand, Off-hand and Sleight-of-hand Drawing. "What do you think of them?" asked some malicious person in his proximity. As if it were possible to think, with such visions before him! "Speak," quoth conscience. "Shut up," quoth the fiend. And it was a fiend in need, for there stood, nearby, the artist, waiting for eulogy to come like a poultice to heal the wound of silence. "I—oh, I am no critic," faltered the writer of these confessions; and the Recording Angel, as he set it down, dropped his halo upon the lie and burned it out forever. But enough of agony; we will come to the pictures.

One represents a boat. It is framed in black, of the width of full mourning. It has been said that the boat is, enough to float the whole picture, but The LOUNGER finds, himself particularly pleased with the frame. That, in popular Billingsgate, is enough to picture the whole float.

The next is a marine scene. It represents a dock, as seen from the ocean by a person standing on the shore. The difficult conception of the work is well carried out by the artist, though the picture has not yet been carried out by the club. There are apparent the customary touches of humor that characterize all of this artist's work; but an unfortunate tendency is to be noted,—the artist has allowed himself to cater too greatly to the popular love for the melodramatic and sensational. The picture does, it is true, suggest the sea; but would it not have been just as well for the sensation produced to be one of calm enjoyment instead of violent mal de mer?

The third—and by far the most successful—picture is a view of a tree during the Lisbon earthquake. The picture is vivid, and stamps its creator as of the intensely realistic school. Two houses, dauntlessly standing through the shock, have been thrown into prominent distress by having their lines of perspective directed to the middle of the picture the vanishing point being situated about two inches above the top twig of the subject tree. The effect is striking. It suggests that the vanishing point was once the middle of a cosmical bomb-shell, from which all things have been radiated into space. Space, by the way, is denoted by Oriental yellow. In the foreground is seen, in testimony of the artist's happy faculty for introducing animal life into supernatural scenes, a hen. It was a happy thought. The LOUNGER pictures to himself the enraptured artist, rapidly painting the act of bomb-shell creation. Suddenly in front of him darts a terrified fowl, bec au vent, squawking forth tidings of great joy. There is not an instant to lose. The artist's brush is loaded with blue paint, and the biped is gamboge; but color is but a trifle in such a matter. Dab! It is done; and he, —bec, squawk, and all—is nailed to the canvas. It is a chef d'oeuvre: or, in American translation, the work of a cook.

Said the Technology Review, of this artist's work: those who have not kept tabs on his work will be surprised; those who have kept tabs will be not surprised, but pleased. It was even so with The LOUNGER. Surprised, he was not: but—ye gods,—he was mightily amused!

One vacancy still remains on the Business Staff of The Tech. The most enterprising man obtains the office.