added. The Lounger will give an example: Consider an ordinary piece of string. It is a short piece of string and yet it is a foot long. You will agree with The Lounger, Zeno and Socrates, that if this same piece of string were endless it would be much longer. Certainly, if it had no ends it would be longer. And yet, and yet, if you cut off the ends you will find it is no longer. For such cases as this, mathematical reasoning has no remedy. And now will Mr. Bok and Mr. Munzey take up this momentous discussion and add to their list of difficult problems solved? But remember, gentlemen, that this time it was not you who solved it. It was your fellow-moralist, The Lounger, who may be lashed, but leashed—never!

The Lounger marvels. Verily, there is going on in the veins of the Institute organism a mighty conflict between the white corpuses and the red. The nature of the entire organism is in the balance,—whether Technology be a rich-blooded, democratic organization of untitled enthusiasts, or whether it be a blue but-thin-blooded, aristocratic conglomeration of ultraviolet lines chosen out from the rest of the spectrum. It is a mighty question, and mighty is the battle waged upon it. And now, as this historian temporarily removes himself to a mental background of five future generations, so as to get the reducing-glass perspective of a century or two, he is forced reluctantly to admit that the first victory belongs to the white corpuses,—to the army of the blue blood. In vain may the president, who seems to be of the other party, and those of his followers in the Faculty who are staking their life on the upholding of his régime,—in vain may they try to scout the conclusion. Theirs is the first defeat. With a masterful ingenuity, the secretary,—the leader of the aristocrats,—has laid his plans with the most successful results. He has—so rumor states—almost completed his preparations preliminary to seizing the reins of government and assuming the dictatorship of Technology, under the elite title of dean, while his faithful minion and conspirator is to be rewarded with the position of second in command, under the already powerful nom de guerre of secretary. In vain does the president writhe in anguish, seeing thread after thread break in the great rope of republican authority; in vain does he strain every sinew, nerving himself to great effort, to preserve the integrity of the masses and the subservience of the Classes,—to preserve the rights of the classes (without the capital) and the inferiority of the Masters. In vain. The audacious secretary has made his first bold stroke. Already many of the president's reinforcements have been cut off. By the sudden elevation of the cost of tuition at Technology, a jump of twenty-five per cent, unequaled elsewhere in the history of graphic statistics, he has rendered improbable the arrival of any future Freshmen classes. Next June, so is the plan of this wily pretender, the Senior class is to be elimin-