'88. W. T. Keough, II., was elected a member of the Boston School Committee on a ticket indorsed by all the contesting parties.

'90. Burdett Moody, I., is in charge of the surveying department of the Homestake Mining Company at Leadville, S. D.

'98. L. J. Seidensticker, V., married Miss Edith Emma Rice of Cambridge, Dec. 15.


'00. S. B. Elbert, III., is now with the North Western Developing Company of Rollinsville, Col. He was formerly a partner with A. C. Dart, Jr.

'00. R. W. Balcomb, V., is now studying Physical Chemistry at the University of Breslau.

'00. A. L. Hamilton, III., is with the W. clark Wire Company of Elizabeth, N. J.

'01. F. K. Mitchell is insurance inspector for the New England Insurance Association, with headquarters in Boston.

'02. Paul E. Chalifoux, ex-'02, is with the J. S. Chalifoux & Co., wholesale dry-goods dealers, in Birmingham, Ga.

'02. F. G. Lane, II., is with the B. F. Sturdevant Blower Company of Boston.

'02. H. B. Pond, I., is with the American Bridge Company at Hartford, Conn.

LOST: From the Tech Gym, on the afternoon of Field Day, a pair of cymbals belonging to Johnston, '06. Any information in regard to them will be gratefully received. The cymbals are worth about fifteen dollars.

The days go by, approaching Christmas as a limit, and yet there is no cessation in our labors. Even our minutes of relaxation are filled with conscious thought. The LOUNGER goes to his morning tasks in a street car, and his eye wanders weakly, protestingly from the ground-glass sign: "No obnoxious or otherwise intoxicated person will be allowed to ride on this car, unless he does so at his own risk," to the many examples of modern poetic masterpieces, all embodying the inspiring idea: "Use ' Pessima,' it is the best."

And now there falls upon The LOUNGER'S lazy retina the image of a beautiful woman reclining comfortably upon a moon, and underneath,—The LOUNGER'S lethargy is broken,—oh, wonderful discovery,—four magic words, balm for the soul of the overworked and crowded student, fit phrase to express the long-felt need of the Tech grind, in short, the much-desired motto for M. I. T.: "Work while you sleep."

A discovery such as this is indeed a boon, but is all the more blissful, as The LOUNGER himself is the discoverer. No cares can weigh him down in his triumph. He leaves the car while it is yet in motion, and leaves it backward, with that disregard of all laws of gravity, resolution of forces and momentum, which a newsboy alone can command, and, rushing up Rogers's teps, faces with intrepidity that New World incarnation of the released spirits of Scylla and Charybdis,—to wit, the double set of swinging doors which make the entrance to our Alma Mater perilous,—passes through unscathed, and unconcerned that the door he let fly has swept a gentle ced from the map, and mounting the stairs to the Tech office, proceeds to spread himself joyously, when, woe betide! he is accosted with a new and overwhelming problem. He is acquainted with the fact that there is a Tech Kommersrauln, or whatnot, which has recently come into existence over the — er — that is, pardon, the Mechanical Lavatories,—and, furthermore, that this apartment, having no adequate appellation, must be dubbed. That it should be called by so inconspicuous a name as the "Tech Union" would be lamentably prosaic. Consider: "North Union," "South Union," "Tech Union," "Woman's Christian Temperance Union." How is a bewildered Freshman to know which to patronize?