The Lounger had seen that the Faculty got through their weekly meeting all right, and having given some necessary directions in regard to the plans of the new building, he found that for the first time since October he was likely to have an evening to himself. Cheered with this thought he immediately began to make plans for an evening’s entertainment. Arriving home he was met by his landlady with her usual weekly poverty-stricken face, and robbed of the last dollar which he owned. Dreams of seeing Mrs. Potter kill herself with a brass asp, or of enjoying a square meal downtown somewhere, were dispelled by this unfortunate occurrence, and with nothing better to do he loaded a briar pipe and started on a tour of his friends’ rooms. Studious men, loafing men, grinds, Freshmen,—everybody but the co-eds. were visited. And what a variety of holes we Tech. men do crawl into and call them “home,” to be sure! Some of them are very good, but the average is far from elegant. And the decorations! Everywhere you see the scanty trimmings, and the antediluvian pictures of the landlady; and added to them the work of some fair one’s hands, and the ingenious, if not aesthetic, contrivances of the student himself. There is always the picture over the mantel with cracked canvas and faded gilt frame, whose borders are crammed full of cigarette pictures, as if the occupant of the room wished to expose to public gaze the amount of money he had wasted in the little paper fool-killers. And it is a very evident truth that the amount of chumpishness in a man is generally in a direct ratio to the number of these picture cards in his room. Everybody, especially the Freshmen, have some sort of a placard conspicuously nailed up, which holds forth some staring legend to whom it may concern. These affairs are as various in their size and meaning as a P or a C, and generally show unmistakable proof of rightfully belonging to some one besides the present possessors. “We are not responsible for hats or coats unless checked”; “No smoking”; “Ales, wines, liquors, and cigars,” and so forth, ad infinitum. Then there is the football poster and the in-door-meeting poster, and the photo of the eleven, and the fraternity or society picture, with shingles, fans, caps, and every conceivable sort of thing filling in the cracks between. From room to room went the Lounger, seeing all sorts of fellows doing all sorts of things, and meeting a new brand of tobacco in every place. Finally, lights in the houses burned dimmer, and he went toward his own den with fifty cents more in his pocket, which he had won playing penny-ante poker with a Freshman.

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Upon the delicate ear of the Lounger, such expressions as “That man is a Tech,” most unpleasantly grate. Because a man attends the Institute, is he a “Tech?” And what is a “Tech” anyway? Is there any authority for the use of the name? Most certainly not; as soon would a man be called a “Harvard,” a “Yale,” because he is a student at either of those colleges. In the singular, the word “Tech” denotes the Institute itself,—a man would be too conceited to live who allowed himself to be called by the name of such a mass of greatness. In the plural, the word is used in its right sense when, at the burst of applause occasioned by the entrance of our football team upon the field, some awe-stricken Williams or Amherst man plucks his neighbor by the sleeve, and whispers, “Here come the Techs!” Again, doubly conceited would he be who would lay claim to such a glorious name. In the strict sense and common meaning of the word, such usage as was in the beginning quoted would be wrong, and for this reason, and for those just given, the Lounger exclaims, “We are not Techs; we are Tech men. Individually distinguished as every man of us is, we have a supereminent sense of modesty and propriety. Call us Tech men.”