PROMPTLY at one o'clock on each alternate Wednesday, the little band of workers known as The Tech Board of Editors assembles in its office to perform its most pleasing duty. The dear old office, with its tender recollections, its trophies, and its evidences of work well done; the pictures of past editorial boards, athletic teams, and glee clubs; the piles of past Techs and "Techniques"; the files of other college journals; the silken banner, which attests the victories of two well-fought football seasons; the peculiarly constructed window so characteristic of Rogers, which looks down on the noisy world outside; and the table on which so many literary efforts have been laboriously worked out, but which is now loaded with the choicest dainties the lunchroom can provide,—oyster patties, salads, rolls, pies, ice cream, cake, fruit, etc., are there, awaiting the onslaught. The Board sits down. For awhile little is heard except such isolated remarks as, "Pass the water, please," "Sling a biscuit over here, somebody"; but at last the flow of soul begins, and such a flow!

The Lounger wishes that he could reproduce the wit, the sparkling repartee, the thrust and counter thrust, as the keen editors exercise their mental powers. He has thought of imitating the Round Robin Talks of Lippincott's, but even such a treatment could not do it all justice. Such cool analysis and dissecting of motives as here takes place, such discussions as to the best modes of stirring up the grinds or scoring a point with the powers that be. Such criticism of policy, such everything. And, finally, after the Chief Editor's call for "locals" has been successfully parried, the Board rises with that comfortable feeling towards the world in general which comes of a well-filled stomach and a quiet conscience; and once more it is the unanimous verdict that all is far from being drudgery in literature.

Through the great advantages which modern literature affords, any person can shine in society. With his "Handy Letter Writer," "Rules of Etiquette," and "Hints on Conversation," the Lounger feels competent to face the most severe social ordeal, even including, should occasion arise, a reception to the Freshmen or an explanation to the Faculty. But others not possessing the Lounger's adaptability and savoir faire, seem to need even more information than the text-books above mentioned afford, and thus has sprung up that important department of our magazines known as "Answers to Correspondents." It is not strange that the Lounger should receive a few such applications for information from his admirers, and such having been the case, he will now undertake to answer a few of them as completely as possible.

FRESHMAN.—It is certainly not advisable for you to begin cigarette smoking, as it is injurious to the young, and often stunts their growth. Canes are not generally carried to school, although on the occasion of which you write, it might be allowable. As to the question why Tech. does not have better tennis courts, you had better consult the Faculty. Your writing is legible.

'94 KICKER.—The reason your class is not represented on Tech is probably due to a lack of brains. For answers to your other questions, read "Social Life" published by us, price $1.00.

R. W.—Quiet patterns are always in good taste. Should have to see the waistcoat in question.

CONSTANT READER.—Soup will probably not be served in pitchers at the Senior Dinner this year. You are right in thinking it is not the correct way.

The Lounger is sorry that lack of space prevents his answering numberless other questions which have reached him and respectfully refers the knowledge-seekers to the weekly magazines which make a specialty of this sort of thing. All questions will there receive due attention, to show which the following from the Ladies' Home Journal may be cited:

MOLLY.—The young man who insists upon kissing you against your will, and claims that it is an English custom, is simply showing how little he knows about English customs, and it would seem as if he thought you were equally ignorant of good taste. Certainly, if you do not want to let him kiss you it is more than rude for him to do it, and you ought, as a sensible girl, to stop it.

---

I have a weight upon my mind,
I overheard him say.
"That's good," she said, "'twill keep the wind
From blowing it away."

—Pennsylvania News.