The Lounger is not by any means averse to the blandishments of the fair; indeed, his heart is of a more than usually yielding variety of protoplasm. But he likes all good things in their proper places, and has never been able to comprehend the divine fitness of the Co-ed. Nevertheless the Co-ed. flourishes at Technology, and always obtains, it is said, a C in French. Not content with these scholastic laurels, however, the gentler Architects, and Chemists, and Biologists have of late years branched out into social life and present several defined types of the Club Woman. Mlle. M., who distinguished herself with L'Avenir three years ago (not, however, in the ballet, be it said), was ahead of her age. The custom of electing a Cleofan representative on "Technique" electoral committees has become well established, and the restraint thus imposed upon the freedom of debate was found at times salutary. A new opportunity has this week developed for our Minervas to enjoy the mad gayety of college life: the Y. M. C. A. has become co-educational!

The Y. M. C. A. is a body for which the Lounger has, on theoretic grounds, the greatest respect. It pleases him to think of these youths, so pious and so young, striving to neutralize the influence of the yacht club and other organizations of that carnal stamp, and to make in Technology a peaceful haven for Freshman innocence. Their laudable efforts have been to bring the depraved back to the path of virtue, and these efforts have now been gloriously rewarded, for the Co-eds. have "got religion." This is a happy and auspicious circumstance, and the Lounger will offer only one suggestion, prompted by his knowledge of the world's ways and of the harmfulness accruing from a lack of moderation. Remember the maxim of the great philosopher who once exercised in London an influence corresponding to that of the Lounger in Boston of the present day: "A woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

A young friend of the Lounger's lost a fine dog last week, and asked that the Biological department of the Institute be searched for its remains. The Lounger, therefore, penetrated the recesses of that grim domain and examined sundry mysterious vials, but without result. As he retreated, however, his eye was caught by some notices upon the Course bulletin, and he paused to see what were prime subjects of interest to pursuers of the evanescent microbe and the lusty yeast-cell. The first notice, bearing official indorsement, was the announcement of a chrysanthemum show; and further down came the recommendation to visit a certain exhibit of pigeons. At this point the Lounger was interviewed by an under class man upon certain matters of etiquette, and had no time to see whether any horse shows, cock fights, or county fairs were also included in the curriculum. Doubtless the chrysanthemum is a noble herb, especially when displayed in the buttonhole of a short box coat with outside seams. The pigeon, too, is a fowl whose talent for finding his way home would be of great value to a Freshman from the West during his first week in Boston. Nevertheless, the fact that these fascinating subjects are included in that course whose weekly visits to distilleries and breweries are chronicled in the Local column of The Tech, shows, forcibly the breadth and comprehension of a Biological training.

The pernicious period of activity of the "Technique" editor is upon us, and the Lounger's afternoon slumbers upon his cozy divan are disturbed daily by the aggravating buzz of a whispered conversation, broken at intervals by fiendish laughs. The litterati of '98 have assumed the stealthy conspirator's tread, and their greeting to each other, after sundry masonic signals, is, "Hist! Hark in thine ear!" Whereupon, after stealthily glancing about the room, filling up the keyhole, and stamping upon the floor to see that no secret chamber lies concealed therein, the whisperings and the ghoulish cachinations begin anew. Upon the part of most members of the Faculty a budding awe is manifest toward these favored youths, upon whose pen tips fatal venom is concealed. The hardened ones, he of the ebon and he of the scanty locks, reck not, to be sure, but the younger members of the instructing staff are noticeably cordial to "Technique" editors when they meet them at the club.