I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul.

We read often in ancient legend and in the stirring tales of Hope and Weyman, of instances in which imprisoned beauty has been set free by a gallant knight. The roles were exactly reversed when this touching episode was enacted within the walls of Technology quite recently, inasmuch as it was the Knight who suffered restraint, and the maiden who gallantly freed him from durance vile. The tale, for whose veracity many will vouch, runs as follows. The cavalier of the purse, he who lurks in the grim cavern to the southward of the black desert yclept the Secretary's office; he with whom the confiding Freshman files his bond; he who once, it is said, cashed a check the same week it was presented,—he sought out, quite late one afternoon, the little telephone closet in the back of Rogers corridor. An hour later, when he had sent his message, for it was a short one, he turned to leave the instrument. To his horror he found that the door of the closet had closed with a spring, and realized that he had no key. In his agony of mind at the thought of being immolated in this living tomb at dinner time, he hastened, yes, actually hastened to beat upon the door and to cry out loudly and to make much hubbub. It was late in the nachmitag, as the language of Heine so picturesquely has it. None was near to succor the hapless prisoner. But at last the denizen of the Cage, the feathered postmistress, hears the gruesome sounds, and sallies boldly forth and stands before the door whence this outcry proceeds. Before liberating the unknown captive, it seems expedient to point a moral of patience; therefore, she gently reproveth him for his unseemly behavior, worthy only of a Freshman from the far, far West; instructs him as to the proper method of making a request, furnishing several models of polite form, and expresses her hope that this may prove a lesson in patience and courtesy for the future. The scene which ensues when the door is at last opened, the Lounger prefers to leave for the pen of someone greater than himself and more fitted to do it justice.

In a recent constitutional about the glittering halls of Technology, the Lounger was struck by an injunction inscribed in large characters upon a certain blackboard to "eat chocolate pie on Thursday in the basement." The statement was plain; there could be no mistake. But why Thursday? Personally the Lounger has been accustomed to consume his chocolate pie on Tuesdays and Fridays, while regaling himself upon mince pie on Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays, and madly reveling in apple dumplings on Sundays and Wednesdays. Truly he would be loath to alter his accustomed ways, for by so doing his processes of digestion might be seriously impaired. May we not suspect the professor in whose room the witching command appeared of misrepresentation with view to personal indulgence? May it not be that he found himself at a disadvantage with his fellow-profs. in the common feeding ground, and sought by subterfuge to lure his rivals to gorge on Thursday, thereby securing himself full supply on, say the Wednesday following? Such depths of deception might be conceivable. If, on the other hand, the statement was a bona fide one, if a firman has gone forth from the Secretary's office that chocolate pie is to be eaten on Thursday, then the Lounger must bow himself to the inevitable with what grace he can; and pities only the unhappy Chemist who has lab. on that day, and for whom the aromas of whipped cream and CS2 will become inextricably mingled.

A sad appeal was that which recently graced the bulletin board of our latest unmusical organization—The Quintette. "Wanted, a humorist," it read; and as it stood under the "Technique" bulletin board it seemed to bear a doubly pathetic meaning. The Lounger thought seriously of offering himself to fill the breach. He fears, however, that his humor is not broad enough to be suited to a musical club. Judging by the wit displayed during the recent sojourn of the Glee and Banjo aggregation in Fall River, the first requisite for a musical joke consists in breaking various sorts of crockery, abstracting pillows, giving Tech. yells, and doing other strange and unusual things at early hours in the morning. Such achievements are no doubt calculated to fill the manly breast with irrepressible glee; but they are not quite in the Lounger's line.