THE Lounger wishes to testify to his disapprobation of certain methods and devices employed by the advertising department of THE TECH Board. He was intensely shocked to perceive the puerile jingles which last week were strewn broadcast over the Institute, and in which his own name was coupled with those of two other Technology dignitaries in a manner detrimental to all three. His remarks themselves which provoked this effusion were, as usual, of a pure and blameless character. This performance of the aggressive business management was indeed only the culminating point in a long series of insults to propriety and the Queen's English. The Lounger refers to the brown-paper posters which have decorated each week the corridors of Rogers, and whose diction and chirography has been of a character to make the Father of his Little Son and Freehand Charles fall into each others arms and weep salt tears. Really, the Lounger must remind the perpetrators of said abominations that there is a dictionary in THE TECH office which they would do well to consult. This dictionary, by the by, is at present used as a prop for the off hind leg of the Editor in Chief's desk, which is more abbreviated than its congeneres, but it can be taken out for consultation if necessary.

Oh Vanity, Vanity, what folly is committed in thy name! Thus mused the Lounger as he paused to regard the aggregation of becombed youths perched upon the steps of the Natural History Building last Friday noon. There has been no such exhibition of staid propriety since the last meeting of the Y. M. C. A., and probably never since the erection of the Museum has its exterior so rivaled its interior in the exhibition of strange beasts and curiosities. One thing, however, was wanting to complete the group. An ever courteous official sprang up to encourage a coy Co-ed. who bashfully lingered upon the outskirts, and led her in triumph to the very center of the group, where she sank modestly behind the canvas of the inevitable placard, and was completely lost to view. Now began a painful period of expectation, varied by invective leveled at the passersby. One champing steed rashly paused near the scene of the ceremony and received many personal taunts, and was well-nigh deafened by the class yell of the lusty Juniors. The creature was of a phlegmatic temper, however, being, indeed, of the breed under which it is necessary to kindle a bonfire when a start is to be made, and he resisted even these terrible assaults. A glorious sight was it to behold the noble animal, after his first moment of surprise, comprehend the situation and gaze back at his traducers with supreme hauteur. And as he turned to go, at last, a quiet smile flickered about his left mustache as he realized that the attempt to horse him had signally failed.

The Lounger has been much troubled of late to observe the extreme bumptiousness of his friends the Freshes, and he welcomes with approval the rumor that they have at last descended from their perch and consented to meet the rest of the human race for a short time on an equal footing. Since the cane rush a tendency to a somewhat undue elation of mind has been manifest, which has shown itself in the class at large by a refusal to admit the Sophs. to conference as to the decision of that event, and which appears in certain individual members of the body as an insatiate thirst for honors of every sort and kind. The Lounger might remark that in cases where the election to a position depends upon upper classmen, a seemly lowliness of demeanor and a manifestation of interest in the object sought will go far to disabuse their minds of any suspicion that the aspirant merely desires one more honor added to a lengthy list. However, setting all moralizing aside, the Lounger is hopeful that the Freshmen will preserve a more modest port in future, and if arbitration in the matter of the recent cane rush is desired, he will be pleased to place his carefully poised judgment at the service of the disputants. No man need, however, feel obliged to accept this offer; if some other authority is appealed to, the Lounger will not be in the least offended, but will continue to "sew his own pants," as the French say, in peace and quietness.

I change my boarding house in vain;
I change the place, but not the pain.
I've yet to learn from one of Eve's fair daughters
That better halves alone make better quarters.

—Bachelor of Arts.