The Lounger is a great lover of horses and of dogs; in fact he was once a member of the S. P. C. A. and a subscriber to *Our Dummed Animals*. But he cannot extend his sympathies to cats, for he does not consider them in the category of dumb animals. In fact, he felt last night, in the depths of his heart, that it would be a benefit to suffering humanity if more medical schools and biological departments could be established in this part of the country.

The Lounger has suffered for years in silence rather than allow his grandmothers and maiden aunts to know that he hated cats, but he can hold himself in check no longer and feels compelled to air his grievances. Even as he writes, the wail of the accursed feline comes to his ears, accompanied by the crash of broken glass, mingled with the dull thud of the unbreakable mucilage bottle against the fence. The Lounger's sentiments are evidently shared by others. There is nothing worse than a cat-a-waul, unless it be, perhaps, a German band which occasionally murders, or rather wreaks vengeance upon the corpses of long defunct popular airs beneath the Lounger's window. When this latter event occurs the Lounger sings "Arrah go on" through a megaphone borrowed from the President of the Institute Committee, and used by him at its fortnightly meetings.

The Lounger has a friend in the Class of '98 who secretly rather prides himself on his distinction of appearance. His vanity received a rude shock a little over a month ago at the hands of a fair collegian from Wellesley. The Senior, whom we will call Mr. A., is in general a courteous and gentle youth, and has the habit of lunching upon the products of the Oak Grove Farm; the lady, whom we may denote for convenience as Miss B., has not the honor of the Lounger's acquaintance. Repute holds her one of the fairest of Wellesley's fair daughters, than which no higher praise could be bestowed; she is of imperious nature and versed in the higher æsthetics of the toilet, visiting a noted Boston milliner at frequent intervals. It was after such a jaunt that she, too, entered the hospitable doors upon the corner of Berkeley Street and Boylston, and giving up the hatbox which she carried to the charge of the head waiter, resigned herself to the contemplation of the menu.

A half hour later Miss B. arose to depart and beheld the previous head-gear. At this moment, as luck would have it, Mr. A. walked down the room in search of his hat. "O," cried Miss B., "please give me my hatbox?" "Your hatbox? Where is your hatbox?" "Where is it! Why you took it." "I, madam! I assure you I haven't taken your hatbox." "Certainly you did! I gave it to you half an hour ago. Please get it at once." There was nothing more to say. Mr. A. meekly accepted the situation and departed to make inquiries which resulted in his obtaining the missing article. As he placed it at its owner's feet with a low bow, his gestures and the laughing faces of his comrades apprised Miss B. of her mistake. She seized the unfortunate box convulsively and with flaming cheeks fled from the building and down Boylston Street. There is, however, another door to the Café, and when our Wellesley maid crossed Berkeley Street she found a long row of grinning Tech. men who doffed their hats with respectful deference as she passed.

The Lounger feels that he has a painful duty before him, but one which, as a public censor, he may not shrink from. It is no less than the exposure of a scandal, a scandal vitally affecting the good name of Technology. The facts in the case must, the Lounger feels, be made public at whatever sacrifice of individual feelings.

A certain Senior chemist recently lost a notebook. This is not in itself criminal. The fact, however, that he made no effort to recover his property, except by posting notices in various distant laboratories where the notebook could not possibly be, aroused suspicion. The Lounger's "eagle brain" was stimulated; he did a little amateur detective work; and finally by bribing one of the under janitors of the Walker Building, he discovered the truth. That notebook was in the Margaret Cheney Reading-room.

The Lounger points the finger of denunciation at the officials of the Cleofan and asks them to explain, if they can, in the interests of public morality, *how that notebook got there?*