Truly the Lounger was mortified to learn of the unseemly conduct of one of our most promising instructors in Mechanical Engineering the other afternoon. The facts of the case are nearly as follows: In the course of an afternoon's drawing a bottle of small beer, such as may be purchased at any stand for the modest consideration of a dime, was seen frantically waving in the hand of a certain swift member of Course II. Whereupon the above-mentioned instructor rushed madly upon the scene, and with much to-do sternly reprimanded the unoffending student, the while making many inquiries as to the ownership of the beer. Needless to say, the familiar bottle remained friendless, resting uneasily upon the neighboring desk. Whereupon our unassuming instructor of youth led the aforesaid draughtsman from the room, and carried the beverage into his den. The question remains, What did he do with it? and in the opinion of the Lounger it is one not easily answered; for if he threw it from the window into the neighboring lot it was but snatching it from the frying pan into the fire, as some greedy architect must surely have seized upon it, as upon a godsend, when it alighted. And thus would another simple creature have gone astray. But if, as the Lounger half surmises, he himself emptied the contents of the bottle, how in the name of all that is unworthy can he face the mantling eyebrows of the offended members of Course II.? An explanation from the very distinguished gentleman seems to be in order. The Lounger can understand why the instructor should have upset his ink bottle, and dashed to the near neighborhood of that other bottle and earnestly inquired for its ownership. It was doubtless due to reflex action. But why should he then have expelled its owner? This truly staggers the most profound student of human nature. In a German institute it would perhaps have been cause to expel if the student appeared without a bottle. But such is the mystery of man. And surely something seems to have been lacking in courtesy in that, when our esteemed friend so clearly expressed his desires; no one should have gallantly presented him with the article.

The Red and Blue, a journal emanating from the University of Pennsylvania (whose colors young Mr. Ten Eyck is to wear at Henley, according to the newspapers), makes exceeding merry over the wording of the very sensible ordinance in the Boston street cars relative to spitting on the floor. The Red and Blue says, "Nowhere else, save in Boston, would such a thing be possible. No other city's board of health would bother to discourse learnedly about the characteristics of sputum. Pseudo-erudition always emasculates. It is the natural and unfailing effect. As long as people are anxious to express thoughts which they do not have, although they try to deceive themselves into believing that they have, so long will the King's English be mutilated." Was there ever a passage which condemned itself so neatly? Talk about "pseudo-erudition" "emasculating"! And what is "the natural and unfailing effect"? "Pseudo-erudition" or "sputum"? Ye Gods! Surely the "King's English" will be mutilated as long as the man who wrote that editorial remains on the staff of The Red and Blue.

The Lounger is pleased to note that the rigid asceticism of Technology life is undergoing a temporary abatement. The Senior Class in particular appears to be warding off the shadows of the approaching semies by a vigorous application to the science of enjoyment. That dinner at the Exchange Club, if Dame Rumor speak truly, was the occasion of a cheerful conviviality scarcely to be expected from a band of the elect, who forbade all intoxicating beverages less than three years ago. New Year's eve, also, furnished an opportunity for much relaxation and good comradeship, though of the anhydrous variety. The Lounger, on his way home from certain celebrations of his own, stopped at the Club, and was moved by the sound of a thunderous tramp of feet to ascend the stairway, and look into the room above. There he found the dignified elders of the Institute, the engineers and scientists of the future, careening about the room in an endless chain, each man with his hands on the shoulder of the man in front.