It is always sad to see a stern and primitive hardihood dying away before the subtle influence of enervating luxury; and the Lounger sympathizes heartily with the drastic measures recently taken by the authorities in charge of the shops, to discourage any lapses from Spartan simplicity. The gilded youth who frequent these halls of light on Garrison Street have, it appears, been accustomed to shield their delicate palmar integument by encasing their lily hands in gloves. An edict has now gone forth that this must no longer be. What, pray, have blacksmiths to do with gloves? There is no record that he of the spreading chestnut tree was garbed in frock coat, tall hat, and double-breasted waistcoat, and sported an orchid on his left lapel. "Away with such frippery," the Lounger can imagine Master M. to cry. "This is no place for the effete scions of Aristocracy! Let the luxurious Sybarites seek the classic shades of Course IX. or the broad and flowery way that leads to Course IV. Here are we votaries of Vulcan proud of the sweat which follows honest labor, and the grime which marks us off as sons of toil."

The truth that it is impossible to fool all the people all the time has been strikingly illustrated once more. Professor Darwin, of Cambridge University, son of the great Darwin, who lectured before the Lowell Institute this fall, has contrived to impose himself on the scientific world as an authority on tidal forces. But Mr. Smith, of Hopewell, New Mexico, has found him out. Mr. Smith wrote to the Transcript last Saturday night to comment upon Professor Darwin’s explanation of the fact that high tides do not occur when the moon is overhead, but several hours later, which he attributed to the comparative shallowness of the oceans and to the different points on the earth’s surface. This theory, according to Mr. Smith, is “illogical, inaccurate, and consequently untenable.” “Both statements,” he adds, “are mere matters of guess work, and show that they are not the result of observation, or logical deduction, or thought, but are random answers given to a conundrum the professor has failed to solve, trusting to the ignorance of his auditors that they will not be able to see or understand the cause any better than himself. . . . The true reason is that the weight of the moon is acting continually on the earth, while the light from the moon is continually starting from a new position; and the moon does not occupy the position we apparently see it in, at the time we see it, but is just as far east of the point it appears to occupy as it would travel in its orbit in the time it would take for light rays to travel from the moon to the earth.” It is clearly in order for Professor Sedgwick to secure Mr. Smith, of New Mexico, to undo the harm Professor Darwin has done by his careless, unscientific statements.

Verily the lot of the student is beset with temptations. The Lounger is moved to the above spontaneous exclamation by consideration of the many particularly fair damsels who do insist upon passing directly beneath the windows of THE TECH office when he is engaged in meditating upon his most difficult subjects. It is for aesthetical reasons, too, no doubt, that the not too simple Freshman doth every year make such unseemly haste to gain possession of certain favorable window-seats commanding fair prospect of the entrance to Mrs. Brown’s select school for girls. But the Lounger has observed that the occupants of these choice locations find considerable difficulty in getting marks above a “Z” on the simplest of plates, which difficulty he philosophically concludes is the price of the ogling of beauty. Enjoyments have their price. And now the electrics over in Walker are to undergo a severe strain, if report be true, before which many will undoubtedly give way. For rumor has it that a most respectable institution for the education of young maidens is about to move into the apartments sometime occupied by Chauncy Hall School. This in itself is no great menace; but when we learn that the youthful votaries of Minerva will promenade as far east as Clarendon Street, we may well question the ability of embryo E. E’s to withstand the fascination of a pair of black eyes whose owner, the Lounger has reasons to believe, will be among the fair invaders. All of which signifies that he will keep his weather eye upon the above mentioned E. E’s, and if he notices strange actions without apparent cause, he will see that stained-glass windows be inserted in that part of the building.