The Lounger was present last week at the breaking of earth for our new gymnasium, a very auspicious event considering the nature of the structure; for we have it upon good authority that it is to be an edifice in well-baked brick, designed upon the graceful and yielding lines of Engineering and Architectural. Indeed, we are told its proportions will be of an almost playful character, bearing, in fact, a wonderfully close resemblance to a soap, a starch, or a dry goods box. It is hardly necessary to observe that any one of these forms, of which we have already very pure examples at the Institute, would be almost equally desirable. Copley Square will be an ornament to it. The windows will be set in the most approved factory style, the whole giving the appearance of a moderately flourishing sausage manufactory. Following the well-defined precedent, it will be entirely without ornament within or without, it being clearly comprehended that any such effect would be an aid to Course IV. in examinations, and as such not to be tolerated. As to the idea of a gymnasium for girls (we should rather say Co-eds), it seems to be quite original with the administration. Co-eds are in the minority and therefore to be cared for with much tender anxiety, as a prudent man for his shekels, or a hen for her chickens. There are possibly eleven hundred men and eighty women, by liberal count of the latter, at the Institute. Clearly the women must be looked to, must be metaphorically patted upon the back. We will build straightway a gymnasium. Most of these women live out of town and return home immediately upon finishing their work for the day. Most of the men live in the city; therefore, also, do we build our gymnasium. Such is the clear and concise chain of reasoning by which we arrive at our soap box of a gymnasium. The Lounger has no stomach for such, but will pass it over to the Editor in Chief, hoping he may cast it in his most commodious receptacle for waste paper.

Or, mayhap, it will cheer the lusty orator of Course IX. in the idle hours between his morning and noon-day meal. Yet did we not expect to receive such a document from the height of a presidential office.

News of the roommates cited in a recent epistle is forthcoming. Early in the week the landlord wired dejectedly that there was yet no sign of them, and in another week he would dispose of their entire property (kerosene oil lamp) for rental to date. The case being serious, the Lounger himself took steps for their discovery with extraordinary and entirely unexpected results. On Tuesday he found the P. P. man dining à deux at the Porker House heavily disguised by a thick Tech. sweater, and on Wednesday, by a rare display of detective powers, he unlodged the F. S. man at the Tureen, where he is staying in the disguise of a multi-millionaire. Neither would be interviewed for publication. We await developments.

The Lounger is distressed to learn of the pitiable condition of the architectural department, arising from the unhealthy state of the atmosphere in the drawing rooms devoted to their leisure. This astonishing situation, it seems, has been brought about by the action of the authorities in closing the much-frequented library to the aforesaid students, beyond the very limited hours at which the gentlemen of Course IV. are supposed to labor. In consequence, the atmosphere in the crowded drawing rooms does customarily assume a beautiful bluish tint, from its rather free consumption by the justly exasperated occupants. The Lounger was not, until very recently, upon unconsciously venturing therein, made aware of the extraordinary profusion of “Latin” terms in the study of the profession. Yet, does it appear that these youthful sloths are not without example? For upon the occasion of the late banquet of the Architectural Society do we learn that the conversation was, as usual, almost entirely sustained in that language, even dignified professors seeing fit to embellish their discourse with many choice excerpts. Therefore is it not unnatural, when elders so disport, to find our innocent young friend, under the sting of enforced idleness, discoloring our lovely air with strange word out of their mouths. Yet do we commend them to our brothers of the Y. M. C. A.