The Lounger sincerely deplores the fact, only too noticeably made evident a short time since, that we have among us certain professors who do labor under the misconception of taking a man for a boy. It would indeed be a valuable service rendered by anyone who could gently yet deeply stir the gentlemen referred to, to a proper consideration of the facts.

Or is it that these professors are so lacking in public spirit that they were guilty of the flagrant misconduct lately reported, upon the occasion of the passing of the 1st Regiment by our doors. As will be recalled the students gathered on the steps of Rogers, and cheered lustily to the soldier lads as they marched, an act prompted by loyalty to the flag and admiration for the regiment. If newspaper report be correct, the soldiers and people appreciated the act. Yet it was no more than what would have been expected of any body of young men under the conditions. Yet will you believe, there were certain professors who actually locked their doors to students made late by the patriotic act; and one, we are told, who sent an assistant into the corridor to report the names of all who should be found thereabouts.

To the Lounger there is something exquisitely small, something delightfully low, in such conduct. It reminds him forcibly of the foreman who docked the time lost by the man, who while ramming a blast, was blown forcibly into the air, but later came down and resumed his work.

While the Lounger dislikes to mention anything savoring of the disagreeable, yet there are some things so cleverly done that they deserve to be preserved and set apart as a sort of chamber of horrors, to be viewed and thereafter avoided.

A far pleasanter task is it to congratulate the Editor in Chief and his associates, upon the remarkable looking thing given out to the world at large on Friday last, under the protecting guardianship of THE TECH. Certainly no similar object was ever yet discovered in this world, save be it in the ranks of the professional newsmongers. Yet even the most discolored of these latter journals, even that emanating from the metropolis itself, is as the morning sun to cymbrian night. Such an unprecedented quantity of "yellow," it is safe to say, has never before been expended upon one single issue. And this is where the Lounger would have managed better; instead of crowding the large amount of matter into one issue of three reading pages, as was done, he would have distributed it around liberally and gracefully over many good leaves, and thereby necessitated the publication of many issues, to be published at three and thirty-seven minutes past the hour, after the most approved manner. Yet for a first attempt, however, this one was sufficiently shocking, the effect being correspondingly severe. Many total abstainers, including members of the Y. M. C. A., were seen to rush madly over to chapel upon the first, nay, even upon the second and the third reading. Others who had been at the scene of the disaster itself, with a bold carriage, were seen to turn pale and stagger about upon perusing the sheet. The Lounger himself took three glasses of pure ice water within the day. Truly former Editors in Chief would not recognize this "Child of an idle brain," as a relative of the once sedate publication issuing from their careful espionage. But times are changed, it seems. With pleasure, then, the Lounger tenders his respects to the victorious Editor in Chief.

The adage that it is never well to call a man names unless you have a bead on the nape of his neck, was never more clearly exploited than during the irregularity of recitations immediately following the fire. It appears that a certain Freshman after an unsuccessful attempt at locating his class in the French language, explained rather forcibly in words, not uttered in that language as is the habit of Freshmen, something to the effect of "Where is that d— Frenchman?" This, be it observed, while inadvertently standing in front of a classroom door, beyond which, it further appears, was this same darling Frenchman. Moreover, from the postlude which followed, it is equally apparent that the words were uttered within hearing distance of the same. As the problem now stands, the principal difficulty arises in finding the Freshman. Motto, don't be a Freshman.