It is with the deepest regret that the Lounger has recently heard of a somewhat general misunderstanding as regards which member of the department of Mechanical Drawing he referred to in his remarks upon the cane rush last week. It is on this account that the Lounger deems it necessary to state, for the immediate information of the friends of Professor F--nc-, that he was not the gentleman to whom the Lounger had reference. Moreover, it is stated on good authority that the said Professor holds himself in readiness at any time to prove an alibi to all interested parties.

Once more, for the —th time, The Tech imitates the noble example of history, and "repeats itself" by publishing in another place that startling announcement in regard to the winter apparel of Rogers steps, which annually appears in its columns. While the Lounger cannot help admiring the true spirit of conservatism thus shown by his friend, the Editor in Chief, in these days of radical changes, this feeling is greatly outweighed by his sense of wounded vanity and personal insult in thus having forced upon him the fact that his fast-departing youth has filched another year, and the dark and dreary days of winter are again at hand. Another year (should his studious efforts again fail to impress an unappreciative and relentless Faculty) the Lounger promises to take active steps in due season to prevent the occurrence of this evil.

It is with deep regret that the Lounger feels called upon to note the methods used by the Debating Society to attract new members to join its ranks. The particular incident in question is the poster recently displayed in the corridor, showing a youth and maiden linked in tender embrace, the same bearing an urgent invitation to join the said society. As the Lounger has yet to hear of this institution becoming co-educational, he feels forced to regard the attractions so delicately hinted as a plain case of obtaining members under false pretences. On the other hand, however, should the allegation prove true, the society is none the less reprehensible, and a thorough investigation by the Y. M. C. A. should be undertaken at once.

During the past week the Lounger has received a large number of communications in regard to a certain photograph which appeared in the advertisement of a well-known photographer in the last issue. The picture in question shows a young lady in very becoming costume, and immediately beneath it the photographer announces that he is "Senior Class photographer to Wellesley College." The Lounger has never been sufficiently fortunate to witness a gymnastic exhibition at the college referred to, but from hearsay he would judge that even at such times the costume worn is rather more complete than the one shown; therefore he must reply to his numerous correspondents that the connection between picture and statement is as much a mystery to him as to them. He is particularly gratified, however, to find that the advertising columns are so well read.

The Lounger is extremely sorry to note on the part of his friends, the Sophomores, a certain disposition to follow the advice of the poet who said:

"Throw Physic(s) to the dogs,
I'll none of it."

Now entirely aside from all motives relating to the prevention of cruelty to animals and humanitarian sympathy for the dogs (or as J. K. Jerome would put it, "To say nothing of the dog"), the Lounger feels called upon to say a word in time which he hopes may save nine, or even ten. The gentlemen mentioned above, it would seem, have already in the short interval of time since the beginning of the term been sufficiently active in several directions to secure a reputation, which, to say the least, is capable of improvement, and now that the Cane Rush has been gracefully disposed of, the Lounger begs to hint that some little quieting down would not be altogether inconsistent with Sophomoric dignity and importance.

SHE.—"What kind of a man is he?"
HE.—"He is a D. F."
SHE.—"What fraternity is that?"