In spite of a certain paternal warning embodied in an article on the most literary page of the last number of the leading weekly periodical of the present era,—said warning being one against any sort of matrimonial trust, union, or alliance,—a new and dangerous development has just come to the ears of the Lounger, much to his increased anxiety for the intactness of the bachelor portion of the Institute population. It is rumored that a certain young man of sociological research was seen by the naked eye in a town far from the Institute, where a female seminary brings together a goodly number of maidens to delight the heart of the Technological visitor. About the middle of last week the departure of the lost youth was noted, and about seven days after, though he has returned, a distant, reminiscent look in his eyes bodes no good to the cause of bachelordom in the Institute. The fallen one, be it spoken in sorrow, is a member of the course that inhabits Room 44, Rogers, so hope is vain. The Lounger mourns, and the Walker Club looks for silver spoons.

It was with no inconsiderable pleasure that the Lounger extended a welcome to another volume of perhaps the only book relating to the Institute to which he can turn for relief in those moments of depression and low spirits which occasionally arise from too close application to the more expensive literature procurable at "the usual place." An unusual amount of excitement has been caused by the issue of this latest addition to the Lounger's bookshelves, upon the basis commonly called in connection with certain transactions in household goods "the installment plan," and it was only by repeated trips to the rear of Rogers that the Lounger at last succeeded in exchanging his slips of pasteboard for an armful of the precious volumes. The contents, as a whole, are not vastly different from the efforts of preceding boards, save that owing perhaps to the unusual amount of care which the Lounger has given to the Class of 1900, his name finds somewhat more frequent mention in the pages of their masterpiece. The departments of Physics and Descriptive Geometry are, as always, well represented, and several new subjects for martyrs have also been unearthed. A feature particularly worthy of comment is the liberal attitude of the authorities of Course IV., who, fearing lest the youth under their care should be deprived of some of their necessary exercises in pitching pennies, and the other more or less innocent amusements necessary to maintain their reputation, if any useful work were allowed to claim a share of their talents, have frowned vigorously upon the carrying out by the members of the said course of their natural share of the artistic work, which has hence claimed a portion of the spare time of a member of the less arduous course pertaining to the manufacture and handling of that subtle fluid (the Lounger has no reference to the products of either brewery or distillery) now so largely used in every town.

On Saturday the Lounger awoke in no too certain a frame of mind, due to the necessity of a choice between pleasure and duty,—in other words, Smith or Brown. However, the departure of his friends, the Thespians, for Northampton in unbecoming haste at the unseemly hour of 8.15 A.M., decided the Lounger on the side of duty and a ten o'clock train to Providence.

Without detailing his many and varied adventures in the ways of providence, suffice it to say he found himself back again in Boston that night with the memory of one of the pleasantest intercollegiate events in which it has been his good fortune to participate.

The Lounger is pleased to note also the enthusiasm with which the team that had so ably represented the red and gray was welcomed on its return by the delegation of one, headed by Mr. R. W. B-I-y, which had assembled at the Park Square Station. It was a splendid example of the college spirit upon which the Tech. man prides himself.

O TEMPORA, ETC.

Tommy: "You're a liar and a — — — !"
Jimmy: "You're another, and a — — — !"
Fond Mother: "Good heavens, children, what are you saying, and where did you hear those awful things?"

Tommy: "We're just playing soldier. Jimmy's mamma."

—Harvard Lampoon.