THE LOUNGER regrets to announce that he has been misrepresented. In the last, which incidentally was also the first, issue of The Tech, he was quoted as of the opinion that he was fortunate in the possession of a goodly sum of money — amounting indeed nearly to the number of thalers required by the Bursar at the beginning of every second term. This deception was not practiced by anyone maliciously, but was due to the inadvertence of the type-setting machine in the private printing establishment of The Tech. The error occurred within this identical column — last week — and was found in the statement that The Lounger was contented with the "three score and ten plunks allotted him by Destiny and Descrip." The "ten plunks" should have been (as in fact they are), "ten flunks."

Now, ten or in fact any extra-digital number of plunks is a very different matter from a similar number of flunks. Without the one, the student is likely to receive a request, from the Bursar, to withdraw from the shadows of Technology; yet with the other, the same fate would probably attend his Institute career, the initiative this time being taken by the Secretary.

THE LOUNGER wonders how many of his devoted readers are aware that a literary cataclasm has occurred within the confines of The Tech Office, that a new genius has grappled with the Editorial blue-pencil, and that as a consequence The Tech, though unruffled in appearance, has been through a metamorphosis of leadership, appearing now as the product of an entirely new creator. Such is the fact. Incomprehensible as it may at first blush appear, a lieutenant has been found to draw the pen from the potato where the retiring victorious commander had left it.

THE LOUNGER congratulates the ex-Editor-in-Chief upon resigning in time to save The Tech from the blot of having its chief executive mistaken for a Freshman. That such an act should have happened seriously mars one's faith in the value of an intellectual cast of countenance; but if such an indignity was to occur, it was better for it to fall upon one who was merely a Senior, and not the figurehead of The Tech.

Much as The Lounger sympathizes with all those who were drawn back to the Institute against their wills from the midst of gay summer life at hill and beach, he most emphatically declines to countenance the too-candid action of those of his Editorial brothers who gave vent to their grief at the opening of Tech by issuing the first number of The Tech in a mourning cover.

Coming into Rogers, last Friday morning while The Tech was on sale, he was shocked to see the banner of The Tech figuratively half-masted, and was dazed at the thought that someone on the Board was probably deceased — perhaps he himself! In feverish excitement, he grasped a copy and hastily turned to the first page. As no lamentation was made in the leading editorial, he knew that his suspicions, as regards himself at least, were wrong. Then, realizing that his last hope was gone of evading a see-me-at-once call from the Secretary and twelve hours of back reference reading, he staggered blindly and in a semi-unconscious state paid his first term's tuition. From all of which calamities, he concludes that the mourning cover of The Tech was not a desirable thing.

THE LOUNGER is pained to see that Tech men are getting up a pretty warm kind of reputation for themselves out west. A certain modest Geologist, it seems, started to take a set of choice spirits from himself out west. A certain modest Geologist, it seems, started to take a set of choice spirits from the students in his class and have a little skurry over then wild and wooly West of Massachusetts. North Adams was the selected base of operation, and the raid was to take place on Sunday.

Now the plot thickens. News was flashed ahead to North Adams. Immediate terror reigned. Hurried meetings were held, and while the young feminine element hastened to look up new and pretty caps, bibs and tuckers, the older portion of the community held a hasty and concentrated discussion. Things came to a head in the First Baptist Church, and a protest was forthwith put forward, declaring that the excursion (slip of the pen; should have been incursion') is pernicious in its effect on the morals of the city," — hypothesizing, of course, that the city has morals.

The Lounger hears with sorrow that the incursion was nevertheless carried through, unaffected by the protest and resulting exposure. It is to be hoped that, this time, the behavior of the Professor was in accordance with the dictates of propriety, and that he appreciated the responsibility upon his shoulders, both in regard to the innocence of the youths with him and concerning the good reputation of the Institute.