The Lounger objects! Not that he has anything against the noble institution of matrimony—the gluing together of two kindred hearts by a notary’s seal and a nuptial stamp,—nor does he generally wish to remonstrate against gentle hand-telegraphy, pre-betrothal sighs, or coyly whispered nothings,—when they go into the proper person’s ear,—but in this particular case he does object. It’s not fair, to begin with, to the student body of the Institute, and moreover, it sets a frightful example to that most susceptible class of individuals, the Faculty, for the Secretary’s Office to be used as a matrimonial bureau for the benefit of any professor whatever, even if he is a wizard skilled in the scientific engineering of steam. It is, of course, very nice and pretty, now that it is all over, and they are so very happy in the little cottage nestling by the sidewalk; but still there remains the awful thought, what if the Faculty should take to doing this kind of thing, and it should become habitual,—and what if the Bursar should wake up, see it, and then behind his corrugated glass windows, should—! It is a good thing, of course, to extend the scope of the Institute, but if the Secretary intends to start up a Course in Domestic Science Preparation,—“Course XIV, Happy Homes and Husbies,” in his office, it is only just that suitable announcement should be made in the customary manner.

Now that the subject bears itself more closely into The Lounger’s brain, he feels that the Technology man may make not only a good husband, but even more. Several Institute members, he is well aware,—though they stand far on the other side of the diploma,—make very good successes in lines more advanced than are mere nuptialites. Some of these, during the past summer even, have indeed passed—be it mentioned with all due appreciation—the first degree toward becoming grandfathers. The success of Technology is assured. The heart of The Lounger warms within him as he thinks of the genial railroad-expert carrying home ten-cent tin cars with a clock-work locomotive for pre-crib-al amusements of a certain member of his family. A sympathetic sob arises at the thought of the brilliant physical theorist employing his night-times in taking confidential though rather circumscribed rambles with a youthful companion in arms. The vision, however, of a certain romantic mathematician changing his vocabulary upon his return home, from “differential E” and “Cos. Q” to “goo-goo” and “did-ums” awakens in The Lounger’s fancy an appreciation of wonderful possibilities.

This continued discussion of matrimony has brought to The Lounger’s mind, by some inexplicable evolution of thought, the idea of love; and he is tempted to make divers observations thereon. Love is the only thing upon which the Institute man is not expected to be posted, and it is only by a careful study of accepted authorities and analysis of other people’s experience that The Lounger is enabled to treat the subject with any degree of accuracy. Cupid,—an anciently invented name for a newly discovered bacillus,—is popularly supposed to inhabit the more aerial regions, chasing himself around among the clouds, and generally superintending the process of sending dew to refresh such tender botanical specimens as lady-slippers and forget-me-nots. This notion is hardly scientifically true. Though desiring in no way to be an iconoclast, The Lounger feels it a duty to dispel this erroneous illusion. As regards a permanent residence in the heavens and a familiarity with clouds and other such light and fleecy matters, The Lounger calls attention to the hymenal outbreak in the student body, last April, as evidence of Cupid’s lingering with deadly effect among the dull statistical shelves and musty congressional archives of the course of the Nine Muses. Here was an indication of Cupid’s earthly operations; and an event of but recent occurrence furnishes still better proof that the amorous bacillus still floats promiscuously in our midst. Intelligence is brought to the effect that, down in the very lowest regions of Technology, Cupid has been hiding, secreted among the dusty furnaces and grimy jiggers of the sturdy miners. Crouching behind a barrel of iron ore or Portland Fancy cement, he has let fly his dart at one of the most honored scions of Institute bachelorhood. ‘Tis not an unadventured student, this time, into whose system has ventured student, this time, into whose system has still been infused the subtle poison, but an instructor behind a barrel of iron ore or Portland Fancy cement, he has let fly his dart at one of the most honored scions of Institute bachelorhood. ‘Tis not an unadventured student, this time, into whose system has still been infused the subtle poison, but an instructor forsooth, well aged in experience; one whose heart might have grown as adamantine as the rollers of his ore-grinders. This is indeed a cause for present anxiety, but worse than that, it presents a new light upon bacteriology that may admit of most disturbing investigation. That Cupid, to whose presence is popularly attributed Paradisical atmospheres, is wont to linger in the lower regions, is of itself a dangerous omen for those Technologists who are looking forward fondly to an after-life; and that he chooses to lurk in the vicinity of white-hot cupels and 2500° gas-furnaces, amid the dust of pulverized slag and the fumes of pyro-nitro-sulph-benzide, may be considered the last straw in driving the eager ore-ologist from the hope of a glorious immortality to the sterner teachings of materialism.