THE LOUNGER got hold of rather a pathetic thing the other day; and, were it not that he is extremely reluctant to put a good joke to its end by giving it publicity, he would hasten to spread over this page all the facts of the case, in order that the hardworking Tech man should have a laugh to lighten his labor and develop a dimple as due for his dime. This, however, he cannot do. Yet the dimple just referred to should certainly be conveyed in some way to the understanding of THE LOUNGER’s readers.

It is possible that tradition may have still perpetuated the story of one D. Harum, who, unable to do business with a properly pious neighbor on the day of the Sabbath, succeeded in making the deal on that holy day, and in driving a mighty good bargain at that, by a judicious use and jugglement of the tenses while talking with him. And so THE LOUNGER, while violating the sacredness of none of the facts, will yet supply a sort of hypothetical analysis which will serve to convey the desired impression. Let us, for example, suppose that a certain instructor more or less well known by a tendency to a hearty conviviality requested his students at the first meeting of the class for the term to write their names in a list upon a strip of paper. And suppose again that one particularly scintillating member of the class indulged his personal vanity by giving not only his name but his address also. And, moreover, let us suppose that this address were “West Jiffy” or something very much like that, now what is the natural conclusion? Why, obviously that the misguided instructor would take the West Jiffy to be the name of one of his flock and in calling the roll daily would pronounce this name, waiting in vain for a response. Now when this little exercise became in time monotonous, it is but a natural evolution to the Instructor’s throwing out dark hints and insinuations in a rather obscure way to the effect that this delinquent Jiffy had a complete Gehenna of a time waiting for him when he did show up. Add to this a Greek chorus of subdued snickers by the class, and you have all the elements of an old-time tragedy. All thus far has been easy enough to see. But when the instructor learns of his mistake, who can tell what his heightened appreciation of his own dead-easiness will prompt him to do? THE LOUNGER, for one, dinna’ ken. It lies in the unknowable.

It is with an indescribable feeling that THE LOUNGER contemplates the weird decisions of Fate and the insecure destiny of Course IX. The idol of the true Course IX. man departed her Tech. life last week. Long weary years had the Course waited to be able to claim as its own one of those rare and romantic divinities called Co-eds.; but it had been in vain. To pore laboriously over the dusty volumes of statistics of Consumption, Taxes and Death, and to fabricate reports thereon of such length that the mere thought of the reader thereof is pathetic, was not as entrancing an occupation as to stand with expectant eyes over the sputtering test tube or the spontaneous explosion of the hydrogen generator. The majority were content with watching the last kicks of an unconscious frog, who, by this means, preached a most eloquent sermon to the observant student of life. Then suddenly a Co-ed. appeared in Course IX. No longer did one day drag drearily after the other with nothing to break the silence but the voice of the lecturer and the yawns of the students and the quarrels of the Walker Club; nor did the Course IX. man any longer appear with unshaven face and soiled shoes. In short, life appeared to be worth living, at least up to the spring exams. The happy condition seemed too good to last. It was. It soon disappeared with the rapidity of a forgotten T square in the Freshman drawing rooms. And THE LOUNGER, who had been picturing to himself the scene of blasted hopes, drew a long sigh and turned to enter the door of the Lunch Room and lose himself in its sophisticated surroundings. He found himself suddenly confronted by a man— the very incarnation of health and happiness; it was a well-known Course IX. instructor. THE LOUNGER groaned and was preparing to break the recent news as gently as possible, when he was interrupted. “Have you heard the latest?” was the joyful inquiry. THE LOUNGER looked up in surprise. “The Co-ed has left the Course.” “Yes, I know,” from THE LOUNGER. “But another has come in! She will be with us for four years.” Completely overcome, THE LOUNGER had time only to make a fleeting reflection upon the fickleness of fortune, before viewing the doubly overwhelming sight of a Senior buying a Tech.

THE LOUNGER understands that there is to be a big demand for lecture-halls in the Institute just before the Finals; $100.00 stars are fast developing in all subjects. All students had better warn the controllers of their treasuries to be ready for a heavy run on the bank about the middle of next May.