The Instructor in Military Science is learning the lesson of modern warfare that the side with artillery and reinforcements must in the end win. The Freshmen, too, are learning this now that the Faculty have come to the rescue of Lieutenant H-m-l-t-n in time to spare him the humiliation of an unconditional surrender to the victorious Corps of Cadets. Until the Lieutenant called into action the big guns, the fighting was hot in the laager on Irvington street, but now Huntington Hall bids fair to become the theatre of war. The class meeting of Friday was a clever bit of strategy, but in his capacity of patron saint and guardian angel of Tech. Freshmen THE LOUNGER counsels discretion as the better part of valor. It is one thing to trim one man, but another to run up against a Faculty that pulls together as well as that to which Fate has consigned the administration of the M. I. T., and resolutions expressing sympathy or condolence with the Faculty are unnecessary. THE LOUNGER's regret, however, is that he was not invited to express at this class meeting the views of the upper class men regarding these late reprehensible acts of mutiny and insubordination, but, instead, his old friend, the President of the Senior Class, was duly appointed and the younger looked absolutely wretched. Hat number two only served to intensify the misery of ornament number two. At last number one hundred and seventy-seven was reached, eight students having come in during the performance and the instructor departed and sat down at the table he had so lately left. Thirty-seven minutes later the instructor returned, slipped a package into the hand of the master and the two walked out. THE LOUNGER followed in time to see drawn from the bundle—a hat. It was not quite large enough to fit over the ears of the unlucky man but it did very nicely for all that.

As THE LOUNGER remarked last week, he thoroughly enjoys seeing a good joke appreciated. But there are jokes and there are jokes; and Tech. has a good supply of all varieties. There is the ancient geological joke, the sanitary biological joke, the unsanitary Restoration joke of second year Lit.; there is the precise and accurate joke of the Physics lecture-room—not Physics itself, that is no joke—and finally, in a class by itself, there is the practical joke.

Take an actual illustration: a class places a bull-dog upon a desk in a certain popular lecture room as a joke upon the entering professor. Now this is manifestly a practical joke; it is ingenious; it demands a keen mind in order to appreciate or detect any wit in it, and is entirely for the amusement of the class—the perpetrators. Under these circumstances what effect is produced upon the professor? He calls it off for the day—not the dog but the lecture. From one point of view we may say that the professor, being pleased immensely with the originality of the trick, rewards the class with a bundle of the master and the two walked out. THE LOUNGER followed in time to see drawn from the bundle—a hat. It was not quite large enough to fit over the ears of the unlucky man but it did very nicely for all that.

Unfortunately the following incident was nothing more than a bit of pantomime to THE LOUNGER, but he would suggest that the reader supply appropriate dialogue. The leading part was taken by a Ph. D. of the Walker Building. He had finished his lunch, adjusted his overcoat, taken his hat and was about to dust an infinitesimal atom of dust from the same when something about it caused him to hesitate, replace it on the rack, take up the next hat in line, look at it, and put it back. Then, one by one, he examined all the hats in the vicinity. At the twenty-seventh hat he paused to call to his side his devoted slave (in this case the particular ornament of our instructing staff) and together they began a systematic examination of exactly one hundred and sixty-nine hats. Not one escaped. Then they began over again. Picking up hat number one, rack number one, the professor examined it again and passed it to his assistant, who tried it on. The effect was evidently unsatisfactory for the elder man looked disappointed and the younger looked absolutely wretched. Hat number two only served to intensify the misery of ornament number two. At last number one hundred and seventy-seven was reached, eight students having come in during the performance and the instructor departed and sat down at the table he had so lately left. Thirty-seven minutes later the instructor returned, slipped a package into the hand of the master and the two walked out. THE LOUNGER followed in time to see drawn from the bundle—a hat. It was not quite large enough to fit over the ears of the unlucky man but it did very nicely for all that.

THE LOUNGER realized for the first time that the duties of even a Phys. Lab. assistant might become arduous, and that it was inconsistent with the dignity of the office for a member of the Faculty more than to look at two sides of a student's hat.

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