Taking this occasion to express in a more or less general manner the regret experienced by him in giving publicity to the following piece of orientalized verbalism, THE LOUNGER presents to the footless consideration of his three score and ten (or, by reason of strength, four score) eager perusers this letter, which was only recently received — in all innocence and faith — by his revered editor-in-chief.

You would do me a very great favor by granting me a few lines in which to speak of a matter that has long been on my mind. My modesty and proper reserve would forbid me to say what I am about to say, if it were not for the fact that it concerns so deeply and principally the interests of my class mates.

We, the girls of the B. U., have long noticed the fraternal spirit at Tech., and let us add we have watched it with pleasure; but lately there has come a change and moreover it has to do directly with us. We fear that the Assistants in the Chem., and Phys. Labs. are breaking this fraternal bond. Let me explain. The other afternoon when we were in the Phys. Lab, some students entered and seated themselves at the table preparatory to correcting their experiments, but, alas! our pleasure at the sight of them was doomed to short duration. One of the Assistants, cruel man, ordered them out, saying: "The Lab. is closed to Tech. men at 2 o'clock, Mondays."

The question I would ask is this: Is such a proceeding right? Does not such a monopoly of us by the Assistants break this sacred bond of fraternity and good-fellowship?

Wrought into a state of nervous exaltation and personal enthusiasm in this matter, and generally upset by the tearful tendency of this ultra-feministic epistle, THE LOUNGER betook himself to that gracious instructor in Militaiy Science in the shade. Beyond the notice of the world, THE LOUNGER's eyes filled with an aqueous solution of rock salt, and he nodded a ghastly nod. "She is a Freshman! She must be!" Thus had the regal one stated her decision. THE LOUNGER cast his eye over the letter. He noted that the matter which had "long" been on the mind of the over-fair correspondent was something that had occurred "the other afternoon." Impressed with the thought that if "the other afternoon" was "long," the mental capacity of the writer must be correspondingly short, he nodded unreserved assent to the dictum of the chief subduer of appetites. Then he went to the aforementioned Assistants and questioned them earnestly and long. They had nothing to say. That strengthened their side of the case considerably. Encouraged, THE LOUNGER next went to interview the B. U. correspondent. No maiden with "modesty and proper reserve" was to be found. Moreover, several declared that, like the noted Mrs. Harris, there was no such person. Foiled, THE LOUNGER withdrew to the outer walls and again perused the letter. "Does not," he read, "such a monopoly of us by the Assistants break this sacred bond of fraternity and good-fellowship?"

Convinced that such a monopoly would tend to break almost anything, THE LOUNGER subsided to the curbstone, muttering with his last gasp an hysterical "Yes!"

"Gentlemen! the limit has been reached." Thus was it spoken of yore, and thus must be spoken once more.

Now that the period of annual hilarity, as exemplified in those temporary manifestations of college spirit in Technology which are known as Class Dinners which has passed, it behooves THE LOUNGER to remark on the peculiar phenomenon which bids fair to establish a new order of events in our Technology regime. It seems that it has not been sufficient for the Sophomore Class to refuse, in the face of the solicitous endeavors of a certain provocative professor of noted ejecting characteristics, to be fired out of Physics Lecture in the customary and traditional manner. That this Class should feel impelled to call into service the melodious touch of one of THE LOUNGER'S particular friends — the Freshmen — at its dinner, is a fortaste, in THE LOUNGER'S belief, of the fraternity-to-be-established, in which we will see the annual Cane Rush converted into an amiable tea-party. And that, further, THE LOUNGER'S friend at the dinner should extend the beneficent wishes of the Class of 1903 wholesale to the Sophomores throws any recent reciprocal between that Class and the cheerful instructor in Military Science in the shade. Beyond this remarkable development, THE LOUNGER feels it necessary to say that there were the regulation number of those who believed themselves under the temporary hallucination due to looking too frequently at the "real thing" when it was red in the cup, but in THE LOUNGER'S estimation those deluded individuals were at any stage of the game more sure of themselves than the majority of the speakers. And when THE LOUNGER contemplates the speeches on "Athletics at Tech.," his feelings — for he is sentimental and has feelings — undergo certain structural changes too complex and too indefinite to be brought under any verbal formula. Surely the Faculty are adamant and implacable indeed not to appreciate the cogency of the reiterated utterances of these perennial enthusiasts.