The Lounger resigns! Bitter and sorrowladen as the act may be to his admiring relatives who read his page of The Tech regularly every Friday morning, he hereby unequivocally and emphatically states his intention of severing his connection with that enterprising and altogether desirable periodical known as The Tech. In thus committing what would at first blush seem to be a form of literary suicide, he appreciates that a just consideration for the mental volatility of his Editor-in-Chief and the opinions of his readers demands that some reason be given for this unwonted even if not unwanted action on his part. The reason is simple and brief. The Lounger is not going to commit editorial self-annihilation, or if he is, it is only that he may be instantly resurrected and, "like the fabled phoenix, rise again" into a higher and more congenial sphere of literary activity. The fact is, he has been offered a more desirable job. A new periodical is about to be inaugurated and driven into the Institute population, and for this The Lounger is going to throw up his present position. The new publication, a rival that promises to be its own alpha and The Tech's omega at once and the same time, is to be issued by a band of coeducationalists from the M. Cheney editorial-rooms. The Co-eds, in other words, are going to run a paper. This is soon to appear under the enervating title of The Caedex, or the Codex, The Lounger has forgotten which, and it will contain a regular serialized earthquake by himself, meeting the eye of the public under the headings alternately used of The Oyster-crat at the Supper-table, and Over the Hic-cups. Subscription is solicited and The Tech is willing to receive commemoration until half-past three on Tuesday afternoon. At that time everything goes to press; and in the press of matters, The Tech can receive nothing less important than protested bills.

Poster Poetry for Posterity.

I was with a lovely lady,
With some lilac lingerie,
On a pretty Paris poster
(On the Rue de Rivoli).

And polite and proper persons,
With Parisian pruderie,
Would stare and shrug their shoulders
As they stood in shoals to see.

But we shocked the saintly censors
To a very high degree
With our lovely lilac linen
And they would n't let us be.

And they had the nerve among 'em
To devise the dire decree
That we could no longer linger
Without longer lingerie.— Ex.

A Mistake.

Instructor: "Did you go over this lesson?"

Student: "Yes, sir; I took the next one by mistake."