THE LOUNGER has considerable feeling for those irresponsibles who in Physics betake upon themselves the occupation of varying the normal state of excitement of the subject by a double shuffle accompaniment on the floor. To those gentlemen, who, expecting to prolong their pursuit of Physics for some five weeks after the regular obsequies are performed, THE LOUNGER has only consolation to offer when the attempt, which failed, was made last Monday to again induce the lecturer to remark that the text book would be for the present the sole source of information on the subject. Unfortunately, although by the latter statement the lecturer would have correctly stated the value of the lectures, the balloon which was to be the casus belli was loosed in the dark and the attempt failed. THE LOUNGER would suggest that in case such an original gag is to be propagated again, that the balloon be sent up when the room is light in order to develop the most enthusiastic appreciation and provide the lecturer an opportunity to indulge in his favorite pastime of projecting the mob through the door.

When the time of the year is considered and, incidentally, the state of THE LOUNGER'S mind as a result of that approaching epoch, a faint conception of the magnitude of the occasion which causes this outbreak may be obtained. The M. I. T. Y. M. C. A. etc., etc., is threatened with a rival. In fact, a certain well-known Professor, who reigns supreme over the subterranean depths of Roger's, has come to the conclusion that the Y. M. C. A. members ought to be forced to do something besides paying $2.00 for the privilege of having their names inserted in Technique. To this end he is starting a rival revival establishment which will go under the nom de guerre of the M. I. T. B. S. A. E. C. C., or briefly, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church Club. THE LOUNGER must congratulate the Professor on his first step. The Y. M. C. A. theory is, that the answer to the question "What's in a name," is "Everything;" and the Professor has met them on their own grounds and scored first touchdown. The very sight of the laconic monogram of the new club is sufficient to make a Y. M. C. A. man tremble. THE LOUNGER can anticipate the intense antagonism that will spring up; each party striving to see which can send in the most fiery letters to THE TECH denouncing the morals, immorals, and lack of both at the Institute as a whole, and the theatrical stars as subdivisions. THE LOUNGER sees a small but determined band of enthusiasts, under the guidance of head disciple and theatrical critic E. H. D-v-s, bursting into the Hollis some Sunday, during the assassination of a Tech. show, and hears the leader exclaim in impassioned tones, "Boys, this can not go on any longer; it is a disgrace to the Institute that the human senses should be so desecrated by a parcel of idiots who don't even know their lines yet. Go home and learn them better by next Sunday, or I'll ——— but the rest is lost in elevations to which even THE LOUNGER'S imagination can not soar.

THE LOUNGER has just been notified that he must be miserable, but he grieves to state that no notification was necessary; he has been miserable with the miseries of anticipation for the last two weeks. The possibility of an opposition party making the Y. M. C. A. serve better drinks made him joyous for a half column, but the old woes return with two-fold bitter intensity. Not even the fact that THE TECH made a scoop on the Secretary, by publishing the list of exams. first, can enliven him. If it were anything else except the exams. but oh ———. THE LOUNGER suggested to his chief that it would be more to the purpose to print the list of summer courses, because those, at any rate, hold out some hope, but the chief thought of the dollars to be gained by the publication of the exam. schedule, while THE LOUNGER only considered the aching souls of his comrades. So THE LOUNGER is going to invest in six new towels and a case of Anheuser Busch (to soak the towels in) and is either going to pass those exams. or — flunk them.

I walked beside a Boston girl;
She was a maiden full sedate;
We talked about all animals,
Herbivorous and vertebrate.

No longer will I try to talk,
And learned statements try to make;
She blushed, and wept, and left me
'Cause I spoke about a garter snake.

---Yale Record.

When a mother tucks her boy,
Her baby and her joy,
In his little crib and gently then does rock it,
She does not stop to think
That some day he will slink
To "exams," with his crib tucked in his pocket.—Ex.