THE LOUNGER has been interested to note that a popular professor of Physics has entered upon a change of tactics this year. Formerly it was his custom to eject obstreperous and otherwise annoying infidels from the precincts of scientific knowledge—otherwise known as 22 Walker. This year he has reversed the process and is keeping the offenders fastened in the room so tightly that not only they, but none of the other animate objects can escape—not even the air. This was the means resorted to on the occasion of the first disturbance in Sophomore Physics; how effective it was only those who experienced it can say. Sighs, groans, wails—all were of no effect; still the professor went on, mopping every other minute his damp, perspiring brow. At last the agony became too intense for even a physicist to stand, and after having vaguely heard him announce that he thought he had given the class about as much as they could endure for the first day, the class made a break for the door. The result was awful to contemplate. At this inopportune moment some one made the announcement that the freshmen were about to hold a class meeting. The effect was instantaneous; a stream of three hundred men poured from one building to another, up stairs, struck against the rotund form of Janitor John and recoiled. Then occurred a séance which THE LOUNGER was unfortunately compelled to attend: held in Huntington Hall, under the auspices of the venerable president of the Junior Class. The rapping was all done by that gentlemen, and though the effort completely ruined a handsome new text-book, nevertheless THE LOUNGER was unable, and he was seated near the front, to perceive even the slightest vibration on the drum of his ear. He saw the book rise, swiftly descend, strike the table and rebound. He saw the table vibrate, and the aforementioned medium grow pale from the force of the blow, but never a sound reached him from that book. THE LOUNGER says this because he does not want it thought that he did not hear any sounds; the trouble was he heard too many. The howls of the baffled Sophs, as a certain gentlemen from the Secretary's office meandered round, and, tapping some of them on the shoulder, gently requested that they cease to permeate the assembly with their condescending presence; the cries of joy from the same quarter when their accomplishments, nominated for office in the Freshman Class, came trotting back from the Secretary with certificates of membership in the class of '04. THE LOUNGER imagines that many of these certificates were genuine enough, but he contends that they did not make the possessor a Freshman. THE LOUNGER can hear the yells of "Order," when a well-known, fully initialized football manager started to converse with the medium in a stage whisper. THE LOUNGER can appreciate the thankful look on the physiognomy of the gentle president when the sitting was over. THE LOUNGER could also go deeper and say he could sympathize with and express fully the thoughts of the same gallant defender of the door, but the weather is warm enough already.

THE LOUNGER wishes to make the most humble apology without delay for a grave error in judgment. He has always been thoroughly imbued with the idea that Technology's great and only organ, THE TECH, was not appreciated. He was beginning to think, in spite of all inside evidence to the contrary, that many of his erstwhile readers looked upon the organ as more closely resembling a hurdy-gurdy. But no! All these nightmares have been dispelled by the encouragement of one of THE LOUNGER's protégés, who, as he walked up to invest in No. 1, asked in a timid voice, "Are they fifty cents apiece?"

When THE LOUNGER penned his honest and most appropriate thoughts last week regarding the abundance of new editions which make their appearance two or three times in a while he thought with much complacency that he was done with the subject. Of course not the subject treated of in the aforementioned editions.) But now, as the last waxed-paper tube on the camel's back, appears an entirely new work called something like "An Elementary Primer for Cold" (cash). For those who swing the architectural pencil, the same is published in a neat vest pocket edition, occupying some three hundred sixty cubic inches, to be purchased at a cost resembling its size.

THE LOUNGER sincerely hopes that he may not be called upon to speak of this again. In the event of much more such agitation he may feel it his duty to change the text book system, or perhaps even to do away with it entirely.

Jack (out of breath): I just saw a crowd of men tearing up the street.
Dan (excited): Why, what's the matter?
Jack: They were putting in a—a sewer.
—Wrinkle.