Creeping, hypochondriacal paralysis has been gliding over THE LOUNGER's tortured eyesight at the view of the gorgeous collection of colored inks with which the editor has seen fit to embellish the cover of this paper during the present fraction of the year. The LOUNGER has even been led to a highly complicated astronomical experiment with figures reduced from a cursory observation of the walls of various lecture rooms. On these walls he has observed solar spectra composed of seven colors. On the covers of The Tech, he would not attempt to reckon accurately how many colors he has seen, because he is unwilling to have aspersions cast upon his character, but he imagines it would come close to seventy-seven. Hence, by an implied, implicated, inferential, and altogether staggering deduction, The LOUNGER proves that The Tech casts more light upon the Massachusetts Institute of Technology than does the sun. If any readers are further interested in the discussion of this problem of higher mathematics, The LOUNGER would be pleased to meet them in his private den and furnish information as to how this brilliancy is made capable of being borne.

The LOUNGER has seen questions come and go. He has not been neglected for many years in the list of the Junior Class when questions for statistics were mailed. This year, however, in Louis of the fact that the statisticians have not asked for anything in the way of a loan it was hoped that the student—note the term—would not get daffy and force upon the defenceless statisticians a superabundance of hot air. Some of the questions would bring the blush of shame to the Examiner in Applied. "What is your age?" "Why?" "How tall does your sister stand in Aunt Mary's shoes?" "Who?" The questions are divided into natural groups for convenience. The first one has to do with a man's physical measurements. The LOUNGER has no objection whatever to these. The second class, however, contains some inquiries as to one's personal habits from which the Technique statisticians are not so likely to get exact and perfectly reliable answers. The first one, "Will you have something on me?" needs no comment. The space it occupied was wasted. The same may be said of the second, "Have you ever been in the Gym?" When one reads the answers to "How much more do you spend than you get?" "Does this equal your laundry bill?" the results may take up more space. After some further research into one's habits, the editors wish to know, "Do you attend the co-ed. teas?" Now this, too, is absolutely without reason, for does not everyone at Tech know that Freehand H - n - r and Mr. L - c k - t t are the only undergraduates so honored? Then follows a formidable array of questions as to what is her first name, whether or not she will be at the Prom. and why your Aunt Agnes uses cream in her salad dressing. "Would n't you like to be at the head of Course IX.?" offers a subject for interesting discussion, and "Who is your Uncle?" will undoubtedly cause much rivalry down on Harrison Avenue. The results will undoubtedly prove interesting, so The LOUNGER will reconcile himself to waiting for the appearance of Technique, 1902, when the trend of his remarks will be more fully appreciated.