Seldom it is that THE LOUNGER gets hold of a really good thing and even then his natural reluctance to spoil an excellent joke by adapting it for his own peculiar and altogether strange uses makes him hesitate about giving formal publicity to it. Last week, however, he generously helped a fellow-sufferer to relief from his agony by allowing him to deliver a story — nay a tale of woe — which stirred to its very depths THE LOUNGER's sense of humor. It is a well-known fact that here at the Institute there exists a gentleman, prominent in linguistic and theatrical circles, who affects certain characteristic tonsorial structures, which defy denomination and which yet give that gentleman a very distingué appearance. It might further add to the concealed lucidity of this description if THE LOUNGER should state that Harvard is obliged to accept the condescension of this linguist in assisting the Cercle Français to make their French plays fit to be seen. Now it happened that a Freshman, wise beyond his years and class and overcharged with the discovery of the resemblance which exists between the aforementioned instructor and the idea which we are accustomed to have of his sulphurous majesty of the lower regions, was seeking about for a victim unto whom he might unburden his mind of this too ponderous weight. Conceive the Freshman, having button-holed his man on Rogers steps, explaining with evident relief, "Doesn't Ch--l-e look like the devil?" Conceive the dramatic power and realism of the situation, surpassing even a reading by Arlo, when he receives a tap on the shoulder, and, looking around perceives the instructor to whom he has just so ignominiously referred. Conceive at first the Freshman's consternation and then his grateful appreciation on learning that for once his youthful wisdom had not gone astray, when the long-suffering, labelled Frenchman with a most bewitching smile retorted, "You'll think I'm the devil, when you get your term's mark!" THE LOUNGER must admit it is on the Freshman; but what pleases him most is to notice that the art of repartee is not going into decadence.

The LOUNGER has cause to believe that the lot of our musical clubs' manager is in truth a hard one. Some of THE LOUNGER'S readers may have noticed, yea must have noticed the very artistic piece of printing decorating the end of Rogers corridor and proclaiming the advantages of a trip to Northampton with the clubs. The aforementioned manager seems to be having a very hard time indeed to satisfy the clamorings of the eager throng which is struggling to gain admission to the Northampton concert. While glancing casually over the wall paper some time ago THE LOUNGER's eye was caught by an article stating that Technology's popular musical promoter had just made a trip to the scene of the oncoming strife for the purpose of doing a little wire-pulling on the side in the hope of attracting a good-sized audience. Now surely this cannot but be a base libel. The article even went so far as to state that the promoter obtained a college directory and honored many of the fair inhabitants with a personal appeal to "Come hear my boys sing and play." THE LOUNGER cannot credit such an improbable tale, but in case the manager is having difficulties such that he feels it necessary to take his audience with him, would it not be advisable from an economic standpoint to hold the affair in Huntington Hall and put up the posters at the other end of the line?

It has often been a matter of consideration to THE LOUNGER as to whether or not the thirteen courses now in running order are sufficient for the needs of the Technology undergraduate, and he has lately come to the conclusion that they are not. He would suggest a course in the art of keeping books. Recently the basket-ball team had a sudden inspiration of athletic fervor and presumably also of spare cash. Hence they started out and invested in tickets, supposedly meant to be sold. Now THE LOUNGER sees one of the wan members of the team mournfully asking all his friends if he gave them any tickets to sell. The moral is obvious; mark the tickets "complimentary" before giving them out. THE LOUNGER is sure it would save trouble.

Verily THE LOUNGER, as he returns year after year to his chief joy — the Physics lectures — sees many new faces in that historic hall. And the new faces are not all in the attentive audience. Year after year the lecturers' slave becomes worn out by more or less work and returns no more to his old haunts. As one looks at the wan face of the present holder of the enviable position as he labors to hold down his arm chair, one wonders how the human frame can endure such a strain. A faint smile flits across his tense, concentrated face. What is the thought that is crossing that active mind? Probably, "In a few minutes the strain will be over and I can go to lunch."