The Lounger's breast has heaved with fatherly pride at the rosy future for old Tech under its new chief magistrate. But his breast ceased heaving the other morning, when a friend slapped him on the shoulder as he was blowing through Copley Square and said, "Say, old man, who's the chap with the fur hat and the snowshoes? He looks as if he might belong to the Appalachian Club." Now The Lounger swears, by Allen's Railroad Curves and Earthworks, that he is not a spiritualist, no, nor a Co-ed; but he solemnly affirms that at that awful moment his pipe turned in his pocket. Why? For the dignity and honor of Tech The Lounger wishes it were not his duty to say it; but "Murder will out," and that "chap" was the Secretary of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. That same dark day The Lounger was obliged to go into the office of the Secretary. There, in that avoided sanctum, 'midst more or less disreputable stories, to attend a single seance. He hesitates to listen to extracts from the lectures, and pity overcame him. He fears it would be fatal to Tech's reputation.

Beyond the fact that the list of specials is to be printed in red, The Lounger can give little more information of what has been, during the past three months, a most surprising example of what the authorities can do in the line of promptness.

The Lounger has always accepted it as fundamental, without exactly knowing why, that he is supposed to be a manipulator of the humorous instead of a dealer in reforms. But he had always supposed that this mistake was common to the public alone and did not extend within The Tech Board. Lately, however, as he was pushing himself down the stairs of Rogers, what should meet his gaze but a poster announcing the contents of The Tech and on which was inscribed "A Laughable Lounger." To free himself from all complications, The Lounger begs to assure his readers that he is not implicated in the production of that poster—that much it is necessary to say in behalf of his modesty. For the management of the paper which could have made such a mistake, he wishes to plead extenuating circumstances.

'Tis a sad thing to say, but The Lounger must suggest, at least, that the Co-Eds be prohibited from taking English Literature. If any of The Lounger's readers should desire to know the reason of this momentous step, The Lounger can only say that he was persuaded by a friendly Sophomore, by means of more or less disreputable stories, to attend a single lecture. As it may he imagined, this was no easy job, for The Lounger had served his time already. Nevertheless he attended and now can only comment on the growing degeneracy of the age. The Lounger learned of one Sammy Richardson, Esq., of uncertain age, who was a thoroughly virtuous, upright and moral man—his writings likewise: then, sad to relate, The Lounger was pained to hear that these writings were not at all to the taste of the lecturer. The concession was too obvious. It was absolutely corrupting. The next act was a parody on morality. The lecturer proceeded to point out the caddishness of dwelling on such subjects and then spent half an hour expounding unto his innocent disciples all the immoral, indecent, low, vulgar, obscene, and otherwise objectionable propensities of ancient novelists. The Lounger had seen "The Gay Lord Quex;" 'twas like perfume to the seance. He hesitates to go further, but might well ask whether it is considered fair to subject five lonely Co-Eds to all the embarrassment of such a lecture. The Lounger indeed felt all his chivalry arise and even contemplated lodging a complaint with the Watch and Ward Society, but he thought of the courts, condemned to listen to extracts from the lectures, and pity overcame him. He fears it would be fatal to Tech's reputation.