The Lounger has a hobby — Phys. Lab. It is not his hobby because of his proficiency in the subject, but for a reason just the contrary. As The Lounger scrawled this statement it occurred to him that under these conditions he should have several hobbies; but let that pass. The Lounger has heard his classmates gently demur when required to divide six by two by logarithms. Now it is little things like that which cause The Lounger to dote on Phys. Lab. From early childhood he has performed disagreeable tasks simply as a training for the future. When in company he always refused the second piece of cake. (Perhaps a certain reckoning with his father if he had taken it prompted him to this decision.) His craving for self-denial even led him to the extreme of pleading to be allowed to remain at home from the morning service on Sundays. And The Lounger might as well admit that he was the shadow of the proverbial youth who made his Lenten sacrifice by giving up his detested diet of onions. So The Lounger is in his element amidst these details and particularities which his classmates unreservedly term “rot and nonsense.” Then there is that other attraction, Mr. Meow de Katchum Towser. If The Lounger were a Co-ed he believes that he might blush when oggled by those fox-like eyes. This gentleman certainly possesses a fine collection of rubber stamps, bearing such legends as “Compute by Logs,” “Incomplete,” “Recompute.” When The Lounger was a boy, as Arlo claims to have been, his sire (do not take this to imply that The Lounger is a trotter or on automobile pusher) presented him with a choice collection of rubber stamps, and he recalls with a thrill, the childish pleasure he experienced in stamping everything within reach. The Lounger is therefore prepared to sympathize with this gentleman in his amusement; but as all the students are now aware that he is the possessor of such a collection, The Lounger would suggest that the stamping be performed on odd scraps of paper rather than upon the tabulations of his experiments. The aspiring physicists attendant at the Lab. are surely a modest lot of mummies (no offense intended); but The Lounger will not complain, for he realizes that when he repeats the subject, as is his habit, he will be better informed as to the methods and details required. If the Tech. Y. M. C. A. established an information bureau in the Lab. this difficulty might be remedied. Again there is the Lab. idea as to “significant figures.” The scornful turning down of ciphers as insignificant meets the entire disapproval of The Lounger. To him there is no figure more significant than a cipher, particularly when stationed at the top of an examination paper.

Be it known unto all men by these presents that The Lounger hereby solemnly protests against all the trouble the musical clubs are causing him. Some little time ago The Lounger heard sundry stories about this organization which were hard to credit. The latest is beyond belief. It is known (to members of the clubs, at least) that a proceeding took place at Smith College recently, commonly designated by the cognomen of a concert. Now, strange to say, the Tech musical clubs participated in this, and, as a matter of course, during the next day or two there was a preponderance of Tech students lingering around Northampton to call on their fair friends. Now one of these youths smitten thusly, went up to see his beauteous charmer, and as she needed time to complete her preparations for the duel, he was induced to wait. Then being of an ingenious turn of mind and incidentally impatient, he carefully abstracted the door plate as a souvenir. Behold the result. A fiery setter from the matron; no Tech students allowed in the house henceforth and forever without instant return of the article and an apology. Student refuses; club gets up on its ear; fires student; everybody sore; student mad; maiden in tears; such is life. Alas!

The Lounger sustained a jarring shock to his nervous system a few evenings ago. As he picked up the evening paper his eye was glued upon the startling head-line—Made War On “Co-Eds!” The paper fell limply from his grasp. Had his Co-Eds been furiously and cruelly attacked when he was absent and unable to suffer and to dare? Ugh! awfully horrid! The Lounger turned upon another tack, equally depressing. No longer could he make practical applications of his hard-earned knowledge of Optics; now was there no object for wakefulness at lectures; no more would the subtle presence of the Co-Eds soften his Monday’s task on hash and catsup! The Lounger, roused himself to action. His eyes again were riveted to that paper—Some Colby Men Would Abolish Institution. Oh, how dreadfully silly! His Co-Eds were unharmed! What relief he felt around the tops of his low shoes! The Lounger does not imply that he has no interest in Colby Co-Eds. In fact, he must confess he has “a sort of hankerin’” for all Co-Eds and believes that if occasion called he could become acquainted there. But Colby Co-Eds are not Tech Co-Eds. Oh, no!