THE LOUNGER has often considered making some valuable additions to the Institute library but each time has been deterred by the extreme cost of the publications he had in mind. For instance “Years I have spent at the Institute,” by Corporal B.-I.-y would certainly help out to the extent of a few shelves. “Coats I have Worn and Why,” by Rev. W.-r-th.-m-r would serve as a reference work for students of the antique and bizarre. “Stories I have told at Class Dinners,” by R.-b-n-s-n might be suppressed by the examining committee, but at least it is a cheap work. “Occasions on which I have made Charlie Cross,” by the same author is now at press. These are but a few of the many works by men and women at the Institute which have until now been sadly neglected. THE LOUNGER would suggest that a subscription list be started at the Freshman dinner for the purpose of adding such deserving works to our library shelves.

As THE LOUNGER was contemplatively rolling his well-worn quill in his back hair preparatory to decorating the sanctity of a clean sheet of paper, thoughts came surging through his pondering mind as to the wave of financial prosperity which seemed to have overwhelmed his fellow workers, and he lazily wondered, as he gazed at the startlingly odoriferous floor covering of the office—unheard of event—if his old partner, the Business Manager, had by any chance doubled his customary appropriation of negotiable funds. But THE LOUNGER’S musings were rudely interrupted by a violent concussion on the panels of the door and he was greeted by the paralyzing information that there were six chairs and a table down below for the office. THE LOUNGER is shocked, he hardly knows whether with delight or disgust; to see his old favorite kitchen chairs used variously either as missiles of assault or seats, condemned to the fiery gorges of the furnace; to see his ancient friend the table, hearty still, although a cripple, cast off pitiously; that causes feelings of sorrow and indignation to arise within his bosom. It is only the prospect of a realization of his long deferred hopes, indeed, that gives THE LOUNGER any pleasure whatever. This troublesome financial embarrassment which seems to have demoralized his comrades makes THE LOUNGER dream that before he departs this toilsome life, he may see a realization of the cut at the head of this page. That might even induce him to endure the varigated odors arising from the floor and to continue to give his proteges, the Freshmen, the benefits of his weekly wisdom.

THE LOUNGER has ever considered the reputation of Tech as a slow-death inflicting institution, a blessing in disguise. Simply the magic sentence “I go to Tech,” and social obligations and undesirable invitations excuse themselves for preying on his time. If THE LOUNGER chooses to accept an invitation, his martyrdom in leaving his engrossing task at Tech is so apparent that he becomes a hero; for such self-sacrifice betokens respect, friendship—even more, mayhap, if that invitation chance to proceed from one of the co-ed-ine gender. So THE LOUNGER has watched with tender solicitude this convenient reputation. He feared the consequences of the mistaken liberality of the Faculty in bestowing a “Christmas Vacation;” but his fears were groundless, for the integral of a sum equals the sum of the integrals of its parts. The threatened students were not punished with a superfluity of vacation. Again THE LOUNGER’S nerves commenced to scrape when he read the announcement that there were to be two half-holidays on the afternoons of Tech show. But again he found his alarm was without foundation. The Faculty rose to the sublimity of the occasion and in an unprecedented act of true generosity permitted the students to omit one of the three days of “Spring Vacation,” (a holiday and Saturday). That the Faculty was really magnanimous in this instance THE LOUNGER would endeavor to show to any who may doubt. By an application of the method of least squares the fact appears that by this action the working school year has been increased by about three-sixteenths of a day. This arises from the reason that one-half a day plus one-half of another day does not equal a whole day. Course IX. logic might be employed to explain this statement, but perhaps an illustration will serve as well. Split lengthwise the tails of two cats. Place the respective surfaces of the longitudinal cross sections of one half of each tail in close and careful contact. The result is not a whole tail.

Often has it been whispered in THE LOUNGER’S ear that there has been a Faculty vote refusing admission to the Institute to pretty girls. THE LOUNGER would seize this opportunity to boldly refute this foul charge. He has no official authority so to do, but he will take all responsibility on the big broad shoulders of his raglan. Waiving choice of weapons, THE LOUNGER hereby challenges anyone who repeats that charge to mortal combat at high noon on the Tech Campus.