**THE LOUNGER** was electrified. It was, to be sure, only a scare, but for a while it held all Technology in check. Vague, unsettled, ill-defined, but potent, certain nebulous rumors had been in the atmosphere for the whole of the past week. Whence they came, no one knew; whither they tended, men could not tell; what they foreboded, was known none the more. But on Monday morning it was out: some thoughtless, rashly-uttered word, borne from corridor to hall, from hall to office, and from office to the ear of the Secretary himself, had done the deed. At 8:52 that morning the Secretary was seen wildly gasping in his chair, mechanically mumuring for "the same, with seltzer." Professor Cross, who had just arrived, hastened to the relief of the victim, quickly learned the cause of this distressing phenomenon, and instantly computed that the word was originally spoken at the hour of just 8:51.9273 + .004, without allowing for the time occupied in the psychological process of transforming the vibration of the Secretary's ear-drum into his initial gasp and inarticulate order for Seltzer. Having this important issue settled, the physicist then imparted the disintegrating information to a certain (or uncertain) economist, to Thompson, to the President, and to A. M. Knight, all of whom chanced to be in the office. The spread of the startling news then increased in geometrical progression. The Bursar, with the expression of one observing the miraculous, locked up his office and went home. The President gleefully said something about "free Munich on tap all day"; and the Economist murmured dark things about evil effects on the personal equation. Thompson only was self-contained; his continued awe-inspiring shake of the head showed him still to be skeptic. By 9:03 the crowd of paralyzed professors reached out to the door of Rogers. By 9.04 it was slowly extending over the wooden-blanketed steps.

To **THE LOUNGER** no explanation seemed good but that the annual catastrophe of the Institute — technically termed *catalogue* — had happened, and was being let loose and retailed in the Secretary's office. Suddenly there appeared one more member of the Faculty — a short, genial, precocious professor, with gold spectacles, a moustache, and several happy smiles. He saw the silent congregation standing in the rapt silence of telepathic discourse. He stopped, listened, whispered back to an informing colleague, and the spell was broken. The crowd melted away; and in ten minutes naught was left but Thompson. He, boldly holding the center of the stage, triumphantly ejaculated, "Wrong again! Pretty co-ed. at Tech? Huh! Never has been one: and I knew there wasn't now!"

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**THE LOUNGER** knows. He is pleased to be able to inform his readers as to the identity of the Professor whose whispered reply, mentioned above, so quickly dispelled the vain hope of the Technology exotic. To this teacher was due, in fact, the beginning as well as the end of this epoch-meeting sensation. An event of some importance to himself had in some way got twisted into the report of the reality of a pretty Tech co-ed. For the Professor, best known as a skilled analyst of automobile juice and subway explosions, had but recently become the blushing and delighted possessor of a brand new little girl.

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Again **THE LOUNGER** is forced to make a needed dissertation on the waywardness of youth. His friends, the Freshmen, are about to indulge in that most demoralizing of social functions, the dance, and the intention is even announced to hold the stately (?) minuet in the hall named after Boston's famous old steeple-chaser. Now why should Freshmen seek to attain such social fame? Is it thought for a moment that the fickle head of local society will nod in emphatic and encouraging approval? Can it be possible that the aim of these cunning Freshmen is to make other conquests than that of military drill, by wearing their brand new and natty uniforms during the evening? Must the Freshmen of to-day depend on the appearance and attractiveness of a military dress to win the much-coveted admiration of the other sex? If so, **THE LOUNGER** laments: The lower-class men must be losing their charms. (In truth, however, it was not always thus.)

As the dance is certain to be held, **THE LOUNGER** feels it his duty to make a few suggestions to the competitors. Remember, Freshmen, wear your caps always. Celluloid or paper collars are to be preferred to the linen article now flooding the market. Tan shoes should be worn in every case, as summer is but six months away. Remember that the street car is just as good as a cab, and costs less; also that paper flowers will please her just as much as buds from the genuine plant, with the advantage that she may afterwards wear them in her hat if she thinks enough of you. Lastly, while dancing try to keep up your courage (also your partner), and bear in mind always that the reputation of the Institute rests on your padded though uniformed shoulders.