he could find more beautiful women on Tremont Street in a single hour than he could find at the exhibition in a week. Perhaps he has no eye for true art. Perhaps a framed woman with a face that looks as though it were made of putty is more beautiful than a lively, bright, vivacious girl, such as you see now and then. Perhaps a cardboard dress and a fluted halter around the neck are more artistic than the filmy, frothy, dress materials, such as mousse-line de soie, crêpe de chine, or peau de cygne, which remind you so much of an ice cream soda and seem so inmaterial. Intermingled with the "fair women" there were some pictures of noted society leaders. The Lounger couldn't help smiling to himself when he saw the resolute and courageous face of some mighty and mature matron nestling between a couple of stolid-looking queens of former days. While at the exhibition he was very respectful to the pictures, and he bowed his head with the crowd to the great masters. He refrained from grinning when he stood before the picture of a woman who looked as though she hadn't had a square meal for a month. He was very careful to gage his distance when looking at a picture of the impressionistic school. Yet he was glad when he went out to see once more the familiar trashy "Florodora" posters, to skip along the street grinning when he felt like it, frowning when he felt like it, whistling when he felt like it. Put the pictures of all the old fogies, all the old fishy-eyed, stiff-necked, parrot-beaked queens behind sheets of glass in an art gallery, and you will have an exhibition worth going to see — provided you put on the other side of the glass some up-to-date, lively, merry, happy, living girls with catalogues in their hands, smiles on their faces and nothing in particular on their minds.

The Lounger has always had a more tenderly sentimental love for the Walker Building than for Rogers, partly because it doesn't contain the secretary's office, partly because A-lo B-t-s doesn't lecture there, but above all because, while he couldn't take the elevator up to Chem. Lab., he could slide down the balusters, à la T-mm; P-p- and Mr. H-ll. But now, alas, he can do so no more. It seems that the class in carpentry and wood turning was recently working on a set of little knobs like those on the Rogers balusters, and, soon after, these wartlike excrescences appeared on the shiny railings in Walker.

Won't some youthful protégée who wants to win The Lounger's everlasting love saw them off, and make free use of plane and sandpaper?

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Don't count your masters before they are hatched

William T. Stegweck

Eat this picture out and mail it to me with your address and then—

"Rien Vous Sauve!"

A. Roussan

Popular Profs. and their Epigrams.