Tech. A discussion then arose as to whether the sprinkling of the sodium nitrate was properly the work of the Chemistry or the Highway-Engineering department. The Engineers, after looking up the word "sodium nitrate" in the dictionary, found that it was a chemical, and therefore maintained that it was obviously the business of the Chemical Department. Both sides being unable to arrive at any conclusion they decided to let the matter drop. It was moved to begin on the plans of the new Lowell building as soon as we could get back our triangular scale, which was loaned. This motion was rather weak, so it was carried. We are pleased to state that the building is now completed with the exception of an eraser to one of the blackboards, which is now in the hands of an upholsterer. On account of the increasing amount of work of the Secretary, three new offices were created, namely, a Registrar of Kicks, a Keeper of Attendance Cards, and a Signer of Reports. It was voted that the names of these offices be placed over the door. This has been done, but owing to the fact that the letters are not to be found in the latest revised edition of the Letter Plates, it is our opinion that they should be immediately removed. A letter from Arlo Bates in Europe, which had been received during the summer, was opened and read. It stated that he was in no way responsible for the falling of the Campanile, he having at the time none of his poetry with him, and being prevented from speaking by a sore throat. It was voted to send a letter of congratulation to Mr. Erhardt, and also the usual present for such an occasion—a silver-plated pickle fork. We are glad to note that Theodore Metcalf has placed a fine large silver-plated pickle fork. We are glad to note that Theodore Metcalf has placed a fine large clock near the Walker building. On the face of it, the reason is not evident. We presume, however, that it means that students can now get sodas there on tick. This is our report. We must now go and settle the coal strike.

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It is with satisfaction that The Lounger notices anything appear at Tech which is a relief from the daily grind of work—the passing of planes, the dividing through $y$, the eliminating of constants, the writing of graphic symbols. For instance, is it not an education in itself to see the raw Freshman stand in open-mouthed astonishment before one of the new Technique posters announcing prizes for the best grinds and photographs? Perhaps visions of wealth are dancing before his eyes as he remembers with a swelling heart how the folks "down to home" used to remark what fine "pitchers" he took with his little Brownie camera. Or perhaps the strawberry color of the poster is responsible for that tender, fawn-like look in his soft blue eye. Besides the posters and the Freshmen, however, there are other things to salt the watery soup of the 'Tech man, if he will only look about him—Harvard may have its John the Orangeman and its old traditions, but it hasn't any Engineering Alley nor any pretty little Bursar's office. The various bulletin-boards are another source of diversion to the mind-weary. Again, watch the Freshman as he saunters up to the Civil Service announcements and makes his plans for the time six years hence, when he will graduate, and with a good cigar in his mouth and his feet on the table, will endeavor to give Uncle Sam a correct imitation of a man sitting in a chair holding down a government job. For that tired feeling when cosines and differentials and other drivelling rot have lost their charm as soothing syrups, The Lounger especially recommends that you plan an elevation of three flights, and have a quiet heart-to-heart talk with Mr. Burrison. Ask him to repeat those dear little jokes which we are never tired of hearing—about the hash, and the one about the hen and the chicken, and the one about the hen and the street. After all, the old jokes are best. When President Pritchett last year asked the students what their chief forms of amusements were, The Lounger does not doubt but what the replies were somewhat as follows:

- "Asking Mr. Burrison if he ever saw a cigar-box."
- "Explaining to Freshmen that the Natural History Building does not belong to Tech."
- "Stamping my feet in the English lecture."
- "Wishing I was home."
- "Selling my second-hand drill suit, for which I paid five dollars, to a Freshman for eight dollars."
- "Cussing."

In case all these expedients fail to introduce one single little drop of pleasure in the black and gloomy cave of learning, you may sit on the Rogers steps and admire the Co-eds as they flit by—the tall one with the light hair and the innocent, childlike face; the little one of quiet mien and dark brown hair, and a mohair suit with a true blue diaphanous veil on her hat which tries in vain to caress her raven hair. The Lounger, you see, has 'em all down pat. And if not one amusement in the preceding catalogue makes you think that Tech is not what General Sherman said war was, then you require the services of our new Medical Adviser.

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**Calendar.**

**Saturday, Oct. 13.**—Hare and Hounds Run from Highland Station, West Roxbury. Train from Back Bay Station.

**Monday, Oct. 16.**—Professor Swain addresses the Civil Engineering Society, Room 22, Walker.

**Tuesday, Oct. 17.**—Regular Y. M. C. A. meeting 4:10 p.m., 11 Pierce.