word “apple,” necessarily prevented him from indulging in the customary *Jeux des Pommes* of Halloween. He therefore sought the seclusion of his sanctum, and, under the soothing influence of a cubeb and a drachm of good old Cochituate punch, allowed himself to fall into a mildly meditative mood. Among other things, he reviewed the broad field of Philosophy, Plato, Epicurus, Marcus Aurelius and Spinoza, and they seemed to him to be good; and then he thought of Kant, and of how there was no such word in the bright Hexagon of youth, and he determined to write a philosophy himself — a critique of pure wit and wisdom. Now THE LOUNGER is, personally, a wit; wisdom is unremunerative. Moreover there are two branches of wit: jokes, and puns. THE LOUNGER refuses to consider puns — they are too sacred. Again there are two classes of jokes: historic jokes, which are periodic, and prehistoric jokes, which are pathetic. Examples of historic or periodic jokes are: *Technique* grinds and Blachstein's Class-room Favorites. Examples of prehistoric jokes are: the Walker Building, the co-eds. and the rest of the *Technique* grinds. THE LOUNGER, by the way, is a special kind of joke by himself.

The oldest joke that has come to THE LOUNGER's notice is the late lamented "Go way back and sit down." This *bon mot* is of Egyptian origin, and was discovered upon a small tablet taken from the pocket of Rameses II, by Dr. Samuel Johnson, who translated the hieroglyphics as follows: "Kindly invest yourself with the acquirements of unmodified posteriority, and assume an attitude of semi-recumbent quiescence."

This translation was never wholly popular, owing, perhaps, to its unwieldy form, until it was put into the present concise phraseology by Professor B-t-s.

**THE LOUNGER**

Don't talk shop. THE LOUNGER begs you not to so misconstrue his meaning as to suppose that he refers to the "Mechanical Laboratories on Garrison Street" (see Catalogue 14 — pardon the desecration). THE LOUNGER means just what he says — don't talk shop. Shop — it is a very little word, but as this idea of "don't talk shop" throbs in the upper extremity of THE LOUNGER's corporeality as he soars upward in his sense of duty to his fellow fellows, "shop" becomes to him fraught with globe-girdling significance, and such things as Mac's, hash and Gaston College Clubs dwindle, and seem as small as the returns on a co-op. ticket. If THE LOUNGER were advocating attendance at chapel, explanation would be superfluous; but the cause why of this outburst may not be so apparent. As quietly as possible THE LOUNGER will give you the tip. He caught an assistant "talking shop." Awful! An assistant, just think of it! and "talking shop." Fitting, yet fearful combination. THE LOUNGER was lounging in an electric when he heard "Physics." His heart valves flapped. "Kinetic." Ye gods and Janitor John! THE LOUNGER pricked up his ears (he didn't bock) and oriented. There he (said assistant) was, with a SHE. Bright fires lapped about his asbestos eyes as he spread the pages of science at the feet of SHE. Meanwhile the electric bumped and THE LOUNGER rubbed — elongated. "Potential" — SHE nodded — "molecules" — SHE sighed — "physics" again — SHE examined a car card — "energy" — "yes" — "force" — "yes" — "heat" — "yes," with another nod. THE LOUNGER broke — not the assistant's head — just broke, and fled from the car. Selah! Don't talk shop. THE LOUNGER advises, he does not insist; but as Professor Swan has said: "A word to the wise is sufficient. If I have to repeat a thing six times, what does that imply?"

**THE LOUNGER**

begs to submit, for the benefit of his proteges, the Freshmen, and others, the following original proverbial gems:

To be on the safe side, regard every compliment you get either as sarcasm, or an unground axe.

Some people's idea of generosity is to open the dullest blade of a knife for you, when you ask to borrow theirs.

It is a matter for reflection why every pretty girl looks into every shop window, even an empty one, as she goes by.

"If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride," — but often on mighty mean, lean, lanky, mounts.

It is better to have a lump in your throat, than a lump in your heart.

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Notice to Instructors!

The *Technique '04* Board requests the members of the instructing staff to begin on their witty remarks in the classroom as soon as possible, in order to avoid the inevitable rush which is otherwise bound to occur. In this way, the Board will be able to handle the large influx of grinds much more intelligently and systematically. It would facilitate matters, also, if each instructor would submit a list of the *bons mots* he has prepared, together with a schedule of dates on which they are to be exploded. Knowing the time and place, the Board can then send to the spot a reporter and an interpreter.