O tempora! O mores! That it should come to this: that so prominent and influential a literary vehicle as the *Ladies' Home Journal* should be forced into accepting—yea, even spreading upon its monolithic columns, such indifferent matter, such pusillanimous dribble, as it sometimes does publish, when—oh significant "when"—this same periodical can command the eloquent pen of the esoteric, osoterrible Arlo! Now that so signal a genius has condescended to contribute to the general welfare of the literary world by allowing the work of his own pen to elevate the tone of this fashionable ladies' paint-and-powder magazine, let us hope that the editors will take all possible advantage of so fair an opportunity.

"Professor Bates will write only for the *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1903."

"In Professor Bates’ little skit in the *Journal* there are a number of clever remarks and epigrammatic expressions; in fact, a succession of points without any connection, like a sewing-machine without any thread. —WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

There would be one great source of regret for us should Professor Bates confine his talent entirely to the *Home Journal*; namely, that we should no longer be able to enlist his services as *Lounger*, a misfortune which *THE TECH* could probably survive only with the greatest indelicacy.

Professor Bates has kept this part of his career so completely concealed, that the announcement here, for the first time, of the *Lounger’s* identity, will be as much a surprise to many as a mid-year report, and especially to those who have firmly believed that the *Lounger* was some demure co-ed, fed weekly with an opiate of laughing gas.

Those, also, who have labored under the hallucination that the *Loungers* have been written by Professor Cross in his sleep, or that they are the product of Mr. Derby’s leisure moments, are much mistaken; for Professor Cross’s sleep is only the approximate formula for his waking hours, and Mr. Derby’s idle moments are so valuable that it would be impious to desecrate one of them by the conception of a column of Lounger.

* * * *

In the sacred ancient forum of the Romans, from among the silent ruins of nineteen majestic centuries, from the crumbled dignity and grandeur of a splendid nation, rise three stately shafts of marble, like solitary soldiers on a battlefield, surveying the dead and lingering among their prostrate comrades: three awful columns telling of a silent past.

Two ominous columns since have met the gaze of man. Wrought in the dread seclusion of a workshop, expressing the power of them that rule, and many a threat and sinister prediction, two perilous columns wrought within the mighty workshop of Sir Humphreys Walter, whose black inscriptions now the bright-eyed youth of Tech deciphers, growing heavy-hearted with many a groan of dark despair, at such childish sternness as “Roll slips must be handed in to-day.” “Abs. is equivalent to F. F.” “Students must petition to have their petition accepted,” etc.

Salute these columns that rise above the chaos of the first day of the term; salute the two columns of the *General Bulletin*!

* * * *

Well! *THE LOUNGER* has lived through another set of exams. Now for a rest of three months before he begins to cram for the next lot. He greatly enjoyed his cram for the Thermo-exam., however, for, following Professor Miller’s advice, he took the money he had borrowed for tutoring and went to see Haworth play Cass-y-oose. When the report came in the *Lounger* was wrathy and made remarks on inappropriateness of a Miller discouraging grinding, but then it occurred to him that this method was no more disastrous than various others he has tried. The “most unkindest cut of all,” though, was when the *Lounger* was asked, in an exam., to tell all he knew and was only given an hour and a half. Talk about Antony’s sarcasm! But then Cross-examinations are noted for being disconcerting. Fortunately the *Lounger* is of a philosophical turn of mind. The symbol $F$ brings to his mind fond memories of childhood, free from all worry of exams.; recalls the first word he learned to utter, though at that time he did not realize the physical equations, $F=Ma$ and therefore $Ma=FF$.

Willie had a little task,
Making Hydrogen.
Made it in a closed-up flask,
“Dust to dust.—Amen.”