THE LOUNGER has a headache. This is unusual, for any ordinary ache upon becoming distributed over so large an area as that of the convolute surface of THE LOUNGER'S two cerebral hemispheres, is rendered inappreciable at any one point, in precisely the same manner that aniline dye — to quote from THE LOUNGER'S friend, the professor in chemistry — when immersed into a large-sized bath-tub full of Higgins' ink, becomes so diluted that it fails to give its color, in any perceptible degree, to the resulting fluid. Upon comparison of facts, therefore, it would appear that the tangible or sensible manifestation of a headache to THE LOUNGER'S consciousness, must argue either a more clarified and less stygian opacity in his mental tub, or else, but that is as far as the argument goes. The headache, by the way, has been merely the "theme" in the great composition which the "grippe-germ" has been pleased to play upon THE LOUNGER'S organs. There has been a lively pedal accompaniment, 32-foot pipes, upon all his bones at once, with a G. O. ff Fugue Medley in the region of his indigestion.

THE LOUNGER, in fact, finds himself so closely allied to Nature as to be little less than an index to her very movements,—a thermometer which tells her condition and temperature. This present indisposition of THE LOUNGER means "Spring," that season when the world breaks out into a terrible rash called "Street Organs." The street organ brings before your offended nose the mangled and disjointed corpses of all the tunes you knew last summer, and not satisfied with this, dresses them in celluloid collars and cheap lace trimmings,—often cut out of sheet tin,—frills and glass beads,—large glass beads. You throw two cents out of the window, and they bow and take the corpses away. Many things must be taken away. It is their nature. The board coverings must be taken away, and borne through the heavens at night to a college in New Zealand, where it will be winter till next November. Thus time wags.

There are other things to be taken away. The terra cotta hod-carrier women on the top of the Westminster are living higher than they should, and must come down a peg. THE LOUNGER suggests that Mr. Rand buy the top story of the Westminster, and that he place it upon the Lowell Building. Also, THE LOUNGER would like to ask Mr. Rand what he is going to do with the board walk in Engineering Alley when Tech removes to Jamaica. Will it be a dead loss to the Institute, or is it — like the Lowell Building and the Walker Memorial Fund — only temporary?

THE LOUNGER before has had occasion to refer to its only competitor in the field of American publications, the million-a-month leaflet, which escapes from the editorial sanctum of Mr. Bok. Now we — THE TECH — would like a million-a-week issue ourselves, and THE LOUNGER is going to furnish the wherewithal as follows:

THE LADY FROM HOBOKEN.

Correspondents wishing answers by mail should enclose addressed stamped envelopes.

GLADYS. No, pancakes are not proper at an afternoon tea. Yes, your mother should know about the shoes.

DISCONSOLATE. He loves you still. If he did not he would not wear the hand-painted necktie.

P. N. L. Never. Always admit the butcher's boy at the back door. The front door is used only by more distinguished visitors.

ASKER. Shakespeare did not write the following quotation:

There was a young girl in New York,
Who powdered her face with green chalk.
"My dear," said her pa,
"You are going too far,
Your actions will make people talk."

Some claim it is from Dante, but it is usually ascribed to Spenser.

CORRECT SPEAKING AND WRITING.

Please explain the use of "saw" and "scene."

A. L. E.

"Saw," an instrument of torture kept in the shed.
"Scene," an instrument of torture kept on the stage.

What is the correct pronunciation of "Paderewski?"

Viola.

I agree with you fully.

Now, having read these, you will admit that, except for Mrs. Scorer's Method Lessons and the "Good Time Garden," both of which may appear in early issues, and a little play by Carlo Bites — which will not appear — we are equipped to run up our circulation to the figure quoted.