



The weary LOUNGER takes up his pen after a week's siesta and begs to explain that his absence from the last issue was occasioned by an acute attack of differential agony brought on by a threatened exam. in calculus.

Those of his friends who are tender-hearted need not be particularly alarmed, however, as the pains now lie quite at rest beneath the soothing balm of the professor's smiling countenance when he offered an L with his compliments.



Poor old LOUNGER! He has to move. It is of course a case of absolute necessity, for to move is against THE LOUNGER's principles. Then, too, he rooms at the Chambers and has paid for the right to ride in the elevator, special concession to sit down, and all the other extras. His room rent, paid until June, is not worthy of mention, being insignificant in comparison to the other grafts. If you pay the extras they often throw in the room free. They can afford to and it's no great shine of a room anyhow.

But to get back to THE LOUNGER's troubles. The blame for the present unpleasantness lies with Charlie and Mac. They actually let a few men get away with a little of the long and verdant, which was soon blown in to rent a piano player. Now Mac was very nearly up to his usual standard, and the boys couldn't afford a real first-class box-banger, so they got one built on the non-union boiler-factory principle. It makes a thundering racket, and works over hours. It will murder anything, from "Annie Rooney" to Grand Opera, and with it comes a guarantee that by its aid any one can play as poorly as the worst. The music it makes is the kind found in the soul — of one's feet — for any old piker can kick off a tune on it. In passing,

THE LOUNGER wants to say that this is good exercise. He advises all class team candidates to start training on "Our Director" and slowly work up to the "Sultan of Sulu," who is the fattest of the bunch. For the convenience of the athletes why not move that player to some point outside the building? Truly, those who faithfully follow this training will be heroes. Could any one ever suffer more for his class? Surely not.

But here is THE LOUNGER suffering and getting no glory. His only joy is in the knowledge that at the present rate the machine will be worn to dust in two weeks. The other night it broke down and THE LOUNGER awoke, oppressed by the sudden silence. He sat up with delight, but only to sink back with a groan of despair. A corps of engineers had quickly closed in on the still trembling machine and fixed its insides in fine shape. That is, it would again rattle the horse-teeth, but the tune came out backwards. This, however, was an added attraction. The noise produced was more hideous than ever and the performance lasted hours.

So it goes. THE LOUNGER is nearly distracted and fears he must clear out. One hope, however, remains. Perhaps the Affiliated Order of Organ Grinders may stop the music, as the performers are non-union. Failing this, the Dagos might strike and then that brass band street piano wouldn't play under THE LOUNGER's window any more. This would mean a marked saving in electric light bulbs, so either way he wins. Thus the labor unions are always the friends of man.

Notice to Candidates for the Board.

Every candidate for the Tech Board should be at the TECH office, 30 Rogers, at one o'clock on Friday. At this meeting special work will be assigned for the souvenir issue for Field Day, and a general talk on the work will be given. Every man who is interested in such work should present himself, whether he has done writing for THE TECH or not. All work accepted for this special issue counts double for the candidate. Names will be taken and regular work given to many of the men who are at the office then. Copy for No. 5 due not later than 1 P.M. Wednesday, Nov. 4. Earlier presentation insures better attention from us. A cover design for this number is wanted.

Technique Art Competition closes November 9.