



Noticing the epidemic of "Limericks," THE LOUNGER determined to take a hand in the game; so he gathered the accompaniments of poetic inspiration and settled down to wait for that irresponsible wanderer — an idea.

Ye Lounger bethinketh himself.

"In the cold gray dawn of the morning after" it is clear that THE LOUNGER's first act was injudicious; he lighted a "Tech Union" cigar. The result was that he fell into a daze, and began to see things in the smoke, which rose in curves whose equations are not to be found in the Analyt. His eyes got crossed, and his brain grew dizzy following the curves, and from the muddle emerged the following:

A Freshman who came to the 'Stute
And hath inspiration number one. Thought he knew how to play on the flute,
 But the musical clubs
 Were not looking for dubs
 Whose playing was nothing but "toot."

After recovering from this, THE LOUNGER gazed once more into the smoke rings, which assumed the form of a girl's head. "Co-ed," said THE LOUNGER, "my friends, the co-eds. Here goes for another."

A young man who came from Cabul,
Verily, another. Was more than one kind of a fool;
 For instance, when he
 Said that women agree,
 His hearers quite rightly said, "Drool."

"Really, this is becoming interesting," thought THE LOUNGER, "we'll try more visions;" and he gazed again into the smoke. Result:

Whoever complains of our gym,
 As lacking essentials for him
So easy! Should heed well this word —
 His complaint won't be heard,
 His patience is clearly too slim.

"Am I a wiz.? Well, I guess yes," said THE LOUNGER à la Frank Daniels, "let's try again." Alas! the cigar went out, and with the smoke went all the inspiration, leaving in its place the discomfiting realization that a session with "that little brown book" was imminent.

MORAL: How old is Ann?

THE LOUNGER returns to you this week after a long absence, in which he has been recuperating from the effects of Field Day. He had that tired feeling so badly that only with difficulty did he drag himself down to the Armory to watch the Amalgamated Order of Bell Boys in their weekly revel. As THE LOUNGER's sister would say, "It was perfectly lovely."

The little dears seemed to enjoy themselves so much and looked very spiff in their smooth-fitting uniforms and snowy gloves. Company A was the head-liner of the whole show and the captain grew so fond of having them do "fours right" that he didn't give them their bean-shooters for quite a spell. But we must not overlook the Susie Band. THE LOUNGER wants to call attention to the fact that as it plays worse at one time than at another, its playing is variable and hence cannot be the limit, as some one has suggested. (Wells Coll. Alg. §§4, 11, 44). But in the future Company D must not run into the band; it disturbs the music. The squeals caused by one such smashup are painful reminders. He thinks the band a very likely bunch, from the man with the hoot-horn to the bass drummer with three reefs in his pants. He loves to hear it play its one tune and hopes it will learn another wail by Christmas. The bass drummer wanted to name his tub "1906," but rang off because he feared that if he did he couldn't beat it.

THE LOUNGER also took great amusement in the appearance of the messengers. There was one no bigger than a bar of soap after a week's washing, and another who strongly resembled three yards of string. A third was built on Tom Johnson lines, so that it took two slim Jims to cover him in the rear rank. But THE LOUNGER has forgotten to mention the "Signal Corps." This is a soft graft. The fellows wiggle a flag for ten minutes and spend the rest of the two hours trying to tell what they meant to signal. This is the only job on the floor that THE LOUNGER would accept.

THE LOUNGER left the building with a sigh of relief. With such an army of defenders M. I. T. need fear no foe.