



The celluloid hair-brush and manicure set, in a blue plush case lined with yellow satin, is with us again. The Christmas season has come. *THE LOUNGER* has nerved himself up to the point where an impossible box of stationery in tiers, tied with ribbon, a pair of slippers that slip altogether too much, and a leather-covered book of Arabian verses by Oma. Kiyi, are missiles as harmless as soft red roses, tossed by the arms of beautiful young girls in the path of the victorious hero returning. Even a hero, however, draws the line at a hand-painted necktie or a pair of burnt-work suspenders; and *THE LOUNGER* has strong suspicions that some of his sisters (once removed) are planning such pleasant surprises for him. That's what comes from making a present of a year's subscription to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, with its "Five Hundred Suggestions for Christmas Gifts." It is a question if the intensely refining influence of the very, very nice *Lady from Philadelphia* is not offset by the dark outlining of plans for countless handkerchief cases, postal-card holders, and cigar racks.



The rumor lately circulated that the lunchroom was to add another dish to its already extensive menu, has been proved false. It is true that the lunchroom committee met recently to consider the advisability of adding fried potatoes to the bill of fare on Tuesdays, but no action was taken on account of Professor Dewey's absence.



THE LOUNGER hereby disclaims all responsibility for the wild posters that have appeared lately around

the Institute proclaiming the fact that the editors of *THE TECH* are unwinged angels in publishing for the good of the student body a special Christmas number, when they might, if they chose, be sipping wine and swapping jokes with Editor Harvey or with Billy Hearst himself. Advertising in a ladylike way is all well enough. If *THE TECH*, for instance, had organized a prize contest in which the contestant was to approach a stranger and say: "Good morning, have you read *THE TECH*?" — this, *THE LOUNGER* claims, would be effective, provided the contestant survived. One of these atrocities on a tree was almost treason; it read:

This tree, if it could but speak,
WOOD BARK
for the Christmas *TECH*.

When *THE LOUNGER* came up to it, he noticed a man half seas over intently reading it over and over, as if its philosophy was just beyond his mental grasp. "Say, Charley," said he to *THE LOUNGER*, "do you believe that?"

"I certainly do not," said *THE LOUNGER*, "although it is quite a poplar chestnut."

"Shake, old man," said the gentleman of the bar with a beatific smile. "I don't believe it, neither," said he. "That ain't no dogwood."

The moral of this is very plain. It shows that this kind of crude and senseless advertising appeals only to the person who has lost the upper half of his reasoning power. Let us then be careful.



The editors of *Technique* have requested *THE LOUNGER* to make the following announcement: All professors and instructors are politely requested to run through their stock of jokes and witty sayings in class not later than the fifteenth of March, when the final copy for the "Grinds" is closed. If they will send a schedule of these *bons mots*, together with a list of dates when they are to be exploded, *THE LOUNGER* will send to the spot at the given time a reporter — and an interpreter.