



Are you going to the St. Louis Fair? THE LOUNGER is. Everybody of any consequence is. Spinoza is — if some one will pay the car fare. THE LOUNGER has received a concession 6 feet by $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet at the Fair, and he confidently expects his exhibit to be the gem of the collection. Some misguided foreigners imagine that Americans are always moving at a velocity of sixty miles an hour. Wait until they see THE LOUNGER.

THE LOUNGER did not reach his momentous decision without due thought. He also made many inquiries. Among other things he buttonholed the Man from St. Louis and slung questions at him until he (not THE LOUNGER) couldn't rest. The Man from St. Louis was extremely affable. THE LOUNGER will mention a few of the chunks of information which were disintegrated during the conversation. In the first place, it is not "St. Looee"; you always sound the "s." It makes all the difference between free beer and being sand-bagged, in St. Louis. It is a tolerably live town. The street cars never stop to take on passengers. When you want to get on at a crossing, you always walk half a block ahead, and even then it is ten to one you'll miss the rear platform. You sometimes drink water in St. Louis when you are thirsty. Not the cold, colorless liquid known elsewhere, but the real thing: Sp. g. 6.5; hardness 10; slightly soluble in *aqua-regia*. It often gets cold in St. Louis during the summer. Sometimes falls to 80° (C.) The natives then retire to their ovens and turn on the hydrogen blast-flame. There are a lot more of curious and interesting facts about the ambitious city, which THE LOUNGER hasn't time to tell. Better come to the Fair yourself and find out.—P. S. Take your Winchester. If you don't need them to protect your life, you will to protect your money.



THE LOUNGER feels hurt, as he always does when an innovation is introduced at Tech. Innovations do not suit the calm, peaceful inactivity of THE LOUNGER's mind. The *Technique* Board are going to have the Rush in the yard. When THE LOUN-

GER first heard rumors of this fact, he organized an exploring party, which, after many sore discomfitures, found that there really was a Yard. The change was, then, to come to pass. THE LOUNGER is completely at sea when he tries to apply the strength of his mentality to appreciate the enormity of the offence. What will the Co-eds do, with no banisters over which to view the doughty feats (or heads) of their bold knights below? What will the doughty knights themselves do, with no sweet, inspiring picture to animate their efforts? There are, however, some compensating features. When the worthy townspeople of Boston see Tech students in a mad contest for that characteristic emblem of the city, a book, will they not open their hearts and purses to shower praise and reward on the sharers in such a befitting strife? "A book is the highest of human works." Noble men, who expect to rush for *Technique*, THE LOUNGER congratulates you. THE LOUNGER fears that in the yard the great amount of space may make their sport dangerous,—that is, that the great pressure from the large number of students may make it unsafe for those between the walls and the crowd. To obviate this, THE LOUNGER begs to suggest that the Rush be held at the battle monument on the Common, or else that a number of independent rushes be held on the lawn, in order to spread the jam somewhat. For instance, let *Technique* be given out ("given out," not given) at one window, copies of Adams' "Letter Plates" at another, Peabo's "Valve Gears" at a third, and, say, his "Thermodynamics" at a fourth. Such an arrangement would doubtless produce the desired effect of four medium rushes, instead of one unmanageable one. These are merely suggestions which THE LOUNGER offers to the *Technique* Board. They are at perfect liberty to make such substitutions as they may see fit.

It Was Cold.

It was cold,
Her hands were cold, too.
And I — well, wouldn't you —
If it was cold —
And her hands were cold, too?

It was cold,
Her lips were cold, too.
And I — well, what would you do
If it were cold —
And her lips were cold, too?