About this season the sober president of the Seniors receives the annual circular from enterprising manufacturers, advocating such paraphernalia as caps and gowns during the scenes of Class Day. That Tech, without dormitory or campus, is not the place for cap and gown has often been urged, though their indulgence during the festive night of the political campaign was, without question, an unqualified success. It must be confessed, however, that the lordly personage of the Tech Senior in all the glory of graduation would lose much of his lofty dignity were he to strive with refractory skirts and wind-catching mortar board in the full view of the merry motor man of Boylston Street. No wonder shrinking modesty causes each successive class to reject the polite overtures of the sartorial expert, and, therefore, till Technology can boast a quadrangle, shady walks, and a chapel of more virtue than fame, the cap and gown had best be relegated to the more secluded college.

The recent utterance of the Institute Oracle regarding scholarship applications, can but awaken surprise among his devout and awe-inspired followers. Seldom, indeed, are his Delphic words couched in phrases which admit the slightest quibble or question. Those who approach the fountain head in search of wisdom, or more or less frequently repair thither for petition interviews, are, without exception, impressed with the flow of measured syllables. The trembling petitioner who approaches the sybil guardians with whispered questions regarding the presence of the great expounder of the Institute, knows full well the frigid, well turned expressions of the inmate of the inner regions when once admission is gained. The silent moments which elapse while he anxiously rests upon the cozy, cushioned settee which nestles beside the bursar's lair, ere audience is granted, are well calculated to prepare him for the ordeal to come. How his carefully prepared reasons vanish in emptiness before the penetrating gaze which greet him, and how he is suavely persuaded that his requests are an utter absurdity! A certain amount of awe in the trembling applicant for royal favors is of course to be expected, but the Lounger really doubts whether even the Chesterfieldian guardian of the tabular view would wish it to be carried to a degree of subservience approaching a weak-kneed timidity which would necessitate their being borne in prostrate. Yet if worshippers at the Pythian shrine are not to be so treated the Lounger is at loss to know why "Applicants" should be "handed in at once."

The little triangle with its hieroglyphic characters has secured another lease of life since no one has designed a gold pin sufficiently less bad to replace it, and Mabel or Mollie or May and other fair maids who are loyal to Technology and her numerous sons, can not wear the charming pin promised so long ago. Even the carefully concocted decision of the Institute committee and their more artistic appeal have failed to cause a rush of designs to the pin committee, now that merit and not dollars is declared sufficient reward. What seems even more discouraging is the nonchalant indifference of those who previously handed in designs in calling for them at the Tech office and thus saving these precious bits of the antique from what will soon be their final resting place in the depths of the Lounger's waste basket. The unique collection which has burdened the Lounger's table contains many wonderful and instructive specimens. Of these, just fifty-seven and three sevenths per cent are designs of flags, and the scroll and lamp of learning claim second rank. Following these in the order named are banners, shields, triangles, lanterns, T squares and instruments, hammers, anvils, moons, stars, ribbons, and cogwheels. These creations evidently endeavored to represent Technology as a combination of weather bureau, drawing room and blacksmith forge. Often the designs are made more interesting to the beholder by explanatory notes such as "This design can be slightly changed if necessary," "It might possibly be well to make the open space a little larger," "Don't go back on the old triangle," or this from a man with a keen eye to business, "Can be made of fourteen karat gold of substantial thickness for one dollar and seventy nine cents." This olla podrida of discarded effort furnished much beneficial recreation to the Lounger, and he trusts that these few words will serve to ensure the pin committee a veritable inundation of designs of more worthy merit.