While the Lounger is thoroughly in sympathy with the efforts of the Faculty and Corporation, in their efforts to provide for a number of studies of a liberal character and of a nature pertaining more particularly to a general education, nevertheless he has always had implicit confidence in the desire of those powers, as advertised in catalogue and circulars, to instil honesty and integrity of purpose into the minds of the youth in their charge. It was consequently with no inconiderable amount of surprise that he read last week of a lecture before the Society of Arts upon "Modern Forging," by a gentleman in the employ of a prominent firm engaged in those industries more or less intimately connected with iron and "steal." For all students (?) in Course IX. engaged in investigations of problems in "Finance and Banking," the said subject, it would seem, should have had particular interest, and as a proof of the fact that the Institute is thoroughly up to date the Lounger was particularly pleased to note that only "modern" methods were dealt with.

The Lounger has been greatly bored of late by the constant repetition “in another column,” if he may be allowed to speak editorially of a certain exhortation to each man in the Junior Class, in regard to his financial duties. On several occasions, picking up the latest issue, he has with more haste than good grace exchanged it for another, thinking from the sight of the said article that he must be inadvertently perusing what is commonly called a back number. Threats, persuasions, and entreaties, seem all equally lost upon his friend the Editor in Chief, and the Lounger would infer that that gentleman must have been one of the few induced by the class treasurer to part with the sum of money mentioned. As a last resort the Lounger now appeals to the class at large to quickly fulfill their duties in this direction, so that the item in question need no longer be inflicted on a suffering public.

Owing to the stringent prohibition of visitors at the weekly evolutions of his friends the Freshmen, which the honorable commandant of the Institute's military forces found it necessary to inaugurate in consequence of the unsettled conditions in Asiatic America, and the usual war-time precautions, the Lounger has been unable to maintain his military enthusiasm at its accustomed height in spite of the regular recurrence each week of the blue and brass in class room and corridor; for, with their present style of head gear, the resemblance of these gallant warriors to messenger boys causes them to attract but little notice. The announcement of a competitive drill in the near future has brought the subject once more to the Lounger's notice, and he deeply regrets that in spite of his most earnest endeavors, his flock should have gone so far astray. Facilis descensus averno, as the poet has written, finds illustration in this voluntary descent of Institute students to the level of the preparatory and high school! "Form a nucleus for Interscholastic Drill!" What an elevating and ennobling occupation for college men! Truly such a scheme will indeed be an extension of the “scope of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology!” How proud the class of 1902 will feel in its Senior year, presenting a "silver trophy" to some warlike high school! And all this after the glorious record of previous classes in Intercollegiate drill! O tempora! O mores! as Cicero once said, the Lounger weeps.

Although the Lounger has no desire to arouse any argument as to the relative incentive powers of the fear of punishment or the hope of reward, yet he cannot help admitting the enormous power of the last-mentioned sentiment. The arduous striving of public personages for that subtle reward, applause, is well known, and the Lounger confesses that even he is not altogether averse to receiving, from his friends in particular and the public in general, expressions showing intelligent appreciation of his efforts. The following item from the letter of a member of one of the classes in the late seventies is unusually grateful: “There is one page I always read, usually when myself ‘lounging’ before retiring o’ a night, and that is your ‘lounger’s’ page.” The Lounger regrets exceedingly that the correspondent referred to gave no information as to the character of the results obtained in the way of pleasant dreams, or as to what other remedies for insomnia he had previously tried.