No, excited reader, Christmas isn't here, but it's on the way, and The Lounger forthwith seats himself in an obscure corner to raise a few spontaneous thoughts and appropriate inspirations for this Christmas number of The Tech. But spontaneity refuses to work. The impassioned eloquence of December 25 has not yet arrived. Then suddenly The Lounger thinks; thinks of the Christmas number of the original story in it, and of the new servant-girl heroine whom it will probably introduce him to; he thinks of the special Washington's Birthday number to be issued the first of next January, and of the Fourth of July special that the journalistic enterprise of his editor will put forth in the week after; he thinks again; this time of the new Institute telephone system and of the happy Professors beguiling their leisure moments in flirtatious jollifyings of the Secretary's Hello-girl. Suddenly, spontaneity begins rapidly to spon, and the true Christmas spirit is here. The Lounger closes his eyes, and softly yields to its influence. A voice tells him that he is to write a tragedy, a melodrama. "The Wreck of the Boy Ship-builder, or The Course Thirteener's Hoodoo." With a final effort he grasps his pen feverishly, feels it move within his fingers, and—lost.

ACT I. SCENE I. The college rooms of Mooney Ansankey. (Enter Mooney). Soliloquy: "I want something to love. I was once a boy wonder and built a fleet of warships. I am now a Course XIII. man. Enough; there must be a peach waiting for me somewhere. I will have her!" SCENE II. The rooms of pretty Miss Hero Ine. (Enter Hero Ine, weeping). Soliloquy: "I am lonely. I am alone. I want to be loved. Come—Oh, noble one. My heart waits!" [Curtain]. Three days are supposed to elapse.

ACT II. SCENE I. The rooms of Miss Hero Ine. Mooney and Miss Ine discovered in the center of the stage and a sofa, looking into each other's eyes. Mooney: "Oh, Heroey!" Miss Ine: "Oh, Mooney!" They embrace ecstatically and weep for joy. SCENE II. Hallway, outside Miss Ine's door. Landlady discovered in a listening attitude. (Whispers): "Hear that! And that! Be Hivens: I don't like it, for three reasons, and one is that I won't have it. Hi, Niobe!—pens, ink and paper!—I have a postage stamp." Voice from without: "Ees-um!" Enter Niobe with portable writing desk. Landlady hastily writes a letter to Hero Ine's pa, stamps it and sends it off by Niobe in an electric hack. [Curtain]. One day elapses.

ACT III. SCENE I. Train, due in Boston at 6 p.m. Time, 5 p.m. Tableau: The paternal Ine sits and reads. A frown flits twice across his face, he is seen to grasp his cane violently, and murmurs "damn." SCENE II. Train, due in Boston at 11 p.m. Time, 9 p.m. Mrs. Ansankey discovered. (Muses): "I shall be so glad to see Mooney. He doesn't expect me—and I'll go right in and surprise him. But Mooney—he'll be so surprised and so happy. He is indeed a boy wonder." SCENE III. Mooney's rooms. Time, 11 p.m. Mooney discovered, cramming "Dynamics." (Muses): "I am indeed happy!" (Knock at door; enter Miss Hero Ine): Mooney: "Heroey!" Hero Ine: "Mooney!" (They embrace). Hero Ine: "I had to come. I couldn't slip away before. I must warn you. Oh, Mooney! Pa has come! He knows; he's got a cane; a big cane; and he's waiting for you! Mooney—don't come any more. We must part. Don't ever see me again. Don't!" Mooney: "I must! I will!" Hero Ine: "Don't!" Mooney: "I must! I must!" Hero Ine: "And would you dare—" Mooney: "Dare! Would the noble lion dare, for the sake of his beloved dove! I would, too!" Hero Ine: "Oh, Mooney!" (They embrace). (Enter suddenly Mrs. Ansankey). Mrs. Ansankey: "Dearest boy! Mooney! Come to—er—!—(shrieks)—what!—!(shrieks again)—Mooney!—(shrieks once more, and reels). [Mooney collapses. Hero Ine fans him with her glove]. Tableau. Mrs. Ansankey: (recovers): "Woman, Go! Leave! Depart! Away! Never be seen here again! Go!" Hero Ine: "But madame, I—" (Voice of Mr. Ine heard below). Mr. Ine: "Which way did you say? To the left? All right! So you saw her come, eh? Good! I'll fix her—and him too!" (Hero Ine faints. Enter Mr. Ine. Tableau; [Cur.] The Lounger wakes up.

The Editor-in-Chief, having received the following announcement, emanating from the Technique Board, expresses his disgust at being invited to give said body of men free advertising under the disguise of a local. The Lounger rescues the same from the waste basket and submits it without further comment:

"The Technique Board, 1901, offers a prize of one copy of the 1901 Technique to the professor who perpetuates the best grind or gag that is appropriately submitted to the Board of Editors. It is expected that this will furnish a keen incentive, though without leading to undue rivalry, for the introduction of a delightful characteristic into recitations, laboratories, exercises, and lectures, that cannot fail to redound to the credit and reputation of 'Technology.'"