In this number of The Tech, the first which is to bear a 1900 date, The Lounger feels the propriety of making a few kindly suggestions — ventured in a spirit of true disinterested interest — in hopes of an improvement in conduct which will be likely to conduct to a more harmonious and pleasurable existence of things Technical during the coming year. First, to his Editor; he would suggest that the shears be given a brief interval of much-needed rest, and that the blue pencil be employed exclusively in the correcting of typographical errors in the first proof of this page. Then, to his proteges, the Freshmen, he would suggest that they continue to realize that they are still only Freshmen, and that Military Science is given for the full year, with a final examination at the end. To the Sophs, The Lounger would suggest that now is a good time to begin to draft resolutions in regard to taking Physics next year, and that "Chapel" is an essentially third year course. To the Juniors, The Lounger would suggest that frequently repeated visits to the Secretary are likely to result as disastrously as would an equal number to the chapel, and that all such stimulants be therefore carefully avoided in the future. To the Seniors, The Lounger would suggest that they apply their recent financial bonanza to the purchase of sundry receipted bills, and that future investments of these finances be made exclusively in bills of that character. To the Alumni, The Lounger would suggest that all Alumni dinner extravagance be avoided, and that subscriptions to The Tech are still to be obtained at a reduced cost per dozen. Also, he would suggest that no more graduates flop over to Christian Science until the first day of next April, and that as a general rule the gold brick business is more remunerative and better adapted to the intellectual qualities of patients in this particular mental condition.

A few words to the instructing and administrative staffs, may not be amiss. In view of the coming Semies, The Lounger would "suggest" the primary mass of the letter F to a certain Free Hand instructor in alphabet memorizing. To the Secretary he would recall the fact that it would be to the eternal fame of Technology if he should be given the diploma for which he has so patiently waited, and in closing he would suggest his willingness to accept this document without waiting for the customary formality of the Semi-annual and Final Examinations.

It was a memorable sight. Although the act dates back to a day previous even to the recent intermission, yet the memory of that occasion keeps it still glowing as at first in The Lounger's thoughts. The scene was a recitation in Hydraulics; the time, the Saturday before Christmas. The Hero this time was a most dignified Senior of Course I, and the scene was daintily enlivened with a variety of heads and bodies of several supernumerary Seniors who formed the background for the impressive tableau. At the rise of the curtain the class was seen just coming to order; the Chief High Draulic was about to burst open the exercises when a hasty tread was heard without. The door flew open, a messenger boy entered, and with him appeared a bundle addressed to the dignified Course Oner, the winner. Then, just as quietly and easily as if it had all been arranged beforehand, the package was taken by the chairman of a committee of one from the class, and with a few well-chosen words — some coherent — and a few felicitously selected pauses, was presented with due solemnity to the individual for whom it was intended. Intermittent applause enlivened the interval and fringed the edges of the gap of time that occurred while the Course Winner was undoing his gift. Meanwhile, the Chief High Draulic had become excited, had forgotten himself, and was smilingly watching operations from a good position in the front row. Slowly the wrappers began to unwrap. As layer followed layer the bundle began to assume definite shape. Suddenly something occurred; with a shake and a rustle the lower portion of the eclipsing paper cover quickly came off, and there appeared right before the eyes of the enraptured multitude, two diminutive feet properly enshrouded in as many diminutive stockings and carefully terminating in a couple of equally diminutive shoes. Plainly, something was afoot. The Course Winner gasped, while the spectators indulged in a little concacilianatory applause. Still the action of the play continued; another paper fell, then another, and finally dropped the inside layer of all, in an transparent tissue mantle. Everything was gone but the present, which lay in the being posessor's arms, open and clear, enfolded with a circle of surrounding smiles, and looking as intelligent as its owner. There, surrounded by a score of brother classmen, and gazed upon by his devoted instructor, the Winner looked long and earnestly at the pretty doll he was holding, "then smiling sighed," and freely gave it up. It was one on him. And after the recitation they adjourned to the Chapel where a secondary course in Hydraulics was indulged in, and it was, still, one on him.