In accordance with the custom which he has faithfully observed for some centuries, THE LOUNGER wended his way toward the State House last Monday night to see that things went through in a fitting manner. He saw many unusual sights in the course of the evening and heard many strange sounds, one of which he finally made out to be a Tech yell. A straggling group of seniors were beating their way up over the Common towards Rogers steps. On every side THE LOUNGER heard remarks anent the effects of posterity to be caused by the recital, in years to come, of “Yes, sir, I saw the present century’s birth some sixty-five years ago, my child; I, and a number of the foremost citizens of Boston, said goodbye to 1900 from the steps of the State House.”

Here and there a woman fainted as the hour came slowly around. The tension on the nerves of the people was almost intolerable. Close by the hiss of an arc light broke the silence. A watchlid snapped. A man edged his way through the crowd, and one could hear the sticky mud smack under his feet. Suddenly a bugle call sounded from the State House balcony. The invocation followed and after it a hymn. Women fainted more frequently as the old century slowly breathed its last. Twelve bugle blasts broke the damp silence and 1901 was upon us. The new moon broke from the clouds to add its welcome to the new era. Black of me, to the left, someone lighted a cigarette.

For some time THE LOUNGER has watched with appreciation the felicitous course of the Architectural Society, and, having in mind the vaudeville performance at the last meeting of the Society, he wishes to extend congratulations to the Society, the organization of which is so democratic that nothing can be accomplished. The Society, THE LOUNGER is told, was organized for a purpose, but THE LOUNGER supposes that some one must have inadvertently lost the constitution and since then the members of the Society have been long under a dim consciousness of what they were organized for. Ostensibly and outwardly, it was to reject names which were proposed for membership, and THE LOUNGER notices that his “friend, philosopher and guide,” the Editor, has this week inserted a large and enthusiastic editorial on the subject. But the conclusions reached there are somewhat short of practicality. True, to the average mind, the solution lies as there expressed. Granted that the need is a new membership regulation. But what regulation? To THE LOUNGER’s finite intelligence, to have so large a leeway as three black-balls is too extravagant to be pictured in ordinary language and necessitates diagrams for full comprehension. The correct regulation would be a single black-ball necessary for the rejection of the nominee. This would tend to keep Mining Engineers and Chemists from becoming active members of the Society. If THE LOUNGER’s suggestion is acted on it will at once kill all difficulties with a speed that is simply “beyond praise.”

With the new century just coming in, or as THE LOUNGER’s friend Professor E-unc- would have it, just one year old, THE LOUNGER cannot forbear a few New Year’s resolutions. When THE LOUNGER struggled through descriptive geometry under his above-mentioned friend, he had little idea that such a science could work such free-hand methods in reckoning out the centuries. However, THE LOUNGER can make, even if he is a year late, a few resolutions. First of all he has resolved never to be a professor, or a Y. M. C. A. man, or a Co-ed. Secondly he has resolved to accomplish in the next two weeks what he imagines he might have accomplished in the past three months. Further than this he dares not go and has decided to postpone all other resolutions until after the iridescent dream of the semies shall have vanished into thin air.

Inconsistencies.

My lamp is brighter when it’s full,
And when it starts to toil;
Its head grows emptier the more
It burns its midnight oil.

The parrot in the room below
Looked never in a book,
And yet throughout his “college” course
He never got a “pluck.”

My dog does ever “bohne” and “cram”
And wag his tail for more
But never took a blamed “exam.”
Or swore the night before.

The more I muse on things like these
The more it seems to me
The world itself is nothing but
An inconsistency.—Ev.