Every half-baked musical critic, every bald-headed baton-shaker, every leaden-fingered piano smasher, every frizzly-haired schoolgirl has at some time in the past pronounced an opinion on ragtime music. It is peculiarly fitting, now that Junior Week is with us, that THE LOUNGER should take out his Waterman’s Ideal and add to this consensus of opinion, the view of a half-witted hack writer. Almost every house has a piano. So far, so good. The sorry part of it, however, is that for every piano there are ten persons, nine of whom can produce noise and only one of whom can make music. For this first-mentioned class THE LOUNGER respectfully suggests that the piano manufacturers devise a new style of piano. This piano is to have the keyboard where the pedals usually are, and the pedals in place of the keyboard. If the result of this method would be to change the playing at all, it would improve it, necessarily. Nine people out of ten play ragtime. The tenth person does not appreciate “ketchy” music. He or she has taken a term of lessons at thirty-five cents a lesson, including a music-roll, and ragtime is trashy and vulgar. “Give me good music,” says he, “like Cavalerio Rustycanner, or Fost, or Paderooski’s mazurkey.”

Ragtime is in many respects like cent sticks of candy. Some of the pieces are plain, some have a little twist in them,—but all are very nearly alike, and all are cheap. Both go fast while they last. And yet there is a difference. You can lick the candy, but nobody has yet licked ragtime. Ragtime is nothing new at all, as some people think. Cain murdered Abel, and handed down the murderous spirit of ragtime to endless generations.

As long as people like mince pie, as long as girls like pickles, as long as some men like scarlet neckties, as long as women will rush to buy an article at ninety-eight cents marked down from a dollar, so long will cheap music be thumped out by a murderous many. There is no use for we musical critics to kick against ragtime and other cheap music. Tinsel and brass and glass and false glitter and gaudy colors have always been in demand, and probably always will be. Down with ragtime! But let us first hear just one more piece.

A very charming girl suggested to THE LOUNGER the other day that he should use his influence to kill puns and punning, all forms of trite expressions, sentimentality in speech and writing, and the tobacco habit. Although unwilling to make too great a change in the habits of people without their consent, for her sake THE LOUNGER undertakes the task. Is it not fitting that a murderer should be his own undertaker? The best way of getting rid of such decrepit phrases as “Wouldn’t that jar you?” “Go ‘way back and sit down,” is to furnish the sparse vocabulary of the self-crowned wit with new, and if possible, better expressions. For Tech men the following are submitted:

Wouldn’t that bleach your blood?
That ain’t no special case, neither.
Back to the bulletin boards!

From many persons THE LOUNGER has received inquiries as to why he attempts to ridicule and belittle the co-eds so frequently and with such vicious attack. “The co-eds have many good points,” they say, “and you should give them their dues.” Granted. THE LOUNGER admits that they might be worse. There might be more of them.

Mushy, isn’t it? Sentimentality is now a thing of the past, and THE LOUNGER will proceed to annihilate puns and punning. Come, good people, what is the use of trying to be witty by attempting a pun? Is it worth while to rack your brains thinking up a bad pun in order to win the sickly smile of approbation of a disgusted friend who kicks himself to think that he didn’t get his pun in first? Remember that “the lowest order of wit is a pun”—unless you make it yourself.