The question seems to hang upon "suspenders." Unless there is a bad break, it would appear that the question must continue to hang. The dictionary says, " suspenders, one who or that which (I) up-holds, or (2) holds up." In the case of President's suspenders, The Lounger would cite Mark Hanna as an example of (1) and any ordinary highway robber as (2). Although the brand under discussion does not seem to suit an ex-president, it cannot be disputed that the effect of the suspenders is bracing. There is, however, a greater than the President's suspenders, that is, Jack Ketch,—he who was the King's Suspender. (Now, gentle peruser of this amorphous column, between you and The Lounger, and whoever may be eavesdropping, an enterprising man could rapidly rise to untold wealth by selling this idea to some un(tubbled suspender, "Jack Ketch, the King's Suspender, Trade Mark." Don't say anything about it, will you?)

The Lounger remarked recently that the secret of strength lay in the principle of unity. Proceeding logically from this premise, it readily becomes apparent that the sole cementive force in the Institute must be none other than that very influence which alone tends to hold together the varying interests of Tech. An investigation into the character and origin of this force reveals to the philosopher many interesting phenomena. At first blush he is inclined to the opinion that the corps of instruction may have something to do with the unity of purpose of our alma mater. By a painstaking and thorough examination of evidence, however, the philosopher, that is, The Lounger, becomes convinced that:

Whereas, The Lounger recently remarked that the secret of strength lay in the principle of unity. Proceeding logically from this premise, it readily becomes apparent that the sole cementive force in the Institute must be none other than that very influence which alone tends to hold together the varying interests of Tech. An investigation into the character and origin of this force reveals to the philosopher many interesting phenomena. At first blush he is inclined to the opinion that the corps of instruction may have something to do with the unity of purpose of our alma mater. By a painstaking and thorough examination of evidence, however, the philosopher, that is, The Lounger, becomes convinced that:

You nasty, horrid, mean papa,"

Cried little Mary Jane,

"If you don't let me go to church

I'll crack your silly brain."

of your time. My subject is more important"; and that the instructor in each one of these many subjects is correspondingly loyal to his own particular course. (3) That Professor D compares Professor L to the "janitor," and Mr. B avails himself of his prerogative as instructor in — to throw mud at each and all of his fellow teachers, without ceremony, and to explain to his pupils how Professor This, That and the Other is only a fake after all. (4) That Mr. E runs his class ten minutes over the hour Tuesday, thus robbing Mr. F of some of his precious time, a transgression which is quickly punished by Mr. F, who seeks retribution by a similar offence upon Mr. E on Wednesday. (5) That your petition to take Mr. G's course in — tics is granted, and when Mr. G refuses to give the course, it is you that are declared guilty, and forced to expiate by subjecting yourself to thirty more stripes from the dreaded "red-tape." And,

Whereas, These sundry testimonies are substantiated and verified, be it

Resolved, That the only binding element calculated to preserve the Institute from disintegration and disruption, is the calm, philosophic, long-suffering and kind, patient and unappreciated student. And

Whereas, The aforesaid creature of humility and endurance, insufficient in worldly wisdom, and in keen discretion, is guided and piloted through the many C's, and preserved and rescued from the sundry snares and toils which constantly beset and threaten his innocent feet, and

Whereas, In all other conceivable difficulties and entanglements he is constantly protected and solicitously cared for by the fostering wisdom and the omnilingual pen of no less a power than Our Alma Mater's Prince Consort himself,—the infallible, The Lounger,—be it therefore

Resolved, That, in its ultimate analysis, the faithful anchor, which has so often wafted our ship of M. I. T. on to victory, the mainspring, so to speak, that has ever soothed her troubled breast, the guiding hand which has never ceased to open her eyes to what is good and expedient, the mighty anvil upon which have been shaped the fairest flowers of this conservatory of knowledge; in sum, the laen which has entered into the souls of her sons, to add weight to their reputations and to spur their ambitions and ideals to remain steadfast and immovable as Time itself, the

"ne plus ultra" to which the preservation and glory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology must always be attributed, is, as ever, The Lounger.