The first act of the Great Drama of the year 1901 is nearly over. The quarrelsome stage managers, H. W. Tyler and Dame Nature, have caused some conflicts and sudden exits, and as the plot thickens we know not which will triumph in the setting of the next act, and await tremulously a trip to Europe or Summer School. What better service can THE "Enfants De L'Institute" render the "Enfants De L'Institute" than to set down for them a few resounding precepts for their guidance and salvation during Act II? First, if the scene is laid in Europe, buy all the money you can before you start, and do not have any on your person when you land in New York on the return. They will charge a duty on it. They let nothing pass. The Lounger came back from Paris last summer with a French beard, which he had grown during his sojourn. The Custom House officers persisted that a tax of fifty per cent must be paid, because the article was raised abroad. The Lounger protested that he would have it razed in New York immediately, but it proved that importation of foreign hair was strictly prejudicial to home industries, so the Lounger bequeathed his "Imperial" to the officers. That was a close shave (Pardon), but it cut the whole thing short (Pardon).2.

While crossing the Atlantic the Lounger had an interesting experience, which may be of great value, even to you, vacant reader. It was a lesson in resuscitating the apparently drowned. One cannot help the really drowned, but prompt action is efficacious in the former case. First catch your fish, then send immediately to the steward for a meat saw (cabbage slicer is awkward to use). Remove the patient's legs, and if he bleeds you will know that he might have recovered; if not, you have established your reputation as a surgeon, with a clear conscience. The great thing, after all, is to take the bull by the horns and do something, no matter what. It is much the same way as in an exam—never try to win an exam—take your pen up, and operate immediately; the professor will recover, if you don't, and you will have the satisfaction of having died game. Summer school will fix the rest, so that you may return in September with flying colors. The Lounger looks forward to the new era, when he will no longer dwell upon Rogers' step, but stroll among the pleasant groves of the Fenway, where his Alma Mater will roost side by side with the "Palazzo," when the Lounger's room will have in it a framed photogravure of the Walker Building—pathetic and cherished reminder of the old days, of Spinoza, and Chapel, and the Board Coverings, and, oh saddest words of tongue or pen, of Engineering Alley!