



Once more THE LOUNGER takes his typewriter (neuter gender) in his lap and proceeds to spread over the immaculate parchment the drop of ink which makes millions think. Once more the roulette of the Tech man has spun round and stopped over the space marked "Work." Once more the Institute is infested with the usual quota of freshmen. To these, his *protégés*, THE LOUNGER extends his right hand. It will be hard for the average freshman to realize that he is no longer a senior of the Centreville High School, and chairman of the Committee to Select a Class Flower. If he has carefully perused the tabular views, the general bulletin, the subject list, the roll slips, and all the other registration truck he probably knows what a great and wonderful thing Tech is. There is much, however, that cannot be learned from the official literature, and it is on that account that THE LOUNGER unlocks with the key of Generosity the treasury of his wide experience and with a lavish hand showers upon the fortunate Freshmen the following nuggets:

There are six marks given on the five weeks' reports. They are C, P, L, F, FF, and D, and signify as follows:

- C — C me at once.
- P — Phriend, you have done noble.
- L — Let me tutor you. \$2.00 per lesson.
- F — Fine. Keep it up.
- FF — Extra Fine. You kept it up.
- D — Do not hurry. Rome was not built in a Day.

The teaching machinery is made up of two elements, professors and instructors. The professors are a small body of men entirely surrounded by knowledge. In some cases, this is bounded on the North by a piece of chalk, on the East by a blackboard, on the South by a text-book he wrote himself, and on the West by an idea he got once. The instructors are divided into two classes — those that do and those that don't.

Freehand Drawing is a Freshman dinner at the Adams House. All courses. \$2.00 per plate.

Differential Calculus is the science which treats of formulas and little bits of things we don't know anything about.

"Hello," said the Old Tech Man as THE LOUNGER entered. "Sit," added he laconically.

So THE LOUNGER arranged his carcass artistically in the huge Morris Chair and lighted his pipe.

"How's Tech?" asked the Old Tech Man, and without waiting, offered his own answer. "It isn't what it used to be. You fellows don't have any good times any more. You call it a glorious rough house when you string a little flag across to the Brunswick, like a pack of kids, or when somebody rattles the door of Charlie Cross's lecture room."

THE LOUNGER smoked and waited. He knew the Old Tech Man.

"I remember the time," continued he, reminiscently, "when we drew lots to see who should grease the bottom step in the Walker Building. The lot fell to me. I did it. At the end of the physics lecture they came down the steps lickety-split, and every man jack of them when he reached that step went sprawling."

"Was any one hurt?" asked THE LOUNGER.

"Nature has been kind to us," he added irrelevently. "She has a way of making us fall more resiliently than harmfully."

In the ruminative silence which followed, the Old Tech Man's memory bore the following fruit:

"And speaking of falls, I remember the time when Jones gave Professor X. a fall that I'll bet he's never forgotten. Jones was a wag, anyway. He was up in the drawing room, drawing, and didn't want to be interrupted, when Professor X. came up to him and said: 'Well, Jones, what are you wasting your time on now?'

"'It's a pretty hard problem,' said Jones. 'You see I have a pump here in the basement of this building which pumps water into this tank on the roof. I want to get up some scheme so that when the tank is full, the pump will stop automatically.'

"'Ah, I see,' said the Professor, 'and what's your scheme?'

"'Well,' said Jones quickly, 'I've got this eccentric here connected with a lever here, and another lever here which works a string. That closes the circuit and rings a bell in Chelsea, and a man comes over and stops the pump.'"

"Going so soon?" asked the Old Tech Man. "Come again."

"Sure," said THE LOUNGER.

There was a young man in Port Said,
Who wanted to kiss a fair maid;
But the kiss missed the miss
And the miss missed the kiss,
Because the young man was afraid.