



Verily, the name of TECHNOLOGY grows ever more famous. Only recently, when our hamlet was visited by Admiral Dewey — may his fortune equal his fame, — a goodly representation from the Institute, the flower of the flock, so to speak, gathered unto itself in great numbers and paraded over the streets lying between M. I. T. and the Touraine. As the five hundred strong marched along, great was the effect upon the natives of Boston. The sidewalks, yea, even the streets, were crowded with admiring throngs; knots of people, some of whom had travelled from afar to witness the spectacle, throbbed with excitement. Even an electric car stopped, and while the conductor jollied the trolley to get the electricity to charge the car, the passengers jollied the motorman to get the police to charge the crowd. The attempt — need it be said? — was footless. Men from Harvard (a sort of casino for the young, in a suburb of Boston) hastened ignominiously from the spot; and then Sir Dewey himself appeared at the window of his hotel, wearing a look of intensest gratification. By that time, Boston had got an exhibition of pyro-TECH-nics well into display; and the Tech. men, magnanimously making acknowledgment of this delicate compliment, received the swelling applause of the multitude, turned, and were seen no more. But for long after the masses remained, a living monument to the potency of Technology's fame.

Course IX seems to be especially prominent in the Technological field, and very deservedly does it hold its place there. Its training in general science is essentially not elsewhere to be found. It is one thing for the gentle chemists or the guileless mechanics to receive with docility what instruction may pertain to their subjects, but it is another and far greater act for the Course Niner to be posted on all kinds of knowledge, to be versed in all things, from the blowing up of hydrogen generators to the peeling of echinoderms or the juggling of mantissas in working up the Bunsen Photometer. And yet, even greater is the scope and value of its preparation. Only the other day, THE LOUNGER heard of the case of a "General" who managed to get stranded out in the

witching region of Denver, Colorado, with nothing more than an extra collar upon which to raise enough wherewithal for his diurnal lubrication. Anyone else would have been staggered. But not so with our hero — he was a Course Niner. His resources were as yet unexhausted, indeed, almost untapped. Stepping to the nearest theatre, he presented his face and sent it up to the manager. In ten minutes he was duly installed as a super in the production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." He made his debüt that evening, as one of the hungry poets in the pastry shop, and was an instantaneous success. He gave a touch to the eating scene that threw stage deception to the winds; artificiality was a thing of the past; his acting was voted by all to be genuine, natural, spontaneous, human — almost superhuman — and, in short, biographic. For one week he continued to give mastication exhibitions, supported by the rest of the cast and supplemented by the rest of the play. At the end of that time he courteously, though firmly, refused a dazzling offer of the Denver Dime Den of Delight — a sort of vaudeville museum — and left for the east. So greatly was he missed by the "Cyanide of Baccarat" Company that it immediately disbanded; the manager, so rumor has it, leaving his possessions in storage at the local bakeryshop, and starting out for another lingering look at his cherished protégé. This, ladies and gentlemen, was a Course Nine man; and he never was in a Walker club play, either!

Painting things red is a very laudable operation, generally, and one especially suited to the peculiar genius of the Technology Senior. Yet there are times, and places, and things, when, where and with which carmine ornamentations is not so devoutly to be wished. That a former manager of the ball team, for instance, should attempt to have his visage brightened up with a little of the Harvardian shade of decoration in one of the Technology edifices seems to THE LOUNGER to be rather inadvisable; — and that an official Technology Wheelman and prominent Y. M. C. A. attendant should try to emulate that Iroquoian example by a bedecking of his own countenance, as well as of all the surrounding articles of furniture or attire, with the same variety of brilliant embellishment seems also to be, on the whole, not without its decided disadvantages. And further, when two such enthusiasts make the artistic operation the more complete by practicing upon one another to an accompaniment of decidedly inartistic comments upon each other's qualities of veracity, then THE LOUNGER feels impelled, in the name of common humanity — remarkably uncommon, — to protest. Gore may be all right to shade a background for the minstrel show poster, but as a varnish for the floor of — no, no! THE LOUNGER feels called upon to shudder and turn sadly away.