The library of Course IX. has been enriched by a book which, notwithstanding its high moral character and general usefulness, had never found a place on the Institute shelves. The coming of it happened in this wise: In a lecture the other day, Gen. Walker attempted to quote a passage, and failing to do so, sent a student to look it up in the aforementioned book. The student returned after a long search, and said that it was not to be found anywhere in the Institute. Hence the purchase. The book was the Bible.

The Lounger makes his prettiest bow with this, the Holiday number of THE TECH, and wishes all its readers the best of luck in the coming trial. He had hoped to appear in a new costume this issue, but circumstances would not allow. He has, however, had his picture taken, and is now having it engraved, that you may see who it is that has been furnishing you with so much food for thought of late. This is done at the special request of the editors of THE TECH, who for certain reasons do not wish to be considered as interested in this column. Next term the Lounger intends to "come out strong," and to spare no one, from Bubby Fresh to the grave and dignified Senior. He may even go further; so look out for him. Don't get into boilers with no man-holes; don't propose a full drill dress theatre party; don't send anonymous contributions to THE TECH,—or in any other way make a fool of yourself, if you wish to escape the wrath of the Lounger, who spares none.

It is as old as it is disagreeable and useless to be admonished after some misfortune with "I told you so." Yet we are all prone to make use of the above egotistic remark. '90's "Technique" falling short in copies caused '89 to say "I told you so." Our friends of the Harvard Medical School said the same when Dartmouth tied us for first place in the football race. In fact, there is no miscarried event to be named that does not bring to mind a host of these same sour-faced individuals who "told you so." As we have remarked, there is no class exempt from this malady. Parents, friends, and even our Faculty are apt to be frequently "down with it." And at this season of the year, we of Tech. are awaiting anxiously for our semi-annual share thereof. The Faculty, both individually and collectively, seems to have drawn itself together for a supreme effort in this line. "The Penman's" quill is already dipped in gore; the crucial test is about to be applied; and those poor unfortunates who are "found wanting," will, upon seeking sympathy or probation from the "powers that be," be met with the impassable, non-committal, "I told you so." The Lounger wishes to score one for himself, and get ahead of Faculty, parents, and friends, and so says, "I tell you so."

Some of my best thoughts, said a literary man the other day, come to me in the ride in the hurried and noisy street-car. The varied and unusual types of humanity before the eye suggest novel reflections, and furnish groundwork for future use. I have occasionally made a study of some neighboring passenger whose untimely exit has driven me almost to momentary madness.

It is a kind of panoramic view passing before the eyes, and when I find anything specially odd (and you know the queerest objects are here brought to light), I mentally put in a pin, and am able to get an outline, at least, which may be of material assistance in my work.

Then, too, I have found this plebeian mode of travel favorable to a continuous train of thought. I could never explain the reason for this, but so I have found it, and have been roused at the expiration of a long ride with a feeling of surprise that so many interruptions had not interrupted, but had apparently assisted me in a train of thought in which one idea succeeded and was dependent on another, so that one link gone, the whole chain was broken.

Somebody else says: When I am supremely miserable I deposit myself in a street-car, and there, midst the motley throng and in contemplation of so many phases and degrees of wretchedness, become in a measure reconciled to the unhappiness of my own life. If the first dose does not relieve I repeat it; and if the night be chill, above all if it be stormy and the hour latish, ten to one but I think with zest of my snug room and glowing fire. Yes, my sanctum door once closed behind me, the hateful grind, the fear of being plucked, the disfavor of my sweet-heart, the coldness of a selfish world,—all float away airily, harmlessly, in clouds from my cigar, and Hope, fair enchantress and deceiver, resumes her sway and lures me on.