pipe, which, coming through the floor and disappearing through the ceiling in another corner, makes one feel just as if he were shut up in a cigarette box impaled on a gigantic lead-pencil. Janitor John was given carte blanche, and in fitting up the aforesaid cigarette box he has had a chance to display his excellent taste.

There is a brand new plot of oil-cloth on the floor, upon which burnt-umber hop-toads eternally disport themselves with venetian-red pollywogs. The pattern is an intricate one, and reminds you of one of Opper’s colored puzzle cartoons in Puck. Your humble servant discovered the pollywogs, and our noble chief, during a brief official visit to the sanctuary, readily recognized some yellow snakes in the corners. Merrill is of the opinion that the predominant figure in the margin is meant to represent either Ben Butler’s eye or a craw-fish; he hasn’t quite made up his mind about it, however. Janitor John has also provided a neat little desk, so placed that when the Lounger sits in his twirling chair he can look out, through the dusty panes of the little oval window, over the before-mentioned vista of housetops and chimneys. There is a stool over by the steam-pipe, and on the floor near the desk a small box, labeled “chemical soap,” does double duty as a waste-basket and receptacle for cigar stubs. For wall adornment, a photograph of “Fleur de lis” hangs between last year’s editorial group and the illustrated sayings of Benjamin Franklin. Truly a pleasing variety. For the rest, there are, of course, the usual hooks for exchanges, shears, and writers’ paraphernalia, arranged along the wall by the desk. And then there is the light; I nearly forgot the light. By dint of much of the proper kind of persuasion, Janitor John procured an electric lamp from one of the disused desks in the Mechanical department, and connected it in the sanctuary. So here it hangs, and sheds its effulgent glory on the continuous stage performance going on between the umber-colored hop-toads and venetian-red pollywogs. Let us hope that some of its electricity may trickle down through the tip of the Lounger’s pen this coming term.

It was a pleasant scene in Rogers corridor on the morning of January 29th. Yet though the crowd that gathered there was on the whole a jolly one, there were exceptions. Some, with gloomy faces, glowered from corners, or stalked moodily among the crowd to find a brother malcontent, and swear with him vows of dire vengeance against some villainous instructor, and here and there whole courses gathered for that fell purpose. But these were the exceptions, not the rule, and the oft-repeated question, “How did you come through?” was more times answered cheerily than despondently. Such exclamations as “Good for you, old man!” and “By Jove, that’s good!” filled the air, and the despondent ones were almost overlooked in the general content.

A jolly crowd at the Freshman bulletin board constantly organized rushes against itself, and the condescending upper classmen looked leniently upon it. “Tabulars” were eagerly scanned and compared. Here some one related his escape in some exam. and how the expected flunk was turned into a credit; while, as an offset to his gayety, some one else cursed his luck in getting an FF, when he “ought to have had a credit, by Gad!”

But bad fortune, as well as good, must be met and borne; success is to him who struggles best, and the consolation remains that, in spite of the adage “Misfortunes never come singly,” one F, or even a double F, does not necessarily bring others in its train.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

The pearly gates opened wide to let in a young man who recently left this world for a better one. As he wandered along the golden streets, uncertain of his course, he came upon a little cherub who was playing a harp on the place where the top of the fence ought to have been, and stopped to inquire the direction in which the city lay. The cherub, removing his fingers from the strings, politely answered his question, and then, with an eager voice, asked, “Have ye got any cigarette pictures, mister?”—Harvard Lampoon.

Eli Smith, ’90: “I see the Harvard nine are going to play with professionals this year.”

Eli Brown, ’89: “No; the professionals are going to play with them.”—Lampoon.