way. He went. How many have and will vegetate in the south exposure of these historic steps. But here comes the President, bowing pleasantly to all; and 'tis time for the Lounger to go to work again.

Apropos of boarding houses, the Lounger has a friend who is one of that large class known as "Mealers,"—one of those uneasy mortals who is condemned to walk for his food. At a table in a dining room on Columbhash Avenue, are a few Tech. students of widely different, but of distinctive characteristics,—among them the said friend. To any person to whom the human character is an interesting study, that great and growing tribe before mentioned, the Mealers, are productive of a constant source of amusement. The four Juniors who are seated at the centre table of this abode of plenty, enliven their three daily times of germ absorption by observation of their neighbors. Everybody has a name, so that talking about them in their presence does not hurt their feelings. At the aforesaid table sit two couples, husbands and wives. One pair is known as "The Lady and the Tiger," from a habit of not saying anything in a pleasant tone of voice, and of frowning terribly when the students lay out in state defunct insects of various kinds in the centre of white side-dishes. The other couple is designated as "Grover and Frankie." Grover requires no description; his table manners do. His idea of etiquette is to tuck his napkin in his neck, and after straining part of his soup through his moustache, to let the rest ripple gaily down his bib. His dexterity with his knife would make the sword-swallower of a dime museum green with envy. "Birdie Hat" formerly sat with our friends, but has departed to another table on account of the excruciatingly comical stories told, which made her hide her blushes under a wide-brimmed hat by an inclination of the head to an angle of about thirty degrees with the ground line. At another table sat "Baldy Sours,"—his given name being self-evident; his surname due to the fact that his food, instead of going through the ordinary process of digestion, seemed to sour, and tarry upon its way. "Old Sleuth," a detective, and "Chelsea Joe" sit at the same table,—the latter so named because of his general resemblance to the famous habitué of Park's. In appearance he is meagre, white, and has long curly hair and a drooping moustache. Every sound seems to startle him, and to send shiver of anguish through his whole frame. D: win's Lost One, '93, eats in this abode of muscular beefsteak when he can get time to stay away from Trigonometry. Still another of that large unassuming class is there when he cannot get into Thompson's Spa, and awe the pretty girl upstair by sidelong glances through his sight destroye But we are getting near home, and are becoming personal. In educating yourself to enter life's great field, just try and see how much fun may be had from observation of those around,—quiet fun your own mind, with a respect for their good traits. Laughter, too, is the best digester of the worst kind of hash.

College Notes.

President Seelye, of Amherst, has returned to that college after an absence of six months. The Senior class at Princeton are discussing the advisability of adopting the cap and gown. The Freshman class at Princeton have chosen class caps, canes, and monogrammed writing-paper. The University of Vermont has been admitted to the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association. The University of Oxford, England, decided to admit to its examinations all graduates of the American Association of Collegiate Alumnae. Brown has been refused admission to the New England Baseball League. Amherst objected on the ground of Brown's tendency toward professionalism. The interstate college tennis tournament will be held at Lehigh, in the latter part of May. The Archaeological Museum at the University of Pennsylvania, contains 10,000 specimens. The Harvard Shooting Club is erecting a house on the Allston marshes. The Intercollegiate tennis tournament will be held in New Haven October 6th.