bottling table sauce became too tedious for his overtaxed brain. As to criticising books, however, the Lounger, in the language of the great prophet, “is not in it”; but he does think that for good, soul-stirring reading Webster is way ahead of Worcester. As a reference book, Worcester is probably used as much as Webster. As for style, it can be said, and justly so, too, I think, that he has none, and he is quite likely to become tautological in spots. But what could you expect from one so steeped in crime—one whose whole life has been spent in reckless debauch and dissipation! (This last phrase the Lounger read in a book the other day, and liked it very much.)

In speaking of Worcester in this manner, the thought occurs to the Lounger, What if he really was a dissipated character? Imagine him!

Yes, the horse is a glorious animal.

The Lounger’s social tendencies asserted themselves one evening recently, and he bethought himself that it was about time for his periodical venture into the fastnesses of Boston culture. So, laying aside, regretfully, his beloved Applied, the Lounger quickly adorned and bedecked himself, and, after a hurried second glance into the “Saunterings” of Town Topics, and the personal and social columns of the last Sunday paper, hastened forth from the midnight oil of wisdom to the haunts of fashion. It is not the Lounger’s purpose, however, to regale you with the doings of the frivoling crowd of which he found himself a member, but for these refers you respectfully to the “Reckid, one cent,” where authentic descriptions may be had. But it is a fragment of a conversation which the Lounger had with one of the fair butterflies present that has led to this article, with its elaborate and (he flatters himself) decidedly neat beginning. The young lady, doubtless wishing to do the polite thing by the Lounger, endeavored to show a proper interest in Technology. “Now, there is Eastman’s College, in Poughkeepsie, where I have spent some time,” said she: “about how does Technology compare with that?” Like a true society man, the Lounger, although from a different cause, awoke the next morning with a dull and troubled head. The remark of the fair maiden still rankled. It was nearly the last straw. “Boston School of Technology” the Lounger is used to; he can even stand it when “Rogers” is calmly referred to as the Institute. An afternoon spent in quiet thought over the brake in an engine test has even restored his calmness after a friend has asked him if there is any social life at Technology. But this last!—to be calmly compared to a business college, one of the three months commercial arithmetic and bookkeeping kind! Unenlightened heathen indeed! Unenlightened Back-Baydom!

On account of lack of time in which to be original, the Lounger is going to try the effect of a few stories, which have for their chief virtue the fact that they have not before appeared in print. Here is one which our athletic neighbor across the Charles furnishes us:—

It happened that one of those peculiar specimens of which any large college community can boast a varied assortment, strolled into a lecture one day just as the professor had concluded his remarks. Striding up to the platform, he said, in his guttural, nasal twang, “Lecture over, Mr. Trowbridge?” The professor informed him that such was the case. “Well,” replied the Specimen, confidently, “would you mind telling me just what you said?” The lecturer took this amazing request most good-naturedly, and gave a brief abstract of his remarks. “Hum!” said the Specimen, when this was finished; “didn’t lose much, did I?” It is reported of the same man that one night, somewhat after twelve o’clock had sounded, the other inmates of his boarding house were awakened by a terrible racket proceeding from his room. Suspecting some horrible tragedy, a few of the braver rushed to his door and asked breathlessly what was the matter. “Lost a collar button!” came the response. An hour later, as quiet again prevailed throughout the boarding house, a repetition of the same infernal uproar brought one and all once more into that fearful tension of nerves which is always the result of a sudden shock at night. Again the landlady ventured inquiry; and as stories of sudden madness and wild deeds of crazed lunatics flitted through her brain, there came the laconic response, “Found it!”

AN IDYL.

He stands before his glass in doubt:
His beard by night hath sprouted well.
He needs must scrape,—and yet without
He hears begin the lecture bell.
Too many times he’s skipped the course—
He fears its doors on him may shut;
His blade is dull. Now which is worse,
To cut and shave, or shave and cut?

—Harvard Lampoon.