that class of ailments, if he had "the giftie" to see himself so that others would not have that pleasure alone. The quotations says:—"As ither see us," so that we could all have that pleasure. The Lounger doubts if we would all enjoy such a treat if it were given us off-hand, on the spur of the moment,—he thinks it might be a trifle confusing.

The Lounger read all about the process, and how, after Burns makes this little speech, Milton, a barber by trade, comes up and offers to supply mirrors for the crowd at a reduction of 10 per cent for cash, with a shave thrown in, if they will trade at his shop, for he complains that the McKinley bill has advanced the price of soap, and he cannot afford to lose his customers. Then they start to discuss politics, and a man named Christain comes along with a sack of potatoes which the Farmer's Alliance candidate has given him for his vote. When he arrives on the scene, of action a lively debate follows, Burns and Christain on one side, and Milton and Bunyan on the other. They argue on the question as to whether Hill, a prominent scoundrel of those times, could steal money out of a bank when the cashier was looking at him. The Lounger failed to follow the connection here, and could not discover what this had to do with politics, but, thank Heaven! the Lounger is too old to vote, or rather voting is such an old custom that he thinks it not worth his while when so many new "fads" are being introduced.

Well, this discussion goes on, but this is not to the point. The Lounger cannot help referring to his own personal feelings, for he is so downcast by the remark that Burns made to Bunyan, about seeing one's self, and the "giftie." The Lounger would like some one to explain this word. Doubtless it is some obsolete word used here to startle people and make them think that that was the effect it had on the Lounger. And this thought has made him view things in a different light, especially when he thinks of how queer it would be to be able to see yourself. The Lounger for one would not stand it, but think how it would benefit others, if they could see what idiots they are at times, and how often they seem to others to do every thing but the right one.

Keeping this idea in view, the Lounger has laid out a kind of bird's-eye view of Technology, and peopled the view with the different varieties and classes of Institute men. And every man can see his own character as it is seen by others; they can all see their faults and many eccentricities. But as the Lounger continues to look on this plan of Lot's (Lot, you know, was so eccentric he married a pillar of salt, and wondered why his wife drove him to drink) he sees the character of the new change. They assume different expressions and attitudes, and every man in the crowd has a more studied manner both in speaking and personal appearance. Strange to say, all of this improvement is for the better. Every one seems bent on looking more like a man of taste and breeding, and speaking and acting on the order of a cultivated man. The Lounger can scarcely appreciate the magnitude of the change, and yet he can see the difference it makes and record such a great improvement in the people before him that he rubs his eyes to see if it is all a dream.

Ah! Yes, it is a dream, for as a log falls on the hearth and spits and sputters with a cheery noise, the Lounger finds himself rubbing his eyes in reality, and heartily wishing that part of his dream might come true.

The Lounger is in the throes of despair. For once in his life he feels that he has not been "equal to the occasion." He is accustomed to being called by every name and every epithet ever applied to Institute men. He has looked childish and playful when called a "Tech. boy"; he has looked dignified and haughty when spoken of as an "Institute man"; he has appeared jovial and merry when referred to as "one of those Tech. fellows"; he has assumed the air of seriousness and felt for his glasses, when dubbed "a Technology student"; he has suddenly become stoop shouldered and warped when some one whispered he was a "Tech. grind," and has even been called "a loafer taking a 'special,'" without insisting upon a duel, but when a person bred in the shadows of the Institute, referred to him as a "Techer," he collapsed, nor has he recovered.

**JUDGMENT.**

The best book? This or that. 'tis cried
With literary look;
But howe'er others may decide,
Give me my pocket-book.

—University Cynic.

Wellesley Democracy.

"Why waste your time in him," I said,
"The man is silly, stupid, flat."
Rebelliously she shook her head,
"A man's a man for a' that."

—Wellesley Prelude.