Speaking of the year drawing to a close, reminds the Lounger of a game in which he tried drawing to a straight, and failed to connect. Just why it should do so is of minor importance; but while the iron is in the fire, so to speak, he might touch lightly on the subject so familiar to all around him.

Macbeth, although everyone probably isn’t aware of it, possessed “true sporting spirit,” and one evening saw seven kings, and had an experience with a “Banco” man, the same evening, who had a hectic “flush.” That sounds like a good story; but the Lounger is becoming discouraged; for he has noticed that whenever he tells something which he thinks out of the ordinary, some one always pulls out a fish just a little larger than the Lounger’s.

If he wished, the Lounger could stretch his imagination, and the most accomplished in the art would have but a small chance against him. But the Lounger is nothing if not truthful. He once knew a man who stretched his imagination so that he was able to have a new spring suit made out of it. He was very proud of it, and used to flaunt it in the faces of his less accomplished friends. He had a fall, though; for one day a man came along with a story about seeing a game between ’94 and ’95, at which ’95 successfully “flew” a flag and kept it out of the hands of ’94. The Lounger has no desire for such prominence. He would rather graduate from Tech., and then go somewhere and be asked where Tech. was, what Tech. was, and if he had to work hard at Tech. All these things have been asked of the Lounger, and borne heroically; but the last drop of endurance was drawn from the bucket when he was asked if a certain man “was a pupil at the Tech.”

Anticipations of summer’s respite with visions of Cupid’s bow and arrows are crowding in on the Lounger’s thoughts. He feels that indescribable something which lends lightheartedness to the weary and gives buoyancy to the oppressed. He is wondering whether fate has decreed him to be the “only man” at some enchanted mountain rest, or one of many at the bacchanalian seaside. He is wondering if he is to be the only, the ever-welcome and much-sought-after man at some mountain inn, or if he shall be one among a slavish coterie of the shore’s belle; shall he be the courted or the courter? Shall his heart be hardened to the many maidens’ charms, or shall it be found at his sleeve? Besieged or besieger?

A story, wherein the punishment fitted the crime, has reached the Lounger from behind “the closed doors.”

It was years ago, before tennis was allowed in the Gym, that a petition begging permission to play the game there was sent in to our fate producers. There was but one in authority who could judge of the desirability of granting the petition. He carried a tennis ball into the meeting, and when called upon for his opinion of the matter, carelessly tossed the ball up and down, showing its harmlessness.

“Why,” he said, “it’s a harmless thing, and will scarcely break glass.” Whereupon, with misjudged force, he tossed the ball at the transom. Behold! the ball went through with a crash. The petition was granted immediately.

Tariff for Revenue.

You ask me why to Dora
I send so many rhymes,
Instead of Rose and Nora,
As in the olden times.

I fear I am a sinner,
I ask if you agree,
Sweet Dora gives me dinner,
The others only tea.

—Harvard Lampoon.

The University of Chicago has begun the granting of scholarships by offering twelve scholarships to twelve of the high schools of that city.

Timothy Hopkins, recently treasurer of the Southern Pacific Railway, has presented his collection of railroad books, numbering 1,000 volumes, to Leland Stanford University.

Seventy institutions are represented among the one hundred and twenty students in the Yale Divinity School.