The Lounger is reminded that the time approacheth for the Institute Dinner, and memories of other like occasions flock through his busy brain. On the recollection of most of them the Lounger can dwell with more or less satisfaction. There have been some drawbacks, to be sure; the caterers have ever been prone to try peculiar methods on us, but being a hardy lot, we have heretofore escaped the dire results that might have been expected. No, there is only one dinner that causes the Lounger any regrets,—the last.

The Lounger has no hesitation in saying that the last dinner was productive of after results that ought to worry somebody a good deal. Knowing the familiar attitude of Tech men toward all affairs that tend to call upon that spirit which is so conspicuous among us by its absence, the Lounger realizes that there is doubtless much consolation in the knowledge of the fact that there are a few of us who do possess that precious quality referred to.

But there is no possible excuse for drawing upon it as it has been drawn upon. That there is one man among us who has Tech spirit so at heart that he is willing to make a large pecuniary sacrifice to help along some cause ought to worry somebody a good deal. Knowing the familiar attitude of Tech men toward all affairs that tend to call upon that spirit which is so conspicuous among us by its absence, the Lounger realizes that there is doubtless much consolation in the knowledge of the fact that there are a few of us who do possess that precious quality referred to.

But there is no possible excuse for drawing upon it as it has been drawn upon. That there is one man among us who has Tech spirit so at heart that he is willing to make a large pecuniary sacrifice to help along some cause ought to move the rest of us to assist him at least as much as we have power to do. There are many reasons which more or less favor our giving up the Institute dinners altogether, but none of them is so strong as this,—that they may force some one public-spirited man to bear the brunt of the expenses that the students as a whole fail to meet by individual subscription.

The class dinners have been postponed until so late a season that they certainly should be well attended when they do occur, in the near future. As some wise man has said in the "local" column, these first few weeks should permit our indulging any proclivities that we may be the happy possessors of toward oblivious extravagance.

Work now is not all-exacting, except for the busy Senior, and class dinners afford many precious opportunities for the gathering of fame. Ninety-two's blue-ribbon fiend has left no successor, and when the sparkling wine glass leads the way, wit follows fast behind. And who will say that wit is not ever welcome at the festive board! And if ever class spirit has a chance to rise, it finds it there. At class dinners we air our grievances at will, and ever find sympathetic listeners. We roast there the grind right gleefully; we merrily fling back and forth bright shafts of repartee; and, best of all, there's no room for animosity. So let us all improve our opportunities, and crowd the banquet hall whither our respective classes summon us.

The Lounger has had a carefully concocted pastel on the approach of Spring lying at hand since early last week, when balmy, promissory breezes were gambolling gleefully across the fans; but with three feet of snow covering the long-suffering pave, and the thermometer bounding happily from A to Z, he hesitates to send it down. Perhaps there will be another opportunity; though whether to-morrow or next June it would be woful hard to tell. Sing ho! the beautiful snow.

Across the Street.

(RONDEAU.)

Across the street my visions strays,
To where the fading sunlight plays
Upon the pane; and where, by chance,
Fair Alice, reading a romance,
Is sitting in the golden rays.

Alas! no heed to me she pays,
And all my tricks to lure her gaze
Are vain; she will not even glance
Across the street.

But while the day, fast closing, stays,
And twilight tinges all with haze,
I'll wait and watch her countenance.

Ah! she has seen me, even once,
Has "tossed a kiss" (in Cupid's phrase),
Across the street.

H. A. K.