Even the peculiarly exhilarating excitement of going armed against sudden attack has begun to pall on the Lounger. This, together with the usual monotonously rectilinear character of Technology life, has proved too much of a strain for him, and he has branched out into hidden and devious paths of dissipation, seeking cruel and blood-curdling adventures and plunging deep into riotous excess. In the course of this wild life, he—ah, gentle Margaret Cheney, you have guessed it—he has visited the Food Fair, and devoured the contents thereof.

The manifold attractions of that modern Mecca have proved veritable lodestones for the loyal sons at Technology, and each and all have succumbed. Even the delights of visiting the Lyceum on free tickets (supplied gratuitously by the business manager every other Wednesday, from 11:59 A. M. to 12:01 P. M.) cut no figure in comparison with the charms of conversation with the sociable young ladies who frequent those gardens of happiness in the Mechanics Building. Have you eaten seven kinds of breakfast food in as many minutes, and irrigated the flourishing palm with chocolate too hot to drink? If not, you have wasted half your opportunities for enjoyment. The Lounger only regrets that he could not give a plain statement of all this sooner, but he learns that this beatific season is to recur three years hence, and advises all to enjoy themselves in '97. Often has the Lounger been indebted to the sirens who dispensed various seductive sweets over the counter, as well as to the skilled manipulators of the griddle. Many a day has he thus foreborne to visit Mrs. King in her subterranean lunch room, only to grow round-shouldered with the burden of trophies which eager damsels at the Fair vied in bestowing upon him. All these repose quietly on the corner of the Lounger's mantel, including some dozen bags of salt, which await a suitable subject in ninety-eight.

The Lounger is glad that the recent interview which he granted the military department has borne good fruit. The close adherence to his suggestions was indeed highly flattering, and it is with no small degree of satisfaction that he presents the new uniform for the edification of our militant hosts. The new moth-proof garments, which have been devised with especial reference to their keeping qualities (Memo. for '99), are entirely devoid of any suspicion of bell-boy aspect, having been constructed for use on all occasions, and may with propriety be worn in the drill hall. The Lounger's labors having met with such flattering success, he would suggest that the Freshmen might delicately embody their sense of obligation to him in a neatly engrossed testimonial, which well-won expression he would be proud to contribute to our visionary trophy room.

Encouragement of the youthful endeavor has ever been one of the Lounger's pet prerogatives. "It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure and utmost feelings of satisfaction," etc., etc., that he acknowledges a recent contribution. Now, Frankie, your verses are very good, but they lack the true poetic ring. Besides, it is somewhat presumptuous in one so young to offer advice to his elders. But you display surprising familiarity with the antiquities, and, though the Lounger sees no immediate prospect of your displacing the present head of the English Department, you evince great boldness in your attempts. Therefore, strive on; delve deep into your prehistoric documents, communicate often with the Lounger, and when he graduates he will use his best efforts to secure for you the position of archaeologist to the Institute.

Lamentations.
Entered with conditions,
Prospect fair for more,
Faculty petitions
Vetoed by the score.
Plunk in recitations,
Secretary's calls—
Jove! what machinations
Brought me to these halls?

ALWAYS THE SAME.

Says Ninety-eight, in new-made togs,
"We college men are jolly dogs."
Says Ninety-five, iconoclast,
"These Fresh are fresher than the last."

—Brunonian.