The "savory odor of the approaching bird" seems to have penetrated into the hidden sanctity of the Faculty meeting, as well as to the Lounger's own dusty corner, and he rejoices to know that in their haste to hie them to the groaning table, the worthy Profs. inadvertently granted a somewhat longer Christmas recess than usual. Their oversight will be hailed with joy on every hand, and the Lounger prays that they have returned in so amiable a frame of mind as will prevent all possibility of rescinding this wholly unexpected and much-desired blessing.

'Twas a jolly crowd of enthusiasts that accompanied the team to Providence, chanting premature paeans of victory, and rehearsing new and awful yells to dismay the bold contingent from Brown. It was also an equally jolly crowd that returned after the game. No one would have suspected that success had not perched on Technology's banner, for everyone was in as hilarious and effervescent a mood as possible, and jollity and good feeling reigned supreme. All this does not count, however, for such scenes are regularly enacted after the last game of the season is over, and everyone has broken training. Technology played a gamey and gory game, 'tis said, and her desperate, though ineffectual, efforts only show the stern stuff the Brown men are made of. Under the beautiful new "safe" rules much has happened that was startling, and death on the football field seems not a remote contingency. A player's tearful adieu of family and friends may soon become appropriate and necessary ceremonies before the game. Howbeit, the Lounger is disposed to leave the adjustment of these matters to the proper authorities, who, by the way, are not newspaper editors, and he hopes that next year will see a return to a more rational, and slightly less death-dealing game.

The eager advances of a certain Technology man recently met with an unmistakable rebuff at the hands of one of the fair co-eds. It seems that the youth in question placed an over-confident reliance on the friendly smile of a certain fair manipulator of test-tubes, and made bold to present her with a box of Huyler's before the assembled denizens of the Chem. Lab. This peace offering the young lady disdained to accept, much to the chagrin of the would-be Lothario, who retired crestfallen and discomfited, amid the palpable signs of amusement among his fellows.

The presence of young women at Technology is of course due to the generous sentiment which the emancipated woman everywhere inspires. Nevertheless, her presence here has ever furnished material for many interesting incidents, not all amusing. Perhaps this is why the Lounger has never been able to bring himself to view co-education with any very wild enthusiasm, though not averse to the society of ladies beyond the precincts of the college yard. Technology has no college yard, but what matter? As the Lounger has said, he can get along very nicely with them beyond the precincts of the college yard. He likes their beauty, he likes their vivacity, he likes their delicacy, and he likes their silence. Lest quibblers should raise their hands in impertinent horror, he hastens to remark that he has borrowed the above true and beautiful language from another able writer, who died sometime before the Lounger's period of influence began. When men express sentiments agreeing with his own, couched in language more polished than any at the Lounger's command, he delights to make all proper and legitimate use of their efforts. Why should the Lounger pass the still and black-robed night hours in vain endeavor to fit elegance to a sentiment which some one else before him has expressed much more beautifully? Whether to use well-turned phrases which lie ready to one's hand, or to slavishly strive to be uselessly original, is doubtless a matter for individual choice. To the Lounger's mind, however, such wholesome sentiments as those bidding one never to do himself what he can get some one else to do for him, are doubtless a matter for individual choice. To the Lounger's mind, however, such wholesome sentiments as those bidding one never to do himself what he can get some one else to do for him, are peculiarly satisfying, and he takes positive pleasure in being free to use all the ideas in literature from the Book of Job to "The Green Carnation." All of which constitutes a pretty wide field for plagiaristic ingenuity, and one in which the Lounger is not alone. With apologies for straying so far from his starting point, the Lounger would point out that several morals lie hidden in the above tale and its string of persiflage, which he will, with his usual urbanity, leave his readers to seek.