marked tendency in some to Bacchanalian orgies did not fail to produce a queer impression of the sobriety of our Senior Class. The Lounger has always regretted that some way could not be devised for repressing about half a dozen of the men who invariably make fools of themselves at a class dinner. If only these few weak-minded youths could be persuaded to take a modicum of self-control with them, they might prove less disturbing factors. As it was, however, much occurred which the Lounger does not care to recount, and he must needs content himself with an appeal to the common sense and decency of Technology.

However, all is past. Christmas is upon us; let not its joy be marred by the dark toil of him who was so speciously defended at the dinner. "Enjoy yourself while you live, for you will be a long time dead," has always seemed an appropriate sentiment to the Lounger, and with this admonition he extends to all his jovial greeting and hearty wishes for a "Merry Christmas."

One of those rare mistakes in Technology's Bureau of General Management is responsible for a queer muddle which the Lounger is glad to give to the world for its edification.

A certain man's work was not up to the required mark at one of the recent intermediates, and a faculty billet-doux was sent to his father, advising him of the low regard in which the Institute held such efforts as his son had recently been putting forth. This was a young man, and so his report went likewise to his father. Now the man's record had stood 4 F's and 2 P's, but by some peculiar transmogrification, which sometimes asserts itself in the inner circle, his report was made out to read 4 C's and 2 P's. The father looked at the report and then at the billet-doux, and a puzzled expression might have been seen stealing over his countenance. Nevertheless, not being versed in the ways of the Bureau, and deeming everything which emanated therefrom to be impeccably correct, he indited a polite letter to the authorities, in which he stated that he should consider 4 C's and 2 P's a fair report; but since the Institute judged otherwise, he would see that his son got all C's in future. This is certainly interesting, but does not cut any figure, the Lounger opines, with the lively scenes which the parental home will witness on the arrival of that second report containing the four F's.

It seems that not even three months of Technology, nor the acerb criticisms of the Bird, have sufficed to remove all the silliness from the Freshman brain. Some of the more youthful members of Ninety-eight, as they toddled aimlessly from recitation, seem to have taken a peculiarly infantile delight in tampering with the blackboard notices. Some they mischievously altered to a ridiculous or completely opposite signification, some they erased, and for the pure and holy truths which usually decorate the boards substituted unsubstantial fiction. It might not have been so bad had the playful urchins confined their attentions to the Secretary's "own" board; but not even the Christian Union bulletin was exempt, and their childish doings were the cause of much confusion, objurgation, and damnation. All this seems to have been regarded as the very acme of a good time, but it has about it, nevertheless, an air of idiocy which the Lounger is sorry to observe.

If the Lounger's correspondents could but realize the arduous duties which beset the boy who empties the Lounger's waste basket, they would gain some idea of the extent of his voluminous correspondence. He is referred to on all subjects, from points of etiquette to Technology finance; and he is glad to say that to each and every one he gives adequate and faultless answer. Occasionally a puzzler comes, however, and such a one he has recently received. Not that the question requires any unusual exercise of critical discernment, for it is not a question at all. It is a request, and, what is more, from a fair damsel whom the Lounger regrets to disappoint. It seems that one of the Lounger's erstwhile popular expressions has met with her disfavor, and she asks that the Lounger cudgel his brains for a new one. He has already made use of all the bonmots and clever expressions extant, and cannot see what he is to do. If she will invent a few new ones and send them in, the Lounger will try to cull a few suitable phrases, which, escaping the ban of the Editor-in-chief, shall constitute a valuable and redundant feature of his weekly disquisitions.

A Freshman Wail.

I'd like to be a graduate,
And make a pile of "mun.";
I'd like to be a Senior, who
They say has all the fun.

But hold: I wish for nothing more;
I see it's all a sham;
The height of my ambition now
Is to pass this next exam.