All of which leads naturally enough to a consideration of the personnel of Technology's famous Sybaritic retreat, of the new crop of lunch-room girls which have this year been specially imported. The Lounger sees in this circumstance, since it indicates the departure of last year's figurantes, only the clear loss of much conscientious effort. It is given to but few to realize the time and care necessary to properly educate a denizen of our subterranean restaurant. To so order things that the eager servitor will recognize one's face from afar, and hasten to set forth for his especial delectation the choicest vintages of the larder, is, forsooth, a work of patience and eke of "jollying" truly monumental. Well does the Lounger recall the docility and deftness of his own particular maid of a year ago, though he hesitates to descant at length, lest he imperil the success of the efforts he is putting forth at the present time. While mourning with his wonted sincerity the absence of the departed, he still contrives to "illumine" his countenance with one of those winning smiles which he trusts have lost none of their old-time efficacy.

Then!
In the good old days,
With their courtly ways,
What a dainty theme
Did a maiden seem
For a song,—
With her powder and her patches,
And her high-heeled shoes;
With her silks and her satins,
With their varied hues;
With her frowns that come and go,
And her winning grace;
With her witching smile and glance,
And her pretty face,
In the good old days!
And now!
In these learned days
With their scholars' ways,
What an abstruse theme
Does a maiden seem
For a song,—
With her science, and her art,
And her ancient Greek;
With her German and her French
To read and to speak;
With her "ologies" and "isms,"
"T square" or " retort,"
And the many schools of learning
Where she may resort
In these learned days.

L. D. T.