It was indeed a pleasant reminder of Junior Week to behold the gay and festive throng assembled in Huntington Hall at the recent Minstrels. The Lounger delights in such occasions because they give him an opportunity to view his friends collectively and to gaze to his heart's content upon many pretty girls and their gallant escorts, to the latter of whom, it may be said, he vouchsafes but a cursory inspection. The Lounger enjoys looking at a pretty girl, and he must confess that the sable minstrels provided that opportunity for enjoyment to a very gratifying degree.

Sable enough and to spare were those same minstrels, whose merry pranks and quips delighted and amused the goodly audience, and with whose performance the Lounger must express his satisfaction. The antics of the end men were quite up to the mark, too, and Liza Jane and all the other dusky belles were duly exploited. In the vaudeville entertainment that followed the Lounger also found a proper relaxation from his weighty cares, being particularly edified at the Hibernian act and at the graceful caperings of Bro. Eli. The plunk plunk of banjo and mandolin was likewise highly pleasing, as well as the sweet warblings of our silver voiced singers, one of whom the Lounger might ask for the loan of a maw-choir during his songs. But it was a jolly show, all the same, and one which for all around success the Lounger has seldom seen exceeded at Technology.

All this might lead the Lounger into an empty vein of speculation, alike unprofitable to himself and to his readers, which leads him to remark in passing upon the concordance of the ideas upon the subject of speculation possessed by Cervantes and himself. He will refrain, however, from considering so attractive a subject, and content himself merely with the sight of the visions of the past, which the trembling youth enters upon, finally to become assured, strengthened, sobered, and bachelored within an inch of his life.

Many, indeed, are the thoughts that crowd upon his memory at the familiar scenes in whose midst he has passed so many pleasant hours, and fain would he be to recount some of the interesting episodes of long ago, which now well up into his thoughts with such curious persistence. But the old yet ever new story of the phases of the Tech man's lot is daily recited by the twelve hundred men at Technology and needs no extended rehearsal now. Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, Senior—and then? This logical sequence of a Tech man's existence—that is, with proper modifications and exceptions—forms, to be sure, an interesting train of events whose divers episodes provide such a variety of life. Verdancy, pomposity, jollity, dignity, and finally a modest sense of complete incapacity may possibly indicate the "leading motives" of the cycle which the trembling youth enters upon, finally to become assured, strengthened, sobered, and bachelored within an inch of his life.

It is surely a fortunate provision of an inscrutable providence—aided and abetted, doubtless, by the cheery tales of Charles Dickens—that causes our hearts to warm into a particularly jovial conviviality at Christmas time. Never does the Lounger's open fire crackle with such aggressive jollity as now; never does the fragrant tobacco smoke curl upward so gracefully; never is the delightful solace of an armchair so welcome as at Christmas, when perhaps the contrast with the whistling wind and biting cold without, serves to emphasize the antitheses to the usual creature discomforts.

Perhaps the Lounger may be forgiven his little homily in view of the cause of it, and because there is a semblance of ingratitude, almost, in not acknowledging, to ourselves at any rate, our appreciation of whatever blessings may fall our way. And so in the spirit of the time, let the Lounger settle himself comfortably in his chair mid the cheery blaze of the hearth and the soft radiance of the lamp, there to meditate upon the joyful times of the past and the future.

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Not even the progress of the interesting events in Ninety-six shall disturb him, not even shall the bamboo cane of our jaunty Sophs arouse his interests, nor shall anything be suffered to mar the peace and joy of his brief vacation. And so with good feelings of the utmost indifference to mundane concerns, he will wish to all his friends long life, a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.