life seemed to the worthy Frenchman since he cured himself of tobacco!

And so, rather than induce any to forswear all of their pet indulgences now, the Lounger would encourage them to their pursuit, in order that when New Year's Day once more comes around, if these individuals shall again acquire a holy zeal for temporary conscience-quieting abnegation, they may still have a few things left of which to purge themselves. Otherwise they may find themselves left in the abjectly happy state of sainthood; a condition which has always seemed to the Lounger—that is, from purely mundane considerations—most joyless, and one which the Lounger is doing his best to avoid. His friends tell him that he is in a fair way to succeed, and he is therefore happy. That is to say, he would count himself so were it not for the uncomfortable words of the ancient sage that no man should be accounted happy till he is dead. This unfortunate restriction of happiness is truly dispiriting, and throws the Lounger into a harrowing doubt whether he has the right to wish anybody a Happy New Year after all.

Some small comfort may, however, be extracted from the thought that another Senior Dinner is well disposed of. The Lounger hears that the cohorts of Ninety-six did not turn out in their boasted profusion, but those who were present doubtless found consolation in the assurances of the speakers that it was quality, not quantity, that counts. 'Twas indeed a merry affair, even with the small attendance, and the University Club played host in a manner truly charming. The Lounger remarked, too, that the speakers were noticeably on their mettle, and that the quality of the oratory was all the better for it; and this leads to the consoling thought that perchance the Class-Day excitement may prove to have been not without its benefits after all.

Another trifling source of satisfaction the Lounger has noted is to be found in the rejuvenation lately evident among the knights of the flagon and the bier-seidel. As befitted their more deliberate and phlegmatic Teutonic natures, they were some months behind the Gallic brethren in inaugurating the season of activity. Now that the world-shaking excitement incident upon the choice of their worthy officers has in a measure subsided, the Lounger feels that he may watch with an interested eye the process of securing new members as well as that of reclaiming a few of the old recalcitrants.

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**LOVE'S VISIT.**

Once Love did come and would abide with me,
And I would have him not, but from my door
With words unkind I bade him quickly flee;
I bade him flee and to return no more.

Love sadly went. No sooner was he gone
Than I did wish him back. Ah, fickle mind!
But though I followed fast, and searched full long,
It was in vain; Love nowhere could I find.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

**SHE GAVE THE HINT.**

"You're the belle of the Sem.,"
The Senior said,
As he smoothed the curls
On her queenly head.

He took the hint, the young man did,
When she gave her head a little fling,
And murmured softly in his ear,
"What good is a bell without a ring?"

—*The Univ. Beacon.*

**THOSE GOLF SUITS AGAIN.**

The weaker sex is often said
To imitate the stronger,
But if we stop to think a bit,
'Twill not be said much longer;
For man now follows woman's way
And imitates her humors—
Why, every college man you meet
Parades the streets in bloomers.

—*Williams Weekly.*

**A HOUSE OF CARDS.**

I built a house of cards one day,
In far-off sunny childhood time,
And laughed to see it swept away
By some light breeze that strayed that way,
That left no trace nor yet outline
Of what had been a house so fine.

I built a house of cards one day
When I had come to riper years;
Again I saw it swept away
By some bleak wind that blew that way.
This time I saw it go with tears;
'Twas builded of the hopes of years.

—*Bachelor of Arts.*