The Lounger has always found great satisfaction and solace in the beautiful philosophy which teaches the unavoidableness of the inevitable. This he finds to be about the only doctrine the truth of which cannot be rashly impugned, and he puts faith in it accordingly. And so when he thinks of the approaching semiannals, and when he thinks how the observant reader has been thinking of them also, it is with a full realization of that philosophy's import, and a sense of ease and confidence usually unattainable. The Lounger confesses an entire inability to aid in postponing the fatal days, and so he contents himself with a few words of greeting, if not of welcome, to the trying period, and calmly sits him down to wait till Father Time shall have rolled the next few weeks into the hospitable past, where the Lounger need have no further concern with them.

It is true that the college examination continues to play the same pranks as ever, and the luckless questions are as mysterious as before, and though the prof. may "come again" his route is quite as devious as on previous occasions. While the Lounger rejoices of course in the immunity which he enjoys at this season, in being beyond the pale, as it were, of the blue book criterion, he does not relax his keen sympathy for those who are still afflicted and who endure the periodic agony of writing between the meager covers of a blue book much more than they can possibly know. On the contrary, he feels for them most deeply, and trusts that the profs. may be fooled once, and yet again.

But it is a painful process, nevertheless, and though Freshman and Sophomore are now largely free of much of this disquiet, the poor Senior and Junior still struggle under the same burden of exams as of yore. For these luckless wights it may be a satisfaction to meditate upon the ultimate questionableness of the examination system, and to extract therefrom whatever comfort the semiannual report fails to yield. Till that document is in his hand, therefore, let the wise man cultivate an even temper and a cheerful mind, together with an assiduous attention to alien topics, and, when the list of flunks is finally scanned, the view may not be so violently unhappy as was anticipated. All of which truthful conclusions, the Lounger may add in extenuation, have been deduced from personal experience.

This happy freedom from the "quiz" has doubtless provided the Freshman with his long-sought opportunity for time killing, which interesting pastime has been productive of certain schemes lately hinted abroad. The cherished idea seems at last to have been vindicated, and Ninety-nine informs us that college life is a delusion and a snare without a Class Pipe. Whatever violent preparations to secure this valued adjunct have already been made the Lounger does not know, but he marvels that the meek and lowly Freshman could calmly contemplate a scheme like this necessitating so radical and concerted a departure from paternal and maternal behest and exhortation. He supposes that an irrepressible desire to pose must be at the bottom of it all, however.

"Ah, we are sad dogs. We are quite the college man, you know. Here, Bill, open another bottle of ginger ale." This remark, delivered in appropriately hardened and immoral tones, conveys, he supposes, the idea which Ninety-nine desires us to receive. Whether the Freshman has gone to his task in the best way is something yet to be shown. Whether, too, his example may not incite future classes to such excesses as the adoption of a Class Poker Chip or even a Class Cocktail, the Lounger really fears to think. Certain it is that Ninety-nine has displayed a very advanced state of precocity, and while the Lounger has no desire to see the Freshmen pose as apostles of goodness, a rôle assumed by Ninety-eight about a year ago, he merely confesses his amusement at their premeditated and awfully determined effort to appear "just like big brother."

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**Presto.**

While kneeling at my lady's feet,
I pressed my suit;
And later 'twas her head so sweet
Which pressed my suit.
Next morn the tailor in our street,
He pressed my suit.

KAW.