The results of the Beaux Arts Competition are gratifying indeed, though there appears to be a certain sameness about the proceedings which is to be regretted. Perhaps it would be well to allow some man not hailing from our own hallowed precincts to attain a little glory for the sake of keeping up the interest. However, our Course IV. friends are probably content, as also is the urbane knight of the curling, ebon locks. The successful competitors themselves are hailed with almost that far-reaching adulation which, as is well known, rewards among us the efforts of aspirants in the athletic field. Let all embryo draughtsmen fix their eyes upon such triumphs as these in the future, when Freshman Chemistry and Sophomore Physics have been left behind and medals and mentions shall be within their grasp.

The merry Thesis is in full sway. The Lounger himself has, for certain reasons, not undertaken one of these interesting labors in person, but he watches with interest and admiration the efforts of his more fortunate fellows. He has, indeed, assisted in several important tests on which slight collations, accompanied by the frothing goblet, were disposed of. At this season of the year when a man appears with red and weary eyes and a general air of gooseness about him, the charitable do not wink and grin and surmise evil things, but merely say, "He was on a boiler-test last night." And, indeed, if you asked him he would probably say that he had been. The chemist, meanwhile, is weighing and measuring industriously to find out whether meta-para-chlor-sulpho-azo-dibenzolpheno-acetylic acid has really the formula indicated by its name. The Biologist is seen to steal softly round to the Oak Grove Farm and purchase a yeast-cake (what an expense the materials for thesis work must be to the Institute!) in which he can go a-hunt-

The window has four little panes,  
But one have I.  
The window panes are in its sash,  
I wonder why!  
—The Lark.