There seems reason to hope, as the Lounger composes himself to pen his weekly (compositor will please not get it "weakly") effusion, that we may be blessed with a good old time Christmas, such as the more senile of us begin to talk about reminiscently. It is cold and clear; the moon shines brightly without, and the logs sparkle and flicker within. The work of the term is almost over; the Freshman feels himself half a Sophomore, and the Senior is wondering how many positions will be offered him at graduation; even the most pessimistic "boner" keeps the grim spectres of the Semies at a proper distance for this one week. The tenderest and the most convivial memories crowd upon one at this season, and the time is ripe for musing. On Wednesday, after waiting to buy a copy of the Christmas TECH, the members of the little Technology world will scatter to their homes. The Lounger likes to picture to himself the array of socks, large and small, darned and new, black and brown, which represents the aggregate hopefulness or conscious desert of all his friends. At one end of the mantle-shelf are the pedal integuments of the President and the administrative officers; we pass on by those of the learned professors, the patient instructors, the second sub under deputy assistants, the careworn Seniors, the serenely self-confident men of '98, the wicked Sophs, the fresh Freshmen, down to the new janitor's boy. Happy is he of the lot who possesses golf stockings, for their capacity is great! The Lounger loves to imagine the stern deities of the Institute at play. He almost thinks he sees a professor of Geology dressed as the patron saint of the festival, bestowing gifts beneath a tinsel tree; he pictures a professor of Physics playing blind man's bluff with a circle of little nieces and nephews. He imagines a professor of Applied Mechanics catching a blushing damsel beneath the witching mistletoe. These are mere figments of the Lounger's imagination, without foundation of the slightest; but he has more substantial causes for congratulation. The TECH Board lunch under the shadow of the classic elm has passed safely by. The stem and the story passed merrily around, and even the assistant business manager appeared to enjoy himself. More particular sources of pleasant cogitation are there also. A dainty figure in white, a graceful throat, a pair of brown eyes and two waves of soft brown hair help to make up a form which floats before the Lounger's eyes. Brown eyes, or blue, or black, under that same mistletoe mentioned above, there will surely be good opportunities to come for the bold and the deft.

But, alas, while gazing forgetfully into the glowing embers, the Lounger's pipe has gone out. So he will cease this profitless reverie, and close it by wishing to every son of M. I. T. a full stocking, a duly admiring family, a double help of plum pudding, and a pretty girl,—in other words, a merry Christmas.

The Lounger was very happy to assist at the rejuvenation of the French society as a dramatic organization. Truly his heart beat fast at memories of those dazzling ballets of old, and though in less pretentious wise, the old spirit of the Club was still as gay as of yore. Time brings sad changes, to be sure. Who would have thought the fair Henriette could change so much in her old age,—she appears again as Mary Ann? But Monsieur was unchanged except for the restoration of his sacrificed barbe, which by this time has attained more than its wonted splendor. Truly, the hoary walls of Huntington Hall have not witnessed in all the Lowell Institute lecture courses anything exactly resembling the performance of the two Populists who excited strong memories of Keith's, and even other places. Some of their jokes indicated a loyalty to old friends which could not but touch their hearers deeply. The consumption of liquor in the "Character Sketch" was tantalizing to the company present, and it might be well, if the performance is repeated, to pass a little round among the audience, just to show that there is no ill feeling. What interested the Lounger most deeply, however, was to see his friend the Editor in chief lay aside the stern dignity of his office, and cavort about masquerading as a dago. He (the L.) suggested to him (the E. in C.) that it would be a capital scoop for him to publish in the paper a short account of what it was all about, for nobody else knows. From the E. in C.'s manner of treating this idea, the Lounger doesn't believe he knows what it was about himself.