They have at Yale a pleasing custom by which members of the Senior Class are endowed with the special privilege of spinning tops on the campus. With us at Technology the pastime of the fourth-year men is more dignified and somewhat less innocuous, for the prerogative of our Seniors is a game which might be called "Miniature Municipal Politics; or, How Willie became an Alderman." It is deemed necessary in order to arrive at a calm and deliberate conclusion as to the best men for Class-day positions, to make choice of them in the midst of a furious warfare and with every accompaniment of trickery and denunciation. The process is an exciting one, and leads to a useful training in the arts of debate; it also conduces to a general feeling of hearty good fellowship and a cordial co-operation between the fraternity and non-fraternity factions. It is curious to observe the regularity of the phenomena which characterize these annual demonstrations, and the public spirited zeal of the erstwhile grinds who for three years have been buried in laboratories and drawing rooms, and now at the last moment come to a realizing sense of the duties of citizenship, is an inspiring sight. The Lounger has been informed on good authority that seventy-three plans for choosing Class-day officers are in preparation by various members of the Class. The best way out of the difficulty would be to follow the course of the Sophs and Freshes in their cane rush deadlock. Let an arbitration committee from the lower classes be chosen, half by fraternities and half by courses, and let this committee have full power to adopt a scheme for the nomination of Class-day officials. The Lounger only suggests this plan in case the Seniors find it impossible to settle their little difficulties themselves without loss of life and limb.

The Lounger is pleased to assure his friends that he spent a very pleasant Christmas indeed. There were but two drawbacks to the serenity of his week. One of these was a shopping tour, into which he was rashly drawn on Thursday. If the choice between such another expedition and a trip to the North Pole were offered to him, he would choose the Arctic expedition cheerfully, even with the prospect of delivering four illustrated lectures per week about it for a year after his return. The Lounger prizes repose and dignity above many other virtues; therefore, to be hauled through a solid throng of suburban matrons armed with baby carriages, chafing dishes, bows and arrows, stepladders, and other rigid and angular bodies, was detrimental to his sense of self-respect. When he gained refuge for a moment in some shop, and got his breath while clinging to the counter, so as not to be carried away by the stream, his friend, the shopping fiend, was eagerly examining rings, cuff buttons, and watch chains, and asking the price of all. Then another mad dash for life, and another counter for temporary respite. Here books were examined, to the number of some two score volumes and their cost carefully noted. Next a haberdasher's was reached in safety by great effort, and the Lounger's soul was harrowed by an exhibition of feminine taste in masculine neck gear. He was too exhausted, however, to protest against the array of peacock yellows, cardinal greens, and saffron blues displayed in answer to his companions eager inquiries. Then the Lounger's tormentor led him to a stationer's and purchased a calendar for fifteen cents, which she said was what she wanted all the time.

The other cloud upon the Lounger's holiday was a question asked him by a certain instructor, whose youth perhaps may be some excuse for the levity of his remark. He asked why "Technique" was like the big engine in the Mechanical Engineering Laboratory; and before it was possible to get out of hearing, he exclaimed with horrid glee, "Because its efficiency is measured in horse-power." No habit is more reprehensible than this introduction of the legitimate license of the classroom into the affairs of ordinary life. Such a joke would have been shorn of most of its paralyzing effect if delivered in the midst of a lecture, when everybody was prepared for it.

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight."

The conservative policy of the Institute as indicated by the clock in Rogers has outdone itself, for that delicate mechanism has recently moved to some eight minutes of nine instead of five. A corresponding increased tardiness of Freshmen has been noted during the week.