Once more the Lounger's case comes up for consideration before the conclave of the powers. Steeled, however, by past experience, he fears not, but awaits the result with equanimity, calmly confident that in the face of his record the Faculty cannot possibly cast him out into the cold, cold world by the summary bestowal of an S. B. It would seem scarcely consistent, after the Lounger's inspiring tirades anent Tech. spirit if he were to allow himself to be graduated without a struggle. He can assure his admirers that there is but little danger of this column being discontinued next year. Scarcely anything, in fact, could now tempt the Lounger to desert his accustomed corner; the old yearning for the integument of the sheep has vanished with increasing wisdom. If five-dollar-a-week positions were offered galore, if the Faculty stood ready to bestow as many degrees as the graduate made of glass possesses, yet would the Lounger shake his head warily and puff contemptuous smoke rings from his pet briar, for he thinks he knows a good thing, and he prizes his position of mentor-in-chief much too highly to surrender it.

As the Lounger recently wandered aimlessly on a tour of exploration through the wilder parts of Newton Centre, he came suddenly round a corner upon a Technology Senior manipulating a level. The Lounger, being in no great haste, remained to watch the antics of the youthful engineer, as also did two small children, apparently twins, who had been playing near, and who were marked by a peculiar narrow red ribbon about the neck of each. "Rod up! Halloa, there, rod up, I say," shouted the son of '97, in no gentle tone, to the rodman located some two hundred yards down the street. It occurred to the Lounger that the latter might also be an Institute man, and he made a remark to that effect. The twins appeared interested. He to whom the question was addressed made no reply, however, but only remarked, "Down a hair! down a hair!" with increased vigor. "Who is the guy at the rod, old man?" repeated the Lounger. "Thath Papa," lisped two little voices. "Hullo, my dears, that's Papa, is it?" "Yeth, thir, he ith." "Is Papa good to his little ones?" "Yeth, thir, he ith." This colloquy interested the Lounger still more deeply in the personality of the distant rodman. As he looked about he saw that the elevations were being taken supplementary to the construction of a new house, a short distance from the place where he stood. He then sidled carelessly behind his friend at the instrument in order to make out the names on the notebook he held. When he at last caught sight of the inscription, the significance of the whole affair burst upon him at once. The names were $\overline{S}-level; H. W. T-l-r, Ph.D., rod.

Later, the Lounger chuckled to himself as he thought of the red ribbons at the children's throats. "Yes, it must be," he mused. "No other construction can be put upon it; the ribbons were—yes, I'm sure of it now—they were red tape."

Needless to say, the Lounger, being of a sanguine and optimistic turn of mind, hoped for fair weather last Friday afternoon, and went bravely out to the Willows to root for the pets of the M. I. T. A. A. Our representatives acquitted themselves nobly; if they could not defeat the second-best Crimson athletes they could, at least, break Institute records by the score. The attendant muckers, indeed, quite caught the spirit of the occasion when they shouted gleefully, "The bar is now at four feet two; another Tech. record broken!" It gladdened the Lounger's heart also to see that the Athletic Association is once more prosperous and affluent. To this fact the resplendent knickerbocker costume and closely cropped curls of the Treasurer bore ample testimony.

Hobson's Choice.

Prof. Sedgwick says that milk is packed
With typhoid germs and such;
And water, Mrs. Richards thinks, is worse:
There's alkaloid in coffee cracked;
And tea will hurt you much;
And high-proof spirits are, they say, a curse.
It seems, perhaps, a pity,
And yet we must, I fear,
Just quote the ancient ditty,
"Nothing to drink but beer!"