The Lounger regrets that the observance of All Hallowe'en is not more universal among true, native-born New Englanders; but he rejoices that there are at least a few households where the good customs of our "merrie" fatherland are preserved in their pristine purity. The Lounger's friends will be pleased to hear that in bobbing for apples last Sunday, he met with unusual success; and when the mystic time came for seeing one's sweetheart's face in the mirror, he was fortunate enough to look over the shoulder of one of the fairest damsels who has ever found place in his capacious heart.

The Lounger feels, on the whole, rather flattered by the hubbub which his revelations of last week have excited among the members of the Sophomore Class. Nevertheless, such unsettling excitement must interfere seriously with that high standard of scholastic achievement for which the Institute is justly famous; and now that the Lounger knows that there exists a large number of young persons with such a keen sense of honor, and such very rudimentary ideas of humor, he will try never again to be "as funny as he can."

The bearing of the Sophomores in face of what, no doubt, appeared to their honest but literal minds as an assault upon their proudest possession, a white and unsullied Class escutcheon, is worthy of all praise. As for the gallant young Orpheus with the wavy curls, who, himself a defeated candidate, waived all chances of a new election, and with noble disinterestedness offered a resolution of confidence in the newly chosen officers,—for this modern type of G. Washington and the cherry tree, Fate must hold bright gifts in store. For a position on the staff of some comic periodical he would seem peculiarly fitted.

The Lounger takes pleasure in withdrawing his suggestion that the Class officers of Nineteen Hundred should resign, and call a new election. If the Class is satisfied, that is the principal thing; it really does not matter how they were elected. The Lounger, therefore, gives them full permission to retain by all means what they have got. He also promises to abstain, for the sake of all concerned, from proving his charges, as he could easily do, by producing the criminal who stuffed the ballot box. The Lounger does not know the culprit's name, but he did take careful note of his appearance. He was some six feet eight inches tall, but walked with a slight stoop, which disguised his height. He wore a Tech. pin, a dark knickerbocker suit with bicycle stockings, not mates, a pink shirt and white collar, necktie with red and green stripes, and a light, creased felt hat with a broad blue band sprinkled with white polka dots. He had a heavy mustache and false beard, and his eyebrows were thick and bushy. His expression was sinister, partly because of a black patch over his left eye. Three fingers of his right hand are missing. He carried when last seen an Italian stiletto and a large pistol stuck in his belt. But hold,—the Lounger trembles lest those earnest-minded but literal young men of Nineteen Hundred should seize upon some casual classmate who happens to answer to this description and tear him limb from limb. He will proceed no further with the description.

The Lounger is sorry to hear that it has been found necessary to partition off the descriptive drawing room of the Fourth-year Civil Engineers into separate cages, instead of letting them live as heretofore in a sort of happy family. It seems that the impalpable barrier between "thine" and "mine" proved insufficient to restrain the wandering eyes ofSenior in exam. time. Or at least such the Powers inferred from experience, or from their own ideas of what they would do in the students' place, must be the case. All candidates entering the room for weekly tests will hereafter be searched carefully, and their cuffs and notebooks taken from them. They will then be chained, each in his own solitary cell, and put upon honor not to cheat.

A friend of the Lounger's from the domain of learning beyond the Charles emerged from the shadows of the Elm, at an advanced hour on a recent evening. His mind was not quite clear on all subjects, but he had a well-defined idea that a Cambridge car was a desirable object. When what he took for such a vehicle came tearing down the street, he therefore exclaimed, "Never saw so many electric sparks before. Hi, stop there, stop!" But the firemen apparently did not heed him and the engine thundered on down the street.