Rejoice, O gentle Freshman, for the Christmas season is at hand, when greens are regarded with admiration and not with cruel scorn! Rejoice, ye Soph, for a brand new cane may lie hid in some snug corner of a sock on the festival morning! Be of good cheer, O Junior, for mistletoe berries are white, and maiden's lips are red! Prepare, most grave and reverend Senior, to enjoy thy last undergraduate class dinner, and the last Christmas of thy joyous, irresponsible youth with the zest born of a knowledge of sterner things. O athletes and red-beribboned officials, disport yourselves merrily at the Indoor games! O grinds, enjoy your Christmas in your own unholy fashion by plugging quaternions or valve gears, or whatever may be your special brand of vice! O members of the Faculty, eat, drink, and be merry, with consciences untroubled by any visions of the past and dreams unvisited by phantoms of the flunked!

It is true that the glittering stars are veiled by gray clouds. It is true that the whirling snowflakes are reduced to a liquid form early in their passage through the heated atmosphere. It is true that the merry tinkle of the sleigh bells is drowned by the rumble of wheels on the bare pavement. It is true, also, that the Lounger's purse is empty, and that aunts and cousins innumerable will expect little remembrances from their favorite relative!

Even the weather and the unbought present cannot, however, dim the brightness of this festal season. The essence of the English Christmas speaks to us through Charles Dickens, and spreads even over the land of the Puritan the spirit of charity and love, of good fellowship and jollity. It is at such times that the Lounger, cynic though he may seem, is in his element. And it is with earnest sincerity that he wishes to all his friends (and he includes under this title every one connected with Technology) his wishes for an old-time merrie Christmas!

The Lounger is nothing if not a philosopher; he was, therefore, much pleased to note, on passing through Rogers corridor last week, that a society was to be formed for the "discussion of modern philosophical questions." The Lounger has since learned that this hopeful project emanated from the brain of an enthusiastic Freshman, who in two short months has learned that the crying need of the Institute is for new societies to furnish occupation for the undergraduate body. The benefits of a philosophical society to the Freshman must indeed be patent to the most sceptical: when he has received an F for the fifth time on his tinting plate he will, if he be a member of this society, remember the maxim of M. Aurelius Antoninus, "If a thing is difficult to be accomplished by thyself, do not think that it is impossible for man"; and when the fumes of carbon bisulphide offend his nostrils in the upper parts of Walker he will argue, with Berkeley, that material things have no existence, except in the consciousness of the observer.

The Lounger's hopes for this new society were nipped, however, in their bud. At the time set for its organization he happened to be in The Tech office, composing a lyric after the manner of Robert Herrick, when his labors were disturbed by confusion in the room below. Cheers, and groans, and hoots broke the afternoon stillness; finally the splintering of woodwork was heard, and the dull thud of ink bottles striking against inelastic blackboards. The Assistant Editor in Chief and the Assistant Business Manager, who were matching pennies in the corner, rushed out to quell the impending riot. They returned half an hour later with the glow upon their faces of duty nobly done. It seems that they found the Freshmen almost at blows over the ratiocination of their first syllogism; they quieted the excited seekers after truth, and pointed out to them the virtues of calmness and moderation. Then it occurred to one of them to spring that old, old joke of a Debating Society. "Look here," said the Assistant Business Manager, "you don't want a Philosophical Society. You don't know enough. What you want is a Debating Society." Whereupon the fickle multitude decided that a Debating Society was what their souls really yearned for, and they proceeded to organize one and to elect the A. B. M. chairman. Thus has the dream of past Freshmen and Tech Editors been at last realized. This is why the A. B. M. may be seen any afternoon on Boylston Street with his mouth full of paving stones, trying to drown the clang of the electric cars as Demosthenes did the roar of the Aegean.