JUNIOR WEEK has indeed left us, carrying with it many pleasant memories, many pretty faces and gowns, and, as is its habit, many good hard dollars. The Lounger will cheerfully meet any doubting gentleman, and show him the empty compartments of his sometime buxom pocketbook, as undeniable evidence of the extraordinarily merry week that he has endured. If there haply be any other gentleman similarly placed, the aforesaid will be pleased to smoke his cigar and discuss the situation philosophically. "Technique," it appears, is once more with us, thereby relieving us from the terrors of another similar descent for the space of a year's time. For this we are thankful, as it is a well-established maxim that an excess of sweets do sometimes produce a mental dyspepsia, accompanied by nausea. Then have we successfully experienced another musical concert, no little achievement in itself, in consideration of the number of notes that were murdered within our own hearing. This concert, too, with the addition of our much advertised dance, which, so the gentleman who pen the editorials declare, is to become a permanent annual source of income to our underfed Athletic Association. This arrangement is ingenious, and the Lounger, for one, will gladly sport the modest fee demanded for the pleasure anent the social intercourse of ladies. In the same period of time have we not witnessed the artistic performance of drama, in which we with difficulty recognized many of our young friends wantonly disporting themselves in the habits of the fair sex. Especially gratifying in this respect was the really beautiful reduction in waist measure, produced at some effort in compliance with what we are pleased to term the aesthetic conventions. How natural to life were the antics of the young scamp, impersonated by the sporting editor, compliment, by the way, which he considers doubtful, but which was on everyone's lips. Last among the festivities, the Lounger must record the occasion upon which his friends were kind enough to journey to his place of business, leaving, however, business aside—a journey, needless to say, productive of much inspiration to him, with due frugality, he will endeavor to sustain himself until he shall again have the pleasure of restoring a supply. For the present, dear friends, many thanks.

The Lounger regrets that in chronicling the divers bits of gossip floating about the halls of Rogers he discloses the inner workings of a society whose avowed object is to encourage its members in the study of a foreign tongue; but he trusts that the revelations will not fall like the mythical golden apple, to stir up strife and discord among fair goddesses.

As the story goes, the names of two Co-eds came before this learned society for election to its mysterious order. Now the officers of the organization, and they are many, if report speaks truly, are not unmindful of the charms of woman. But alas, as the gods willed, Miss X. was neither divinely tall, nor yet divinely fair, and, in short, did not find entire favor in the eyes of these highly fastidious officials. Therefore were the members quietly instructed to vote against Miss X. But names, like shekels, are elusive, and after the election it was discovered that Miss X. was really Miss Y., and Miss Y. Miss X., and that the maid to be excluded, wegen Mangel eines schönen Antlitzes (a purely literary reason), had been duly elected. Thereupon was there a great to-do. Obviously, it would never do to admit a person so far below the aesthetic standard set by this somewhat hypercritical society, therefore was the Initiating Committee interviewed, and it was finally decided to dispose of Miss Y., quite politely, by requiring of her a paper on "A Complete Review of Contemporary European Politics." Precisely the nature of the rites of initiation is a secret of the society that the Lounger refrains from disclosing. Suffice it to say, Miss Y. was duly present on the appointed day. Calmly drawing forth a neatly bound volume, she proceeded to read a short poem on the abstract, by a foreign author. At its conclusion she naively begged that this reading be allowed to replace the essay which she had been quite unavoidably prevented from preparing. There was a profound silence of some minutes' time; then a spirit of chivalry and admiration for the young lady's nerve, if not her cheek, overcoming all other emotions, the president ordered the initiation to proceed, with results undoubtedly most gratifying to the candidate.