After a brief, but none the less enjoyable, period of restless gayety and activity the Lounger is not at all displeased to return once more to his accustomed life of quiet and ease at the Institute, to obtain a much-needed rest in preparation for the next vacation. The approach of Christmastide, however, presents many things which require his particular care and attention for their proper guidance and direction—the coming concert of the musical (?) clubs; the proposed exposition of burnt cork and terpsichorean abilities, at which it is said there are to be many surprises in store for both Faculty and students; and last, but far, far from least, in regard to destructive qualities and evil possibilities, the revival of that harrowing spirit of past memories, the Freshman Orchestra. In regard to the latter organization, however, he can not but admire the extreme thoughtfulness for the feelings of others (a rare quality, alas !) which was shown by those in charge, in setting the date of their first meeting late in the afternoon of the day preceding the recent vacation, long before which time the halls of Rogers were completely deserted.

Once more the division of honors in the annual struggle has brought to the Lounger's observation the extremely philosophic temperaments of both parties immediately concerned, the Sophomores on the one hand nonchalantly declaring the rush to be the only thing they cared particularly for, while the Freshmen aver with the greatest petit froid that the football game was the principal event, the rush being merely byplay. Under the guidance of those patron saints of the day, Mr. C. H. L. N. and the jolly instructor in Mechanical Drawing, the occasion as a whole did not differ materially from the many previous ones which the Lounger has been pleased to attend. The fair sex, however, seemed more in evidence than usual, and even the Lounger himself was by no means averse to pouring forth lucid explanations of the mysteries of the game, and the methods of the rush, into a sympathetic little ear.

The number of spectators was large, but their enthusiasm was somewhat chilled by the brisk November air, and there was a perfunctoriness about the cheering by Seniors and Juniors,—made all the more noticeable by the absence of those organizations from Chelsea, which, on former occasions have been wont to enthral the assembled multitude by the production of sweet, soul-soothing sounds. Nor did the Lounger observe the usual quota of beautiful mottoes, showing in language more forcible than elegant, the tender regard of each class for the other. The day was by no means lacking in interesting events, however, one of which was the pugnacious battle of a number of Sophomores over a ragged piece of paper, which was finally given up when some one chanced to remark that there were no Freshmen present. The climbing of the flag pole to its very top by one of the Lounger's friends, the Freshmen, showed excellent nerve, and the Rush per se was unusually exciting. The Lounger fears, however, that the lack of attention to such details as signs, flags, banners, and bands is depriving the event of a certain amount of its former picturesque effect.

An interesting letter has recently been received by the Secretary from the Boston & Maine Railroad, in connection with a sign, "Tufts College," said to have been taken by Institute men on the occasion of the game with the institution referred to. Fearing lest in the absence of its label, the said college might drop into oblivion and be forever lost to public view, the railroad, with a magnanimity which is truly wonderful in these degenerate days, informs the Secretary that they will gladly stop prosecution if he will return the said sign. Now the Lounger has often had occasion to disagree with the Secretary on various little matters connected with the Institute, but even in the height of his displeasure the Lounger would never have thought of accusing that gentleman of any such Freshman behavior as the stealing of signs, and for the sake of the dignity of the Institute, he sincerely hopes the accusation of the railroad is unfounded. At last reports the generous offer of the road had not been accepted, and, if the scandal is founded on fact, it would seem that the culprit is in no mood to be lightly deprived of his booty.