The passing of the brief reign of that jovial saint whose yearly arrival creates such an unusual demand for the largest sizes of hosiery, and the near approach of the day so generally associated with the turning over of new leaves and the drawing up of lofty and ennobling resolutions, finds the Lounger hastening, with his usual celerity, to resume his accustomed routine of peace and quiet. As the receding of a mighty ocean tide leaves upon the shore for many days the marks of its presence, so an acute observer (like the Lounger) may find traces of the festal season throughout the entire Institute, in the shape of new suits, overcoats, neckwear, and the like. Less noticeable, perhaps, but none the less unmistakable, is the exasperated look upon the gentle countenance of the Bursar, telling plainly of the numerous checks which have been presented for cashing. A tendency may also be noted in certain quarters toward the exposing of a great expanse of cuff surface, lest the light of a new pair of links should be unduly eclipsed, and the Lounger has also already received many queries in regard to the best and most expeditious methods of coloring a meerschaum. Patience and good humor are everywhere apparent, and the merry twinkle still lingering in the eyes of many a "prof." tells in eloquent terms that the joy derived from the filling of the stocking and the decorating of the fragrant pine, does not all belong to the children. Thus, with these and many other signs to bear him witness, the Lounger can fearlessly announce that Christmas has been here.

Although the Lounger hesitates to claim membership in the Football Association, under the remarkably general, broad, and liberal announcement by the said body that "all students are considered members," nevertheless he has always been pleased to lend his experience and advice to their councils. It was in this capacity, consequently, that, at the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Association last Friday, he was extremely interested in a certain item of the manager's report of expenses, which read, eight dollars and some cents for washing! Together with all who are truly interested in the Team, the Lounger is of course anxious that they should play good "clean" football, but never before did he thoroughly realize the expense attached to this sort of game. He is particularly sorry, moreover, that further details were not given as to whom, or what, it was that was washed. A Turkish bath for the whole Team for the amount stated, would, he feels, be remarkably cheap, while on the other hand, if the bill included simply the Captain and Manager, the Lounger deems that the usual appearance and habits of these gentlemen compel him to say that the price named was notably exorbitant. Whichever was the case, however, the Lounger is pleased to observe that the officials of the Association must appreciate, at least in some measure, the old proverb, "cleanliness is next to godliness," and on the whole he is convinced that the Y. M. C. A. should feel decidedly encouraged at so substantial a gain in this hardened quarter.

"Imitation," it is said, "is the sincerest form of flattery," and while the Lounger feels compelled to compliment the editors of the Boston Herald upon their good taste in copying verbatim from the columns of his friend, the Editor in Chief, the extracts from the report of President Crafts which appeared last week, he cannot but bewail the lack of certain elements of newspaper courtesy shown in not giving due credit for the same. The Lounger would not be greatly astonished to find, some dark, cold, and dreary morning, copies of his own effusions in the sheet referred to, and he takes this occasion to warn his friends to put no faith in any such, as the Lounger has not, never has, and never expects to have any connection whatsoever with those journals which, in times past, have, from either ignorance or other cause, proved so complete cyclopedias of misinformation in regard to the Institute and its affairs.

ON THE LINKS.

A maiden of fancy unique,
Once tried to play golf with a clique,
The ball went on high
(Almost touching the skigh),
And she said, "It's a cinch I'm not wique."

—Cornell Widow.