With two Class Dinners and an election of certain Class Day officials, all coming within the small space of two sevenths of a week, the Lounger's hours of leisure during the past several days have been exceedingly curtailed, and he has even been obliged to depart widely from his usual maxims (which he also shares with the Miners' Union and various other non-labor organizations of like character), and follow the definition which a certain professor of theoretical physics recently gave for activity, *Work / Time*, which operation, the Lounger deems it needless to say, he finds far from agreeable. On the whole, however, the somewhat unusual series of exciting events which has thus come to his notice has in some manner, at least, recompensed him for his unaccustomed exertions.

The Sophomore Dinner, to begin in chronological order, in spite of the fact that, for reasons beyond the control of the committee in charge, the appointed place of rendezvous had to be suddenly changed, after all arrangements and announcements had been made, from the Hotel Savoy to the more pretentious Vendome, is said to have been an interesting affair for all concerned; nor was there wanting the usual number on the programme to call to mind the Lounger's tender care of the Class, and their consequent duty toward him for his past guardianship.

Brilliant, however, as was the occasion previously mentioned, it was but fair to expect that the larger and more extended experience of the Juniors in the preparation and execution of such gastronomic celebrations should result in an affair which, if not more brilliant than that of their former enemies, the Sophomores, should at least prove more lively and exciting; and so, indeed, if the Lounger can credit the various rumors which have come to him regarding the dinner at the Brunswick last Friday, it must have been. The good things of life, both solid and otherwise, are said to have been present in quantity, and eloquence, it is hinted, was more plentiful than water. Assuming the character of Demosthenes, in behalf of the coming "Technique," the Lounger's friend, the Editor in Chief, reached his climax so forcibly as to have so overcome the Manager of the Football team, who was sitting near him, and the latter precipitated himself over the back of his chair onto the floor. The effect upon this latter official, moreover, was so lasting that later on, when the time arrived for his own postprandial oration, it was only with the sturdy help of a man upon each side that he was able to stand erect and deliver the same in an almost unintelligible lisp. Truly the occasion was a noteworthy one, and the Lounger hastens to offer his hearty congratulations upon its success.

Fully as interesting as the above, and offering even more chance for speculation and the study of character, was the contest among the Seniors between aristocracy on the one hand and democracy on the other, as displayed in the recent race for first marshalship between a certain chemist and a well-known mechanical engineer, and the notable victory of the latter. The activity and energy of the friends of the former was wonderful and complete; there was no lack of persuasive argument, and the Institute was ransacked so that no possible friend should neglect to vote; the plan upon which the election was carried on, it is said, was even changed for his benefit,—but all in vain! Mindful of their defeat in the fall, the sturdy advocates of the mechanical engineer had blood in their eye, and were not to be stopped. And now, alas! for the results of ambition, the Lounger cannot help but regret the irony of fate which dooms a man who would have graced the list of speakers so worthily, to the ignoble part of a silent ornament to the Class-day platform.

Sister (who has just sung for charity):
"Well, I never thought my voice would fill that big hall."

Freshman Brother: "Neither did I. I thought it would empty it."—Harvard Lampoon.

In old English "gyn"—trap. In Latin "vir"—man. Therefore "virgin" or "virgin"—a man trap.—Ex.