The remarkable efficiency and unqualified success of a certain employment bureau, under the management of a gentleman orthodoxically represented as having very notable phrenological developments upon either side of his forehead, and a caudal appendage having more or less in common with the trident of Neptune, in finding positions for the otherwise unemployed is so generally known as to have become proverbial. It is rare indeed, however, to find attendants (the Lounger has advisedly avoided the more usual and customary word "students") of the Institute, and especially Seniors, among the beneficiaries of this establishment. Consequently it is with no insconsiderable surprise that the Lounger has heard of the doings of some of his friends,—the architects. Supplied in most respects with all that could be desired in the way of quarters in the new Pierce Building, equipped with all the latest and most modern conveniences, one important detail was unfortunately overlooked by those in charge of the course, and little or no work was provided to occupy their time and attention. Can it be wondered, then, that thus unprovided for they should have recourse to pitched battles with modelling clay, or the gentle and harmless amusement of emptying the contents of the fire buckets upon the unwary climbers of the stairway below them? Truly, boys must be boys, and the Lounger has not the heart to deal harshly with these lords of creation, whom, secure as they have been in their lives of ease and luxury, he has been wont to regard as gentlemen after his own mind.

The Lounger has recently discovered that there is on foot a commotion of no small dimensions. The large supplies of ink and paper brought into the office, the frequent posters exhibited in the corridor to admiring crowds of excited spectators, the unusual activity at the armory due to extra drills, and last, but by no means least, the serving of "army beef" by special request in the lunch room, all point to but one result—the battle between Seniors and Freshmen is on, and the dogs of war are unloosed! The strife promises to be fierce and sanguinary, and even the Lounger hesitates to predict the result. All this and more has been aroused by the stone recently metaphorically hurled in the column of Communications at the success of the Lounger's friends, the Freshmen, in gathering together representatives of perhaps future Freshmen, and after allowing them to compete vigorously with each other by way of preparation, stepping in as a body and showing them how it should be done. The objections of the Seniors to such missionary work (if it may be called such) may be found in the communication referred to, the opinions of those most intimately concerned may be seen in the present issue, while the idea prevalent among the Juniors in regard to the entire matter may be inferred from the fact that they are forming a battalion themselves, that the Freshmen need not seek foreign fields for suitable subjects in need of instructions. The Sophomores, too, are by no means lacking in ideas of their own as to what should and what should not be, and only the most strenuous efforts on the part of the Lounger have been able to prevent a considerable disturbance. The affair is by no means settled as yet, however, and even now the Lounger can hear in the distance the rumbling of the thunder, and even feel in his imagination the first raindrops of the approaching outburst.

A WARNING.
Should the professor chance to jest,  
Laughter convulses all the class;  
'Tis well to pay attention lest  
Should the professor chance to jest  
You laugh too late, and all your zest  
Be counted down as simple brass.  
Should the professor chance to jest,  
Laughter convulses all the class.

—Vide Record.

A QUESTION OF TITLE.
An old maiden lady called Maine  
Once said, "Now I call it a shame,  
I can't count all my beaux  
On my fingers and toes  
And yet I can't get a new name."  
—Widow.

A Buck Dance—A Military Hop.—The Widow.