feels that many mysterious things are waiting for him, each to bring its own gastronomic surprise as it emerges, on a plate, from the many folds of obscurity that the intervening hours have woven around it. He sees the burdens of office (The Tech Office) fall lightly from him as he bids a temporary adieu to the editorial looking-glass. In the bulletin, he sees the Secretary's notice granting a comparatively long leave of absence, and his head swims while his heart rises. All grows bright, careless, and happy. He feels the irresponsibility of a Freshman and the content of a turtle as he sees before him the bountiful board, the flowing flagon, the hearty host, the coy cousin. He becomes unconscious of the flight of time. He sees the repast ended, the general adjournment, then the proffered cigar; contentment only exists. The scene changes—from the blue-clouded and the hilarious, to the dark-alcoved and the tranquil. The last thought of embryonic flunks is lost, for here the coy cousin is found. He sees the greeting of mingled smile and blush; the happy eyes he sees, and after that nothing else. Time flies, without the usual retardation due to friction. Twilight deepens; subdued voices from without soften the stillness; about the two, quiet is punctuated by murmur and whisper. He speaks,—earnestly, prevailingly. She listens—willingly, fearfully. Will she can he—is pleading vain? She lifts her eyes, but again they lower. Perhaps she will grant—perhaps—one, or—perhaps—perhaps—But there are seven days before then, and now it is time for his fourth hour lecture. Waking up the Business Manager, The Lounger sighs, and they depart together.

The Man in the Moon has for years been the chief delight of infants of all kinds, breeds, nationalities, and conditions. Not even at this day has the peculiar charm been lost. It is highly gratifying to The Lounger to see that such simple delight still is potent in the case of a certain Technology upper-class man who took along a part of this amusement with him, when he went to the cane rush. Delightful as the leading lady might seem behind the footlights, she was still more charming before the cane rush. Her face, lit up by the excitement of the game—the same old game—shone brighter far than by the reflection of any 16 c. p. electric stage light. And her eyes—diamonds! So thought the gay course Thirteener, and The Lounger sees no cause to disagree with him. Such star light is enough to be admired, going to the Columbia; but how much more exquisite is the star by starlight coming home from the cane rush! Hic—rah! Still The Lounger must insist that though star gazing in itself may be sensible enough in a way, yet this has demonstrated conclusively that the man in the moon-gazing business is properly called (lune)-atic.