It is over. The Lounger is now, after his first vacation this year definitely certain that a brief relaxation from the pursuit of knowledge—a lost art with The Lounger—certainly enhances its value. Such relaxation at least brings about a moral revolution when one begins again on the forlorn hope. Moreover, when The Lounger returned it was with more or less joy that he noted that things were quite as he left them in Rogers' corridor, and that the Tennis Tournament, which was commenced last fall, still gave hopes of furnishing entertainment in the same line next spring. Going to the "Cage" he found the usual number of circulars from tailors, messages from the secretary and other forms of belles lettres which are usually dismissed with a lingering smile. In his box he also found a copy of last week's Tech with its startlingly appropriate cover, on which a fairy-like damsel propelled a canoe. Long and wonderingly The Lounger gazed thereon, endeavoring by all possible means, from the use of formulæ up, to discover its application to Thanksgiving day. But, as the fog in Rogers' corridor settled down The Lounger's spine, it was difficult to trace any aptitude in lily-pads, bull-frogs, and canoes with the season. However, the ways of an editor are wondrous and likewise is the comprehension of The Lounger beyond belief.

It has been a source of pain to The Lounger to learn to what an extent the notoriety of a certain Senior has gone abroad. The Lounger is even commencing to think that his physiognomy adorns the walls of the police court, which is profusely ornamented with views from the ranks of that heterogenous collection of unmixed evil known as the "Rogues Gallery." The Lounger learns that the Senior, hoping perhaps, to make his celebration pass beyond the limits of material time, vainly attempted to gain an entrance to a celebrated salon de manger on Hayward Place on the night before Thanksgiving. The Senior made tremendous efforts but they were in vain; he even went to the extent of button-holing a blue-coated guardian of the peace and making him the patient listener to his expostulations; this gentleman was on to his job that evening, however, and thought the peace would be better preserved without the addition of the Senior's company inside, so that unfortunate gentleman was unmercifully turned down (the steps) amid the jeers and jibes of his comrades who were wanting in the brassy nerve incidental to this scene with the police. The final stroke came when the Senior was retiring down the steps, a most unkind voice remarking, "Back up!"

The Lounger has for many years seen men who have just participated in the Rush leave the field in a more or less décolleté array. This has grown to be a not unusual sight, for what is the object of it all, if not, in great measure, to avail one's self of all the other fellows' clothes, detachable, in whole or in part? This, however, it must be understood, has always, hitherto, been confined to the South End grounds. Then think, kind reader, of The Lounger's bewildering thoughts when, on walking through Rogers' stately corridor but a day or two ago he came face to face with the startling information on a bulletin board that "The man who lost a pair of speakers and a running shirt while on the Hare and Hounds run last week may recover them on application to the Manager." Now this statement may not seem so wondrously unusual if it is not known by the kind reader aforementioned just what sort of a costume is worn on these most popular runs. Therefore it is meet that The Lounger should here state that the warm and cumbersome outfit consists of a pair of speakers, a running shirt and a pair of short cambric running trousers. As yet The Lounger has not received any protests from the long-suffering public against the modified rig of the unfortunate youth who is the subject of this delirium of The Lounger's, but he is prepared for the worst; let it come.

Not long ago The Lounger was pleased to observe that the lecturer on Physics had not been entirely without success in his efforts to amuse the Sophomore class by vivifying experiments with the famous electrical cat-skin, interspersed with decorative formulæ on the blackboard and with demonstrations with miniature wagons and inclined planes. For, as The Lounger has remarked above, he is pleased to see that the Sophomores, that is, a certain energetic number of the latter, have taken in hand the project of relieving their juvenile instincts by forming a chapter of "Harper's Young People"—or rather the "Round Table." The Lounger has contemplated the club with much interest and has decided to institute a club of his own which shall be called "The Lounger's St. Nicholas Society." The membership has not yet been decided upon, but The Lounger expects to make Mr. H. C. Br-dl-y Honorary President, and the third year Course IV. co-educational contingent the ornamental attachment.