THE LOUNGER feels happy to announce that his prophesy about the annual catalogue has been substantiated. He learns on looking at the inside of the cover that it was issued in December. As the Bursar is usually dormant from November to February, THE LOUNGER is sure his suspicions were correct; it was intrusted to his care.

THE LOUNGER has been greatly interested to see the lengths to which practical applications of mathematics are being carried. It seems that the suggestion was made at the Sophomore dinner that it might call up pleasant memories if a subscription was raised proportional to the Juniors as 6:5 and THE LOUNGER extends congratulations on the rapid way in which the trick was done. But he would like to utter a warning, "Do not carry this too far;" if this mathematical fervor should reach the Freshmen in the same manner, it might be rather disastrous for the subscriptions. THE LOUNGER would say, "Forget the game and make the ratio what you expect to do next year." If this advice is faithfully carried out, he warrants the biggest purse yet.

THE LOUNGER is glad to hear that others besides Tech students are making reputations for themselves; the last one who has acquired fame in a town not many miles from Boston for a machiavellian skill and ingenuity is an electrical professor. He was engaged to make a test on a car line out of town; for this he would require a large number of assistants at so much per diem. But no, this benevolent professor kindly remembers his students and feeling the cruelty of letting them miss such a chance for experience, he consents to allow volunteers to serve him. The class looking for C's "would be charmed." More than enough offer to go. The professor accepts and saves so much cash. THE LOUNGER has nothing but praise; it was a scheme worthy of his own brain.

It is a matter of pleasure to THE LOUNGER to observe that the attempt is being made to add a dash of piquancy to the otherwise rather unexhilarating lectures on Optics. He has seen eight rays aimed in one direction, caught by devilish agencies and hurled with pitiless directness right into his eyes; he has seen solar spectra made with an electric arc; but it has remained for him to see his beloved lecturer turned into a fire extinguisher. The room was dark, the spectra was verging upon the screen, the long-suffering students were busy dodging the stray ghosts and ghostlets which were being promiscuously projected around the room; the Co-eds were sighing at the beautiful brilliancy of the seven colors; when lo, from the back of the lantern leaping, licking tongues of fire were seen creeping upwards. The most admirable order prevailed; the lecturer was duly informed in gentle, but admonitory tones that his spectra was escaping by the back entrance, the arms of an entire row of men were extended for protection of the better looking of the Co-eds, some adventurous spirits were contemplating making use of their mode of egress from history last year, but it was all unnecessary. With admirable presence of mind the lecturer, quivering with suppressed heroism rushed around to the conflagration and—blew. Ye gods, but Aeolus was outdone; the flames raged, fought, struggled, hesitated, and gave in. An eraser completed their annihilation. The class relieved from its awful strain sighed, one of the Co-eds attempted to turn pale, but the left end of the spectra was upon her; it was impossible.

THE LOUNGER always hesitates about drawing too hasty conclusions from passing events. Hence he leaves his readers to draw their own conclusions in this tale. Some time ago THE LOUNGER'S attention was attracted by a shop window in which were exhibited some walking canes; now this in itself is very commonplace, but the canes were extraordinary. In the handle of each was a screw top, which when opened unrolled to the observer the mysteries of a flask. It seems presumable to THE LOUNGER that the flasks were intended to hold liquids, but that is only a surmise. Now, it was shortly after this time that THE LOUNGER, following his spiritual adviser's advice, was walking along Tremont Street after the theatre, late in the evening, and suddenly there came into the field of his wandering gaze the figure of his well known mathematical professor, hurrying along in the opposite direction. THE LOUNGER's features broke forth in a pleasant smile, which became absolutely seraphic when he observed the article carried in the professor's hand. It was a counterpart of his wonderful cane. The professor noticed the glance and also beamed with a glow of absolute contentment, and THE LOUNGER passed on and was envious.