Again Christmas is in sight, and The Lounger rejoices. Not, let him add, does he rejoice because of the coming vacation which opens up such a luxurious vista of an eight-day recess—far from that; for in that week The Lounger will, if his asceticism prove strong enough, apply himself to the acquisition of knowledge of many things which he has been too weary to acquire during the fall. "The wind has been sown, and the whirlwind shall be reaped," and, in his own case, The Lounger can see visions of "the rubber arch" made immortal by the professor of applied, which make his already weak intellectual powers, in contemplating the exams, still less weak. But at this season of the year it is not well to dwell upon the tragedies of life, but rather on its comedies. We have had enough tragedy recently in the contest between our noble Cross Country Team and that of the institution across the Charles which is known by the same appellation as that carried by a favorite make of beer. The lunch-room, so charmingly decorated in the team's honor with Southern moss, resembling, so appropriately, a sort of nickel-plated shredded wheat, bears witness how ephemeral are human hopes. Then, too, we have seen the popularity of our chapel eaten into by the exhibitions of certain evangelists now in this city. Certainly, here is a reason for discouragement. But at this season it will not do. To turn to the brighter side, let us consider the Freshman; he neither toils, nor does he take semi-annuals [excepting military science—an inquisition, not an exam.], and yet is he not arrayed like . . . . . ? And now, while he is on this subject, The Lounger may offer a word or two of advice to this unsophisticated friend of his as to what to give the professors for Christmas gifts. It has been the custom of the Mechanical Drawing Department to keep its little wooden box ever open to receive the plates of the student, and the student, having so deposited his chef d'œuvre, hears no more of it until, after having been examined with a microscope by Mr. Burrison, it is returned with the subscription "F" upon it to its creator. This year, however, on the last day before vacation, The Lounger understands that the student will be enabled to return good for evil, and a large box, specially designed by the professor of mechanical drawing, will be placed in Room 44, in which presents may be put in lieu of any plates that may be due up to that time. The idea is surely a happy one, and The Lounger suggests the following gifts as being appropriate: an édition de luxe of that thrilling historical romance, "Descriptive Geometry," by Professor L—n—s F—nce, an elevator to the drawing-room, a copy of the "Complete Gentleman" for circulation among the Freshmen, and a clean roller towel for the sink. Other gifts to other departments may be made with perfect propriety; for instance, a "colorless red necktie" is an always favorite garment with the professor of general chemistry; and a nicely morocco-bound copy of "Wentworth's Geometry" is always acceptable to Professor W—ls. So much, then, for advice on that score. His advice being done, there is naught more for The Lounger to say than to wish, as he lays his quill down for ten days, to the President, the Faculty and the Institute—a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

In order to keep up with the procession, 1903 has resorted to smoke-talks. At the last event of this kind many prominent men were present, each of whom has a world-wide reputation in his particular line. Professor Bl—ckst—in and the president of the ambitious class were there, and their identities are no longer secrets. Professor Blackstein during his brief talk, rambled from the North to the South Pole, incidently dilating on co-ed life in Germany, and the advantages of French restaurants as appetizers!

In every building gorgeous posters proclaim the startling news that the Christmas Tech (the best ever) can be procured on day of issue for the small sum of ten cents; the price being a mere pittance compared to the true worth of the coming chef d'œuvre. In reading the artistic sheets one must stop for breath many times before completing the lists of editorials, society notes, smoke-talks, dinners, etc., etc., mentioned as some of the inducements offered to the prospective buyer. No amount of printed bombast has been spared to make known the fact that the "once in a lifetime" chance to get something for nothing is at hand. Although commending heartily the praiseworthy energy of the business management in its extensive advertising, The Lounger believes partiality has been shown by not mentioning that the Christmas Tech is also to contain an ad. or two. This item (usually omitted from the lurid scare lines) should certainly have been made known in the case of so artistic a number as this Christmas affair. In behalf of the management, which he wishes to shield, The Lounger desires to apologize to all of his readers who have had their feelings hurt by this omission.