Truth is stranger than fiction, and fiction is often strange enough to hold you for a while. Of course all the students know how the marks are made out for the final reports. If a student does very well, he passes; and if he does very poorly, he flunks, without any more ado about it. But what do you suppose is done with a student who is so close to the critical point that it is impossible to tell whether he should pass or fail? The Lounger had his own idea about the matter, and this idea was confirmed the other day. He saw the Secretary carefully place a cent-piece on the sidewalk in front of the Walker Building, and then laboriously mount the steps with a huge bushel basket full to the brim with beans.

"Hello," said the Lounger, "something doing?"

"Yes," answered the Secretary, "I'm going to see whether Blupher passes off his Analyt. or not."

"How will you do that?" asked the Lounger curiously, after they had stepped on to the roof with the ponderous burden of beans.

"In this basket of white beans I have a single black bean," said the Secretary, gasping from his exertions. "On the sidewalk you saw me put a copper. Well, I throw down this basket of beans, aiming at the cent. If the black bean falls on the cent, Blupher passes; otherwise he fails."

"Good!" said the Lounger. "Down with the beans, and we'll decide the fate of old Blupher in a jiffy."

Then, after assuring himself that the solitary black bean was safely included among the thousands and thousands of white beans, with a mighty effort the Secretary strained every muscle, and hurled the entire bushel of beans to the sidewalk. Breathlessly The Lounger ran down the steps four flights to inspect the cent! The black bean was exactly in the center of the cent! Blupher had won, and the Secretary lost!

The Lounger said it would turn out this way when they admitted co-eds into the Institute, and now it has come to pass. He found one of them in a second-year drawing-room, working with a gray cat on her shoulder, purring like an electric motor,—that is the cat, not the co-ed or her shoulder. The Lounger had been expecting for a long while that the co-eds might attempt some day to bring their patchwork and knitting to school, and he had prepared a seven-thousand-word Phillipic to hurl at them when it should occur. But here is a maiden clad in seven-league boots, who at one stride steps beyond the sewing era to the cat era. The Lounger overcome, stupefied, can scarce collect himself to say "Boo!"

"Shoo! Shoo! go away home, you horrid kitty!"

Men of Tech! shall the spirit of Tech's motto, that dear old chestnut that flutters forth from every catalogue—Tech is a place for men to work, not for boys to play—shall this be thus broken and trampled upon? When your eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, shall they see him shining on a school where cats and rocking-chairs abound? Launching himself into the future The Lounger sees drawing-rooms filled with cats discordant, belligerent and drenched, it may be, with feline blood. Faciis est descensus Averini, which is being translated:

Ill fares the school, to hastening ills a prey,
Where co-eds accumulate and men decay.

"Yes and No, or Give and Take?" Mabel asked.

"Both!" I said, and we ate the philopena.

"Now for the stakes," I continued; "how about a kiss against a dozen pairs of gloves?"

"That's too cheap," said Mabel, firmly.

"The gloves aren't!" I remonstrated, thinking of the state of my allowance. Twelve pairs of gloves at three dollars a pair—! I couldn't lose this bet!

"Well, let it go at that!" Mabel laughed;

"what difference does it make?"

"A great deal, to me," said I.

"How?" she asked; "you'd lose, in any case!"

"I wouldn't! I can't afford to!"

"Well, I couldn't pay, you know!"

"What! You wouldn't pay, if you lost?" I cried.

"No!" said Mabel.

"Philopena!" I shouted.

—Harvard Advocate.