About four years before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology ever came into existence, THE LOUNGER began to make uncomplimentary remarks about this miniature Eden, which lies under our very noses, or does as long as we can stand the odors that arise therefrom. Many a time has he waded through the mud, thick, black, and juicy. Many a time has he assisted distressed damsels (Simmons College need not apply), to cross the treacherous flood. And many a time has he described for the edification of his readers, the artistic groupings and the **ensemble** of dead cats, drowned mice, and potato skins, and swi-—ahem, garbage receptacles, which grace the approach to one of our largest and most important buildings.

During the winter months, the eastern end of this Paradise Alley is a veritable Slough of Despond, crossed by a faint track bordered with heaps of dyspeptic beet greens, and decaying turnip tops, which mark the way like the cairns on a mountain trail, and cheer the tired pilgrim on.

Of course it is very desirable for the sanitary engineers to have such a deuced unsanitary place to experiment on, and the alley is also of great advantage to the Course XIII. men, for use in advanced options in practical navigation. No doubt the Faculty has always taken these reasons into consideration when they have decided to keep the alley in its present abominable state, but if THE LOUNGER were doing the job he would strike the Bursar for $15.00, and put a board-walk the whole length of the alley.

A Freshman approached THE LOUNGER a few days ago and asked him to make a rule requiring all Co-educational to remove their hats in lecture rooms. He has decided to make no such rule, and may his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth if he ever does. What is responsible for this decided attitude? A Symphony in blue and gray, a Duet of heavenly harmony, the Sweetest Chord that velvet ever struck! In other words, a hat. It intercepted the rays of light vibrating from the blackboard to THE LOUNGER'S eye. Around the periphery of the brim was gathered a mass of shimmering blue velvet, superposed upon which, and somewhat centrifugated, were some irregular discs of some rough gray textile fabric, woven upon a groundwork of blue, and having radially connected with them strips of the same material, which in some way were attached to the velvet. . . . Alas! THE LOUNGER is only an engineer.

As THE LOUNGER, entering slowly, sank into his accustomed place before the open grate, he vowed that the world was a cold, hard place, especially the student world. (You see, he had just heard his pet "co-ed" make a derogatory remark about THE LOUNGER.) His friend the editor, seeing that THE LOUNGER was really ill, lit the fire in the grate, and then, to THE LOUNGER'S amazement, filled his pipe with some of his own mixture (he usually used THE LOUNGER'S), and rushed back to spoil some "Freshie's" dream of a literary future.

THE LOUNGER sighed, he was wrong, there was one place that wasn't cold and hard, and that was the heart of the editor-in-chief. With this thought comforting him he settled back in his chair and prepared to enjoy a few minutes' quiet and a half an hour's smoke. As he watched the smoke curl upward, his mind seemed to become clearer. He saw the smoke take shape—not much of a shape, but still a shape—and he recognized his old friend, the Prof. of Descrip—. Gazing as if fascinated upon him, he saw his lips move, and suddenly these words were thundered at him: "THE LOUNGER will please take this sheet, on which is a plan of the Rogers steps, and revolve them into H. You will then unroll them and find out the size, shape and amount of wood necessary to cover these steps, then revolving back you will find the amount of iron required for a rail to run on the sides of the wooden steps, to prevent the students from walking on the board steps, as it will be cheaper for the college if they use the stone steps. I shall expect you to finish in an hour." Then came sixty minutes of hell for THE LOUNGER, he found himself revolving into H and back into V, rolling and unrolling and everything imaginable, but the thing wouldn't come out right. Oh, the terror of that last few minutes, as he saw his prospects of a C vanish and an FF loom up. Oh, why did the secretary decree that winter is here, and order the wooden steps put on? Why, oh why? and another test to come on Friday after Thanksgiv-ing, when L-n-s knows THE LOUNGER will be so full of turkey that he can't think. THE LOUNGER might as well give up and get out. With this thought the haze seemed to vanish. THE LOUNGER drew a sigh of relief. It was only a dream, and dreams go by contraries. I'm going to pass it at last, hurrah! and he made such a racket that the editor looked to see if he had gone crazy.