such a cold, raw, inhospitable season of the year, when THE LOUNGER'S wheels creak on the hard-packed snow of his mental turnpikes, when his pen moves stiffly in his marble fingers, and the blood is hibernating in his feet! The circulation even of THE TECH is not what it should be, and the puddles of Engineering Alley have crept into their snow pajamas for the winter. White is not the correct color for pajamas. They should be of blue, for blue is distinctly a retiring color. THE LOUNGER has just bought some pajamas with a gay blue stripe. He tried them last night, and dreamed that he was shipwrecked and thrown up by the angry waves upon Plymouth Rock. The situation was so serious that THE LOUNGER decided to wake up and find out what was the matter. The modulus of rupture of a dream is so small that almost any moment is likely to see its finish. Therefore THE LOUNGER easily awoke and discovered that he had been sleeping face down, with his chest impaled upon a huge bone button in his new chemise. Now he did not wish to be wrecked twice in the same night, and on the same Plymouth rock-bound coast, on the same button-bound beach, so he took a knife and whittled out of his frozen chest a round hole just large enough to take the button. THE LOUNGER slept the sleep of the holy — he slept in peace — and when he awoke he found that it was all a dream, and that he was probably still asleep. Indeed, sleeping and waking have come to be very much the same with THE LOUNGER, especially sleeping. Life is for him one continuous soporific dream, only in the daytime he knows it is a dream, and in the night he dreams it is a dream. Days, weeks and months, therefore, have lost all identity, and time is one long monotonous microbe, only jointed at the exams.

And the exam? That is merely the brief return to consciousness, the "morning after" the cram. It said in THE LOUNGER'S grammar-school geography that "sixty seconds make a minute, sixty minutes make a degree." The LOUNGER has computed upon this basis that at the end of the year his name will appear

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(Ph.D.) 1L 1D M. I. T. '03.

Perhaps, however, THE LOUNGER has been mistaken in applying the formula to Tech. It is quite possible that the author of the geography was a Harvard graduate, and computed his timetable solely from the statistics gleaned at his own Alma Mater. Allowing for this consideration, THE LOUNGER has taken pains to establish a corresponding table for Tech. It runs as follows:

60 seconds one minute; 60 minutes (in Lecture) one daze; 365 days, or 52 cuts, one F; 2 F's one Tutor; 2 Tutors one exam; 120 exams one degree; B. S. ("Barely Saved") or 32 degrees, FF (Fahrenheit = Frozen).