LTHE LOUNGER once stopped outside a fire-engine house while the alarm was sounding. He enjoyed watching the horses run out and, like "Helen's Babies," loved to "see the wheels go 'round." But nothing impressed him so firmly as the long brass pole by which the entire crew descended from their abode above. "Slip! Biff!" and all is over. A slip and a biff for each man, you understand. Perhaps nothing so very impressive at first sight, but when it is remembered that LTHE LOUNGER works up in 50 Eng. A., you will understand how his delicate brain was affected by the scene. He thinks he will put a brass pole in that classic bit of architecture. What a cinch! Of course we -- The LOUNGER will not allow the Editor alone to use that kingly "we" – do not object to ascending four flights of stairs, for then he—that is, we—are spurred on by thoughts of all the delight that is awaiting above, but it is when he has to climb down those stairs with nothing but a dinner before him that he wishes for something to hasten his lagging footsteps, it is then that he says, with the poet, "Oh! wottell!" This will now be obviated. Perhaps the fall would be too great and the coefficient of friction too high; well, let the janitors spend some of the energy wasted in washing blackboards in greasing poles -- but what would mamma say when she sees her little boy’s panties after a few down trips? What would the coefficient of friction be in that case? But this is another idle dream, but it might be a fit climax to the policy of expansion which our Bursar started when the board walk happened.

LTHE LOUNGER'S chaffeur had struck, had gone, vamoosed, scooted, and LTHE LOUNGER'S auto was left in his own care. On the first trip, the untutored LOUNGER ran his Salmon Pink Devil into a nice soft stone wall, tipped himself out, landed on his head and then his hasheesh dream began.

He dreamed that he was a hundred years older and had picked up the advertising portion of one of the great dailies of Boston. He read:

A nice new Dedion-Bouton auto will be given to any bright boy or girl who will sell ten of our beautiful scarf pins to his or her friends. Send the dollar when you have sold the pins and we will send the premium.

For Exchange: An automobile. Will exchange for a meal ticket or anything useful.

Prize Guessing Contest! Guess the number of glasses of beer in the keg at Baynes.

First prize, a real bisque doll. Says "mamma" and "papa" and opens and shuts its eyes.

Second prize, a Winton tonneau.

Third prize, a subscription to "The Fireside Companion."

"I guess we can pull him through," interrupted the doctor.

At the last business meeting of the Architectural Society, Mr. J. R. Adams spoke on "The Evolution of the Student in Architecture during his Sophomore, Junior and Senior Years." Mr. Adams developed his subject along the lines of general culture, and substantiated his remarks by means of statistics, which he had himself compiled.

Try it Fast.

There was a young fellow named Tate,
Who dined with his girl at 8.08;
As Tate did not state,
I cannot relate
What Tate at his tête-a-tête ate at 8.08.

Ex.

There was a young fellow named Hyde,
Who once at a funeral was spied;
When asked who was dead,
He just giggled and said,
"I don't know, I just came for the ride."

Ex.

There was a man who spent his time
In wide experimenting;
Who had a turn for chemicals
And general inventing.
One day he made a wondrous find;
His brain with joy was reeling,
But, ah, he left no notes behind!
He's frescoed on the ceiling.

—Baltimore News.