

rash. All of these heroes have been soldiers in their time. Some of them even liked drill. When THE LOUNGER first dressed himself in a drill suit, not in order to act as a walking advertisement for Spinoza, but to appease the wrath of the Faculty, and appeared before Major Bridges—he of the pale and intellectual countenance, and the rubber boots—his soul was filled with dread, but his comrades seemed to enjoy themselves. There is no accounting for tastes.

This was forcibly brought to mind by some recent rumors of a debate. Debating is good fun, but too much like work. THE LOUNGER would like to encourage this laudable attempt and is willing to argue on any subject where he can have his choice of sides, as, *Resolved*, That Professor Currier should talk faster, or—That Professor Cross should perform an experiment that is not fussy. Whether or not this offer will be accepted is problematical, but in any case the Institute is not without prestige, for whether we have debates or not, we have A Bates.

Thanks to the Faculty, our literary reputation will be very much increased, for the General Library now remains open until ten o'clock, and any one who will take the trouble may see THE LOUNGER's muse seated on the railing of the little Romeo and Juliet balcony and kicking her heels while she helps him in his desperate attempts to keep from writing something funny. So far she has succeeded perfectly, and has had only one mishap—Pat did not see her, and jabbed her with the mop-handle.

She will not be alone this week, for Rogers will see some rare visions when the fellows escort other fellows' sisters about the buildings, and brag about the work that is done. May the unregenerate sinners who sit and pour tales of all-night study into trusting feminine ears never go where they belong, for, if so, a certain salubrious region will be overcrowded, and seats beside the brimstone lake will be at a premium. It is better to be humble, tell nothing but the truth, and not too much of that, and not to pose as a second Edison. If you take this advice, you will have an infinitely better chance of seeing the inside of one of the steam-heated flats that St. Peter keeps on tap. Besides, she won't believe you, anyway, and if you don't tell fairy tales, you can pat yourself on the back, and think how virtuous you are. But if you feel a genuine and unhallowed delight in prevaricating, and wish to see how much the feminine mind can swallow, if you do this merely as an experiment in psychology, and not with the wish, to deceive, why, go ahead, but don't stop half way.

Never stop half way, especially if you are going to chapel. If you do, the electric cars will gather you to your fathers, if there is anything left to gather, after the big red automobiles that look like boiled lobsters and smell like the Freshman Lab. when the hood is choked up, have finished with you. THE LOUNGER never stops half way, and has never yet met with an accident. Don't go near chapel during Junior Week. Junior Week comes once a year, but chapel is there all the time. Have a good time this week, and make the grind a scoff and a byword, for even Professor Swain could not harden his heart at such a time, and prevent his unfortunate specials from enjoying Junior Week. THE LOUNGER intends to take his own advice, for surely no true patriot would refuse to cut when there was a good excuse for so doing. If there are any such, let their sins be visited upon their own heads, for THE LOUNGER has a halo of his own, and does not need to borrow.