The Lounger is reminded of it very forcibly nowadays whenever he passes by our extensive tennis grounds. Annually, and even semiannually, on the occasion of our "tournament," the tennis fiend gathers up the extremities of his trousers and spends hours at a time making passes at the tennis ball, as it swoops past him in obedience to laws that would worry even our beetle-browed professor in applied mechanics; and yet this same fiend (he of the tennis proclivities) never, by any chance, bethinks him of how blessed his lot would be were he able to indulge his passion on a decent court.

How grotesque it all is, this tennis at Technology! The tournament is won by the luckiest man, and it is only some more luck which, as a rule, makes the luckiest man the best player also. Will there never arise enough spirit among the tennis enthusiasts at Tech. to subscribe enough money to equip even one dirt court? Drawing for inspiration upon his fund of experience, the Lounger feels forced to answer, regretfully but resolutely, "No."

Since the Lounger moved his goods and chattels from his last boarding house into St. Botolph Hall, he has enlivened the monotony and solitude of many a half hour with memories of experiences stored up while under the watchful care of the landlady who shoves the plates in a caravansary not very far over the way from Rogers. It was a boarding house not unlike the average; it differed from the others in degree only, not in kind. But it was of the thirty-third degree, easily. To the select body of students who made their abode there, its peculiarities offered much in the way of instruction and warning. The Lounger remembers thinking often that if he ever attained to literary celebrity, his _magnum ovum_ would be a careful description of the life in that boarding house. He hastens to add, however, that the reason he speaks of it now is not intended as a gentle hint that he has achieved his reputation; he can only confess that the reminiscences won't keep until that shadowy future time. He must speak now while his recollection is still green and springlike, and the oft-heard hum of voices about the board still meets with response from the phonograph tablets of his memory.

The students had named the rest of the company plums. You would never see such a collection anywhere but in Boston,—dear, funny Boston. It will only be necessary to touch lightly on a few of them. The queen plum was not by any means of that description of fruit which clings confidingly to the parent branch until all-provident Nature urges the drop. She had got through her clinging sometime before the war. Her earthly possessions were three—utterable homeliness, a pair of goggles, and a red flannel dressing gown. The first was all-pervading. The second was a necessary attribute of the first, and focused it, so to speak, indelibly upon one's mind. That pair of goggles was remarkable, even in Boston. The lenses were double-convex, and magnified some twenty diameters. When she turned her lustrous orbs upon you, you felt dizzy and faint. The third possession was used to attract attention, as a matter of course. She was anxious to attract attention, which the goggles always magnified twenty diameters. From which it follows that she had long ago succumbed to the universal flattery, and when she ope'd her mouth, ye gods! how the food shriveled, and how the boarders choked! She cultivated that peculiar accent which suggests utterable things—coy, blushing reminiscences of a perennial youth of amorous experiences.

Her complement, the spongy fabric into which she poured libations from the stored-up knowledge of her mighty mind, by whose absorbing action constant equilibrium was maintained in the intervening and surrounding medium, was a youth of two and twenty summers, who had spent two weeks abroad. Together they discussed the history of human development; she, because he listened, ill versed in her ways; he, in order to parade his European mannerisms.

Those were two of them, gentle reader, and there were many more. Ah, where is Balzac!