Eheu! fugaces! Exit the football fiend and his gory locks; enter the society queen and her cohorts, her classic and distinctly Bostonian features behaloed and idealized by contrast with the stern presence of the Muse of Learning, pointing with unbending finger up the thorny path that leads to the battlefield of the Semies. Even the good cheer and jollity of Christmas must be snatched and made away with in a sadly brief moment this year, since old Father Time has been so parsimonious as to roll Sunday and the 25th into one short twenty-four hours. May they be as succulent as the proverbial stolen sweets.

The vista of an approaching Class Day election recalls to the Lounger’s memory the glorious occasion when ’92 leased Huntington Hall and awoke its somber echoes with merry quips and gibes. ’Twas then that Old Animosity was dealt a knock-down blow in the frigid silence that greeted the rabid utterances of a heart-broken and egotistical speaker of the occasion. Let us trust ’93 will suffer no such mortifying rebuff. Be generous in your hour of triumph, O Senior, when you choose the critic of your deeds and misdeeds, and let us have no travesty of wit for a Class Day theme. Observe closely the bounding line between the friendly and always permissible chaff, and the sour utterances of a diseased and unkempt mind. But the Lounger has no fears but that ’93 will choose both well and wisely her Class Day officers.

The Lounger is looking forward to the first of those Olympian gatherings, when the mighty athlete girds up his loins with the white unmentionables, and hies him to the Hole in the Ground, there to disport himself for the gaining of fair maidens’ smiles, and other illusive trophies. ’Tis at such times as this that the particular shade of fair maiden who sheds an azure tint o’er muddy Boston, forgets to dally deftly with the ponderosities of life, and becomes interested. She never knows she is interested, and if you talk with her afterward about it, she will lead away from it; but by observing her as closely as the Lounger has done, you will perceive in the momentary amelioration of the studied sternness of her coyness that she is moved—somewhat moved. Not deeply moved, ’tis true,—she has too practiced a control over herself for that,—but the temporary loss of equanimity on the report of the starter’s pistol, and the involuntary shift of position as the straining runners near the post, disclose that touch of nature which the poets are so anxious to provide with an extensive progeny. And what a grand illustration of stoical contempt for pain is manifested in the noble indifference with which the hurdler for- bears to rub his shin after the discomfiture of the haughty hurdle! Ah him! the Lounger wishes he could be like that when the freshman comes into his sanctum, and asks if this is the Biological Laboratory. Yes, indeed, there is much, if not more, to learn in these periodical assemblies in the “gym,” and the Lounger counsels you all to go and see what we can do when somebody else is trying to do better.

The playing of the final matches of the tennis parody in the gymnasium is well-nigh the reductio ad absurdum of this annual farce. The suggestion which appears among the “Locals” is hardly a whit more burlesque. But there seems little or no use in harping on this well-worn strain, and the Tennis Association is rapidly passing from that stage of existence wherein it may fitly describe itself an object of charity, to beggary. There exists this alluring prospect, however, that it would then lapse into “innocuous desuetude,” and cease to be a constant irritant, pointing out the lack of energy which permits a sport like tennis to languish for lack of interest so pitifully among a thousand students.

Tempora Mutantur.

“The world’s a stage,” says Shakespeare’s play;
He’d have to make it read
“A railroad,” did he live to-day,
Because of higher speed.

H. A. R.

DIFFERENT CAUSES—SAME RESULT.

“’Tis love that makes the world go round,”
These words we often hear;
But the same phenomenon is found
In drinking wine with beer.
—Yale Lit.