"To what heights does the ready wit of man ascend!"

It was on one of our exceptionally characteristic wintry days, when the streets and pavements were fully as insecure as usual, that the Lounger, safely ensconced in a pair of spiked goloshes, was idly watching the hurrying throng on Boylston Street, whose laudable efforts to "stand firm" provoked many more philosophical thoughts than that above recorded.

A man came around the corner, and waved frantically at a passing car. But there was nobody to pull the bell rope. The horses gathered themselves together for a spurt, and, driven to desperation, the man gave chase, howling. He started across a glistening sheet of ice and fell, like many a tempted mortal before him, only harder. But he still howled. The conductor, emerging from the recesses of the crowded car, saw him, and pulled the rope. The man rose, proceeded onward; but, alas! only for a few steps,—the ice was too demonstrative, and wanted more, and, needless to say, got it.

The man looked hurt and reproachful, but rose to the occasion. The car waited, and the passengers watched. He was almost there, only a few feet more; but there were two too many (his own), and once again this tempted man succumbed. Cruel odds! But in the end he conquered. Seated disconsolately on the ice, he swore, but was pardoned. Painfully leaning forward, he unlaced his shoes. Removing them gently, as befitted the occasion, he tucked them carefully away beneath his coat, and treading bravely o'er the treacherous ice, he climbed upon the car. The conductor merrily clanged the gong, the horses started forward, and the Lounger, meditatively watching the back platform, where sat unconquered the man relacing his shoes, gave voice to the thought that provokes this reminiscence.

Shall we pity or congratulate the departed friends who, driven forth from the shadow of old Rogers by heartless, though, alas! so well-considered words of our august Faculty, no longer grace our fleeting hours with their merry greetings? Heedless of the blow to come, they have sauntered carelessly from lecture to recitation, from "cuts" to the chapel, with never a thought of the morrow, or the sufficiency of the evil of to-day.

They are a jolly crowd, the Flunked Contingent, and the Lounger misses them. They led such a Bohemian existence, and they were such deadly enemies of the grinds! They provoked the sarcasm of the Profs., true, but surely is not that an enviable distinction? Many times they failed, but is it not written, that tho'"

"Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success,
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is no less?"

And verily, they have known how to fail.

And therefore the Lounger answers, let us congratulate the Flunked Contingent on a new life of "gai-lardise," and pity ourselves, who, mourning our gay companions of yore, rest still within the pale of the Faculty's grim jurisdiction, and try to be glad because we still are slaves.

Freed from bondage, they give us a degree; but sometimes 'tis a bootless game, and the candle is too often but a puny wick. However, the philosophers say it is good for men to work, and the Lounger isn't sure they're not right. Only he does at times envy the Flunked Contingent.

The Lounger has run across the following marginal notes found in a second-handed "Notes on Heat," purchased at the Co-operative Store: I needed a shave, and I had forgotten to take my razors to New York, but there was a barber's shop on the other side of the street. The small boy who opened the door handed me a printed card. I wondered what it meant, and read: "Customers are supposed to be gentlemen. No flirting or mashing the attendants allowed. Conversation on any subjects but those of general interest strictly forbidden." On looking around the room, I saw what it all meant, for the barbers were all women,—women who in their black dresses and clean white caps and aprons, looked neat, attractive and pretty. I did not talk, but wondered while I was being shaved whether I might not need one twice a day.

There was another entry, which, being deemed worthy of perpetuation, is dedicated to the author in the following form:—

I fell asleep in the bath-tub,
I dreamed I was drowned, and — well,
Tom found me, turned on the hot water,
And I dreamed I had gone to ——.