Lounger can realize that it is his good fortune never to have met them. The students as well, passing in and out, are an interesting lot, each betraying his class and kind. There is the Freshman with his still confident air of proprietorship, the jaunty Soph., the jovial Junior, and the Senior with his general air of satisfaction and a sort of respect-me-I-am-going-to-graduate look that the Lounger has often envied. Here may be distinguished the sorry grind, the gay chapel attendant, and the overflowing athletic fiend. Next comes along an absent-minded prof. with eye fixed on vacancy, who stumbles up the steps regardless of the many hats so shrewdly doffed about him. There goes the instructor, whose careful toil with the young idea has not yet rendered him oblivious of the world about him. Here now is Mrs. Stinson slowly climbing the steps, and the older students stand carefully to one side and greet the kindly soul with courteous bow. When the crowd is gone the postman comes with his mingled load of joy and pain, his dainty notes and tailors' scrolls. The electric cars go buzzing by. At last the Lounger is alone and at rest. The moments fly uncounted but not forgotten. 'Tis now growing late, and the daily coal team makes its appearance. The lumps of potential energy go rattling harshly down the scuttle, regardless of the busy minds within old Rogers and of the nerves of the Lounger on the steps. Even this cold harbinger at last is gone, but still the Lounger lingers, for another daily visitor is yet to come. Ah, here he is! 'Tis the organ grinder with his linked sweetness mechanically turned. How the Lounger would miss this angelic imitator! But fainter and fainter grows the tune, another loaf is ended, and the Lounger hies him to a more comfortable if less interesting resting place.

At Luncheon Time.
At luncheon time, when odors rise,
And, with a whiff to appetite,
Ascend old Rogers spiral stair
Into the dull abodes of care,
And with beguiling breath surprise
Till visions bright our minds devise,—
Stew, soup, croquettes, and chocolate pies,—
How sweet the dream on these to fare
At luncheon time.
Ah, hard is fate! As I surmise,
A counter bare before me lies;
"What hast thou left, O maiden fair?"
My stew is gone! Ah, where! ah, where!
Next time I'll be, you bet your eyes,
At lunch on time.

Her Picture.
I stand and gaze with wonder;
For some artistic elf
Has sketched upon this canvas
A likeness of herself.
I pause, not quite believing
That she, who greets me so,
Had left me at the station
But two short months ago.
I fancied, as I told her
How soon we then must part,
That 'neath her long, dark lashes
I saw a tear-drop start.
And I had said in parting,
Her face I sore should miss;
I promised love unchanging,
And sealed it with a kiss.
And now I hold her picture,
And speak with gentle tone;
But lips oft used to smiling
Respond not to my own.
How cold, and still, and deathlike
Her picture seems to be!
And how I wish that some one
Could bring my love to me.

E. S. M., '96.

A Harvard Man's Lament.
Oh! we all went down to Springfield,
And our hearts were light and gay.
Oh! we were so blithe and merry,
And our purses, heavy—very;
For we surely thought to carry
All before us on that day.
Oh! the bare remembrance of it;
How we sadly stole away.
But tell me, how in thunder
Did the gods of fate so blunder:
Were we fools enough to squander
All our surplus in a day?
For we came home in the evening,
When the streets were dark and cold;
And we pondered long in sorrow,
How we'd have to hunt, to-morrow,
For some friend from whom to borrow;
For the Yales had all our gold.

B. S. II., '94.

GEOMETRICAL.
A five-side figure on his coat
I drew; he chanced to see.
He said, "I'm glad I ne'er before
Had polygon(e) on me."

—The Lafayette.