It was only last week that the Lounger was marveling at the beneficent Providence which stayed so long the rude hand of winter, and enabled him to dispense with the chief of nuisances,—an overcoat. Some few days later he was rejoicing in the happy possession of that chief of blessings,—an overcoat,—the same, by the way, he erstwhile had despised.

The Lounger feels that in treating of so important and refractory a subject as a Boston winter, caution is necessary, and that guardedness of statement is highly expedient. However, he regards it reasonably safe to assert that the heavy snow last week was tolerably unexpected, and also that the same snow did not long preserve its pristine candidacy. After these veracious prefaces he feels that he can proceed. The sudden and blizzard-like manifestations produced, at all events, an odd admixture of feelings, partly of rejoicing and partly of regret.

That popular resort of Technology, the steps, no longer holds out the usual inducements for whiling away the lagging hour. The chill breezes that peremptorily invite closely buttoned coats and upturned collars, now forbid the lazy lingering which is the Lounger's chief delight, and the fair maid who trips gayly past Technology is no longer the airy thing of beauty she was wont to be. Bundled in furs, or mayhap disguised in mackintosh, umbrella, unspeakable galoshes, and all the other horrors of a nasty day, she hurries by with down-cast eyes and hasty tread. A few of the hardy devotees still perch on the cold and uninviting granite, courting death in a hundred forms, and extracting a meager warmth from the seductive cigarette. The Lounger is not of these. For him the warm attractions of his fireside and the grateful aroma d'un bon pipe, are far more potent than the doubtful charms of frigid Boylston Street.

Not that the winter season is entirely devoid of fascination. Christmas, as the poet has perspicaciously remarked, comes but once a year. In view of this the Lounger would venture to inform his friends on good authority that this once comes in winter, along with Thanksgiving and other festive occasions which serve to lighten man's hard lot here below. Not every day can one descry the fleeting Bowdoin full-back spurning the snow as he glides gracefully away from the swift pursuers, nor observe with grief and pain the gashed and bleeding countenances of our own players. Not every day does the Lounger's ecstatic devotion to the game bring him within an inch of a pneumonian grade. But whether these chilly pleasures can surpass the exhilaration of a moonlight sleigh-ride behind a self-driving horse, he does not pretend to say.

At all events it would be but scant politeness for the Lounger, confronted by the prospect of many good times in the coming season, to greet it with any thing but his courtliest bow and most engaging smile.

The Lounger has viewed with inward satisfaction the engagement of a coach and the establishment of a training table. The proprietor of a certain resort much frequented by Technology men was primarily responsible for the latter of these two blessings, and is now, the Lounger has it, losing money with equanimity out of sheer love of seeing our team lavishly indulged with milk, beef, and other wholesome articles to their hearts' content. Now that our hardy athletes are properly fed, and daily trotted out under the watchful eye of the trainer, the Lounger's hopes have risen. Election day has passed, and the country is safe. Brown has evinced extraordinary fondness for Technology,—has besought her for another game on Thanksgiving day. Ninety-six is again to the fore with showy schemes of a class pin, and everything seems wide awake and booming. With these comforting reflections the Lounger is disposed to leave the matter, and wish Technology's Dartmouth Street friend much joy.

HARD.
He gets his Latin out with ease,
His Greek with scarce a thought;
And yet a grievous fault he sees:
For Math. there is no trot.

—Lafayette.