It was small comfort that the Lounger succeeded in extracting from his recent hebdomadal perusal of the bulletin boards, though a modest announcement well calculated to inspire eternally springing hope confronted him with the welcome intelligence that certain semi-annual examinations were to be omitted in the third and fourth years. While a single digit no longer suffices to denominate the Lounger's year, he still takes a lively interest in some of the subjects our Seniors pursue—least squares, for instance, having proved marvelously efficient in transactions with "Reddy"—and when welcome examination intelligence arrives, he rejoices accordingly.

Close inspection, however, failed to reveal to the most discerning eye any material decrease in the requirements, and with a melancholy smile the Lounger turned disconsolately away.

But it was with brighter mien that he beheld the oracle guardian's stern announcement on the near-by bulletin that "THIS BOARD IS FOR OFFICIAL NOTICES ONLY." Attractive as are the imploring or mandatory pronunciamentos that find expression in the artistic work of the chirographic expert, it has always seemed as though this board might be indulged with a brief respite, and that it might occasionally bear some more cheerful announcement than the time-honored one about "Notes, for sale by the Bursar." With this thought, the Lounger lately rejoiced to see one of the customary hieroglyphic notices supplemented by a clear and concise invitation to "Buy THE TECH," and later on by an effectively worded summons to the clans of Ninety-six for their class picture. But such uncere- monious treatment of the patent be-castered and be-swiveled blackboard was not regarded with favor by the authorities,—tended to lower its tone, they said,—and henceforth, the Lounger supposes, this coveted coign must be abandoned to cold and heartless proclama-tions from "official" sources.

Hazards on the state of the weather are, it seems, no more to be relied upon than the proverbial best-laid plans of mice and men. Simoons and icy blasts alternate with such bewildering rapidity that one cannot safely predict two hours in advance. It may be regarded as excusable on this ground, that the Lounger's carefully prepared climatic effort which graced his page in last week's Tech seemed, perhaps, a trifle inopportune. Whether the fickle god who rules over Boston weather will have clasped all once more in his icy grip before the Lounger has another opportunity to retract, is of course highly conjectural, and might prove an interesting subject for a bet. At any rate the Lounger is forced to acknowledge a slight weakness in meteorological forecast, which even his years of experience have been unable to dispel. Sun-shine, zero blizzards, and the other interesting phenomena which make up the jolly season of winter, have this year given no assurance of further reform in their waywardness, and the Lounger, like other mortals, must bow to the inevitable, and meekly accept whatever the gods may deign to send.

Neither election losses nor threatened flunks have been able to keep many lovers of the game from preparations to witness the great contest next Saturday. Attractive announcements of reduced rates and the vaunted charms of a special car have decided many an uncertain soul, and the Lounger is glad to know that Technology is to be well represented at Springfield. The Herald's able résumé of the Harvard-Technology question left one in delightful uncertainty, but the Lounger has been assured that Technology's delegation is sure to cheer for either Harvard or Yale, and his heart is at rest.

The old stagers who have seen every contest since "the year Harvard won," together with the expectant crowds of youths and maidens witnessing the great struggle for the first time, are to enjoy a royal good time. The bright masses of color, the crazy, cheering crowds, the whole brilliant scene which the last four years have witnessed under clear Yale-blue skies, form indeed a sight to cheer the veriest misanthrope, and make glad the heart of the crustiest curmudgeon that lives.

The Lounger does not look on this spectacle with any invidious eye. He realizes that such demonstra-tions are not to be seen on our own field, where our doughty players strive heroically in the inspiring presence of a paltry two hundred. Buried under