The Lounger has been thoroughly disgusted with the behavior of the present month since the day of its advent. March, April, May,—not the times to take Sarsaparilla, but the times which forerun summer, and which in themselves form a season whose poetic influence no one can escape,—have not thus far given a particularly favorable account of themselves. What with a belated blizzard and rain without end, the gentle prattlings about the "modest daisy," the "blushing violet," "fleecy clouds," and the other favorite themes, must seem somewhat ironical to any one who needs a lifeboat in order to get across the street, or a derrick to rescue him from the depths of Boston's famous mud.

Perhaps the Lounger should not, however, be too severe on the somewhat delinquent harbingers of Spring, for according to that reliable book, the almanac, this sweet season commenceth not until this day week, and not exactly then either, but at some unholy and complicated hour of the morning, figured down to quarter seconds. To remember that Spring begins on March 21st at 0 hours, 11 minutes, 13¾ seconds is, to say the least, wearing on the nerves. Such unnecessary distraction of our brains the Lounger has always regarded as something highly reprehensible, and he could never see why some one might not concoct a more rational and satisfactory calendar. The Lounger wishes to cast no odium upon the inventors of the present one, for the late J. Caesar, Esq., and P. Gregory, were both useful members of society. However, their calendar, as invented by the former and revised by the latter, is now of a mature age, and shows no improvement with increased ripeness. This is why, perhaps, the Lounger has lately had many Utopian ideas of a new calendar wherein June, July, August and September are given one hundred days apiece, the remaining days of the year being left to the months from October to May inclusive. This arrangement secures a long summer vacation, and should meet with unstinted approval from college men. A further part of this comprehensive scheme provides for an exhilaratingly rapid succession of seasons, the length of summer necessitating the crowding of autumn, winter, and spring all into one day. This may seem a trifle brusque way of treating these particular seasons, but the exigencies demand it. Some difficulties in the way of this scheme have presented themselves, one in particular being that the sun will not rise till about 4 P.M. This, however, is a mere detail, and should the Lounger ever decide to perfect this calendar and foist it upon an unwilling world, these matters can, doubtless, be adjusted. However, as he said in the first place, the whole scheme is purely hypothetical, and may never come to realization.

From present indications the publication of the Lounger's calendar will succeed by some time the issue of the Ninety-five portfolio, upon which much effort is being expended. Few have dared disregard the imperative summons to sit for their photographs THIS WEEK, and, indeed, many of the "doubtfuls" have evinced a suspicious eagerness so to do in advance of any possibly disheartening conferences with the Secretary. Thus far things seem to have been running smoothly, and the Lounger trusts that no sudden fit of shrinking modesty will restrain any of the bashful remaining ones from duly facing the camera as a sort of preparation for their appearance in the Portfolio.

A more important matter which confronts our Seniors just now is their choice of their class-day officers. Much interest has ever centered upon this election, and from its importance, it has, in past years, occasionally been the scene of actions which if not strictly dishonest were far from open and above-board. Let Ninety-five remember that on her Class Day she occupies the most prominent position, in the eyes of the public, which she ever will as an undergraduate body. It is, therefore, fitting that the men who represent her on that day be men who really do represent her. Representation in its strictest sense is what the occasion demands, and all it demands. The list of candidates is a long one, and the Lounger trusts that in every instance the choice of officers may be as nearly suitable as is compatible with human frailty and fallibility. In this case we shall see a worthy class represented by worthy men, on a worthy day, and what more can one wish?