The Lounger is not pleased at the action of the Harvard Faculty in virtually prohibiting intercollegiate football. He finds it difficult to characterize their action as hasty and ill-considered. He would, indeed, far rather withdraw quietly to the seclusion of his beloved chimney corner and indulge in a few well-chosen words of profanity, which might not indeed mend matters to any alarming extent, but which would possibly serve to dust off his mantelpiece or stimulate the open fire. If Harvard football must go, then it must go; which terse and altogether inevitable conclusion is satisfactory only for its brevity. True, the Lounger's purse can suffer no more depletion from ill-advised bets on the crimson, and he likewise loses the prospect of so remunerative hazards on the blue, which roulettish expression elucidates the matter well. The Lounger doubts not that the Faculty at Cambridge has, like every other similar body, its quota of old-notioned persons who regard innovations of all sorts with a suspicious and unfriendly eye. Such there are in our own Faculty, but, the Lounger is glad to state, under his careful tutelage, the personnel of this august body is rapidly improving, and if there is next fall that infusion of new blood which the Lounger desires to see, a constantly broader sentiment than has always been present will be bound to prevail. Such a change will doubtless be experienced also in the body across the river, and should meet with no cries of alarm from the Lounger's conservative friends. However this may be, the facts still stare us in the face, and the Lounger is sure that he is not the only one who sheds a private tear or cusses a public cuss that these things are thusly.

The Lounger has studied with deep interest the "Hours of Consultation," as officially posted in Rogers corridor. A suspicious popularity seems to cling halo-like about some of our worthy preceptors, if the lengthy period in which they may be "consulted" be any token, while with others a sharp curtailment of this time must indicate either an extreme bashfulness or an intention to convey the idea of extraordinary business. This abbreviation of office hours may be only to secure a fuller enjoyment of things outside Technology, however, which the Lounger can easily understand, for tedious waitings to be consulted must be dispiriting. There is another side to the question, and the merry crew who masquerade as assistants and third sub-deputy instructors doubtless derive much innocent joy from seeing their cognomina coupled with an imposing "9 to 11, every other Monday,"—a misleading statement implying excessive occupation,—which the Lounger does not in the least begrudge them, and which he wishes were his to enjoy.

Enjoyment hardly expresses the state into which the Lounger coaxes himself at the sight of a timely weather map in the weather bureau bulletin. These rare apparitions are indeed not without their exciting side, but the Lounger trusts that no undue rejoicing attends their appearance. He is glad to remark, however, a diminutive improvement in this line of late, so that now one has only to glance at the bulletin to observe with accuracy what last week's weather would have been had it not proved the opposite of the forecast. If only a little more enterprise could be shown, so that the Lounger might refresh himself with a sample of yesterday's weather now and then, he would be truly grateful to the worthy functionary who has this important matter under his charge.

Still do our would-be grads find themselves confronted with the seductive appeal to "see the secretary in regard to their records," before making rash bets on the strength of an S. B. Graduation is a fleeting phantom,—the Lounger sheds a silent tear in memory of his own ineffectual efforts,—and carries no guarantee with it, neither before nor after. Still, he hopes that the end of May will see the proud departure of sundry friends of his in Ninety-five, to do and dare, mostly dare, and to commit other important crimes attendant upon Class Day. The festive position with a salary of n dollars a year still dances merrily before the eyes of our Seniors, and the Lounger hopes their quests will be successful. For those that are not, the Lounger could doubtless use part of his influence in obtaining for them situations as polisher of the Lounger's andirons, or in securing the soon-to-be-vacant post of office boy to THE TECH. This latter has proved a valuable man, and the Lounger proposes to get out a fitting eulogy of him later on, in especial memory of his recent efforts in behalf of the janitor.