Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair.

JOHN MILTON has expressed the Lounger's ideas to a nicety.

The Lounger is in despair. He had in readiness a most carefully prepared pastel on Spring, which the harsh effort of the returning Boreas has prevented him from bringing out at this time. The Lounger's effort was, he feels, an extraordinary one, and could but his ideas have met with fitting expression in verse, he is confident that the English Department would have no hesitation in pronouncing him the finest lyrist of his age. [What his age is the Lounger, for reasons of modesty, forbears to tell.] The Lounger's Spring odes are always of a high order, and this year he had devoted himself with supernal zeal to a study of our Boylston Street flora in order that he might more learnedly discant upon and more intelligently assume the poetic fervor over the nascence of the blushing violet and the humble, yet edible dandelion. But the playful fling which old Winter chose to indulge in drove the Lounger's ambient thoughts more into the vein of the useful mackintosh and unsightly galosh, and the spirit of poetry had to go about with open umbrella. Now that the Lounger has once suffered disappointment, he will await a more favorable season for the exploiting of his vernal wares, and next month perhaps he may be able to bring out his thoughts on Spring with less fear of abrupt contradiction.

One incident in the recent '98 election the Lounger regards with approval. This is the presence of one of the fair sex on the electoral committee. It is a worthy custom and one in which example was set by the present Seniors during the literary period of their career, who found the restraining influence likely to be exerted upon the vehemence of debate to be most salutary. The Lounger has sometimes thought with dread of the period in the future when female influence shall have become as potent here as at B. U., and when shall be hung from the Dictionary in The Tech office the sign "No Gum Chewing during Office Hours." But at present the sterner sex is in sufficient majority to be magnanimous, and to exhibit its chivalry and its confidence in the judgment of the Co-Biologists.

During the holiday of last Monday, while the Lounger was holding down his desk in The Tech office, he was aroused from a reverie by a knock on the door, which was followed by the bashful entrance of two little boys of perhaps seven years or so.

"Well," said the Lounger cheerfully, "what can I do for you?"

"Please, sir," they said in unison, "we want to see the animals."

"Very sorry," said the Lounger, "but Tech is closed to-day;" and with an air of disappointment his tiny visitors went downstairs. When they reached the corridor the Lounger was overtaken by an idea, and hurrying after them he suggested, "Your mistake is quite excusable, but perhaps you want to go to the Natural History Rooms?" And with a graceful gesture he directed them to the next building.