If the Editors of this paper could possibly conceive the weariness that steals over the Lounger when he reads that accursed annual local about the board steps, they would not put it in every year. However, the statement has one value: it is a sort of official sign that winter has begun, and that very cold or very hot weather, or some weather between, may be expected. Of course you are never quite sure which, but you can generally rely on having some of each kind every day.

Apropos of this, the Lounger remembers that an instructor, who ought to have known better, asked him once to tell the difference between the Bursar and a thermometer. The answer was that the thermometer sometimes moved fast.

There is nothing which is better calculated to thrill the heart with pleasure than the sight of a regal munificence. It was, therefore, with delight that the Lounger perused the accounts of the Republican Club, and saw that the Faculty had generously furnished part of the needed pecuniary support. This action may to some seem to savor of rash extravagance; it may be urged that such open-handedness tends to destroy the self-reliance of the students, and to cause them to depend overmuch upon such outside help. On the other hand, when the Lounger considers the circumstances of the case, the enthusiasm of a hotly fought campaign, and the fact that the instructing staff enjoyed the vantage of the buildings from which to observe the demonstration, he cannot but feel that the extravagance was justified. The total amount contributed by the Faculty was one dollar: and since if this were divided equally among the professors it would entail only a sacrifice of a postage stamp apiece, it would seem that the display of generosity was quite excusable.

One notable sign of the times among our gallant Juniors is a certain downiness upon the upper lip, betokening that the period of the "Technique" picture is at hand. By diligent training and coaxing several literary and musical lights will present an appearance of great ferocity when their photographs are at last taken. Upon The Tech Board the genial custom obtains of refreshing the inner man after the arduous labor of facing the camera, and when the proud Editors have hied themselves to the refreshing shade of the Old Elm, the Lounger intends to join them. Pleasant is it to sit in the long afternoon, puffing the cheroot and quaffing the foaming stein, while the merry jest passes and the risqué anecdote is told. Pleasant is it to watch the stern editorial brow unbend, and to hear the editorial tongue wag gayly as the editorial throat grows moister and yet moister. Almost one can dream of friend Fellner's native land, and seem to see rollicking students, natty lieutenants, and rosy mädchen. Alas, when we emerge into Tremont Street we are but poor representatives of the aforesaid students,—the only uniform in sight is worn by a huge policeman with no eye for the picturesque,—and the flaxen charmers are but meagerly imaged by the thin forms of the matinee girls.

Another manifestation of adolescence among certain of the sons of '98 is even more offensive than the hirsute eccentricities treated above. This is, the flaunting in the face of festal day of long-tailed frock coats and high hats by youths whose growth and bearing does not befit them for such embellishments. Leaving aside, indeed, all questions of youth and age, of modesty and dignity, the propriety of this costume may gravely be questioned. The Lounger's latest advices from London friends lead him to believe that the reign of the frock coat is over,—for a time, at least. The only chic thing at present in the metropolis is a long cutaway of some rough, grayish cloth. The Lounger hopes that this timely information will prevent any more of his friends in '98 from rushing headlong into rash expenditure.

AT THE SPRING.

Life is a wellspring, bubbling up
Where God hath rived the rock Eternity;
Out of its over-brimming cup,
I know not but one draught is all that is to be.

Then shall I take, and not with fears,
My cup of mingled good and ill, nor shrink;
Drinking right bravely, that my tears
Make not the water bitter for the rest that drink.

—Colubria Literary Monthly.