With the advent of spring comes a great grief on the soul of the Lounger. Truly is it written that man enjoys only when the enjoyment is denied. Or, with the poet,

"There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away."

To such and such like broodings is the Lounger constrained to give vent in the course of his Sunday constitutional, when he observes the fair landscape well-nigh obliterated by the procession of creatures who ordinarily obtrude themselves and their wheels on the public view. Especially painful are they at this season of the year. Here have we more or less successfully arrived at the conclusion of the winter season with free passage of our streets from these interlopers. Now do they appear in force upon the highway and afflict us with their dangerous speed, with their hideous sounds, and with their mostly disagreeable personal appearance. As to this latter consideration the Lounger has personally inspected many hundreds of cases, and will answer to the general correctness of his statement. As applied to women riders he has yet to meet with the one to whom the position and dress is personally attracting. As to those whom he is accustomed to observe on the highway on a Sunday morning, there is little of the feminine apparent. In all the scale of human nature, the front seat of a mixed tandem is quite the most unpleasant object with which a self-respecting personage would wish to be acquainted. And now are we to be deluged with many thousands of these for the next month's time? With pleasure, therefore, we believe our Co-eds. have not yet descended so low in the grade of civilization. For this, and for all other blessings which they deserve, are we truly thankful. But the many of the Sunday crowd will continue to parade their ugliness upon us, from which there is no escape, so that only now, too late,—do we appreciate the quiet, and the calm, and the beauty of the unobstructed and unimpeded highway and hillside. Would that, in the pleasantest season of the year, we might have it without this admixture of tarnish and tinsel.

The Lounger was pleased to see by a notice on the bulletin-board of the Glee Club, recently, that that organization was to hold a "Business Meating." This is undoubtedly pleasant, but the Lounger would suggest the phrase "Lunch" as more succinct.

The Lounger sympathizes with the careworn President of the Junior Class, slave to the arduous duties of office. Though on the verge of physical wreck, he still enjoys the possession of his mental powers to a degree sufficiently astonishing. In support of which, the following: This gentleman is in the habit of journeying to our common "mater" on the same train as your servant. On account of the nervous strain, so he said, attendant upon duties of the aforesaid office, of which the agony of Institute Committee meetings is not the least, he generally succumbs, in the course of the journey, to the soothing influences of a quiet nap, the Lounger meanwhile paying his respects to his briar in a forward car. It is our habit, when reaching our station, to meet outside and travel together to the Institute. Now the aforesaid gentleman is a sound sleeper, and no little curiosity was aroused in the Lounger's mind to learn how he punctually awoke at the proper moment of leaving the train. To all inquiries as to which, he remained strangely silent. Thereupon the Lounger resorted to strategy. Now, after many failures, owing to the trickery of a certain fair accomplice, he has at last unearthed the base treachery of this supposed friend, the mere mention of whom fills the Lounger with horrid wrath. Now, at last, he exposes his shame to a justly angered world, for the other morning on the Lounger's returning to the rearward car somewhat before the time of arrival at the usual station, he found this fellow asleep, it is true, but,—you will not believe it, and the Lounger could not at the time,—his head resting upon the shoulder of a fair young maiden! Ah, so this was his trick, to get me stowed safely into the forward car, while he chatted pleasantly—in his sleep—to the dear girl! No, Mr. President, hereafter the Lounger has nothing but two-year-old exchange clippings for you.