Howbeit we be as yet far removed from that state of perfection wherein the senses do each and conjointly receive entire satisfaction, yet does it well become us to so regulate the trend of our activities, that we in no wise provoke the general aesthetic displeasure. This, it will be observed, is a mere rudiment of social law, the necessary bewandtniss of material progress, as our good friends over water would say. And yet, here at the very threshold of our Institute, do we note rude violation of the aforesaid principle, violation which must sorely offend, besides ourselves, many good citizens in no manner accountable for the havoc now painfully apparent to the casual pedestrian of Boylston Street. The Lounger refers to the truly sad despoliation of the fair earth by those enthusiasts of the racket recently ejected from their most happy and obscure reservation. Be it said that there is no more hearty, nor perhaps skillful, player of the game than the Lounger; yet does he endeavor to restrain the dictates of his zeal within the bounds of due moderation, in which endeavor he finds himself tolerably successful. Therefore does he lament this rude upheaval of the sod in the pursuit of pleasure for the few, having, indeed, rare faith in the virtues of a blade of grass. If the honorable gentlemen will permit the indiscretion, the Lounger would suggest that they remodel the nature of their clubs and follow him to a fair green of many good acres extent, where, with no little pleasure to themselves, they may drive, and put, and stymie, and loft for an whole afternoon together. For saith not the poet, when, his occupation gone, he finally rises triumphantly to the occasion, "So that now it but remains for me to die, sir, Stay, there is another course I may pursue; And, perhaps, upon the whole it would be wiser, I will yield to fate and be a golfer, too."

With due respect to the editorial management of his friend the Editor in Chief, the Lounger takes pleasure in suggesting the extreme advisability of publishing some article on the question of gymnasium improvement, it being almost a week since anything of that nature has appeared. There is nothing like tiring a man out to win a point.

In the course of a recent recitation one of our most esteemed professors in theoretical science was heard to make the following remark, the truth of which is by many held in considerable uncertainty: "These notes are written in English." For the persuasion of the incredulous the Lounger has gone to no little exertion in substantiating the professor's statement, which he is now able to divulge in its entirety. It will be remembered that the cause of incredulity hung entirely upon two expressions appearing within the notes under discussion. The first of these was \( \Omega = z \pi (1 - \cos \theta) \), which upon first sight would appear slightly unfamiliar. Yet its very simplicity was undoubtedly what misled the Class, and, indeed, the Lounger among them, until, upon looking the matter up, he ran across it almost by accident in his English Grammar. It all came back like a dream in a moment, but for the nonce it had slipped his mind. The other expression was, if possible, even more simple,—

\[
V = \iiint_r \left( \frac{1}{r} \left( A \frac{\partial}{\partial x} + B \frac{\partial}{\partial y} + C \frac{\partial}{\partial z} \right) \right) \delta S - \iiint_r \left[ \frac{\partial A}{\partial x} + \frac{\partial B}{\partial y} + \frac{\partial C}{\partial z} \right] \delta x \delta y \delta z
\]

As a matter of fact, he failed to find it in his grammar even upon very careful inspection. At this he, too, was very near to thinking the gentleman might have stretched a point for effect. But one success compels another, as the saying is, so he stuck to it night and day, looking over great masses of material in the search. Finally he discovered it in a most unexpected quarter, gracefully disposed among equally interesting examples of printer's ink—in an old spelling-book, formerly our most intimate acquaintance at the primary school. But one does forget faces, you know, no matter how good a memory. No, gentlemen, the professor is correct, although it appears the English language is undergoing so rapid a process of change that this once familiar friend had quite escaped our attention.