It is difficult to preserve equanimity under all occasions, and The Lounger is one of those to whom the sight of the venerable board coverings placed on the steps of Rogers is as impressive as it is pathetic. It is, however, some consolation that the historic invitation offered by the authorities has been kindly accepted by Nature who promptly returned courtesies with a slight snow-fall the day after the coverings were laid down. It was a microscopic snowfall, but enough, nevertheless, to prove the value of the coverings as a weather register. Winter is now officially inaugurated and all unfinished pursuits such as Fall Tennis Tournaments will now go into winter quarters to await resurrection next spring. It is sad to think that these ancient coverings must herald such unpleasant phenomena as snow storms and semi-annual examinations. But this season has its consolations, and The Lounger must admit that a week's vacation at this time of the year is a fact exuberent enough to make even the Bursar feel sentimentally inclined. And when The Lounger comes back to sit again on the Natural History Building steps with the Junior Class in accordance with the custom which has become fixed, it will be with a better appreciation of winter and of the old board-coverings then he has so far had.

The Lounger's conservative tastes received a rude shock on Thursday last when he was so bold as to open a Tech. The Lounger has always thought, and, whether justified or not, it has been a sweet pipe dream, that his small contribution of two columns per, was in a class of its own and beyond the ordinary cheap Freshman literature with which the rest of the paper was filled up. If The Lounger out of the sadness of his heart uses expressions derogatory to the production of his fellow editors, he hopes the great provocation may serve as an excuse, but when he is rudely taken from his proper position and transferred, without so much as "By your leave," to a place opposite locals and alumni notes, he sees nothing remaining for him to do but follow the example of his pictorial representative and turn his back on them.

Oh, woe! Oh, woe! that The Lounger heeded not that adage, "Do not count your chickens, etc.," and, reckoning without his host, broke forth in exuberant jubilancy and thanksgiving over the fact that he would not have to buy any more books until after Christmas. He takes it all back for he forgot about Hal, Jr., and his notes on Theoretical Electricity and Professor Pear's most extended treatise on The Mode of Minimum Equilateral Rectangular Parallel-grams. The only thing he is thankful about is that these ancient coverings must herald such unpleasant phenomena as snow storms and semi-annual examinations. But this season has its consolations, and The Lounger must admit that a week's vacation at this time of the year is a fact exuberent enough to make even the Bursar feel sentimentally inclined. And when The Lounger comes back to sit again on the Natural History Building steps with the Junior Class in accordance with the custom which has become fixed, it will be with a better appreciation of winter and of the old board-coverings then he has so far had.