The LOUNGER was pleased to note that though many changes have been passed through in instituting Field Day, yet there was one factor which remained constant—that was the weather. This time the conflict took place not on the old South End grounds, but at that establishment called Charles River Park, an institution of that obscure village across the Charles known as Cambridge, the seat of the chief preparatory school of the country. No doubt the manipulators of the occasion thought that the change of scene from the accustomed champs de combat would effect a change in the weather conditions; but the charm was worthless. Possibly the old omen of the eternal railroad train moving along the top of the fence was an old association too strong for the tender susceptibilities of the God of Rain. At any rate, the Institute woke up on the nineteenth day of this month to a day the skies of which were as dull as a lecture in Metallurgy of Iron, and as hopeless as is usually the prospect of getting a check for twenty-five cents cashed at the Bursar's office. It appeared, however, that the ardor of the Field Day supporters had not lessened,—though one found it hard to be enthusiastic outside the covered grand stand. As for the crowd, it was as heterogeneous as could be desired, and The LOUNGER's heart was gladdened at the presence of the feminine element in such numbers. The flags, so new an institution, were a delight to The LOUNGER's eye. Unfortunately the members of the Faculty present were not so enthusiastic on this score as possible. The Secretary, who had, withal, come to the games without an overcoat, like a hardy underclassman, was not provided with a flag—not even with a megaphone. However, what inspiration was lost here was made up for by the presence of the "Military" Band—which was no doubt a beneficent institution, the two pieces played during the afternoon doing much to enliven the surroundings. They evidently worked on the principle "To hear is nobler than to be heard." As for the games, the football play began at an auspicious moment when, through some temporary aberration of the weather, the rain held off—or, in more modern parlance, went to the extreme rear, and was seated. The sun made a vain endeavor to show itself, but retired with a FF. The field, surrounded by a wet asphalt track, resembling the river Styx flowing around Hades, would have been admirable to skate on, but was not so trustworthy when it came to football. Still, with all these advantages, The LOUNGER's friends, the Freshmen, carried, owing to a lack of playing on the part of the Sophomores, everything before them. When it came to the relay race the numerous advantages of a wet and flowing track came, easily to be seen. One needed to run not so much with a view of onward progression, s = vt; that was done for him; but more to the maintenance of a running position, something which seems indispensable in a relay race. Gradually the enthusiasm heightened, but it was not until the appearance of a rope of some six thousand yards' length that it grew beyond bounds. Twenty-five men on a side lined up by the rope, and after due preliminaries began to pull. No doubt it would have been close but for the general instability of terra firma. This, however, was so much a part of the general consciousness that it was not noticed. Such is the history of the day. Scarcely less interesting than the scheduled events, however, were the diverse, though minor, operations of the day—chief of which was the procession of rushes, which took place after the tug-of-war. As usual hats were at a premium, as were almost all articles that could be torn or broken. As a delicate relief to the wilder play, The LOUNGER notes for the benefit of Course IV. Seniors that their erstwhile Co-ed of the second year was present at the games,—forming a radiant vision. So, also, when he is indicating the more delicate parts of the stage settings, The LOUNGER is fain to record that the decorations of the grounds were well arranged, the charming motif, "To Hell with '05," being worked in filagree and whitewash on the little pagoda in front of the grand stand. Various other adornments were visible of the same pattern, but none so effective. Again recurring to the pleasanter side of the day, The LOUNGER is glad to say that the earth, having suffered from a drouth of two hours, now began to feel the gentle rain once more. As the multitude watched the rushes on the field the rain fell on the just and the unjust, on the heads of the mighty and of the weak, on the Secretary of the Institute and on the popcorn seller alike. So the crowd stood there until approximately seven o'clock, when The LOUNGER being overcome with the pleasure of the day, retired. Just is the scorn poured upon any grind that on an auspicious occasion like this will work in the drawing-room or lab., even if it be to placade the wrath of those who, turned sports on this occasion of battle, will distribute flunks the next day, as members of the instructing staff, with the impartiality of a god.