Each year The Lounger has watched, about this time, for the announcement of the arrival of the board coverings to the steps; in this week's issue of this journal of enlightenment he was privileged to see this sad notice. The black lines are always irresistible, and, as Arlo would say, they always "command the handkerchief." This year, however, brings out the fact that the winter is to be longer than usual. For several years The Lounger has recorded the dates of this annual catastrophe, and, having plotted them with \( f = \frac{\text{length over radius of gyration}}{\text{a variable in terms of the wheel-motion of the head mechanism of the student}}, \) as abissae, and the stress of his feelings, \( f = 0 \) as ordinates, he has been able to derive a curve showing that the tendency has been towards shorter winters. This year, however, the tendency, like a Freshman at his first exam, in Chemistry, experienced a reverse. He searched the pages of the "Applied" for a reason, but beyond a table of tests of compressive strength of half sized lead cubes, there was nothing bearing upon the subject. But it did not do to become discouraged at this point. One day in discussing the question with Thompson, The Lounger suddenly grasped the fact that if we are to have a week's vacation at Christmas, to compensate for the disintegration and dissoluteness that if we are to have a week's vacation at Christmas, one o'clock arrives, has already departed, not however without precautiously turning up eight more seats, lest, perchance, the first set should be shamelessly appropriated ere his return.

Under the stress of circumstances, some unprincipled Senior, milk and banana laden, covertly swipes a reserved seat. A bill of complaints is immediately served on Mrs. King by the outraged Freshy, and in the words of the song, the dastardly Senior is requested to "eat from the mantelpiece standing," in lieu of which he purloins another seat, this time with well-merited success.

Through the blue haze of encircling smoke The Lounger catches occasional glimpses of the dying embers of the grate fire and soliloquizes. In 1900 a number of Seniors were blindly led down the perfumed path to Hymen's altar, where to be united in the sacred bonds of matrimony even before they had graduated. In fact, if one were not at least engaged he was looked upon as out of date, an antiquarian. But Naughty Naught was a wondrous class, a phenomenon of its kind. When Naughty One's gray-haired contingent came along, the line of reasoning was changed, and things were otherwise. There were no benedicts. To make up for this seeming lack of sentiment, and to keep up the standard established by 1900, self-sacrificing members of the instructing staff began to pop the question (and successfully). But now, in the Class of 1902 comes the revival of the state of affairs which existed in 1900. It is this condition of things which has set The Lounger to soliloquizing. Even at this early date engagements have been announced, and one or two marriages have been whispered of. The latest to be congratulated is of the tribe known as fourth year miners. May his joys never grow less!