The recall has been sounded, reminding us of the expiration of our time of furlough, and all of us who have "fooled the profs." and earned a right to remain as Tech. men without having to answer any embarrassing questions, together with those few whose natures are of that happy, elastic sort which no amount of hard luck can discourage, or even depress for any appreciable time, are treading anew in the old, worn paths that radiate from Buildings Rogers, New, and Engineering, the Shops, and the Hole, stopping now and again to congratulate or sympathize with, as the case may be, our fellow-students and classmates.

The crowds about the bulletin boards afford the usual means for distinguishing the different classes one from another, while our "birdie" is much worried by the many applications for back mail and forgotten umbrellas.

Tuesday was a melancholy enough day for beginning work again, with the rain falling, now in sputters, and now in torrents, but always falling, and always finding its way to the back of one's neck.

What would dear old Boston do if she had to depend on the weather for any single one of her occupations or means of livelihood? Ugh! The thought is too dreadful; the Lounger is ashamed of himself for suggesting it, and apologizes.

And, now that you have had a good chance to test it, what do you think of Technology, on the whole, '94? Some of you think it's awfully hard, and all work; but in that case you haven't taken hold in the right spirit. You haven't gone to the theatre Saturday nights, you haven't gone down street Friday afternoons, or possibly you don't belong to a fraternity, which is a pretty serious thing as things are just now.

Compare notes with some fellow who has discovered these and many others of Technology's advantages, and he will show you how much better off you are than you think; that this isn't a hospital for grinds, but a place where our one care is to learn our next day's lessons, after which we do just what we please, in a city which, of all others in this glorious republic of ours, is the best for satisfying the yearnings in that line of any human mind.

The Lounger has been asked to express some of his views upon the subject of one of our editorials this week,—the method of distribution of our mail matter.

As the Lounger is supposed to be trained in the art of self-control, he cannot excuse himself on the ground that his opinion wouldn't look well in print. This almost cuts the ground from under his feet, as there is no subject to be suggested which offers him such large inducements—inducements that it would be folly to attempt to disregard—to retire to a secluded spot and forget himself in an earnest soliloquy. Most of those whom the Lounger has heard speak upon the matter have intimated that it made them tired; but it doesn't make the Lounger tired,—not until after he has left the corner, anyhow. Is it the traditional perverseness of human nature? is it utter disregard for the comfort of the students? or what is it that allows this system to continue? Echo answers "Continue," but Echo may possibly be wrong, though it hardly looks so now.

The Lounger has been having a merry time of it lately. His sanctum has been invaded by his patrons on the Board of Editors, who, for the first time in their term of service, certainly, have been able to utilize the few off hours allowed them by their Tabular Views in some more restful manner than in wasting persuasive arguments upon a contrary Muse, and chewing trouble off the end of a H. H. H. pencil.

Jokes that would double our circulation have flown back and forth, actually piercing the rings and folds of tobacco smoke with their sharp points.

And so the Lounger joins the Editors in congratulating our contributors for their energy, and exhorting those whose editorials, communications, etc., do not appear in the present number, to have patience, as lack of space cuts out what we would otherwise publish at once.