The Lounger hardly knows what to say this week. Nothing wonderful has happened that has not already been discussed to a threadbare condition. The Lounger is also oppressed with “that tired feeling” peculiar to this season of the year. Ah! that is the point; the Lounger will proceed to discuss spring—beautiful spring.

Spring, the mother of all that is beautiful in nature, is here at last, and with it come thoughts of home, dreamy love fancies, flowers, spring suits, and last of all the approach of the examinations. Alas, that this one drawback should mar the exquisite pleasure spring imparts to each and every Tech. man. Did the Lounger say one drawback? He mistook; there are others which fall on some lightly, scarcely perceptibly, and on others with the sickening weight of despair; for it is at this season that our bursars, tailors, and mince-meat makers all conspire to make life seem a horrible reality instead of a pleasant dream, as it was before these fiends commenced their direful work on bills.

Among other things, spring almost always produces the characteristic feeling mentioned above. Some people call this ennui, and the Lounger thinks it is a very good name indeed. He used to hear it called by another name when he was a boy, a disagreeable kind of a name that he got very tired of. He used to suffer from ennui quite often. In fact it had become almost an incurable chronic disease, and the Lounger was fast becoming very thin. This leanness, however, was only an indirect result of the ennui, caused by his breakfast being postponed to his usual dinner hour every time he had one of these attacks—for they always commenced just as the breakfast bell rang.

At last the Lounger resolved that his case was desperate, and that he would make one mighty attack at the root of the disease. The coachman was ordered to pull the clothes violently off the bed every morning at 6 a.m. The scheme worked splendidly, and the Lounger fast regained his lost flesh.

One day an old friend of the family, an aristocratic Southerner, made his appearance for a week’s visit. He was exceedingly stiff and formal, and made it an especial point to be punctual in all his engagements. The morning after his arrival the Lounger came down stairs somewhat earlier than usual, and, much to his surprise, found the colonel, faultlessly dressed as ever, taking a stroll in the garden. Pleasant courtesies were exchanged, the colonel remarking how beautiful it was to rise thus early and hear the birds singing, and to see the flowers opening. Then the Lounger “caught on.” He had given the colonel his room the night before, and forgotten to warn the man. The colonel was probably peacefully dreaming, when Roberts aroused him in what must have seemed a most uncenemonious manner.

The Lounger has mentioned the terrible ordeal that is so rapidly approaching, and which is incident to spring or early summer—the annual exams. Upon the result of a few days depends our lifelong happiness or our eternity of despair and regret. It gives the Lounger a cold shiver to think of it, and that he may not be here next year to carry on this one-sided conversation once a fortnight, or that he may necessarily have to be such a “grind” as to be unable to do so.

But let us not dwell longer on this doleful subject. Let us look at the good things spring brings us, or is soon to bring us. First, rest, and utter forgetfulness of the terrible feline serenades that so many of us have been involuntary listeners to, almost every night, during the last few weeks. Second, the pleasant anticipations of returning home to relatives, friends, sisters, and other fellows’ sisters. And third, no more eating of hash and darning of stockings. Buttons will again be discovered and used, and the Lounger can smoke his pipe and read his paper without a care for the morrow.

Thus endeth the chapter on Spring.

Warm weather was never meant as a cure for weary brains. Yet the warmest weather of the academic year, coupled with the hardest work, must now be endured by our most weary minds, until about the first of June, when we may hope to leave our business and take a rest. Surely this is rather a doleful time of year. Everyone grinds harder every day. Every day increases the length and decreases the width of the faces of all our worthy contemporaries. Lastly, all our worthy contemporaries, day by day, linger less and