For at least three years to come, blessings and good wishes will follow our departing Seniors through the world, as we who have been left behind step up to our lock boxes, and, with tender, lingering touch, draw forth whatever there may be within, free from all anxiety as to the frame of mind of our "Birdie."

Affairs in this little world of ours have taken great strides towards improvement and perfection during the last few weeks, and the Lounger feels more cheerful than he has since the day he discovered his colleagues running their fingers in turn, not through their hair, as had been the old custom, but through a goodly pile of manuscript that the careworn Editor-in-chief had collected that morning from the various boxes.

Athletics have been pushed to the front in most glorious fashion; we have heard well-defined rumors concerning some dirt courts for our patient tennis players; and then there is the post office.

After all that has been said in praise of that same, the Lounger sincerely hopes that '91 won't succumb to a case of swelled head, and thereby spoil the noble sentiment that moved them to do such a mighty deed for the emancipation of their successors. But the Lounger has no serious apprehensions of such a result.

And how those records of ours did go, to be sure! It was a great pity that there was such a small number of Technology's representatives among the spectators on that grand occasion.

There is only one occasion of importance left before Class Day,—the Freshman Drill. Doubtless the manly bosom of each modest Freshie swells with pride beneath his little blue jacket as he marches up and down across the well-worn floor on Exeter Street; while some, we hear, are devoting a dangerous amount of time to experiments for the determination of the most effectual distribution of packing for the improvement of their shapes.

A very dangerous practice, Freshie, because, as in the case of a great many fair decoys who will look down upon your antics from the balconies in Mechanics Building, it always shows.

During their abode of four years, more or less, in Boston, Tech. men become familiar with many peculiarities of this peculiar city. One that perhaps strikes us most forcibly on our first arrival, is the number of wandering musicians who ply their trade beneath the windows of the Back Bay.

There is, probably, no college in the country where the monotony of tedious lectures upon the many subjects that our profs. delight in, is so cheerfully relieved by the dulcet sounds of the hurdy-gurdy, the asthmatic hand organ, and the scores of other specimens of the creative genius of the human mind, that are wafted from the street below through the windows of our lecture rooms upon the balmy breezes of spring and autumn days.

How pleasant it is to hear, mingling softly with the grand periods of our Professor of Physics, the invigorating strains of "Little Annie Rooney!"

Seated in Huntington Hall, anxiously and too often vainly striving to catch and transfer to paper the words of wisdom anent the stormy mutterings in the Old World, that flow in a golden stream from the lips of our honored lecturers in Political Economy, how soothing to our troubled minds is the sweet assurance from some light-hearted warbler in the sunshine without that the clouds will some day roll by.

And how heart speaks to heart in sweet and trusting sympathy when, lost in the barren, yet unpeopled wastes of the Paleozoic, Cenozoic, or Mesozoic Eras, we hear afar off the promise of peace and rest to come, borne to our ears in the familiar words of "Where Did You Get That Hat?"

Often has the Lounger, calling upon the Editor-in-chief, found that much-taxed individual, with wrinkled brow and frowning countenance, struggling to capture some idea that hovers tantalizingly just out of reach, and then suddenly seen his face relax into peaceful serenity as "McGinty" comes rushing to his aid, primed with awful secrets of the deep. Many a time and oft, gentle reader, have you owed the pleasure that you have gained in perusing these pages, to gentle St. Cecilia, —speaking in various melodious voices soothing words of encouragement to us weary toilers amidst the busy life of mighty Boston.

We smile at the sheeplike trustfulness with which Boston is always ready to follow the lead of some pedantic bellwether, and at other of her eccentricities, but we like the hurdy-gurdies and German bands.