The loss of a good instructor is to be deeply felt in any institution, and the Lounger shares sincerely in the general regret at the departure of Mr. Emery from Technology. Since his first coming to the Institute, Mr. Emery has been one of the most popular of our instructors. He has been able to share so fully in the feelings and sentiments of his students as almost to seem one of them, while he has brought to his work an earnestness which commanded respect and awakened answering enthusiasm. Of his method of teaching it is not necessary to speak here; it is best outlined in his own work on English Literature. Suffice it that it has been original and successful. The whole secret of his success as a teacher has been shown in the scrap of conversation which came to the Lounger's ears one day. One '93 man was saying, in that tone which expresses surprise at oneself, "Somehow or other I like to go to Mr. Emery's lectures; he makes them so interesting." But regrets are useless, and the Lounger can only join in with the rest in wishing him voyage and all future happiness and success.

The Lounger would very much like to meet the "Ordinary Man." He heard of him the first day he came to Tech., but he has never, in all his varied career here, chance to run across him. This Ordinary Man is a remarkable creature. He is the one being who can do thirty-four hours' work in twenty-nine, and condense four hours' preparation into two. He takes honors, and yet is by no means a mental and physical wreck. The instructors seem to know him remarkably well. They know all his points by heart, and nothing delights them more than to hold him up as a shining example. The Chemist is informed that although he is strongly recommended to put in double the time scheduled for laboratory work, yet, of course, should he only put in the required time and accomplish all that could be expected of the Ordinary Man, he will doubtless get his "P" at the end. In the drawing room, the student, as he wrestles with a twelve-hour plate, learns that as it is thought the Ordinary Man could do it in six, that much time has been allowed. We can never hope to equal this remarkable creature; we can only wonder and admire, and meanwhile we must put in our non-required Saturday afternoon lectures in "Thermo," and our non-required hours in laboratory and drawing room, and not complain, because the Ordinary Man does it all and is satisfied.

It has been impossible for the Lounger to feel funny this week, and doubtless his effusions lack their characteristic humor in consequence. At this season all the springs of joy are dried up in him as the examinations approach. The present is, however, only dark by contrast with the vacation so nearly at hand, so he bids you one and all cheer up as much as possible, and wishes you a successful bluff and a pleasant summer.

As it is the Lounger is glad that his parting words come at such a time that the minds of all of us are occupied with something besides examinations. The worst is now over, while the Senior may already be congratulated on having nothing further to worry him except possibly the especial attitude he shall assume in reading his abstract or the sort of time he expects to have at the ball.

The rest of us are already making our plans for the summer, and are fully appreciating and enjoying the relief of not having to allow for time to grind.

The Lounger has had as hard a time as everybody else at this period, things having taken more than the usual amount of trouble to go wrong; and then, of course, there's been no possibility of falling back for sympathy upon one's friends—they have all been grumpy and sour-visaged, and it hasn't taken much to bring down a shower of shoes, match safes, or whatever happened to be within reach, sometimes unaccompanied by language, and inspiring awe by the simple but effective manner in which they fly for the mark, and sometimes urged on by familiar words of encouragement. But it doesn't last long, fortunately, and friends appreciate each other all the more after such outbursts. And so good-bye until next summer.

Why is the forum crowded?
What means this stir in Rome?
The place is full of organ grinders
The Yankees have sent home.

—Harvard Lampoon.