Perhaps our readers are tired of summer vacations. Perhaps they long for work, and return with gusto to their study. Then, again, perhaps not. The Lounger thinks, however, that there exists in everybody's mind that well-known something that enables one to enjoy a rest, and to go slowly and reluctantly to work after the long, luxurious “loaf.”

Why should we look lovingly upon anything like books, those weary companions of so many night hours?

We have had a glorious time this summer, free as we have been to follow the lazy suggestions of our relaxed faculties. Even those unfortunate ambitious ones who, restless and ill at ease when unemployed, still insist on “grinding,” have had it all made easy for them; they have only had to pronounce those magic words,

“I'm one of those students from M. I. T.;
I'm just 'horsing' for work for these summer months three,”
to receive such splendid offers, and so many, that some of them never return.

But now we fortunate ones return to do as we are bid by the ruling powers.

To some of us, especially the lower classmen, this may seem an easy task. But for the Lounger it means the beginning of another fruitless year; fruitless, that is, as concerns H's, C's, or even P's. Nobody ever studied longer at Tech than the Lounger, nor harder; nobody has been more anxious to please. For ten long years has he striven for that degree—not exactly because he wanted it, but because he heard the voice of Duty sternly calling on him to strive; and yet always the enchantment of his corner in the Tech office has proved irresistible, and the Senior class has marked the limit of traversable ground.

He has sampled all the courses; each refuses to allow him to escape the FF.

But on the whole he is satisfied, realizing that his mission is, not to pluck honors from the reluctant hand of—Fate, shall we call it? but rather to stick to that corner and preside over the affairs of Tech, in company with that all-patient Editor-in-chief. He loves the Institute in spite of—perhaps because of—its funny ways. He is the devoted friend of all the students, though they may not all know it, and he may not know them all; while below and at the bottom of all other feelings lies his anxiety for the honor and good fame of Technology.

And yet he does not work, you say? Ah! then you don't know him. And, again, if you don't know him, you must be a Freshman, possibly a Soph. It has never happened that any Tech. man who has passed beyond the second year has been unknown to him. He has worked as hard as any man, but unfortunately not in the Prof.-pleasing line. He doesn't know why the professors aren't pleased, exactly. Perhaps he is too anxious. Perhaps his brain is not of the right caliber. Perhaps he looks out too much for other people's business. Ah! that is it; he has always been more anxious for the good advancement of his fellow-beings than for his own. Old comrades of former classes, will you not uphold him in this statement? Why, yes, of course you will.

Without boasting, he is sure he is looked up to by all the students as a sort of a guardian angel, having been here so long, and knowing all the ins and outs as he does.

So, Freshmen especially, and also Sophs, pray come to him as do the rest of Tech.; come to him with your sorrows and with your joys, and, knowing the ropes, he will cheerfully put the right one within your grasp. If you are bold, see him. If you are timid, write him. But whether you are bold or timid, read what he has to say. He is always to be found in The Tech, if not in the office, then between the leaves. According to custom, he will hold a public reception on Wednesday next at one o'clock, and on Saturday next at noon, at which times an opportunity will be given for arranging future conferences. A cordial invitation is thus informally extended to all.

Now that he must close, he feels it right to say that, knowing the importance of a true college paper, he cannot too strongly recommend to you as such The Tech. The following is an adaptation of the closing lines of Pope's "Essay on Man," and refers to all Institute men and matters:

And, spite of pride in erring reason's check,
One truth is clear,—whatever is, is found in "Tech."