One of the places of special delight to the Lounger is the chemical supply room on the top floor of the Walker Building. There the Lounger has found a sympathizing comforter in the time of those trials well known to Tech. men; there he has found bandages and poultices in time of accident; there he can chat with Mrs. Stinson. At noontime, when the Freshman lab. is deserted by all except the silent janitor, clearing up the wreckage of the morning's work,—at noontime, just when Mrs. Stinson is warming her chocolate over a Bunsen burner, then does the Lounger like to listen to the story of the early days of the Institute.

"Yes," said Mrs. Stinson, as she put the order slips in the pigeon holes, "I was probably the first woman that ever stepped inside Rogers Building. I went into the laboratory to help fit up the desks before the upper part of the building was finished. How we did work that week! Everything had to be unpacked and put in place before the classes could go to work. It was cold then, and I remember how Professor—— came in early to build the fire in the little cylinder stove. Sometimes, if I was there first, I'd build it myself. But then, everybody took hold and worked. Oh, but how the students talked when they found out that a woman was to have charge of the supply room! They threatened to leave in a body; and they drew pictures on the blackboard of long-armed old maids, with glasses, dealing out the chemicals. They said that they would drive me out. But they didn't. They acted like gentlemen; and before long they would bring me flowers and do little favors for me; and some time afterward they told me how they had hated the idea of having a woman in the laboratory, and how they had planned to make it disagreeable for me. But they were all nice fellows, and I liked them. Never, since I have been here, has a student spoken an unkind word to me, or ever did an unkind thing. Of course some of them may get a little impatient because I can't wait on them all at once, but that is very seldom.

"In those days the chemical laboratory was where the assaying laboratory is now; and right between that room and the furnace room was the broad stairway going up to the main corridor. They took that away, and put that little winding stairway in its place. I can see now just where each man's desk was, and remember the names and the faces. I tell you I surprise them when I go to the alumni dinners, and go up to a man and call him by name, and tell him where his desk was.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr.—. No, I have no beakers of that size up here; but I'm going downstairs pretty soon and I'll pick out some nice ones for you. The beakers are getting scarce now; I guess they'll have to order some more."

As Mrs. Stinson goes down the elevator for supplies, the Lounger takes his leave, feeling better for his chat with one whose heart is big enough to hold real sympathy for everyone; who always has a cheerful word and a helping hand for those with whom she comes in contact.

Verily, comrades, Mistress Nature is an odd wench. The Lounger remembers a nursery couplet which incontrovertibly (we use this word with a purpose, to dispel any possible idea of dormant nursery propensities) which incontrovertibly, we repeat, stamps April as a month emphatically characterized by rain.

And yet the Lounger's attention has been called to the fact, which it is impossible to gainsay, that since the Tennis authorities decided to wait for rain before rolling their courts, in order to give them the full benefit of the treatment, that, that decision being reached, April has completely changed in character, and now holds the record for the dryest month in the year. Not one drop of rain fell this month, until the 21st.

Now suppose that the tennis fiends had been unable to secure the services of a deaf-mute to gently wave the nozzle of the garden hose to and fro; suppose that they had confidently awaited the flowering showers of Boston's April, that make glad the heart of the crocus, and bring forth from beneath the pavement the gamboling angleworm. Ah no! we men of Technology are made of sterner stuff, and we now record another triumph over the forces of nature, deeply sympathizing with the various local Weather Bureaus, which have been patiently predicting "showers, followed by uncertain, clearing weather, light winds," since March whisked round the corner in a parting gust.