After four months of fresh and fragrant experiences, the Lounger finds himself seated once again in his old, worn, hard-wood chair under the eaves, and realizes that his great responsibilities are waiting to be assumed once again; and the field to be covered seems certainly as large as ever. Old associates come back to a few new things among the many old and familiar ones. Our hard-worked architects have been removed from the distracting influences which have heretofore surrounded them in Walker Building, and are now able to take up their pen and brush in "new and commodious quarters," sufficiently far from the busy haunts of the toiling Electricians and Physicists.

The expostulations of unsuccessful boiler gangs will no longer float upward to disturb the aesthetic vibrations of the poetical ether which surrounds their castles in the air, and they will doubtless profit from the change in many ways; though the Lounger has fears lest their unwonted seclusion may produce deleterious effects upon their manners and familiar tolerant dispositions. But then, they may choose rooms in The Dormitory; in which case they will be able to preserve their reputations as nice, sociable, well-meaning fellows.

But the Lounger thinks the greatest noticeable change is the substitution of an able-bodied, warranted-to-tick clock in Rogers corridor. The Lounger was much dumbfounded when he first missed that old face, and found a watchful timekeeper in its place.

The Freshmen are here in larger force than ever, and seem to be even more inviting than usual to the evil-minded Soph. Ninety-six's first week was, of course, taken up in speculation as to which of the old schemes they would innocently adopt for the exclusion of the '95 member from the presidential chair.

We miss the old familiar voice and aspect of old watermarks like Dick Waterman and Allen French, and other popular after-dinner enthusiasts, with fresh tales of tubs to retail to admiring fellow-gossips; and yet '92 still has a few stars shining in our busy firmament. Trowbridge has found it impossible to disappoint his longing to shine among us for a little while yet, and stalks up and down between rows of trembling Freshies in the mechanical drawing rooms, in the congenial society of our old friend, Mr. Burrison, with whom he will exchange subtle confidences. Friend Burrage renews his experiments upon cats in the biological laboratory, and solicits contributions from St. James Avenue collections, strictly first hand. Jumble Gamble appears very well in a new — hat (it has several names). Our sprinter, Buckholz, still pursues his degree, which, we feel confident, will drop into his open hand next May. (Talk of "Rides for Life," weird chases, and all, commend me the Technology Sheepskin Handicap for excitement! Through what Deserts of Despair, where we are led on and on by the tantalizing mirage that beckons while it ever recedes, do we toil our trackless way! Riding leisurely along on the home-stretch, how often do we find ourselves in the veritable Slough of Despond that used to worry Christian in the old Bunyan days! If you don't cast a shoe or two, you'll be sure to split your breeches.)

There are others whom the Lounger has noticed and heard of, but they desire to seclude themselves for the present, and so we pass them by.

The Lounger reflects with a pang or two on the necessity of seasoning his observations of current trouble with excursions into scientific Technology lore, and wonders which will suffer,—the lore or THE TECH.

This is the season when the subscription agent meets with his annual disappointments. The Lounger sincerely hopes that his efforts will meet with some of the success they most certainly deserve; while he hopes in addition that the students at large have awakened to the fact that they are connected with an institution which is justly entitled to some small share of support for the few organizations representing the social and athletic spirit in which our leisure allows us to indulge.

Bearing in his hand a conspicuous notice, "Now is the Time to Subscribe," the Lounger welcomes to Technology the Class of '96.

A Sure Sign.

My summer flirtation is over,
I know it has come to an end;
For Molly has signed her last letter
As "Ever sincerely your friend."

H. A. R.