After four months of fresh and fragrant experiences, the Lounger finds himself seated once again in his old, worn, hard-wood chair up 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 exl)ostulations 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 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.