Spring, gentle, modest, forlorn spring is coming, and has sent a messenger to warn us. The University girl has arrived. Of course the University boy comes too, but, he is an "unmentionable." No, the girl only has our interest, and we pity her as with sad humility she ascends to the cross professor's den, there to wrinkle her calm brows upon her first partaking of the centimeter gram. Poor thing! Poor Charlie! And yet the Lounger awaits her coming, for then he cuts another notch in his calendar stick. Soon now the warm sunshine will send through the warm stones warm warmth chasing up the vertebrae of those basking on the steps. What would these do were there no motley procession of females to contemplate twice a week? Skating, with its terrors, has probably left us, and the Lounger sighs aside a sigh of relief, for he can now hope to say adieu to that insignia of the Freshman, the gray cap embossed with brass letters above and a face below. With sinking dread he has seen it approach him with uncertain certainty, at last to disappear, chasing schoolgirls' laughter. Dear, kind, Freshman, curb your ambition! Do not let the balmy breezes of budding springtime find you abroad with that insipid crown upon your head! Don't disgrace us! Don't!

To glide from thoughts of spring to those of lovers' woes is natural, even in chilly Boston, where the quivered god finds game in plenty, in spite of the glib pedanties of the woman-suffrage maid. And while it may seem at first sight that the soil of Technology is but a barren one for the seed of love to flourish in, have we not the testimony of ages to assert the susceptibility of the Junior? And the poet who coupled a young man's fancy in spring with thoughts of love surely made no exception against the sons of Tech. Which is ample excuse for a homily on love from the Lounger's pen.

And in dealing with this fatal subject, perchance the Lounger may strike a chord of sympathy in the famished breast of him who whites away so many sunlit hours "on the steps." Surely it is love that draws his yearning gaze toward the tripping maids who flit by him on Boylston Street. Otherwise would he hie him to the Chapel, where are exploited the doughty deeds of Freshmen and the wiles of struggling Seniors.

And it is even whispered that the laughing meddler once found his way into "the stables," where he did some wondrous freehand work. And that alone should silence all detractors of his power.

There is but one place unknown to him—the secretary's office. There the poor boy is cruelly frowned down upon. Woe to him who approaches that awful shrine with careless smile! Most wonderfully and fearfully made are the attending handmaidens there.

The Lounger misses the announcement that the coming glee club concert is to be given for the benefit of the Football Association. Are they not worthy of this assistance? Surely, considering the outlook for the future. It would seem that it is being forgotten that we should in time of peace prepare for war. That the Association is ahead of the game now is certainly a subject for congratulation, but it behooves us to make hay according to the proverb, nevertheless. Ponder on this.

The Lounger learns that there was much spice ripe for the winnowing at the Freshman dinner last Saturday. But the choicest bits that have reached his ears, were contained in the accounts of the words of the august toastmaster of the occasion. One morsel was his severe advice to his pupils to pilfer not the spoons and saltcellars, as was once disgracefully done by '93. And he proceeded to dwell most fully on the stain thereof. The Lounger's informant also dwelt gleefully on the manner in which this master of the revels criticised the toasts, after the applause which greeted each speaker had died away. The remarks of such a one were worthy of even his commendation. Another's periods were too laden with flippancy; there was some good stuff amidst the chaff, however; let him train his thoughts to freer spheres of fancy, and at some remote occasion he might prosper passing well. He regretted to have to state that the thoughts of a third were too hopelessly entangled in the mire of the unseemly things of life; he hoped when next he had the privilege of addressing such an assemblage he would not feel called upon to speak disrespectfully of the toastmaster. And so on, a mal-de-mer.

But the Lounger is assured that the explanation lies in the fact that the gentleman has not yet been able to rid himself of a "European manner" acquired while passing through London on his way to Tech.