Once more the mill turns, and the Lounger finds himself again musing before his fireside. The detested grind is over. Prof. and student have done their worst, and the result is indeed sad. Recurring years ever remind us that our appreciation of the Tech. exam. paper is incomplete, and the recent test was no exception to the rule. Of all the concoctions created to quiet vaulting ambition, the Lounger must admit that recent productions were by far the most successful. The Technology exam. system is still in a healthy state of being, and its store of surprises is not diminished. Yet there is comfort to be found in the knowledge of general depression. Most of us may join the flunked fraternity, and, after all, this society is most popular, and representative of those at Tech. Freshmen especially are given hearty initiation here, and may be assured of meeting many congenial spirits. Technology life receives much of its interest through the feeling of mutual misery caused by faculty reminders of our failings. Those of us who are reassembled may still struggle on, and be thankful that the worst is no worse. The Lounger's most earnest sympathy goes out to our departed friends whose futile efforts have been unappreciated. Sadder, and wiser too, let us hope, they go to tell their tale of woe at those pleasant hosteries where Technology is unknown, and where examinations are but a farce.

Yet, as every rule is proved by an exception, at Technology, too, there was one exam. that partook the nature of a drama comique. That was the one to which the flaunting flag called the assemblage of militiamen. That surely was the day of the mighty. 'Tis true there were other exams in progress, but who could doubt the superiority of the one whose questionings, held on this day, were proclaimed from the housetops? The paper was one well calculated to strike terror to the heart of the trembling deserter. Imagine the assurance and forethought necessary, for instance, for the young idea to "describe the motions of a man when about to signal," and "to locate the balance of the piece" without the assistance of the apparatus of the physical laboratory. Ah, this was hard! 'Twas no wonder the Lounger sighed when the lofty leader came proudly bearing to his office the carefully stated opinion of the Freshman mind on this important subject. Weighty reading, this, and one which has doubtless taken much care and time to correct. During the vacation week the Lounger had occasion to enter the deserted building, where no sound was heard save the clicking of typewriter, and the hollow echoes provoked as the Lounger ascended the stair. Imagine his surprise, then, to read on the "office" door, "Will return at 3:15." The work, then, was not yet done, and a host of admirers were doubtless expected to besiege this popular rendezvous.

The Banjo Club did some very pretty work in the midst of exams., and the Lounger takes off his hat to the fifty-dollar prize. Harvard says nothing, but the Lounger does not despair of a victory across the Charles before the season is over. More concerts are now in order, and more plums by the wayside, if possible. The banjoists are picking their way manfully along the road to success, despite the loss of fame to be garnered in by a tour around the continent, and the average Tech. man is satisfied to have their plunkings within reach, and to enjoy local splendor. As for the Glee Club—they lie low.

The Society of Arts held an interesting assembly just before the exams. The chairman, the secretary, and the speaker of the evening were there. The old clock was also there, but its rusted wheels gave forth no tick to disturb the thoughts of those present, and its face sadly gazed into vacancy. During the evening a single student peered through the crack of the door. The remarks of the speaker were not recorded, and were received with enthusiastic silence. At length the leaders withdrew, the lights were extinguished, and silence reigned as before.

Now, '96, show your mettle. The class dinner is at hand. The place is unexcelled, the price is moderate, and the speakers are popular. The Lounger anticipates thrilling narrations of the successes of the occasion. The Juniors have led the way by a most successful gathering, and the Sophomores may well follow their example.