Old Prob has again bestowed his smiling favor upon us, and the Rogers steps have blossomed as the rose. The Lounger hesitates to issue the yearly pastel on Buds and Bird Voices, for Buds are scarce, and some varieties of the Bird family are more so just now, yet it is still a pleasure to be able to chronicle that for another season the busy students have issued from the dark resorts of winter and basked in lukewarm sunshine "on the steps." The steps have not yet shed their clumsy mantle, and the window seats have still a somewhat chilling effect; but withal these petty incumbrances there is no time so delightful as when, after the winter's hibernation, the first opportunity comes to indulge in mid-day reveries in full gaze of the passing world of Boylston Street. Once more do old-time faces appear, and old acquaintances are renewed, as one after another stops to exchange greeting and to inhale the brisk air of these fine March days. Again has the odoriferous pipe and more popular cigarette sprung into prominence, as the merry idlers have congregated to pass the hours with fancy free. The Boston University girl is again with us, and Dame Rumor says she is a trifle more comely than usual. Verily Spring is upon our heels.

These are balmy days in the Signal Corps. Its members, who give their gratuitous services in this sphere of usefulness despite the many disadvantages and discouragements it involves, are fostering love and veneration for American patriotism by exchanging ill-timed jokes and worse concocted remarks through the medium of energetic gesticulations. These message senders follow with religious care the passing events of the day, and by solicitous questionings exchange common civilities on all those subjects so attractive to the Freshman mind. Earnest inquiries regarding George Washington, and inspiring remarks on the health of "Lieutenant H." are ever popular and in order, and wayside reflections of less general interest are by no means neglected. Only the Bugle Corps with its periodic strains at melody rivals the sturdy band of signal men in point of interest, but as regards numbers and general frivolity they are scarce to be compared with the latter august body. Indeed, as one having authority has said, if the daily increment to the Signal Corps continues, the battalion must needs become an imaginary quantity. Excepting this dire possibility which would give us one mighty army of vigorous communicators, it is a clever disposition that turns all the "indisposed" into a common reservoir, even though the making of ill-constructed signs is the only outlet for pent-up enthusiasm, as the hour drags along. It is indeed a highly speculative subject for consideration as to what the shades of Professor Morse would think of this most modern adaptation of the famous alphabet. However, as it prevents the reckless cuts of other days, and forms a union of kindred minds, with many attractions and boundless possibilities, the Lounger does not complain. Besides that, it is a harmless diversion for the Freshmen.

Now that we have been duly informed by an artistic critic, who is, of course, well competent to judge his own work, that the coming "Technique" is to be "stunning," and, as has been knowingly added, "for the first time," it is, perhaps, in order to await the debut of our Junior annual before passing comment on its perpetrators; but such a startlingly complacent introduction as greeted Technology in Rogers Corridor, under the design of a "stunner," can scarcely escape passing comment. This Masterpiece of labored artistic skill, with its flighty superscription, reminds one of those assuring posters,—the harbingers of town elections,—in which self-confident candidates bidding for popular favor, set forth their merits to the exclusion of other candidates of equal promise. Public opinion is ever slow to confirm such flattering estimations, however deserved they may be, and bestows praise most begrudgingly upon those who can sing their own praises so well. If, indeed, the coming creation of the Juniors, is to follow this precursor's prediction, the Lounger would recommend the Bird as the most fitting object for dedication. The Technique Bulletin notices are always a center of attraction, and it is to be hoped that they may be as truly artistic and as devoid of personal prominence, as possible. It is, however, only fair to say that the Lounger is assured that the present seeming ostentation is largely due to inexperience, ill-judged enthusiasm, and youthful indiscretion; all of which are, of course, characteristics oft times common to us all.