With much anticipation and satisfaction the Lounger sees the week of wanton festivity approach, when the busy student is to leave the haunts of seclusion and the dumb pretence of study, for the more satisfactory and quite as beneficial indulgence in social successes. To a goodly number of us the coming events mean at least a few nights less labor, and to many it should be an introduction to a social Technology hitherto unknown. Surely the time has come when each may throw aside the curtain behind which he pursues his individual work, and help to usher in a new period in the history of the Tech. It was a happy thought that suggested the combination of so many attractions for a "Junior Week;" and as the Lounger is assured that even the Professors are with us, the Grinds, too, may show their appreciation of the efforts of those who have contributed to our pleasure as well as to the edification of our minds. The Lounger extends his congratulations to the Architectural Society, the Photographic Society, the Glee and Banjo Clubs, the Junior Class, the French Society, and last, but to the Freshman mind not least, to the Class of Ninety-Seven, for the energy displayed in preparation for the events of the week to come. And now, as has been well said, "Let us enjoy life while we may, for we will be a long time dead."

The Lounger had intended to take a parting glimpse of the opera a couple of Saturdays ago, but a number of fortunate circumstances prevented him, and he remained in The Tech office, musing on the vanity of mundane things. Suddenly he was aroused from a deep reverie by a childish voice, which said slyly, "Papa doesn't know I’m down here." The Lounger arose and bowing politely welcomed a fair young visitor to The Tech office, who was soon followed by her young brother. The Lounger thereupon put forth his best efforts to entertain his visitors by explaining the manifold excellencies of past "Techniques." These doubtful charms soon proved tiresome, and for a time the youngsters were glad to bask in the benign smiles of editors and football players, whose portraits adorn the walls of the sanctum. But even the intellectual glances of former editors could not fascinate them long, and the Lounger was nearly at a loss what to do for their further diversion when the young hopefuls conceived the novel idea of playing a game with the Lounger's hat. In a trice the twain were out of the office racing through the corridors, accompanied all the while by the Lounger's pet derby. Things went merrily till the hat took a flying leap from the top to the bottom of Rogers, amid shrieks of childish laughter. At this exciting moment in the hat game a stern voice was heard from the floor above, and, with bright glances at the Lounger, his two visitors scampered off to greet Papa Burrison.