These are sleepy days. The warm breath of the April air, mildly following the last chill efforts of Boreas and the Pluvian god, has a soporific effect, the indulgence in which is best enjoyed in laggard hours on the steps. To the Lounger the sight of multitudes of fair maids in Spring array, who pass with half an air of bravado, the organ man's irregular melodies, and the accompanying buzz of passing electrics, are temptations to which the dim lecture room and the monotonous drone of the self-occupied lecturer cannot compare. Spring's little infant is now in swaddling clothes, the blithesome bluebirds gambol on the green, and the golden-eyed dandelion peeps up at the Lounger from our green-mantled, wide-spread campus. The Lounger yearns for quiet streams, canoes, summer moons, and all the joys that come with vacation days. The lunch room cat sympathizes in such reflections, yawns, stretches and takes such mild exercise as will prepare her for a pungent sausage and half-demolished croquette.

Meanwhile the Technology world grinds on. The sweltering artisans in Garrison Street, the shirt-sleeved devotees of the drawing board, and the anxious thesis worker, must still buckle to their task. Even the free and easy special must needs hie him to his semi-monthly lectures. The Lounger alone appreciates that Spring, meek-eyed Spring, capricious, indulgent, bock-beered Spring is here, and offers her his tender condolences.

The Tech exchanges are always a source of enjoyment which serves to lighten the Lounger's duties, and which furnish him many tempting opportunities. He seizes every new rural visitor with zeal, to discover new phrases applying to Technology to add to his already copious list beginning with, "school of technology," "pupil at Tech," and "among smaller colleges." The most recent find was one from a suburban exponent of the student's pen, with the opinions of a simple Sophomore on "Life at Boston Tech." This "diligent" worker bravely speaks of the finest of schools where freshmen come to fight for learning's gore, with minds intent on study and no time or desire for outside things, as at colleges. Graphically he pictures the Institute as a chance resting place for foundlings to come and go as the wind of destiny may direct, and presents a thrilling picture of the hardships which he and his mates have undergone since their advent in this poverty-stricken asylum. Athletics, societies, and such frivoulties have no place here, but future fame awaits him who perseveres in his chosen work. All come to work, and know naught but the ceaseless grind of an unsympathizing faculty and indifferent classmates, yet all are inspired with Heaven-born zeal, and discard the petty pleasures of ordinary existence. And all this rant from a Ninety-Six man!

Another fiend who works less ingloriously if more openly for the welfare of us all, is he of signature fame. Absorbed in the pursuit of his pertinacious calling he saunters about with glib utterances to convince his fellow-students of the need of their hearty co-operation in furtherance of his schemes. This time his zealous efforts are directed toward the success of his country library, which alone is to be achieved by the requisite number of signatures to his nefarious affidavit. His bold invitation to all Tech men to subscribe to an absolutely free offer of a capitious publisher has not been neglected. Pity the student who would not aid in such a holy enterprise. Yea, verily, for the signature leaves are made precious by the inscriptions of sovereigns and statesmen, and such celebrities as David B. Hill, Charles Henry, Louis Napoleon, Bernard, Laws and Linus. Surely the bibliothecal aspirations of the rural parish should prosper with the aid of such notorieties.

The Lounger bows his acknowledgments to the Junior Class for their flattering testimonial in appreciation of his efforts in their behalf. Their vote of thanks has been tendered the Lounger intact, and, carefully wrapped in delicate tissue, reposes peacefully by his side. If now the Freshmen and other celebrities will show their gratitude for his care and solicitude, the Lounger may retire from the duties of the year conscious of appreciation of kindly attention lavishly bestowed.