Vacation days present too many attractions to the Lounger for a prolonged stay at the Institute now that the exams are in sight. It is not his fault that a premature entrance to Tech marked him as one of those who must take the exams now forbidden to others, and he has, therefore, decided to decamp. The Faculty are much disappointed, and have made the offer of an unexpected holiday at Worcester, in order to induce him to remain, but it is of no use. What is one holiday compared with a whole summer? Perchance at class day he may return to note the efforts of the impromptu orators, who, according to the custom, will proceed to analyze the unknown virtues of the Institute, but till then his friends must grind along without his genial presence. The Tech presents few attractions now. The steps are becoming "slimly attended," and even the statistics of the chapel have suffered a decided slump. The Lounger's friends in the senior class have now a far-away look, as if the sheep they hope to slaughter are not yet in sight, so carefully guarded are they by the professional shepherds. Even the jovial architects have less time to devote to admiration of the sunny fair maids with charms so lavishly displayed, who adorn the walls of their sanctum. The sudden zeal for work has also seized the Freshmen, and they have decided not to play base ball any more. After an erratic history, athletics are nearly at an end. Harvard has been outdone, and Gus Clapp is happy. Ninety-six has recovered from the odium which certain of her rural babblers cast upon her, and the "Technique" Board, with more or less success, is now fairly launched upon its long, laborious, and altogether thankless task. The Freshmen, owing to the Lounger's care, need not parade in the humiliating insignia of the pretentious militiaman. The brilliantly advertised and enthusiastically conducted boat race between the rival crews of Technology on the pond of the Public Garden has also passed into history—to the detriment of the Lounger's betting capital. That was a poor investment, but the Lounger does not regret the money when he remembers the perspiring countenance of the combined stroke, bow, coxswain and paddle propeller of the defeated crew as he stepped ashore after the exciting bout about the island. The condition of the Lounger's pocketbook has a little to do with his leaving these walls of learning before the annual bills appear. Just thirty cents jingled mournfully in his pocket as he stood admiring the gauzy décolleté costume of our professional company of dancers whose photographs have for so long adorned the walls of Roger's corridor. He was at a loss to know which of his admirers to choose till fickle Fate at a faro game called forth number seven. Still La Negresse pursues the Lounger, and the sweet face gazes pathetically from the mantel. But it will not be for long. The memories of sea-side and mountain-side one-man hotels are fast crowding in, and soon the blissful latitude of vacation and an unaccustomed popularity will drown passing disappointments. As for next year, the Lounger is undecided. The Tech editors are endeavoring to persuade him to return, but the Governor has not yet issued his annual proclamation, and the Faculty are wrestling with their annual uncertainty regarding him. The indications are not promising, but the Lounger is assured that next year the Freshmen will become bold enough to subscribe, that several Ninety-Five men will become Seniors, and so feel impelled to distinguish themselves by possessing copies of The Tech all their own, and that Ninety-Six will continue their present record. Perhaps additional salary offered may still prove sufficient inducement. Besides that, there will be a whole batch of new cherubs ripe for the picking. It is possible that the Lounger will refuse a position offered him in "Life's new building," with the opportunity to use the elevator occasionally, and the call that comes from Ann Arbor to be exchange editor of Wrinkle. The Tech office seems somewhat strange to the Lounger just now. The Janitor has washed the windows, and the office boy has combed down the exchanges, cut a new file, artistically strung the old boards in a chronologically and mathematically exact line around the room, put a carpet on the table, and thrown all the trophies of the Institute Committee into the waste basket. But when the dust of the summer is allowed to settle, the office may resume its old-time air, the Janitor may again forget to try to look through the windows, and the Lounger may return to his much-enjoyed task. In the meanwhile, the health of all and a jolly vacation!