till now it is with but doubtful anticipation that he hopes to unearth a diploma from beneath his heap of Faculty notices and double F's. But through his long and varied experience during his sojourn here, he has become the tutelary saint, so to speak, of the Institute (though denied this title in the catalogue), and he now stands ready to aid, cheer, and mayhap reprove, the busy denizens of the Institute world, and encourage them to be the worthy sons (and daughters) of their beloved Technology.

The belligerent instincts which still cherish the stirring scenes of mimic war are this year to be fostered by a new "professor," who, the Lounger has heard, is a fierce and warlike man, fresh from Fort Assiniboine, with no end of a reputation, and an honorable record. Perchance the pursuits of war, while supposedly hardening the feelings to a certain extent, render the pursuers somewhat jealous of their vanity, and intolerant of good-natured jest. Howbeit, the Lounger anticipates no such disposition in the coming Cap'n, and only trusts that the interesting theoretical instruction to the Freshmen will not savor too strongly of a recondite and archaic character.

While the Lounger's friends, the conditioned men, were struggling with their Thermo and Applied, and what-not, early in September, interesting events were taking place not a thousand miles from Delaware. One of the younger of our learned corps of instructors was having romantic adventures, which provoked startling headlines in the papers, and culminated in a secret marriage and a hasty flight from parental wrath. The Lounger rejoices to know that all these interesting events were finally brought to a satisfactory termination, and that the young couple arrived safely to take up their residence in Boston. Now that the protestations of the young man's landlady have proved false, the Lounger begs leave to make his politest bow, and wish long life and happiness to the young groom and his charming bride.

Verily, time and patience work wonders. It is now the English department that excites the Lounger's interest by the noteworthy display made by one of its prominent members. How much of the four months' vacation, or how many visits to the Seven Sutherland Sisters, were necessary for the grand consummation, the Lounger is at a loss to know; but at any rate they are a well-developed pair, and together with their owner's somewhat marked idiosyncrasies of diction, will serve to mark him more than ever in the eyes of his fellow-men.

The Lounger is glad to welcome certain Ninety-four friends of his to posts of high responsibility and moderate salary in the Institute corps of supervisors. These bright lights, having either dazzled the Faculty's eye or pulled its leg, the Lounger does not venture to assert which, are now prepared to awe the Freshman, be familiarly called "governor" by all others, and to get generally in the way of all good and law-abiding citizens. Some of them may haply leave us after a year's taste of the delights of pedagogy; while others, through inscrutable and extraordinary attainments visible to the Faculty, may be persuaded to stay, ultimately to accept a professorship, and flunk half a class at a time. At all events these youthful instructors have now the Lounger's deep sympathy and best wishes, and may solace themselves with the reflection that he would not change places with them for a big red apple.

It was with a shade of weariness that the Lounger observed certain of the scenes in Rogers Corridor on the opening day of the term. There was, of course, the usual bustling crowd surging restlessly in and out of the office, the usual well-ordered confusion within it, with the urbane secretary staving off importunate questioners as a central figure, the nervous student renting a box, and the anxious Freshie, who insisted upon depositing his bond with the Bird, and all the other devilment of an opening day. Of course, the jaunty Soph. put on his most at-home air, and eyed with curiosity the numerous and palpably evident Freshmen. These latter children whiled away the lagging hour in their usual kittenish antics, shamelessly betraying their youthful innocence by the eager interest with which they played at ball with crumpled-up circulars and notices. Their characteristic delight in these unworthy occupations provoked a weary smile on the Lounger's face; but he would remind them that they are really old enough to know better. Marbles and mumble-the-peg are the only games now permitted in the corridor, baseball, lacrosse, and other popular sports having been relegated to the Freshman Drawing Room.

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