Once more has the Technology mill started on its fifteen weeks' grind, and old Rogers corridor again contains the busy, uncertain throng who, doubly fortunate in averting double flunks, have blithesomely returned to stick it out another term. The Lounger viewed with concern the pale and grind-emaciated faces of his friends as they grappled with the intricacies of another "first day." Verily the results are direful. Some with characteristic luck have again succeeded in making it evident that they had sufficient excuse for paying the second term's tuition bill; others, in despair at the baneful effects of "Technology's Semiannual Nerve Medicine," have packed their little trunks like the Arabs, and as silently stolen away. The Lounger admits the metaphor is somewhat violent, but the subject is a distressing one, and may permit the license. However, it's all the same. The Semies still maintain their reputation as efficient and surprising agents for repressing vaulting ambition. The hard-working, hyper-conscientious grind receives a flunk in his pet subject; the gay and festive sport jolleys the prof., and on the tenuous and iridescent evidence of the blue book receives a large and satisfying P, and merrily goes his way. The Lounger cares naught for marks. Such trifling criteria of ability have long ago shown their weakness in grappling with his case, and he is, as ever, in despair of raising the Profs.' impressions of his scholarly attainments.

Be this as it may, in one quarter, at least, the Lounger's efforts are not unappreciated; for have not his utterances provoked the approbation of the English Department? It was not long ago that a subject for a theme was announced as "What the Lounger Says." Such attention is indeed flattering, but the subject is a distressing one, and may permit the license. However, it's all the same. The Semies still maintain their reputation as efficient and surprising agents for repressing vaulting ambition. The hard-working, hyper-conscientious grind receives a flunk in his pet subject; the gay and festive sport jolleys the prof., and on the tenuous and iridescent evidence of the blue book receives a large and satisfying P, and merrily goes his way. The Lounger cares naught for marks. Such trifling criteria of ability have long ago shown their weakness in grappling with his case, and he is, as ever, in despair of raising the Profs.' impressions of his scholarly attainments.

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The Lounger admits that he was somewhat unprepared for this unexpected attention on the part of the authorities, yet unwilling that he should appear disconcerted at these honors thrust upon him, he will, after this becoming acknowledgment, gracefully retire.

The Lounger was glad to note that impending exams. had no undue effect on the size of the audience at the Glee and Banjo Club concert, for goodly numbers of youths and maidens, papas and mammas, instructors, profs., and others, were on hand to witness the great function of the year known as the Mid-Winter Concert. The Banjo club plunked lustily, and were more than gracious in granting encores. The sedate figures in the frieze shivered chillily at the thought of the cold without. The gilt eagle looked benignly down from his perch in the bunting, the lusty zither players coaxed sweet sounds from their instruments, Mr. Schmitz played Kappellmeister to his heart's content, and all was well. The concert was voted a success, but the Lounger does not despair. He looks forward hopefully to the time when.

"There was an old woman,  
There was an old woman;  
There woz an old woman!"

shall be laid securely in her well-earned grave, and be surmounted by a hundred-ton granite slab. He joyfully anticipates the period when the managers of the Glee Club shall consign "Hannah," "Zwei Bier," and other favorites (of theirs) to a deserved oblivion whence resurrection shall be unknown.

As Hood says:

"Pick them up tenderly,  
Handle with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Ancient, threadbare.  
"Lock them up solidly,  
Nail them down tight;  
Coffin them splendidly,  
Keep their graves bright."