The Lounger regrets that the not too extensive space with which The Tech rewards his efforts, though last week somewhat amplified, precludes the exhaustive resume of the recent "Technique" which he had hoped to lay before an avid public. The Lounger, however, is on the whole pleased with this last addition to the famous books gone before, and only regrets that he might not have expressed his commendation earlier in order to insure a more tumultuous demand for copies. The Lounger's "comp," however, was somewhat tardily received, and through this contretemps, any good he might have accomplished was unhappily prevented. Howbeit, the Lounger congratulates the editors upon their production, and opines that they rejoice that their tasks are at length ended.

The Lounger has just cut in his stick the annual notch to commemorate the arrival to our hospitable buildings of the inevitable Boston University girl. He notes this year a slight improvement over the general brand of previous seasons, and awaits with impatience the time when he may chronicle the arrival of these periodic visitors in the language with which he characterized the fair maids who honored the recent Junior Prom. As it is, however, their daily passings by the gauntlet of Rogers steps excites but ordinary comment, while their inherent faculty of getting generally in the way of good men and true, forms a subject which the Lounger treats with augmenting weariness. Meantime, he hopefully awaits the time when Technology, lass-lorn, and relieved from the necessity of twenty-five thousand dollar appropriations, may reserve its sacred precincts to the use of its own two hundred dollar lieges, and go merrily on its way, self-contained and unhampered.

A word of plaintive beseeching has recently disturbed the quiet of the Lounger's retreat, which had but recently recovered its erstwhile reposeful state after the unwontedly exciting days of Junior Week. This last intruding voice comes from one of our more notorious aggregations, which, having recently invested in a new maitre de chor, has sent a courteous but respectful request that the Lounger exert his laudatory abilities somewhat more conspicuously in their behalf. The Lounger has heard this request with wonted attention, and he offers his assurances that, on the production of work on a somewhat higher plane than has heretofore prevailed, he will most gladly bestow on them some of his most imponderable encomiums.

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