The Lounger believes that any announcement he might make apropos of the somewhat excessive pro-pinquity of the end of term time would go unchallenged. Such a statement, while wholly reliable and trustworthy, might, with the evil minded, be taken as trite, if not offensive, and hence the Lounger is careful not to make it, at least in direct language. Circumlocution, which is a most convenient device of the pusillanimous, is obviously not to be encouraged; moreover, metaphor and direct falsehood are equally liable to run away with their employer. Therefore the Lounger seldom adopts any of these hazardous expedients, or, if he does, applies them in his usual discreet manner, leaving the expectant reader to judge which of them has been for the moment selected. This being the case, and the subject in hand being not a discussion of the principles of composition, the Lounger will proceed.

This year the unusually usual unsuccess of his sheep chase has forced the Lounger to a more than customarily rigorous consideration of his return, and behooved him to weigh carefully the allurements of another year at Technology as contrasted with the prospect of becoming the guide, philosopher, and friend of youth in a field somewhat larger than our college now affords. Certain valuable considerations prompt him to remain, not the least important of which is an offer to edit a new comic fortnightly (yet unnamed), which the little birds whisper is soon to be sprung on the Technology public. The offer is doubtless flattering, but the equally blandishing overtures from The Tech, and a certain fondness for old associations, bid him be true to his old love—till he finds a better new one.

He also confesses a certain curiosity to see whether those of the Faculty who receive the courtesy of a gratis subscription will trouble themselves to the extent of penning an inexpensive note of thanks therefor. The Lounger recalls this year but one of these sufficiently mindful of the amenities to bestow this customary acknowledgment, and to this one the Lounger would convey his sense of appreciation. Perhaps, too, another year may see a little more interest in Technology's only journal among our corps of learned professors, as well as among those wights of lesser degree, who spend their father's money with such easy freedom. This, however, is but profitless speculation, and dispiriting at that. Of more pleasant prospect is the coming of the time of summer moons, and lazy idling in canoes, or upon a grassy bank, or upon a hotel piazza, white duck trousered within an inch of one's life, in the expressive language of an able romancer, not of the Lounger's school; or again, of sturdy bouts with old Neptune, whose realm remains, after all is said, the best place to enjoy one's self in, or on, or, indeed, anywhere excepting under. Life is a pretty enjoyable thing any way you have a mind to take it, and were it not for exams,—oh, well, that is another pair of sleeves, as they say in France (in the words of the same romancer), and the Lounger will leave consideration of this interesting topic to his amiable friends, the grinds, and their no less amiable antitheses, the sports, he himself having, as he may have remarked, no longer any active interest in it. This perplexing question out of the way, no less an occasion than Commencement, with its round of ceremonies, is ushered in by the lusty efforts of the Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Club Co. (Ltd.), an attraction brave to see. This is the time, the Lounger's acumen tells him, when L'Avenir should have sprung its second representation, but as he has scruples against any one's quoting the old proverb about hindsight, he will say no more. This, too, is the time when the festive president of the Juniors casts his eye about him in search of the twenty handsomest men in his class, who shall co-operate with him in finding for James' or Charlie's papa and mamma a front seat, whence to see J. or C. receive his little diploma or perchance speak his little speech; or in renewing their youth as ushers at the Senior Prom.; or in filling their unholy minds with Baccalaureate Sermon when they would much prefer to be at Riverside.

Truly, Commencement is a pleasant period, for all that it marks the end of another year in the college life. To the Seniors, to brave Ninety-five, it is doubtless the most portentous season of their hitherto juvenile existence, and the Lounger wishes he might share its responsibilities and honors with them. As it is, the satisfaction which the Lounger takes in festivities of this sort is largely secondhand. That is to say, he deputes several kind souls to do his graduating