As the Lounger passed through the General Reading Room one day, intent, as usual, upon the observation of human nature, he descried a young Freshman toward whom, on account of family connection, his attitude is that of a paternal mentor. The youth was bent over a sheet of parchment, and his eyes were directed toward the zenith, while his whole expression was that of one in the agonies of composition. The Lounger approached and, thinking it his duty to investigate, perused what proved to be an epistle addressed to the Commandant of Cadets. It read as follows: "Sir, I have the honor to submit the following reasons for the consideration of the Commandant to account for my absence from drill on the nth day of April, 1896. Severe cold, effecting my ears and eyes, has necessitated my cutting all subjects which can be without inconvenience."

The Lounger was shocked at this sad account of the physical condition of his young charge; more acute, however, was anxiety for the latter's moral welfare, when he looked up and remarked, with an evil wink, "I went to the theater that day." Can it be that such depravity is common in the younger generation? Is this the fruit of the Colonel Commandant's instructions in the nature of a bluff?

This is the period when the steps of Rogers once more seem in great demand, and Technology appears to the uninitiated as a place where the weary may rest from their labors.

The attendants at lectures were few in number and restless in demeanor last week when the mercury registered 81°; and many a chemist in the Laboratory left his precious decoctions to boil unheeded, while he leant over the window sill and mused longingly upon some rural nook enshrined within his memory. It was indeed en règle, during those three days, to dream of slow streams which mirror graceful willows; of moonlit hillsides, where one has wandered with the original of the photograph on one's desk at home; and of piazzas by calm lakes where one has sat through long evenings with the solace of a certain tinkling greenish beverage, and the soothing murmur of an old chum's slow voice in one's ear. But though such reveries are seductive they are not stimulating. Stern duty calls, and the annuals are but too near. Then let those who hope for a Degree dream not, but rather grind on assiduously; the Lounger has no very well-grounded hopes in that direction himself.

With the approach of Summer come the manifold alleviations of the Lunch room. It is pleasant indeed to welcome the merry strawberry, the festive salad, and the soothing lemonade. Iced beverages of every description (at least all such as are not prohibited by the watch dogs of the Y. M. C. A.) gladden the eye and moisten the parched pharynx. Even pasteurised milk is now furnished, and with it a typewritten notice from the Biological Department explaining what it is. The Lunch Room, toward the end of the noon hour, is never crowded, and the Lounger is always sure to find the best of everything laid away by one of the attendant graces for his coming. This particular Hebe is more than usually assiduous; and her thoughtful care and delightful salads have helped to gladden many a hot and dreary day.

About this time the Freshmen will receive short and pithy documents from the Harvard Scientific School detailing in seductive phrases the diversified advantages of its curriculum. It is to be hoped that no weak son of '99 will yield to this temptation, or stray from the strait and narrow path into the broad road which leads to destruction. The snare is a skillful one, and perhaps some who are unfortunate in their finals may be lured away by it. This is well; for such would not, in all probability, reflect great credit upon Technology, while, on the other hand, they are likely to be well suited to the spirit of the institution across the Charles. Nevertheless the aim of increasing in number by capturing students who are unsuccessful at another Scientific School is not a laudable one for the department of a great university.

The Three Days of grace are over and the Lounger looks back upon them with gratitude. They served indeed a most worthy purpose as affording a period in which to recuperate from the exertions of Junior Week.