Another Junior Week has come and gone, and left the Lounger a happier man in the possession of an added store of precious memories. The deities of Junior Week vary from year to year; but the Lounger lays his little special tributes at the feet of the deities of each succeeding Pantheon with a grace born only of long and faithful practice. This year his favored maiden at the Prom. was, perhaps, a brown-eyed charmer from Dorchester; last Junior Week she may have been a stately damsel from Baltimore; in '95, mayhap, a golden-haired girl from west of the Mississippi. To each, in turn, the Lounger vows in earnest undertones the devotion of a lifetime; and each is honored with a special shrine in that truly comprehensive memory for which he is justly famous.

The Lounger does not wish to detail at length the usual experiences of any Junior Week. He will let it be taken for granted that he lost his heart at the Prom.; that he duly admired Sheba's calves and ankles, which that over-short dress was especially intended to display; that he sat behind a girl, at the concert, whose car and neck captivated him completely, until she turned round. But his adventures at THE TECH Tea were not of such a stereotyped order, and may be worth relating. The function in question occurred on Friday. The Lounger arose shortly after noon, partook of a light 

déjeuner, and strolled over to the Office. He noticed that the door stood open, and that the whole place was in gala array; but his mind was full of the night before, and he did not take in the fact that an irruption of the fair sex was imminent. Free from any fear of danger, he removed his coat, placed himself, with the exception of his feet, in an armchair, and his feet themselves on the table, and lighted one of the Sporting Editor's best cigars. As he thus sat, serenely musing, the sound of a girl's laugh, just outside the door, froze him with horror. He had just time to take refuge in a curtained recess in a corner of the room. The Lounger thus found himself imprisoned, for it was impossible to come out of his hiding place after the party had once entered, and he was therefore forced to settle himself philosophically down on a dress suit case and listen and observe the progress of the Tea through the gap between the curtain and the door-jamb! And in this manner he remained for two hours, consoling himself for his cramped position by the novelty and dramatic possibilities of the situation. He can assure all those who whispered tender secrets near his retreat that he will preserve sacredly their confidences; and one girl, who asked a fellow editor about him and said, "I do love the Lounger!" he intends to meet.

It is well-known that our present genial military professor has a remarkable influence over his cadets. But even the Lounger was inspired with a more vivid idea of the gallant Captain's popularity when he heard that two Freshmen, being locked out from a lecture on Military Science, last Saturday, walked along the coping and climbed into Huntington Hall by the window.

The social triumphs of Technology men last week were not confined to the Junior Prom. Four Institute men, well-known in athletic and musical circles, attended a "Poverty Party" on Patriot's Day attired as tramps, and two of them particularly distinguished themselves in a cake walk. The Lounger's valet, who took a chambermaid, with whom he is much smitten, to this same dance, looked rather sad the next morning, and when questioned replied, "Well, sir, it's that gentleman with the heavy black moustache as comes to see you sometimes. The girls, they all falls in love with him, sir."

For one thing the Lounger is particularly grateful. This is the demise of the Freshman Orchestra. As the sun has melted the winter's snow, so the warm breath of spring has touched the consciences of these youthful offenders with pity, and they have repented and given up their frightful recreation. It may be that Lenten penitence was the object of the whole scheme, and in this case, it proved a success. It seemed at one time, however, as if the houses on Boylston and Newbury Streets would be deserted; and even the spirits of the animals in the Natural History Museum began to walk away. But now peace reigns once more. May it never be broken again in such a harrowing manner.