The Lounger can picture to himself the eagerness with which that too rare creature, The Old Subscriber, turns over the leaves of this first number of The Tech and the sigh (of relief, of course) with which he reaches this last page. Yes; the Lounger is back again and is happy that it is so. Once, in the dim days of yore, the mystic “S. B.” glimmered brightly before his eyes and each failure to attain the lucrative position of Alumnus was a disappointment. Now, however, his pleasures lie more in retrospection than in expectation, and his position as the genial philosopher and firm though kindly mentor of the little Technology world has become so precious to him that he would be loath to resign it for a degree, even with an offer of a laboratory assistant’s position added. To be sure, the Class of ’97 carried away with it many who will be sorely missed, and in particular the venerable Peach and the lusty Dolly, whose long sojourns almost equalled that of the Lounger himself. It is true that the Lounger’s special lunch-room girl, upon whose training he expended hours of his valuable time and paragraphs of his most graceful blandishments, has departed without even a word of farewell. Nevertheless, there are men entering this year who may, like those who have gone from us, consume eight years in taking a degree. There may be among the new lunch-room girls some who will in time acquire the deftness, the intimate knowledge of the Lounger’s tastes which belonged to the attendant Hebes who no more attend.

It is good to be again amid the old surroundings. It is good to pause on the steps of Rogers in the late afternoon, and after the merry, whistling Freshmen have poured out to watch the level rays of the sun touch Old Trinity with glory. It is good, finally, to wend one’s lounging way to one’s sanctum, where a briar pipe and a sea-coal fire will bring up the picture of sweet August days—of which the Lounger does not intend to discourse just now.

The Lounger is especially glad to return to Technology for the sake of the Freshman. The lot of the Freshman is ever hard. He comes from various rural districts, also from Philadelphia and Chicago, with a high thirst for knowledge and achievement. Then he is given a tabular view and he begins to realize that life is real and earnest. He is bullied by the bulbul of the letter rack, oppressed by the staid tyrant of the drawing room, guyed by unfeeling Sophs, regarded with cold scorn by mighty Juniors. He begins to study Chemistry, he buys books from the Co-operative Society, and performs other unpleasant and dangerous feats, which remind him forcibly that this is a hard, unfeeling world. He is looked at with suspicion as mayhap a dangerous character. Upon the blackboard in the lunch room is inscribed the legend, “Please pay as soon as served,” a clear indication that the Freshman is suspected of an ill-suppressed desire to consume his bread and milk, and then flee through the dim recesses of the mining lab, without making due remuneration.

But the Freshmen must not despair. All days can’t be dark and dreary. Let them subscribe to The Tech and follow diligently the precepts of the Lounger, their especial guide and patron, and in a year’s time they, too, may be haughty Sophomores who have entirely forgotten how it felt to be a Fresh.

In so short a period as has elapsed since the opening of the term, the Lounger has suffered one of those mental and moral shocks which occur but once or twice in a man’s life time. He has hardly yet recovered from the severe tension to which he has been subjected so that his hand trembles even now as he writes. It happened thus:

The Lounger’s printed notes in a certain course have become so worn by many season’s use that he determined to invest a considerable number of shekels and fractions thereof in the purchase of a new pamphlet. So he sought the well known corner of Berkeley Street and Boylston, where many times before his purse had been lightened and his heart bowed down with care. He journeyed on, with eyes diverted, musing over the philosophical advantages of monopolies in general, descended the familiar steps too often trod by the unthinking victim, opened the familiar door whilom leading into the presence of the unpetrified mummy—and fell into the protecting arms of a fashionable ladies’ tailoress. It was too much! Ridler had moved!