A young friend of the Lounger's on entering the office last Thursday afternoon closed the door behind him with an abruptness and a violence which caused the layer of September dust upon the dictionary to rise in a thick cloud. The Lounger, after a few of the usual well-chosen words with which he is wont to admonish the indiscreet, asked the cause of this manifest sentiment of ill humor, and learned the following sad story.—His young friend appreciates to the full, a temporary relaxation from routine and he had started out that morning with pleasant anticipations anent the afternoon's holiday. He even paused to secure a short renewal of the patent upon his leathers, which had miserably expired on the previous Sunday through much chasing of golf balls over dusty fields. At last, filled with fond thoughts of the afternoon's business on Beacon Street, he journeyed to the last recitation of the day in the upper regions of Rogers. All went merry as a married belle, as the saying has it, till the saturnine pedagogue, so favored of Sophomores in the study of Descrip., announced in a few incisive words that, since recitations were suspended for the afternoon, he would distribute the plates to be done at home and handed in next morning! Thus were the poor Sophomore's expectations nipped by a killing frost. Thus was the cause of justice, of health, of honesty, of true love in fact, hopelessly betrayed. And it is, the Lounger does assert, just such small actions which make the Technology student feel that his Instructors (some of them) are men who would sell their ancestor's bones for phosphates. Meanwhile the poor Soph. did his work but ill, his mind filled with thoughts of what the afternoon might have been for him—and for her.

Of the exercises last Thursday evening, the Lounger enjoyed the preliminary gathering in Bumstead Hall out of due proportion. This was the first opportunity of the year to examine the student body as a whole, and to diagnose the diseases which attack special portions of it. The macrocephalous condition of '98 was particularly noticeable. The number of young men wearing frock coats (palpably for the first time) was very large, and potential hirsute adornments carefully nursed for Class Day began to make their appearance. One distinguished Senior was recently discovered by the Lounger gazing with a sad look of wistful longing into a mirror. The Lounger asked what was the matter, and the Senior muttered something incoherent about his "moustache." "O well," replied the Lounger, kindly, "you needn't feel down in the mouth for a long time yet." The Senior went away looking for some reason sadder than ever.

The Lounger, in speaking of The Memorial Exercises, wishes to compliment the Faculty upon the quiet, orderly, gentlemanlike and eminently respectable behavior that characterized them throughout the evening.

The Lounger has a certain conservative tone of mind which leads him always to avoid the untried, and he has thus heretofore avoided that blatant novelty, the Tureen.

Last week, however, he gave it a trial and was agreeably surprised. The newness is so skillful that it really does not show; and, indeed, the Lounger found a cozy nook which recalled more vividly his one-time haunt, the Hofbräu in Munich, than any hostel on this side the water. A flood of memories were awakened in the Lounger's brain of the various spots in the world where he had sat at small round tables and watched the stream of life flow by. What a place for a philosopher is the café. Here are a dozen men all doing apparently much the same thing. Yet each in a moment of relaxation is shaping some plan for the dim future or dreaming of some face in the far distance. That Freshman over there who has been mixing incongruous beverages all the evening and is now growing rather over-vivid in speech and gesture, pulls out his watch and as his eye falls on the commonplace amateur photograph in the case, he quiets down and soon leaves the room. That dyspeptic young fellow near the door who is combining frozen pudding with soft shell crabs will probably have a nightmare later; but at present he is dreaming of something very pleasant, by the soft droop of his dark eyes. The Lounger himself grows pensive over his mug of musty ale. He seems to be lying lazily on a hilltop looking out over wide, brown, meadows through which a distant river winds; and beside him is a slim girl with clear, gray eyes looking out into the distance. Far, far, over the meadows sound faintly the shouts of the hay makers; but on the hilltop the Lounger is silent.