Once again the Lounger returns to the scene of his former triumphs to recuperate somewhat after the festivities of the late vacation. And, in truth, the polite functions in this latter day are sufficiently fatiguing, as the Lounger had occasion to observe when he found himself paired at dinner with the elderly blonde, while his particular maiden discussed a glass of burgundy with the ambassador’s eldest opposite. Once again the greasy grind bemoans the price of oil, even as he wipes the tears of joy from his faded eyes upon viewing his list of “C’s.” Once again the heavy sport turns up trousers for the term’s business and adjusts a rather tougher angle to his slouch. Once again the Editor in Chief breaks off the point of a new pen to be in readiness for his editorial columns. Once again the Lounger tenderly takes his favorite meerschaum from the mantle, and settles himself comfortably into the old arm chair. With the successful completion of these events, the term may be said to be auspiciously begun. But the Lounger is pained to miss many of his particular friends among the rou6s of Rogers steps. There is one especially without whom it will prove most difficult to digest a tolerably comfortable meal. It is, indeed, a bitter parody upon Technology life that gentlemen of this class, all brilliant fellows in their way, should feel constrained to limit the extent of their sojourn among us. But there is one of another sort, a Freshman who was accustomed to use the sanctity of the steps for the base purpose of exposing a vest or a tie of cut or brilliancy out of the ordinary, whom we are pleasurably inclined to notice among the absent. That fellow used to possess a wink which we could never observe, but we were immediately filled with a desire to weep tears of brine. We fondly pray he is now removed to a neighborhood where the malicious intentions of that wink will fall upon arid soil. Once more the Lounger is at your service gentlemen, Co-eds, and Freshmen, and particularly to the latter, though now so sadly reduced in numbers, does he extend the hand as of a brother who has passed through the fire and emerged with yet enough in his pocket to enable him to attend chapel as befits a gentleman of his blood. To all, greeting.

Very interesting will be the outcome of the arrangement of those two roommates who agreed at the end of last term that the one who returned first should pay the lodging bill. As yet neither have returned. This speaks well of their individual resolve to avoid payment if such an end be possible. The value of the case is heightened materially from a political point of view, by the fact that one is a rank free silver Democrat and the other a true-blood People’s Party man of the most pronounced type. In view of this extraordinary condition the Lounger has obtained a private wire at great expense in communication with the landlord, and will receive hourly bulletins as to the state of affairs, which will undoubtedly be awaited with great anxiety. Incidentally it would prove highly entertaining to see the effect upon this landlord if (and who can tell?) neither returned!

Behold! the edict has gone forth. Man, as student, between the tender ages of eighteen and thirty-seven years, is unable to withstand the effects of a mild cup of coffee served with his frugal noonday repast, even though such cup be sugared and creamed with his own careworn hands! This deduction is, of course, based entirely without reference to the vile mixtures of black arsenic and like similar concoctions ordinarily indulged in morning and night by frequenters of the too-familiar boarding house. Therefore have we at our own stand the delightful and non-in toxicant known as postum cereal. This “beverage” is produced by the following simple formula: One-half barrel of cow’s milk is increased to twice its bulk by the addition of pure spring water. This mixture is then allowed to stand over night, previously introducing as many spires of straw as may be easily held in the palm of the hand. To serve, warm slightly and sweeten and cream to taste. The Lounger has tried this drink as an experiment, and it was not successful. If there be yet one possessed of a morbid curiosity to see the article in question, let him step boldly to the counter and call for it loudly by name, but first let him be provided with a powerful antidote. Rather far, however, would the Lounger wish to see his dearest friend perish miserably by slow torture than let him hazard such a step in so fruitless an undertaking.