After many moons of absence, the Lounger once more cheerfully returns to the task of administering his weekly word counsel,—counsel which, it appears, from the inability of the musty parchment yet to perch upon his shoulders, has been again too lightly regarded in certain quarters. Once again he calls persuasively to the timid flock of Freshmen, deep buried in the mysteries of the too familiar schedule, to lend an ear to the words of wisdom issuing from the mouth of experience. Only thus can the tender creature hope to escape from the perils of the crafty Soph., the deadly lunch room, and the wily bursar. And, truly, as many are the snares that lie in the path of the newly arrived, as those that beset the sporty Soph. in sunning a new trouser on the steps of Rogers. No, praise be to Allah! there is but one God, and he is the Lounger. Subscribe to the Tech., gentlemen, and walk in the way of the countless legions that have gone before.

On returning to the Institute, it is refreshing to observe the progress that has evidently been made during the vacation. Have we not a new reading room, all very commodious and palatial, where the innocent Freshman, as of yore, may partake of his bread and milk quite sociably, while humming a soothing lullaby? Yet to the old inhabitant there will sometimes inevitably arise that peculiarly oppressive odor upon which the biologists, former denizens of the place, were popularly supposed to feed; and the quiet will occasionally be broken by the piercing shriek of some harmless beast, tortured miserably in the interest of science and the commissary of our domestic café. Has not the mining department run amuck in the remains of this same dispenser of buns and such like provender, and to our knowledge immediately set up apparatus on the spot for the successful production of lead,—in the dry way? What does it mean? Are we not, too, all of us mentally satisfied in seeing a new structure numbered among Technology's possessions, and are not some of us who have the good fortune to be in Course IV. luxuriously provided with some few of the comforts of life within the as yet unexplored halls of this edifice? The Lounger is given to understand that a member of Course IV. secured the contract for the same, and therefore the present distribution of the spoils. Have we not many new glass houses artistically disposed in the apartments of Engineering for the proper display of many fine intellects of the instructing staff? and, finally, have we not a new "cage," but where—and this is the saddest of all,—where is the dove, the vulture, the cormorant,—the Bird? Nothing will console the many, who believed this was a fixture, like Getty's jokes, for this most irretrievable loss.

However delightful the prospect of our new lunch room is to the eye, the Lounger cannot say that, in its present condition, it is an unqualified success in appeasing a very natural appetite. To one who, like himself, is accustomed to being served with some pretense, he cannot but deplore the present omission of some place of business where he may test the capabilities of his particular Hebe in respect to a well-regulated repast. As it stands, the bodily needs would appear to be somewhat neglected, in favor of those of a more intellectual order.

No one but members of the three upper classes can adequately realize the value of the services of those members of the Y. M. C. A. who considerately spend their time at the opening of the term in the answering of the innumerable questions of Freshmen and others. These gentlemen do ordinarily present a most cheerful aspect, and must of themselves be reassuring to a new arrival in our halls. Yet was there something slightly out of the prevailing complaisance observable one morning when a member of the Class of 1900, unacquainted to the Y. M. C. A. member, quite civilly inquired the price of a chapel seat. When after due explanations had been given the gentleman introduced himself; it is said the Y. M. C. A. member indulged in varied exemplary phrases, heard usually only in fairest examples of speech among the elect of Course IV.

"Evolution," quoth the monkey,
"Makes all mankind our kin,
There's no chance at all about it,
Tails we lose, and heads they win."
—Ex.