SARAH the poet, "What is so rare as a day in June?" to which the Lounger finds little difficulty in making adequate reply, in language coined from the bitter mint of experience, "The paid subscriber." The genus is not extinct, but it appears from the records of the business manager that the climate is not conducive to a flourishing or prolific growth. Yet we have met him even so early as the present date, and as is his invariable custom, the Lounger has awarded him a golden watch in recognition of his pleasure at the meeting; that is, he should hasten to add, he is keeping a golden watch on him, fearing lest he may not again see his like in many moons. Gentlemen, time is flying, as someone has said, and the Lounger is waiting to greet you each with a beautifully printed receipt ornamented with his own fair signature.

It is with an undeniable pleasure that the Lounger learns of a new edition this year of the Peabody Dynamics, —book made familiar to many in Junior year. It is with a further pleasure that he learns that this edition will prove invaluable to students now pursuing their Senior year, and he therefore strongly urges that they exchange their old copies for the new.

Truly what a wonderful psychological change is this annual passing of the Freshman from the timid, confiding creature, conversant of high schools and sweetened porridge, to the great, bold, blustering fellow with the wink to his eye and the nonchalant hang to the tail of coat. And this but the growth of a single summer sun. Here, for example, is the Lounger's friend, the dapper business manager of a year ago, whilom as gentle as any lamb, now master of the fearful "man-sized" weed, and learned in the art of wearing the slouch hat and the flowery "weskit," together with a proper skill in the science of words. Truly when armed with these appliances he is a terrible object to run against, and the Lounger has fears for those of the Freshmen tribe who may chance to arouse his ire when engaged in the duties of his official capacity. Haply he with others of the brand, who by the way do mostly monopolize the privileges of the steps, may at a proper season arrive at a deeper view of the objects of this life, but until then the Lounger at least will take pains to don the aspect of deepest humility whenever he may find himself within a possible striking distance of the ultra-sporty youths.

En passant, it becomes the painful necessity of the Lounger to note the sad failings of the confirmed sport, who, when questioned too closely in regard to the frequency of his attendance at church, was heard to remark, with the offended air of one who has at least attempted to do his duty, that it was his custom to listen to "The Little Minister" not less than four times a week,—a record which he thought would favorably compare with that of any member of the Y. M. C. A.

It is during these days of the great interregnum as to the midday meal, when the Lounger's steps turn involuntarily toward the once populous, but now deserted, winding stair, leading, alas! only to the dreary caverns of the swarthy toilers in the realms of Plutus, that the happy announcement of a "quiet, civilized, and wholesome luncheon," lurking in the dignified interior of the Technology Club, came like a breath of fresh air to the gasping chemist in his lab. Hitherto the Lounger has been only too content and thankful if he could obtain a modest meal for a modest figure, answering to the epithet "wholesome," without recourse to the "quiet" or "civilized" aspect of the viands set before him. Thus far he has been able to keep his bodily and spiritual existence adjacent by a judicious use of the Oak Grove tavern, patronized by instructors and those others among us sufficiently provided with this world's goods to endure the scale of charges there affected. These are barbarous to the extent that he has frequently found it expedient to dine comfortably off the half of a cracker,—a diet, it may be observed, not to be indiscriminately advised. Therefore, it may be appreciated with what a gusto the announcement above noted addressed his feelings. Unfortunately, he has yet to experience the beauties of a "quiet, civilized, and wholesome" soup, fish, and joint, not to mention a dessert. But when the earliest opportunity offers he will gladly hie himself to this new resort, and then,—who knows?—in company with a professor, perhaps, he may empty a bottle or two over a cigar.