With the dawning of the new year the Lounger is pleased to greet a welcome addition to the list of Technology publications,—the Technology Review,—and he hastens to extend to the said publication the right hand of good fellowship. Already, in the short time which has elapsed since the appearance of the first number of the same, the Lounger has whiled away many enjoyable hours perusing its columns, and has acquired no inconsiderable amount of valuable information therefrom. By no means the least of this was the importance so kindly attributed to himself and his colleagues in the eyes of the world. Second only to this comes another announcement, which will be of vital importance to the Lounger’s friends, the Freshmen of next year. Freehand Charlie has in preparation a book of text to accompany his improved, kindergarten methods of learning the alphabet. Doubtless it will soon be on sale “at the usual place” (and the usual rates).

Far more startling than the above, however, is the touching tale of tender pathos and romance, which the Lounger can readily imagine from the announcement of the engagement of two prominent members of the recent graduating class to each other. Imagine the joys of the Biologists! Fellow members of Course VII., four years of daily associations proved all too short. Four years of carving of frogs and turtles together will probably prove but the beginning of similar joint operations upon roast beef and turkey. The Lounger offers his hearty congratulations, and has no hesitation in predicting a largely increased enrollment in the said course.

Although modesty is one of the essential elements of the Lounger’s retiring character, nevertheless it is but natural that he should feel pleased at the celerity with which his suggestions are followed, and the scientific accuracy with which his predictions are fulfilled; and it is only by the exercise of his unusual powers of self-control that refrains from saying, “I told you so.” In which connection the Lounger begs to recall his remarks upon the offering of individual excellence cups, to “bring out” the members of the Advisory Council, and at the same time points with pride to the speech of his friend the secretary, as set forth in another column. A hundred-thousand-dollar gymnasium to be built by the alumni is a truly Utopian idea, toward which the Lounger himself would be delighted to contribute if the gentleman in question would only consent, by the conferring of the coveted sheepskin, to make him an alumnus.

Actuated by motives of equity, and a desire to honor all of his friends, the editors, equally, the Lounger, not having space to include all, is, as a rule, extremely reticent in regard to the many interesting doings of the members of the Board. A recent experience of the genial alumni editor, however, is so in keeping with the making of the laudable resolutions now in season, that the Lounger feels it were worse than burglary to deprive his readers of so forcible a warning. As the time began to draw near for the annual alumni banquet held last week, the gentleman in question began to make vigorous plans for the benefit and furtherance of his department, and for several days his inner man was sadly neglected.

The date of the banquet finally arrived, however, and with it returned the editor’s appetite. A powerful thirst seemed also to demand satisfaction, and soon bottles of cider began to appear at the plate of the gentleman. Here the Lounger has decided to kindly draw a veil over the rest of the matter, and in conclusion will merely quote from a note received by the Editor in Chief on Monday.

“. . . Could not get work done sooner as have been sick since the dinner. Yours.”

The Lounger has recently noticed a most unusual dull and quiet air about all the many buildings. The Chapel seems almost deserted. The attendance in Physics is something phenomenal, and the lecturer commands an attention previously unknown. No longer do little groups linger talking on the steps and in the corridor; the libraries are closely crowded. Old examination papers are studied with diligent interest. Even the lordly architect has lost his usual benign smile and talks sorrowfully of “two exams.” Surely the Lounger could never mistake these signs which all point so unmistakably to single conclusion, the “semies” are at hand.