As the genial summer sun bursts forth with renewed vigor from behind the fleeting clouds of a tempestuous thunder shower, shedding its kindly light once more upon all creation and encouraging the disheartened to be up and doing in the repairing of the damage done by the destructive elements, thus, as the dreary days of the recent examination period betake themselves from us to seek a place in the annals of history, the Lounger returns with cheerful smile to his usual habits of peace and quiet, with a word of good cheer for every unfortunate upon whose head an unappreciative Faculty has seen fit to pour out the vials of their displeasure. To all such the Lounger would say, that he, too, has not escaped entirely unscathed, and that he has even had occasion to marvel greatly at the persistent close connection between the sixth letter of the alphabet and the phenomenon of double vision which is so notably evident on certain official documents of the Institute issued not long since.

Although the Lounger has always been disposed to regard those faithful guardians of the honor and interests of the Institute who are collectively known as the Faculty, as “all, all honorable men,” to make use of the time-honored words which the late W. Shakespeare has so effectively placed in the mouth of one M. Antony, nevertheless in rare instances the Lounger is sometimes forced by his high sense of responsibility to the student body as a whole, and the lower classes in particular, to criticise unfavorably the actions of the said body. In which connection the Lounger begs to mention that wonderful, original, and highly successful (?) scheme of broadening and enlightening the youthful intellect, which is popularly known as “summer reading.” As the season of the annual vacation approaches, the merry profs., fearing lest for lack of employment the busy student should lose the habit of working twenty or more hours a day, assign several dozen or so interesting volumes of light reading for his amusement and profit. In the fall an account is required of him, else he will be quickly transferred to the list of sportive specials.

How simple and how beautiful,—the only possible improvement now being additional lists for reading Saturday afternoons and Sundays during the term! To the man with a trained conscience, however, the matter admits of an easy solution, and, alas! the Lounger grieves to think of the bitter temptation thus imposed upon the honesty of the tender Freshman! How easy it is to place a small cross opposite the names of the works in question, and thus obtain a coveted credit! and the Lounger fears the recording angel has, perchance, been greatly overworked. On the whole, however, the enormous increase of expenses for stationery and postage required during the last two years in sending out D's and notices, as well as the great demands upon the time of a certain chemical professor of loud-sounding name, who is now in charge of the subject, furnishes a noble monument to the honesty of Technology men, and to the memory of George Washington and his diminutive hatchet.

An interesting repository for articles of genera information of more or less importance, is a certain wicker work receptacle, which usually occupies a prominent position in the Lounger's headquarters, used for the filing of many contributed articles not required for immediate use. Of late the Lounger has noticed that its usually ample capacity has been largely overtaxed, and a careful investigation has developed the fact that many of the recently filed papers related to the late French play. Always active and restless, the members of the organization concerned seem to have directed their entire energies to pen and ink; and, while from the beautiful language, gentle terms, and polite expressions which are there to be found, the Lounger feels called upon to say that the work of the English Department seems to have been wonderfully effective, from the volume of communications daily pouring in, it would appear that in spite of the “general decrease in the interest in the French language here at Technology,” which the officers of this “Société du Passé” seem to have discovered, the Institute, as a whole, must have been remarkably interested in the proposed performance.