Once more, after a brief but none the less merry period of unalloyed happiness, the Lounger returns to respond to the anxious inquiries of the Secretary as to his whereabouts during the earlier portion of the week, and to resume the multifarious duties and responsibilities pertaining to his position. Laying aside for the nonce the host of seat checks, dance cards, programmes, and a certain neat little volume in leather and cloth, as well as the multitude of tender recollections and other souvenirs, there is no lack of signs from which the logical mind may infer that Junior Week is no longer with us. Dull and heavy eyes may be seen on every side, and be the lectures or recitations of unusual interest, the instructor or professor finds little encouragement in the unappreciative yawns of his tired audience. A less noticeable but none the less certain indication of the season is the eager impatience with which the daily approach of the postman is regarded, and the economical reduction of minor expenses. All these betoken a most enjoyable period, and to the Class of 1900 the Lounger expresses his gratitude and appreciation for his own share of the entertainment afforded.

One of the most interesting occurrences of the past week, and one in which only a favored few were privileged to participate, was the entertainment offered to their friends by the members of the new and mysterious organization of the devotees of the stein and pretzel. The power and influence of the said organization may be well imagined from the fact that it was able to secure for the occasion that holy of holies, the home of the Co-ed, with all of its luxuries. This “pull,” however, may perhaps be partly attributed to certain fair officers of the society. The writing of the invitations to the aforementioned affair in a language foreign to most Institute men caused, it is said, no inconsiderable demand for dictionaries of various nationalities; but the name of the society, date, building, and room having been once mastered, the remainder of the contents, it must be feared, from the Lounger’s own experience, remained an undisclosed mystery.

It is with an anxiety rarely felt in these days of Junior Week celebration that the Lounger cogitates upon the recent menace that has obtruded itself upon undergraduate life at the Institute. Spring poets and Freshman drill controversies are excellent training for the receiving of calamitous news; but for the nonce the philosophical mentality of the Lounger was stunned by the awful import of this latest information imparted to it. It is by no means unknown among court circles that a certain inhabitant of 44 Rogers—a room which is devoted to the recreation of students of Course IX.—has recently become so impressed with the necessity of adding his celebration to the Junior Week festivities that he has smitten himself with the joys of matrimony.

True to his character of comforter in times of trial and of peacemaker in times of war, the Lounger, in the face of such an announcement, has endeavored to discover all particulars relating to the catastrophe in question, with a view to removing the root of so disturbing an evil, lest it should still remain a menace to the student body of the Institute. Careful inquiries have led to the discovery that the study known as Sociology,—into which it appears that the now ensnared victim had been decoyed,—has lately concerned itself with questions of marriage and divorce. Moreover, tradition of no ancient date reveals evidence that, upon the statement that marriage generally takes place at the age of twenty-eight, the lost one was seen eagerly and rapidly to count upon the fingers of one hand; and when it was remarked that divorces are easily secured in certain localities in the east of this glorious country, his face lighted up with a look of reckless decision not unmixed with an unholy joy. Shortly afterward, to speak in appropriate parlance, the drop fell.

Now, the Lounger is brought to the conclusion that the only proper thing in this case is for the previously mentioned study to be at once discontinued. It is sufficiently abnormal for the followers of Karl Marx and of the hero of Manila to be exposed to the contagion of amateur dramatics and prospective overwork, but it is positively harrowing that the bacilli of matrimony should be allowed to float in their midst.