As the balmy days of spring wear rapidly away toward the time of labor and vexation, the Lounger is pleased to note the wonderful and perpetual activity of his friends the minstrels in preparing for their exhibition; an activity only equaled by that of the mind of the treasurer of the Athletic Association in its busy endeavors to find some way of disposing of the enormous profits which are to accrue from the said event. While the Lounger's dignity and the proper sustenance of his reputation has prevented him from displaying his vocal or terpsichorean talents in connection with the event in question, yet he has been deeply interested in the chorus and ballet, and on this account can scarcely refrain from commenting upon the original manner in which the emoluments of office in the shape of tickets to the dress rehearsal were distributed among the gentlemen in question. The plan, indeed, according to the rumors which have reached the ear of the Lounger, was not entirely dissimilar to that mentioned in a certain parable in which a master distributed his wealth among his servants, to be used during his sojourn in a far country, viz.: some receiving five talents, some three, and others one. Without stopping to formulate further comparisons to the parable, the Lounger comforted his friend as best he could, and seeking then his own particular corner marveled greatly upon the relative advantages and disadvantages of "push" and "pull."

The Lounger has heard weird tales about the recent sortie of The Walker Club Stock Dramatic Company (with a halo over each alternate word), within the confines of feminine Northampton; and he has been particularly impressed by the strange account given of a certain banquet held by the visiting roisterers after their performance of Saturday night. But it is not until these many days after that the Lounger has had any reason to suspect that the banquet was of a character—in either its solid, liquid, or gaseous states—to deprive the participant of his mental equilibrium, or to affect his reason in any such way as to arouse suspicion concerning his sanity. At the present time, however, circumstantial evidence points grimly to the conclusion that one of the travelers—and he one who, occupying the place of grandfather and guardian angel to the flock, should have furnished a better example to his susceptible cohorts—was so far elevated beyond his natural conservatism as to make bombastic statements about himself as regards his relations with the Institute. In consequence of these rash utterances, a recent letter to him, bearing payment for one of the bills on the theatrical side of the ledger, enclosed a check made out to the "Manager of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

The Secretary, however, has refused him desk space in the inner office, and Dr. Tyler's new rival must locate his official sanctum in the outer room, where the sight of the present occupants will tend to renew his memories of the charms of Smith. As a fitting close to this pretty picture, the Lounger presents to the fancy of his reader (with possibly an "s") the vision of the sprightly Bursar playing the busy bee, and voluptuous moment, cashing the new manager's check!

Lying luxuriously back among the pillows of his Morris chair, breathing in the heavy, quieting incense which arose from his Turkish mosquito killer, and puffing sentimentally at his ninth successive cigarette, the Lounger watched the hour hand of the clock approach the figure XII., and meditated. Dreamily he looked back; and memory and fancy united in giving a vision weird and uncanny. He saw again the class in Physics lecture, Friday, tumultuous, unrestrainable, idiotic. He heard the courteous remonstrance of the lecturer; he saw his estimation of the Sophomore Class falling rapidly. Troubled, disappointed, the Lounger groaned. Then the scene changed. He saw a series of chambers, half shrouded in darkness, in each chamber appeared a bed, and in each bed, one of the wreckers of the class reputation. In each shadowy visage the lips moved. Bending eagerly forward, the Lounger heard from the many rooms as many whispers. They were all different, yet from their united sound issued forth the sentence, deeply, thoughtfully, earnestly spoken, "I have been an infernal fool. I guess I'll stop." Then each figure sank again into slumber; and the Lounger, mentally rested, breathing a long, deep sigh of relief and renewed hope, turned also to his couch and was soon lost in untroubled sleep.