As the second semester draws at last to a close, the Lounger prepares to bid adieu to his friends in view of the approaching vacation, and to devote no incon siderable time to meditation and speculation upon the changes he will find when he returns in the fall; for, alas, an unappreciative Faculty have "thought it wiser" he should spend another year at the Institute, and the elusive S. B. has once more slipped his grasp, leaving him disappointed but not disheartened. To the Class of '99 he must bid a final farewell as they pass from his care, save that as alumni his influence may not be without power, as they read his sayings each week at the close of a hard day's work.

For the Freshmen, as they become Sophomores at a single bound, the Lounger has one word of consolation—although they may no longer wear the buttons, the pride of their hearts, and will now have Physics instead of drill, they may still watch with pride the good work in this direction for which they have laid the foundations. Thus, to all, the Lounger wishes a pleasant vacation.

As he sat, Sunday night, waiting for the clock to make it one minute past twelve, so that he could conscientiously do a little studying for Monday, the Lounger meditated mournfully over the Sabbath desecration which had occurred one week before. Sor rowfully he thought of the wicked Technological heathen, profanely worshiping during a whole Sunday afternoon in the obscure temple known as the Hollis. The Lounger thought, picturing to himself each unworthy individual striving to make his part of the great entertainment go smoothly and well, sacrificing his time to make Technology's greatest public endeavor a success,—in short, "desecrating the Sabbath,"—when he might have been at home—asleep, or on the street—riding his wheel, or at some acquaintance's—flirting, or in his library—cramming, or in his sitting room—tacking down a carpet, or in any number of other hallowed places—doing any number of other pious things, instead of blotting Technology's name by doing his best to help along its reputation. Things were certainly come to a bad pass. He wished for the old days of Puritanical strictness,—for the time when Technology would open with Bible reading and close with prayer. Opening the last Tech, he read the communication therein contained for consolation.

It cheered him like a cup of strong tea, but the Lounger shuddered a little at the vision of Technology going on for years with an unerasable blot on her name, and he trembled when his eye came upon the "disgrace." Looking over the letter, the Lounger wished that the correspondent had been a little more strict in his use of terms, and had not spoken of the rehearsal being held on the Sabbath,—for he knew well that, strictly, "Sabbath" meant "Saturday." Again the Lounger shuddered. Even the truest were not infallible. Then the name of the writer, too, seemed a little too free for such a strict letter; it reminded one too much of jingler, joker, and punster; it suggested minstrel,—the disgrace which had so recently and incurably blotted the name of his much-beloved Alma Mater. What, queried the Lounger, are those "high and noble ideas"? Wherein did the rehearsal disobey them? The Lounger shook his head. He thought of the many who were at the rehearsal, and of the many who approved the action during the next week. Where were their ideals? He thought of the few who had disapproved, and he wondered: which were right, after all. Was it either, or both? Is it not a matter for each to decide for himself; and if so, was Technology's name blotted, after all? The Lounger looked hopeful again. He wasn't so sure that strictness was right; or anyway, he wasn't at all convinced that the rehearsals were wrong. And Technology,—he was sure that its name was not blotted, and that no "disgrace" had been committed; and that, in the thoughts and impulses of the minstrel players, Sunday had not been desecrated.

The clock was not quite twelve yet; but the Lounger opened his book, and as he began to study he felt that even this was not so very much out of the way, after all.

The Lounger regrets to have to inform his readers that the patients confined in the compartments at the right and left of the door of the asylum have become so violent as to necessitate a strong grating being placed in the window. Freshmen are warned to keep at a safe distance.