The day of promise and disappointment has come again; and The Lounger, seeking further acquaintance with things technical and scientific, in the hope of bettering his previous record of five flunks out of a possible eight, again places his heels on the editorial mantelpiece and fancies the diploma that so skillfully evaded him last spring to be hanging by a thread before him now, inviting him only to reach and possess. As he carelessly shuffles his pack of provisional tabular-views, his thoughts go far back,—back to the time when he had only one study schedule to look over, not three. He thinks of the time when everything was in the future, and when everything was possible; of the time when he was ambitious and hopeful, when the Secretary’s Office had no terrors for him and the Annual Catalogue seemed to be new and exciting. Closing his eyes, The Lounger yields to the subtle influences of the thinking habit and continues to meditate. With his thoughts far back in his earlier years, he pictures the gradual awakening, the breaking off from Freshman traditions,—the discovery that the Janitor was not the Secretary and that the Y. M. C. A. was not a Greek letter fraternity. Mentally rambling through his Sophomore adventures, once more he makes the acquaintance of the symbol of the double-flunk, and in this glowing recollection his memory merges easily and naturally into his Junior era. As he looks on his newly arranged tabular view, he realizes that much of this is still stern reality; and then,—then—it is but a step to the next epoch—the last—and to his experiments with the recent one-page publications of the Institute. And of those — ah—he does not want to think of those! He has turned to the Future; and as he cogitates upon this in its turn, he forsees another siege of Institute circulars, then a large attendance at Huntington Hall, and finally a long, white, parchmentary thing, cylindrical and smooth, tied with a ribbon. There is a general rising; he moves in a long line of classmates toward the stage; slowly he comes nearer and nearer to the step, on one side of which he is a student, and on the other a graduate; finally his course is reached; the name of the man just before him is called; the President reaches for the next diploma; slowly he takes it, and — there is a sudden noise: quickly he stirs, stretches, yawns,—and it is all over. Had the Business Manager waited for another moment, The Lounger would have been an S. B.

**THE LOUNGER**

The Lounger appreciates as well as his poor beleaguered brethren the inadvisability of dwelling too long upon a sensitive topic; and nothing could move him to resume discussion upon the subject of the recent semi-annual obsequies were it not that he believes that the following revelation will come as a new hope to many a dispairing victim, and, thus bringing an altogether foreign spirit of gladness upon the scene, will find in the minds of the readers a pardon for its introduction. Or, to clothe the spirit of this piece of verbal fireworks in a more comprehensible phraseology, he believes that this article will serve as its own excuse. It has perhaps been noted by some of the more observing of The Lounger’s readers that in the late-and-still-lamented examination returns, the spice of variety was seldom lacking upon any one report. Few indeed were those who pulled all flunks; and fewer yet, fortunately, were those “anomalies of person and circumstance” where the report read all C’s. The marks spread from the one pole to the other, embracing in their universality every denomination of symbolic mental indignity known to the Institute schedule. The most of these, it is true, fell in the intermediate places—within the area of the P or the I.:—yet often the preponderance came below even the latter level, resulting in what might be styled a symphony in F. One Institute scion—a Senior, may tears attend the title!—was endowed with so decidedly harmonious a report of this nature that even the Secretary felt impelled to send him a few words of congratulation thereupon. The text of this gratifying epistle was somewhat after the manner that follows:

“Dear Sir:—Unless an improvement is shown in your work next term, you will not be allowed to continue your studies at the Institute next year.”

The effect of this upon the culprit was electrifying. He had feared that it was all up with him, that it would be necessary for him to take another year at Technology. Necessary to take another year at Technology? Why, was not here a notice from the head man distinctly against such a notion! Even the instructors had said that it was a case of his getting his sheepskin either this year or next: the Secretary had thrown out the next: ergo, it was coming in this! Deep in the spirit of gratitude to his governing planets, the Senior delightedly bided himself to the Chapel, where he returned thanks from his regular walk and in the usual manner. And to all others, The Lounger sends this advice: look out for a harmonious report in F, get a letter from the boss, and then—don’t forget the Chapel.