For many long years The Lounger has endeavored to pass off as a facetious remark his perennial appearance and has extolled at length on the seven-hued beauty of the diploma which he has missed each successive spring. Each year he has told how the dream has come to him and how he has mistaken the M. I. T. A. A. bulletin (see fig. 4-7-44 above) for a diploma and has been again and again foiled. He has certainly gone on a long way since he entered Tech to become a guide, philosopher and friend to the adolescent youth that asks, when entering Rogers, "where the place to hang his hat is." This adolescent youth, The Lounger notices, is as omnipresent as usual and The Lounger wishes, figuratively, to give him the glad hand, to congratulate him on the proud distinction of having become a member of the Y. M. C. A. and to assure him that the best way to succeed is to believe everything The Lounger writes, love your enemies, and subscribe for The Tech.

Whatever may be the feelings of the Faculty on the subject, it has long been a standing pleasure of The Lounger to perceive that some enterprising author has been up to date enough to keep his works in at least twelve editions a year. Not to mention those wondrous plates that The Lounger learned "primary mass" from years ago, it is intoxicating in no small measure to notice that a new edition of the Applied is out. Soon some of these publications will be on a basis which will make them virtually rivals of The Tech and the subscriptions will be sure to fall off. The Lounger, however, beholds a sadder spectacle and he offers what consolation there is in six dollars when $5.60 are taken out for a new Applied, to that far-sighted speculator who indulged in a second-hand Applied last year, "at a bargain." That, certainly, is a misfortune to jar you.

The Lounger wishes to announce that the Faculty are now receiving regrets from the class of 1903. That class, which disapproved of the subject of Military Science with such effect that the stamps of its disapproval are to be found all over the floor of Huntington Hall, imagined that it was having things all its own way until the end of the year. Then it learned the impracticability of bucking against the M. I. T. Faculty. The strategic commandant, with a final masterstroke, gave a final exam., marked the papers and fled. The finishing blow was given when it was announced that another officer of a still higher rank had actually and in cold blood, volunteered to accept the responsibility of the abandoned post. The Lounger congratulates the enterprising class on possessing a competent number of Sophomores, tamed by experience and fully able to teach the value of good behavior during the three hours of military affairs.

As The Lounger leans back in his easy chair and takes the first long breath of the day in the shape of the product of his meerschaum, the memories of the summer past float about the foreground of his mental vision. He has added greatly to his large experience in many matters, and has whiled away several hours once or twice in a while in investigating the gentle art of fussing. Now if he were to give his proteges, the Freshmen, any advice so early in the course he would say, "Beware of the ladies"; if he were to specialize in the subject, "Do not send the Coeds roses." The Lounger has spent much of his most valuable time during his vacation (taking out time for the Summer-School course in Art Needlework) in compiling an exhaustive treatise on the subject, fully illustrated by plotted curves. The conclusion has been reached that it does not pay thirty cents on the dollar. Any of The Lounger's readers who are interested enough to follow up the subject may procure an edition de luxe at Ridler's for the nominal sum of $1.80—ten per cent. on for cash. If there are any questions further, they may be handed in on regular petition blanks furnished for the purpose.

The Lounger's attention is once more called to the foot-ball enthusiast who at this time of the year waves the subscription blank and deems it not improper in his enthusiasm to ask even the Faculty to subscribe. This year the football season has, The Lounger must admit, opened rather auspiciously with a new coach for the eleven. For this gentleman, who, contrary to the traditional rule, does not stand aside and, smoking a cigar and looking like a Greek statue, direct the game, The Lounger has a profound respect. Another thing to be observed is that the Varsity is to allow but slight leeway for the Freshmen eleven, which eleven so far is only a wish, and for the Sophomore team, which had the dignity of being a wish last year. The Lounger expects that this considerate position towards under-class teams will be appreciated by both classes, but he has grave doubts upon the subject and the paramount issue is likely to go to the wall.