There is too much movement in the atmosphere about Tech these days to suit the taste of The Lounger. He does not refer to the inclemency of the weather or Copley Square monsoons. Such annoyances as these trouble The Lounger about as much as a Tech man does a Co-Ed. What The Lounger especially has in mind is the surfeit of socials, concerts, etcetera now on the programme. The Lounger even has found it necessary to make frequent excursions into the Secretary's office to make certain that he was a member of the Institute and not an inmate of that school across the river. The Lounger was somewhat prepared for this cyclone of festivities by the now famous Tech calendar. It should be unnecessary to state that the Tech Board was influenced solely by philanthropic motives when it issued this publication. The Lounger witnessed a member of the Board prance up to his victim and thrust a calendar upon him, demanding two cents in return. "The Tech Calendar? What's it good for? Two cents, Hugh? You are a miserly crowd, aren't you?" The gentleman proceeded to digest the contents of said calendar and then returned it. "Don't you want it?" says the miser. "Want it? Of course not. It is n't worth two cents." Moral—When's a miser? As to the Junior Week Tech, The Lounger desires to state that he disclaims all responsibility for that special cover. He does not regard the portrait of an elderly spinster as a proficient drawing card.

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Yes, The Lounger haunted the tea—and the frappé bowl. And the frappé bowl haunted The Lounger. Every man came with his Sister, and The Lounger, with devilish glee, watched every fellow walk up every other fellow's Sister's back. The Lounger considerably draws the curtain on the scenes at peaceful firesides when surviving dresses are examined. He overheard one coy young thing say, as she spied a Technique 1902 on a table: "Oh, my! how nice! It looks just like grandmama's picture album." As The Lounger appeared, as the vulgar say, to be booked for the whole shooting-match, he took his Sister to the Prom. It had to be done, although with the act The Lounger saw all his hopes of summer school vanish. Sister was a happy lass that night, for little did she know that because of this extravagance we must forego our weekly stick of gum and the summer's outing at City Point.

The Lounger is fain to admit that there is some satisfaction in having one's name in Technique even if it does occur in that part of the book mainly given to Corporal Bailey, the professor of Physics and the professor of English. When, last Thursday, The Lounger looked from his vantage point—the stairway—upon the struggling multitude with Janitor John standing like Horatius in the doorway, his eye caught sight of many familiar figures; but chief among these was his genial friend, the professor of Mechanical Drawing. Foremost in the throng of his devoted Freshmen, he reached the coveted doorway, did his share in breaking the twenty-nine tables that surrounded it, and, after being mistaken for the Janitor, got his book and departed through the line of least resistance; the whole showing a commendable interest in Technique. Of Technique itself, The Lounger can compliment the editors on the vivacity of the cloth cover which is a miniature sunset all by itself. His other recollections are crowded out by the remembrance of an incident which took place a few days before the book went on sale. The Bursar had been approached on the subject of Technique. "Can't I sell you a Technique ticket?" asked the hopeful and unsophisticated editor. "What play is that?" asked the Bursar. The Lounger admits that it may have been a play,—but it was tragedy for the editor and he fled.

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Now that The Lounger returns once more to the scenes of his childhood, Roger's steps, Engineering A and dear old Walker, he finds that something has left him. The inclination to work,—usually so strong in The Lounger's brain pan,—seems to have oozed out of that receptacle, leaving him feeling like unto a bottle of fizz which has stood open too long. The week has been too much for The Lounger's staying powers. He might have escaped intact if he had not been compelled to fight for his life on the Algonquin Club floor against Bosworth's onslaughts. There he encountered the last elbow that broke The Lounger's ribs. Spring fever has seized him, too, at this most inopportune moment, and altogether The Lounger feels that if some kind friend were to make him a present of two cents in specie, he would hesitate no longer, but crawl away to the woods and die. In the event of his not receiving said two cents The Lounger will endeavor to discover the fountain of youth once more and tell his fellows in misery of it next week.