The Lounger holds a grievance against his nibs of the blue pencil and paste pot. This gentleman was so inconsiderate as to announce at the other end of these sheets that The Lounger would spread himself this week. This is as much as to intimate that The Lounger is composed of that form of dough called bread, and that he deals in such lubricants as butter. The Lounger is naturally somewhat discombobulated by such aspersions on his character, but he will be charitable. The Chief Scribbler probably intended to remark that The Lounger would expatiate at unusual length on the philosophic erudition which ebulliates from amongst the convulsions of his cerebrum.

The Lounger has not been backwards, as he observes on looking through back issues of this invaluable publication, in expressing himself with fervency on many themes which are of interest to the multitude; but he can say without reservation that there are four events which are periodic in occurrence, in the recording of which he can place no restraint upon his sentiments. These four events are the appearance and disappearance, the rejuvenescence and departure, of the board coverings on Rogers steps, and the issuing of the mid-year and final examination schedules. The first of these events always turn The Lounger to thoughts of melancholy and the Chapel; the second influences him in a way which is not to be set down on paper. When these schedules blossom out every few months in The Tech, as is the case in this issue, The Lounger is beset with visions which are tempestuous and uncontrollable. Chief among these is the heroic figure of the Professor of Mechanical Engineering, pointing with infinite impressiveness at the "Applied," and saying, "My name is Lanza, king of kings, look on my works ye mighty and despair." And the tableau fades out and gives place to another even more dramatic, in which the Professor of Physics—but then, why should The Lounger go on? It were better to wish everyone the plesantries of the season and until the next issue in which he appears for the last time, The Lounger has resolved to say nothing about the exams.

The Lounger begs leave to offer for perusal the following Special Notice taken from the May number of Marine Engineering:

HIGHLY TRAINED MAN SEeks POSITION.

An energetic, robust young man, shortly to graduate from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology,—courses Naval Architecture and Mechanic Arts,—desires a position with shipbuilding firm; is a good draftsman, excels in mathematics, is clever with tools and has had thorough technical education; address "Technology," care Marine Engineering.

Now that you have read the above The Lounger would ask that you analyze more carefully the depth, grim humor and pathos of its lines. "An energetic, robust young man." He will probably take the medal for cheek development during the past year. "Shortly to graduate from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology," — a hollow mockery. "Courses Naval Architecture and Mechanic Arts." This lacks the prime essential of Landscape Gardening. Aspirants for a position are at times pardonable, particularly if it is the treasurership of a class. The Lounger must omit comment on the remaining lines; such childlike self appreciation is too rare, too tender a thing to be handled roughly. The Lounger has sought high, low and jack for a fitting appellation to apply to the author and subject of this work of art. But there is something so intangible about such demifreshness, that it calls for terms of the nature of "darkness visible" and "silence heard" which we sometimes have flaunted before our eyes and dinned in our ears in the courses in Lit. and Physics. As Arlo would put it, "the downright sincerity of the man places him at the head of American — jackassed-ness." The pity is that such a store of energy should remain stagnant. The Lounger would not recommend the Presidency of the United States as a goal for the efforts of such ability; the dangers of an LL.D. are to be considered before this step is taken. But if the case was stated with all the frankness of which the person in question is evidently capable, the corporation would gladly persuade the Bursar to expire and give this latent genius a chance.

EDITOR'S NOTE. — Instead of "spreading himself" this week, The Lounger (according to the laws usually practiced by the gentler sex) has fallen short of the customary amount.

First Student — "I've been up to Professor——'s room, and do you know he's hardly got a bit of furniture in the room."

Second Student — "That's why he sits on our daily themes, I suppose." — Lamoon.