The great labor-saving device of the secretary — the so-called Roll Slips, resembling a class ballot on the one side and a railroad ten-trip ticket on the other — meets with universal approval. It is probably one of the most subtle economies of labor ever inaugurated by Technology, this intellectual pedigree blank so recently promulgated by the Secretariat. It saves the work of fully two clerks in the office, and furnishes employment to fourteen hundred individuals instead. The LOUNGER has done some pretty good things in his day, but he's always ready to elevate his chapeau to the secretary!

The LOUNGER prepares to compose himself for his perennial dream of the coming victorious second term. In accordance with time-honored custom he is about to see his long-sought diploma hanging by the traditional thread before him — the nebulous background, customary in somnolent experiences of this sort, giving to the pendent diploma the effect of the angelic ascent to heaven of little Eva in Act V, Scene 4, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The LOUNGER is to see this alluring diploma — tantalizing as it was fifteen years ago, when he wrote his first second-term dream — come ever nearer and clearer to him, and then suddenly vanish into thin air, in the manner rendered sacred by years of literary repetition, at the automatic cough of the business manager, who is annually bribed to enter The Tech office at just the right wrong-time and shatter the immortal vision of the yearly dreamer. But the pitcher that goes too often to the well meets the fate of all teetotalers, and this year The LOUNGER's dream cannot eventuate. The business manager has a grudge and won't come in and cough. The dream can't be interrupted, The LOUNGER will actually graduate, and — but enough —

to ensure perpetuity to this column, the dream shall not be dreamed. The reveries of Christmas and Thanksgiving time — psychological events which come year after year as regularly as insurance companies' calendars — must suffice for this volume of The Tech. The LOUNGER must postpone somnolence, and its concomitants, until 1.30 A.M., and meditate now, in ink, on things real.

The LOUNGER is not a happy vacationist. He cannot appreciate or enjoy the happiness that those unthinking mortals seem to get out of their midyear recess. How vain they are; little they seem to think of the terrible first day and the making out of the tabular views! "Wild Animals I Have Known" is placed way back in the family circle as compared with the frenzied and haggarded mien of the victim as he seizes the schedules for a dozen years behind and a dozen years in advance, and with feverish haste vainly endeavors to get that second year Dutch with the easy man. He tries to calculate it out by that infallible system with which he once broke the bank; but it is no use, the schedules are beyond all physical and mental solution, — they are the work of the secretary. However, this is but a taste of the red tape. Every year the system is being added to for the instruction of the students. The roll-slips furnish a happy means of enabling one to learn after awhile how to write his name. The LOUNGER suggests that the attendance cards may be greatly enhanced in value by placing on the backs, besides the date of birth and other equally interesting subjects, such questions as: What size underclothes do you wear? and are your feet rights and lefts? etc., etc. With this happy suggestion, The LOUNGER bids his delighted audience adieu.