The Lounger.

“Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come!” Spring that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care, spring that makes the bed more soft, yet drives the dread alarm clock, morning’s curse, come spring! — and it came, bringing diadems and faggots, a wealth of C’s, and worse than wealth of F’s. The finals to come, the semi-finals a dark cloud in the memory. The Lounger recollects his own experience.

Exceeding P’s had made The Lounger bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The Tyler raised his head
And with a look made all of waving beard,
Answered, “The names of those whom many flunks have queered.”
“And is mine one?” — (The Lounger). “O, sure thing!”
Replied the Tyler. The Lounger made a spring,
Grabbed the grey beard, yelled, “I pray thee, fool,
Write me as one who draws the line at summer school.”
The Tyler wrote and vanished, and next term
He came again with visage far less firm,
And showed the names of those allowed degrees,
And, lo! The Lounger’s led, thanks to his exceeding P’s.

It is a difficult thing to express lucidly and in an attractive and entertaining manner, ideas which one does not possess. This is The Lounger’s rôle. He is expected to advertise his opinions upon Junior Week. And, therefore, though Mrs. Blachstein may find him a leetle beet superficial in his worst order, he begins: — The Faculty, bless their imperance, and H. W. T. (bless his wooliness) have once more succeeded in making three holidays grow where three and two half-holidays grew before,— moreover, in the Tech Calendar for April 16, they announced with an assurance bordering upon the insolent, that our first holiday, the 20th of April, would be “Labor Day.” All exercises (i.e., Baseball, Franklin Field, etc.), must be suspended. The Lounger spent the day in thinking what he would have to do Junior Week and how much it would cost him. First his photograph was taken. The man at the gun told him to “look natural, please,” and when told he did so, the minion addressed to him the historic slogan, “Bless the Bottom, thou art translated,” which made The Lounger wish he were a lesson in Scientific German. Finally Technique, $1.50 for a book with no Lounger in it, good money that would buy thirty Loungers.