ing his name put in dashes where the vowels belong. This leaves no uncertainty as to who is intended. There is a great chance for revenge and brilliant horseplay in this "Technique" business. The Lounger is going to get in some nickel-plated work on his own score, so be careful how you deport yourself before the date of publication.

Did you ever hear the personal history of Sig. A. Gregori—he of the green cart fame, who dispenses the penny edibles which are used with such telling effect in Sophomore Physics and all noon-hour recitations? Contrary to the popular impression, he was not born in South Boston; neither has he ever been a member of the Faculty. Therefore, you see, there is yet hope of his winning the general esteem.

On the sunny isle of Travata, which nestles, childlike, under the protecting mother-arm of a southern isthmus of Italy, he first saw the light of day; and there, amid the balmy tropic zephyrs, he was wont to gambol on the sloping green in front of his father’s villa, until some war or other broke out, and he had to give up the gamboling business and do his wonting elsewhere, or be enlisted in the army and put through regular Freshman-drill practice at the tender age of seven years. He took a sneak out of Italy, and got a job wiping beer-glasses in a German grossensaloonhausergabt, for which he received the meagre pittance of a Dutch ten-cent piece every time he could speak the whole name in one breath without fainting. This plebeian work went against young Greg’s blood. His father was a prince, and it was not meet that a prince’s son should wear his lungs out trying to earn Dutch dimes; so he resigned his position one night when there was no one stirring, and fled to the metropolis.

For eight or eleven years he knocked around Yurup, doing odd jobs, until he struck England, where the Queen thought he might try to flee Ireland, and paid his passage to America, in order that he could live with the brave, and hear the eagle scream. He landed in East Boston the year that Technology entered her first Freshman Class, and has been selling sawdust popcorn and chestnuts in front of the Institute ever since.

This article will not be published unless there is some space that cannot otherwise be filled; so the Lounger will stop wasting the yearly bottle of ink, and go out and try to work Greggy for a piece of his paregoric gum on the strength of the free ad.

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**A CONFESSION.**

I think that moment in a woman’s life
When writhes her soul in fiercest desperation,
And darkest gall and mutiny are rife,
Is when, in horse-car borne, she grows aware
Of the keen yet respectful observation
Of the young man across; no clownish stare,
But a charmed gaze of fine discrimination
And rapt approval—till she feels a glow
Through all her being, a soft, thrilled pulsation.
I think the sharpest anguish she can know,
The bitterest despair and desolation,
Is when she looks, in sweet, shy perturbation,
And notes his fine, discerning eyes full bent
Upon the woman next to her, intent,
Absorbed in musing, pleased contemplation.

**WHAT A CROWD IN BOSTON MEANS.**

*Stranger:* “What is the meaning of this vast crowd; something unusual happening?”

*Boston man:* “I don’t know, sir. I have just arrived on the ground myself. It may be that a Symphony concert is just over, or it may be that Mr. Sullivan is drunk again.”

Have you noticed that quiet, languid dolce far niente feeling that has all of a sudden settled on the country, as if life is no longer worth living? It is easily explained. The baseball season has closed.

**ANOTHER PERIL FOR WATCHES.**

*Jeweler (to customer):* “Your watch, sir, is badly magnetized. It must have been exposed to a powerful attraction.”

*Mr. Mashere:* “Yaas; I sat on the sofa with Miss Billecoo, last evening.”

**NO MERE PHRASE.**

*Everard Uppman:* “You shall have it promptly next Saturday, Mr. Scadds! I give you my word of honor!”

*Tom Scadds:* “All right! Drop it into this phonograph here!”