"Your honor," said the Lounger to the Editor-in-Chief, as the latter nonchalantly clipped a joke from the New England Farmer, "what is the difference between the entrance to our gymnasium and the annual examinations?"

"One lets the Freshman in, and the other puts him out," retorted the editor, sharpening his shears with a file of the Quarterly.

"What a waste of wit," said the Lounger, with a D. H. smile; "come again. No? Well, the difference is this; one is a barn door and the other is—"

The Lounger dodged the shears that shattered his piano lamp.

"You light out," said the editor; "any other questions?"

The Lounger worked round between the editor and the plate glass window of the sanctum, and remarked, "Can you tell me why No. 30 will be later than usual?"

"The last number is always the latest, you poor, ink-driveling idiot!"

"Work your position for all it is worth, your editorship; after that issue you'll be nothing but a pen Dennis."

"You're as well read as Mr. Bartlett's ink," said the editor. "Come out of the waste-basket; I've something to say to you. Are you grinding any?"

"Exceeding small," whistled the Lounger to the tune of fifteen dollars.

"How do you expect to get through?" continued the editor.

"For good," said the Lounger. "Will you miss me when I'm gone?"

"If we miss anything else, there'll be trouble," said the editor. "Shall we take an S. B. with you?"

"Change the subject. I'll take a B. S. with you, if you haven't overdrawn your account with the business manager."

"Against the rules, I'm afraid. To return to business; have you any news?"

"Yes. What has Linus got to do with the examination in Physics?"

"Nothing."

"Well, what I want to know is, what's it's Cross hatched for?"

"Lounger, you're a bad egg. Beware, or you'll be stepped on."

"Your honor, do you want a little item for the next issue? I've got a little story—"

"Drag it in."

"Well, A—, '95, got a check from his father, Saturday. It wasn't large enough for a pair of trousers, so he made a vest of it. How's that for an investment?"

When the Lounger crawled out from under the Unabridged Dictionary and two armchairs, he remarked: "Has it gone to press yet?"

"You had better be satisfied without a second proof," muttered the editor; "just subside until I read this love story by a Co-ed."

"Excuse me, I've something special," said the Lounger, standing the dummy on its head. "Can't you advance me two and a half on my prospects?"

"WHAT!" said the editor, in large caps, so loud that the office boy fell off his stool. "Do you think this is a loan office?"

"It will be alone after to-day. Say, why don't you discharge the clock for running on tick?"

"We've had enough of this," retorted the editor, sternly.

"That's what '96 said about football," added the Lounger. "Is the Secretary's hat a tile, or—"

"There'll be a vacancy on this corps," shouted the editor.

"Yes, and a corpse to fill the vacancy," said the Lounger, picking up a leaded editorial.

"Put down your arms; I'm no road agent."

"I took you for a book agent," said the Lounger, extending the broken mucilage bottle; "Do you swear to keep the peace and stick to it? Never mind the thanks. I must go."

"Hold on a minute; where's your copy?" said the editor.

"Notman's; six dozen," said the Lounger as he made for the door. "Be good," he added, as he shut it on the editor's fingers.

"Just as well I'm out of that," he said, as he heard the editor's objurgations. "Here's to all true wit; may it live long and prosper."