"I've got it, at last," shouted the Editor to the Lounger, the other day, as the latter had deftly cribbed a humorous turn from an antiquated Lampoon, and was gazing doubtfully at the latest Quarterly. "Got what?" queried the Lounger, as he unwound his legs and crossed the room, instead. "Look here," said the Editor; and following his finger over the latest manuscript, the Lounger read: "I slid down the chord of the ventilator—" "The lost chord," he murmured, as he gently collapsed. "Now who did strike Billy Patterson?

The Lounger is thinking how odd 'twould be if he were to abstain from ringing the old changes, (or perchance some new ones, should he bleed his "happiest vein,") on the old air called up by the "fell approach of the dread semies." How disappointed the grind would be at the loss of this golden opportunity to gloat! "Aha!" he would say, wiping his hair from his Raphaelite brow and glancing about him, "how worried they all are, to be sure, by these little affairs. And so simple; merely the unconscious reeling off of some twenty odd volumes of scientific matter committed by heart." That is, he would say this if the Lounger were to make his usual trite remarks anent the exams.

But, to thy haunt, fiend grind! We defy thee and thy gloats. Dame Fortune is with us, and trusting in her favor we will cheerfully proceed to gamble yet again on our successfully "fooling the Profs."

And that reminds the Lounger of the twisted tale that reached his ears not long ago. Some gambolling Freshmen reported that one of their instructors had "jumped all over" one of the courses at the Institute, and so positive were they of the piquancy of the jump that some implicated Seniors felt quite annoyed, and discussed the quoted instructor in a rather forcible manner. But one of them suggested inquiring at headquarters, which advice being followed, it was found that the '96 men had perverted the facts to a most lamentable degree; the instructor had said that there were a few somewhat rocky opinions oozing about concerning this course, but that they were all quite false, and entirely unjustified by the capacity of the individuals comprising it.

Look out, Freshmen. 'Tis well to remember the hackneyed but suggestive proverb, "Don't monkey with the buzz saw."

Old 1892 has crawled off unregretted, as the old year ever does before the budding promise of the new. Considering the climate in which we live, "budding" might be criticized as a bit inappropriate, but the Lounger has the best authority for using the phrase,—it is favored by all the old masters, residence in the colder latitudes notwithstanding. The budding has no reference to the gladsome springtime, necessarily, that is,—the bud buds, whether it is a debutante surrounded in mid-winter by a forest of full blown hothouse products, or the old year rung joyfully out to make way for its fickle successor.

In fact, "budding" may be used in an almost infinite number of cases, the only instance which the Lounger can regard as precluding the employment of the word being afforded by that occasion of the somewhat near future when an individual who is familiarly known as Moonbeam makes his "first appearance on any stage." "Budding," if applied at all, will be used with much caution, then. The Lounger would greatly favor the employment of the phrase "falling out of bed."

In looking back over the sands of '92 there are certainly many recollections which appeal to the emotional side of one's nature. 'Twas in '92, for instance, that The Tech first appeared as a weekly, and the Lounger's salary was doubled. Ninety-two first saw the appearance of a respectable uniform on the manly forms of our battalion. In '92 we greeted proudly the appearance in our midst of the only genuine fresh Freshman, he of the pea-green shadow. And surely, one of the proudest moments of our lives was that in which we read in Harper's Weekly of December 31st the worthiest, as it was the first, tribute that has ever been manfully paid to our football team by the unprejudiced press. Long life to Caspar Whitney, says the Lounger, and would that more were like him.