"Where is the Lounger's corner?" shouted a fresh-faced youth from the door of The Tech office.

"There," said the business manager, pointing to the waste basket, while the Lounger quickly stepped in front of the plate glass windows; "have you any contributions?"

"No; I just wanted to see where he burns his oil," continued the fair visitor.

"Well, then, light out!" added the business manager, closing the door with a jar that shattered the unpainted glass panel.

"That's always the way with those blooming Freshmen," said the exchange editor; "now we'll have to sell at least a dozen Techs to pay for that burst of eloquence."

"That's no Freshman," said the business manager, scornfully; "he is the Sophomore who asked the football captain what he was good for in an athletic way."

"That's just what I said," exclaimed the exchange editor, hedging; "he is a fresh man, and should be sat down on."

"Refer him to the Lounger, then," said the business manager, indifferently twirling a chair on his finger; "he's not my mutton."

"The meeting will come to order," interrupted the editor in chief, banging on the table with a T square.

"What's the news for next week?"

"New girl in the lunch room," said a Senior editor, who is especially fond of this resting place.

"Come off," broke in the Secretary; "she's not new. Why, I've seen her down at the Bijou!"

"Ah! that reminds us!" exclaimed the two new editors; "the French Circle has secured M. Bernard for soup in the coming play."

"Serves him right," said the athletic editor,—"only they should have made it hash."

"What next?" demanded the editor in chief, anxiously.

"Hawthorne's babes are now in swaddling clothes," volunteered the Lounger, mournfully.

"Oh well, cheer up," said the chairman; "how about the cross-country?"

"Running smoothly," said the athletic editor in a more pleasant tone.

"Anything else?" asked the chairman, absent-mindedly picking out a tune for the Banjo Club on the T square.

"Jump on Course IX. for such puny wicks in the library," suggested the literary editor.

"Another case of light out," murmured the exchange editor, hungrily looking at his watch.

"Move we adjourn?" exclaimed the secretary, on the spur of the moment.

"Those in favor of adjourning will adjourn," said the chairman; and in a trice the Lounger and the ink bottle held down the table in solitude.

And the world moves on.

There is a little event that deserves to be chronicled in the annals of Institute history by the Lounger's faulty pen.

On a cold, frosty morning in the early fall, when the shrubbery first felt the cruel bite of Jack Frost, before the warm sun of the morning had lured the pigeons from their sanctimonious homes behind the louvers of Trinity, our worthy janitor of the architects' mansion was roused from his blissful slumbers by the furious ringing of the night bell through the silent hallways. Slowly and wearily he arose from his cot, with many a yawn and backward look, till, aided by the few struggling rays of gray light, which marked for him the dawn of another day of mingled toil and talk, he made his careful way toward the vestibule.

Before the door stood an impatient student, with hands thrust deep into trousers' pockets, and with shoulders raised to ears, restlessly shifting his weight from one foot to another and kicking the heel of one boot with the toe of the other, while round about him, nip-ping nose and ears, gambolled the chilling morning atmosphere. His beaming glance greeted the janitor's drowsy sensibilities through the dusty pane, and his eager face, though showing lines of deep care and thought,—of struggle and self-denial, perhaps,—still glowed with noble determination with which naught but the Infinite might cope. "What is wanted?" demanded the wondering janitor, in his customary sweet voice. "I want to work on my order plate," was the meek but inspiring reply; and leaving the janitor too amazed for utterance, the youth scampered eagerly upward to his beloved task.

'Tis thus the grind turns merrily on; yet in stating this tale told by a man whom he has seen, the Lounger only fears lest he may have suggested evil and useless thoughts to other grinds with beaming faces.