We are all apt to be punished for our vanities, whatever they may be, and the Lounger is not exempt from the common rule. He has taken, perhaps, an unholy pride in his superior age and knowledge of the world of Technology, and is now reaping the fruits of his excess of dignity. One of his gentler friends arranged a theatre party recently and left him out, whereupon he remonstrated and she said, "Oh, well, it's only a young party, we didn't suppose you'd care for it, you're so much more—well, dignified, you know." Now the Lounger, even though he has been at the Institute for some years is still on the nigh side of sixty; wherefore this remark cut him deeply. He has therefore resolved to discard his stove-pipe and purchase one of the soft felt articles affected by Sophomores; to keep a sharp lookout every morning for gray hairs and remove any such with a pair of forceps; and to model his writing and his conversation more on that of the young and enthusiastic.

The Lounger was impelled by the balmy weather the other day, to pen a short ode to the deity of the Springtime. Unfortunately, by the time it was finished a change had come over the meteorological conditions, and as the Lounger was on his way to a prominent publishing house, he slipped on the ice and lost the precious manuscript in a snow drift. There is a certain instability about nature which makes it hard for the poet to keep up with the times.

The Lounger was studying nature under the protecting shade of the "Elm," last week, when a knot of youths entered, whose faces were just sufficiently familiar to make him think they must be Freshmen. They sat down with some flourish, and gave an order which gave rise to no agile service, but a whispered consultation among the waiters, and an apparent refusal. One of the chagrined youths, after some hesitation, recognized the Lounger's face as a familiar one, and crossed over to him. "You're a Tech. man, aren't you?" he said. "Vell, we are Tech. men, too, '900, and will you order us some beer, for the man says he won't sell it, because we are too young." So the Lounger ordered half a dozen bottles and the Freshmen began to regain their shattered dignity. Unfortunately, however, when the desired stimulant arrived, almost everyone in the room happened to be looking; and a roar broke out that changed their natural green to vivid pink.