THE Lounger's finances, like those of literary genius in general, are very low at present. When he went to the opera a few nights since, therefore, he did not resort, as usual, to the boxes where the other models of the ton consort, but hied him to the upper gallery where he was rewarded by the chance to study the character of the denizens of that region. Now, it may be that when the poet penned that beautiful maxim, "the farther from earth the nearer to heaven," he was thinking of the third gallery. Certain it is that beneath the rough exterior of the habitués of this locality there often lies hid a truer chivalry than that of the white necktie and coral shirt stud, of which the following absolutely true incident is an example:—

The Lounger had assumed his modest position of vantage in the third row; the piece, a Meisterstück of the old school, had passed applausively through four acts and was now laboring in the throes of a fifth. As is customary in opera, the hero tenor was dying, and had now successfully reached the conclusion of his fifth ante-mortem aria, with excellent prospects of more to follow. The orchestra had long since ceased to make music, and was now bellowing with painful alternations of trumpet and oboe, together with a fine fortissimo effect of the drum. The chairs in the pit applauded, while the "third" yelled with delight. In the front row of the latter, to the Lounger's right, sat a fine young maid of forty-five: one well versed in the etiquette of the place, who would be technically described as a "light of the loft." Immediately behind, and chewing the favorite weed with a gusto which stamped him at once as "one to the manner born," sat an unprepossessing gentleman, who was expectorating with vehemence, and at a constantly increasing rate, as the piece proceeded, but apparently with so much dexterity and precision that not even the most sensitive could take offense. Yet, even skillful manipulators are at times subject to mishaps, and the crisis was one which wrought upon the nerves severely.

The prospects of getting rid of the tenor were brighter than ever before. The orchestra had recovered its flagging strength, and the wood-wind was drowned completely by the thunders of the brass. Just at the supreme moment, when the fate of the tenor hung trembling in the balance, and enthusiasm of the house became a veritable pandemonium, the lady in the front row turned to the gentleman behind her and said in low, but distinct tones, which thrilled over the balcony, "You are spitting down my back."

Obviously, the situation was a difficult one, and many of the Lounger's friends of the jeunesse dorée would have been embarrassed in the place of the gentleman in question; but his native tact and savoir faire did not desert him for a moment. With an instant recognition of his error he asked the lady's pardon, and, with a ready grace, he offered his pocket handkerchief to repair the damage. This the lady, after some modest hesitation, accepted, and in a short time returned, with thanks. The tenor, by this time, had at last been satisfactorily disposed of, and the Lounger strolled home under the stars, and mused upon the seeds of true politeness so often found in the most unpromising soil.

Not long since, while the Lounger was quietly dozing in his favorite corner of The Tech office and dreaming of the joyous festivities of the approaching Junior Week when that wondrous book which has caused so much whispering and so many mysterious gatherings and consultations will appear; when for the—th time he will again whisper sweet nothings into the ear of Beauty 'midst the dreamy waltzes of the Prom.; he was rudely awaked by a loud noise like the report of a hundred cannon. With fearful misgivings that one of the numerous committees of which he has previously spoken had been holding a meeting and that the warmth of the discussion had caused another gas explosion, the Lounger hastened down stairs. When he reached the corridor, what a scene met his eyes! The main arch was decorated with flags and banners and on several tables were arranged a most gorgeous display of cups of every shape and form and medals galore. Signs announcing a great athletic mass meeting, at which several hundred of the faculty were to be present, were posted in every vacant space and the air was filled with enthusiasm. Like a flash an idea struck him with so much force that it caused his vigorous step to waver and his manly form to reel. The noise he had heard was the "boom" in Athletics which is now in progress!