It is customary for those blessed with more than their share of this world’s goods to cultivate outwardly a seemly modesty of demeanor; mere vanity is punished by ridicule and deeper arrogance with dangerous envy. There is one form of human felicity, however, which flaunts itself persistently in the light of day, and seems to revel in the sour looks of aliens. The Lounger refers to the unfeeling behavior of that race of human beings marked by a diamond upon the third finger of the left hand. As dear Charles Lamb says (he might have been a Lounger if he had lived a little later and come to Technology), “These monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.” Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married (or engaged) couple, —in that of the lady particularly; it tells you that her lot is disposed of in this world; that you can have no hopes of her.

The Lounger, it may be inferred, has encountered a young lady whom he once—well, whom he knew before she became engaged. She was not content with conversing at length about Edward, and Edward’s family, and Edward’s horses, and the tickets Edward had sent her for the Yale game, and the teawhurn she and Edward had just picked up at auction. She also patronized the Lounger, and reproved him gently for his useless life, and advised him to marry some nice girl and settle down!

Now, this sort of thing is very trying. The Lounger, however, is nothing if not philosophical. And, although Edward is probably not half as grateful for his great blessings as he ought to be, the Lounger intends to make up the average by appreciating his own lesser ones to the full. And there are redeeming circumstances. If the Lounger were otherwise than the unblest vagabond he is, he would not be lying back amid his cardinal and gray cushions puffing lazy smoke rings from his second-best meer-schaum; he would not be going over in memory the merry hours of the evening previous, when the “Frolicsome Oysters” met at Dreyfus’s; he would not be looking forward to a series of cozy cups of tea, with generous lemon slicings, on the morrow. No, the Lounger loves his liberty; and he loves his friends of both sexes too well to sacrifice them to a mere desire for exclusiveness. Only if all of them were to fall from grace like the maiden whose engagement is the inspiration of this screed, might the Lounger be forced, in self-defense, to follow their example. And that end, he hopes, is still far away.

The Lounger hates to harp constantly upon the same subject; but there are some persons who will persist in thrusting themselves upon public notice. Certain Freshmen (belonging particularly to the Class of ’98, by the by), fired by the memories of past election nights, determined, last Tuesday, to be quite the “typical college man, y’know,” and to have a real devilish time. So they accoutered themselves in slouch hats and sweaters and paraded about the Institute all day,—a source of terror to all possessed of fragile nerves. The Lounger was rather amused to hear one of them accosted by an awe-struck gamin with the question, “Please, mister, do you play anything?”

The evening at last came. And with an ardor undampened by the doleful drizzle, our “toughs” sallied forth to the Palace, née Trocadero, née Nickelodeon, bent on proving themselves dead game sports. In the active demonstration of this fact, however, our young friends met with a sad check. The Irish comedian, being of a hasty Celtic disposition, lost his temper completely; he leaped the footlights and applied the cane he carried, with some smartness, to the shoulders of a distinguished long-distance runner and (the Lounger sees visions of resolutions, protests, and excitement without end—but the truth must be spoken) a son of Nineteen Hundred. After which our gay collegians departed homeward with many good resolutions.

Since the Lounger incautiously offered an explanation of one of the jokes put forth upon an innocent world by this publication, his morning mail has been so swelled by letters containing anxious queries about later cartoons that three assistant secretaries have been employed to care for it. Those in search of knowledge should apply, in person, to the Editor in Chief or the Artistic Editor; preferably the latter, for he is not such a good shot as the Editor in Chief.