Verily, The Lounger has been amazed to observe how absolutely and completely illogical natural happenings occasionally are. The Lounger, from long experience, had come to the conclusion that nothing good could result from the semi-annual torment to which he has recently been subjected, except perhaps a notice to the effect that his further presence would be unnecessary, but his latest discovery has overthrown all The Lounger's theories and has proved that good may come out of almost anything. While in the course of earnest preparation for his examinations, The Lounger took up a certain periodical known as The Wellesley Magazine, and for the benefit of his long suffering readers The Lounger appends his discovery, a clipping from a criticism in that paper on the various college departmental columns:

"The Lounger has the best of them all, however. A picture at the head of his column shows him sprawling in his easy-chair before a blazing fire, behind him the soft light of a tall lamp, in one hand a paper, in the other a pipe; and he is lazily watching the smoke curl up against the dancing flames of the fire. His lot is truly a happy one! Under such circumstances it is small wonder that he can philosophize so delightfully in a bantering, lightly humorous, and decidedly effective, suggestive way, over anything and everything that comes along—from a comment on the phenomenal rubber-like qualities of the cane in everything that comes along—from a direct allusion to the Secretary. His humor makes twists and turns on itself and crops up most unexpectedly in one place after another. It is always good-humored, too. On the whole, The Lounger has the most delightful personality of all whom we meet among our exchanges."

Now on the face of this interesting and highly edifying criticism it might be assumed that The Lounger was publishing it simply to add glory to his already famous personality or in other words was cultivating a progressing case of swelled head, but The Lounger wishes to correct any idea of that sort at the start. Aside from the natural and allowable pleasure of receiving proof that true worth is appreciated, notwithstanding any aspersions of Technique to the contrary, The Lounger would like modestly to correct a few impressions, slightly erroneous, which he fears have taken hold on the imagination of the fair scribe at the other end of the line. As to the primary, fundamental phrase in the first line, stating that "The Lounger has the best of them all," he would not venture to dispute so self-evident a fact; it is merely a few matters of detail that concern him at present. That is, the too hasty conclusion which the maiden has come to in the statement, "His lot is truly a happy one!" Now as far as The Lounger's limited gaze can extend, all he sees to justify this is that well-known deception at the head of this column. If the fair Wesleyan were a co-ed at Tech—although The Lounger would not be guilty of wishing anyone that misfortune—she would well know that the aforementioned cut was the horrible effect of a pipe dream of the artistic editors on the morning after a class dinner in the 'eighties, when such things as mixed drinks were but in their infancy. The Lounger felt that this remark about his lot was so unwarranted that he even ventured to try to search out his fair critic to invite her to visit the office some Monday morning to watch The Lounger writing against time, with the printer's devil on one side and the editor-in-chief on the other, both to give piquancy to his effusions. When the first bevy of beauties he cast eyes on, however, turned and fled The Lounger relinquished his object and wended his way homewards. "Twas a sad awakening. The Lounger's modesty again forbids him to remark on his own philosophy and humor; he is glad, however, that the editor found a name to call it besides D. T. As to the snake-like evolutions of it, The Lounger fully agrees; in fact he could go farther and suggest, in addition to "twists and turns" one more very obvious stage in the development "knots." The Lounger indeed feels that in the present state of complacent self-esteem he has reached he may presently become tangled up in one, so he will close with the wish that his "delightful personality" might induce a few of the innocent victims who subscribed to The Tech under his tutelage to pay up.

The smoke refuses to curl from The Lounger's pipe. His inspired appeal to the Sophomore Class was futile,—a prophet has no place in his own country. Compliments, advice, threats, probation, all are of no avail. The germ of puerility still remains. "'Tis 1257. The lights are off; the stereopticon is in full sizzle; the eager students closely follow the gyrations of Charlie's pencil thrown upon the curtain; the thirst for knowledge and research is running high, when spasm number one breaks upon the awful stillness. Another spasm and 'tis done. Exit, Macbeth—the Sophomore Class goes to lunch. The Lounger's heart is full, his pipe is empty. Will these erring, wandering microbes of belated infancy never die!