The Lounger was accosted the other day by his old friend and collaborator, Mr. Bur-ison, who with a very serious and portentous mien requested information as to whether there was room in that vile sheet called "Ye Tech," for a little story of his own. Now if The Lounger were going to issue a paper like the Spectator, he would make Mr. Bur-ison his hero and The Lounger would have no doubt as to whether or not he could give points to anybody, from Roger de Coverly to Eben Holden. But simply being a rank scribbler for The Tech and even at that getting crowded out by tabulated columns of free advertising matter inserted gratuitously, The Lounger had doubts as to whether Mr. B.'s tale would ever reach the printed form; at any rate he was absolutely certain it would never get beyond this benighted page, and so he is making a valiant attempt to rescue it. Said Mr. B.: "I was coming in on the car the other day and was talking to a Harvard man. Having no Freshmen, a Harvard man was the next best thing, and he remarked that he had a story to tell me about the Institute. 'A class mate of mine who went to Tech, reminding me of those good old days at Cantaberigenis mentioned the manner in which we used to cram for exams over there. 'Well," said he, 'that's what you have to do every day at Tech.'" Mr. B. took much pains to convince The Lounger that this was a true story, but none were needed. Its veracity is too obvious, and The Lounger, expecting an outburst of that pleasing philosophy with which the Freshmen are refreshed during their agony in attempting to get the right thing projected into H, was surprised that his friend should wish the publication of such a well known fact. Of course The Lounger cannot by experience substantiate the statement, but he is led to believe that its correctness is unimpeachable from various companions of his who are progressing through Tech at a more rapid rate than The Lounger.

The Lounger has lain awake for many nights past in the annual dilemma concerning the supply of filthy lucre which will be necessary to assist him through Junior week. Of course she will be here and under such circumstances The Lounger feels that he can afford anything that money can buy. However, the idea that is striving to be free from his brain is that some scheme ought to be devised by which a plan of co-operation could be put into effect between the common people of whom The Lounger is one, and the dramatic stars of the Institute. Thus, by this scheme, a man should be permitted to pay for his tickets to the attractions during the week by work instead of the cold plunks. The Lounger, for one, is perfectly willing to carry water for the Principals, or haul on a scene sheet or black the Business Manager's boots if in return he be given the envied pasteboards. If some such scheme is not followed nothing can prevent the financial, as well as physical, wreck of The Lounger's promising life.

The Lounger wishes to announce merely as a matter of form, that if he should happen to appear in inverted order, upside down, on the front page of an issue, or even if he should not happen to appear at all, that it must not be considered as meaning anything serious. The Lounger is guiltless. He has only been so bold as to hire a new proof-reader, and the excitement attendant upon an event at Technology such a thing as an event being a wholly serious and portentous matter, will completely exonerate the matter from responsibility as to some of the philological and literary gymnastics which have met The Lounger's gaze. The Lounger includes in this such little diversions as announcements of meetings of the "Naval Agricultural Society," and so forth.

The Lounger wishes to bow in return to the graceful acknowledgement that the editor paid him last week of bowing down and worshipping in that note prefacetory to the editorials. It will be noted with pleasure, that The Lounger made up quantitatively, at least, in last week's issue. Doubtless, in that number when The Lounger retired from the field, the editor, that wierd individual of the shears, and glue-pot, found sufficient humor for one paper in labelling "the Naval Architectural Society," the "Naval Agricultural Society." With this sort of wit, The Lounger, cannot, of course, hope to compete. And moreover, if the main part of The Tech is to be devoted to such hilarity as the prefacetory note and notices of the "Naval Agricultural Society," The Lounger sees the day, not far distant, when excepting by the geographical location of the pre-historic cut above, it will be impossible to tell which part of paper is The Lounger. Having, however, resurrected in The Tech for "keeps," The Lounger extends the felicities of the season and congratulates the Institute on the nearness to that time when the board coverings of the steps shall be removed, and by edict of the Secretary, spring officially inaugurated,