The Lounger again takes up his pen, lights his briar, tips his chair back, clears his throat, and prepares to let fall some words of wisdom, which will be quickly done into ink by his stenographer, for the benefit of The Tech and the edification of its readers. Suddenly the face of The Lounger becomes pale, he gasps, springs from his chair, rushes with a half-crazed look to where his books lie, and selecting one, begins to study with an energy that had hitherto been foreign to his nature,—he suddenly remembered that a certain professor had sent him notice of an exam. as a Christmas present. His stenographer looked over his shoulder and then put down for his words of wisdom, “Be sure and spend Christmas and the following days in preparing for Professor F-unc-exam., to be held first thing after the holidays.”

The Lounger is, strange though it may seem, a mortal, and as such he is more or less susceptible to the emotions that encourage common beings toward daffyism. Inspirations The Lounger has had at times, but those were due to but one cause,—that of frequenting the Chapel. He visits the Chapel to drown his sorrows regularly twice a year (semi-finals and finals). For other reasons too numerous to mention he finds himself compelled to visit this famous resort off and on,—mostly on. But up to last night the real genuine-one-in-a-box inspiration had never enthused into him that sublime feeling which poesy renders to the soul. He cannot really account for the spasm. Whether it was encouraged by sleeping through Arlo’s second-year literary lecture, on which he had dropped in during an evil moment, or whether it was due to his more than usual spirit in which he went through the soul-entrancing rhythm of the Tech yell before rolling into bed and taking off his shoes, he is unable to decide. By the way, would advise all my disciples to take up the latter practice. I do not mean removing one’s foot coverings after retiring, but of heartily rendering the Tech yell every night. Before using this remedy The Lounger was wholly deprived of good marks, was troubled with wakefulness during lectures, and was generally deficient in all the comforts that make the happy man.

After using, a vast improvement was noticed, and he now uses it regularly, and has no difficulty about sleeping in lectures. But to return: The Lounger was thinking of the great excitement that was let out whenever a Technique or a catalogue made its appearance, and of the immortal honor that the instigators put in their pocketbooks. The Lounger was surely jealous. Why could not he make himself worthy of a place among the immortals? An inspiration! He would concoct a poem, and follow on to Arlo. He would chase the band-wagon, and issue it on the day the Technique came out. Visions of Arlo slapping him on his vaccination and saying, “Well done, you have shown yourself worthy to take attendance at my lectures next year!” Such good fortune was too much for him. He was delirious. He grappled with his inspiration, and tied it down while he ran for some paper and a two H. He immediately began to write the title, “The Techish Co-ed,” a tragedy. Another scintillating thought: his title reminded him of “The Faerie Queen.” He would follow Spenser’s idea by writing his masterpiece in four cantos, each to contain a virtue of the Techish Co-ed. as a Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior. The Lounger wrote as one possessed, wearing away four two H’s, writing at one end and eating at the other. Finally, as early dawn the milk-carts lighted on their way, lo! it was all completed. He read it over again, went to the mirror to see if he had changed. Yea, indeed, Arlo II. With well-deserved pride The Lounger recited, as he felt of his head to see what size wreath he would have to have, line 2763 of the first canto, telling of plate 9 and the damsel,—

And as she for the sixteenth time down on her board did spread it,
She murmured with that gentle grace: “Oh, darn! how I do dread it!

The Lounger gave three hearty cheers for himself, and again betook himself to slumber.

The days have come and passed unnumbered since The Lounger first placed his foot within the precincts of Rogers Corridor, or scaled the dark and labyrinthian stairs of the internal gloom of Walker. Yet never had he seen an effect like that which in a dream, in the recent vacation, presented itself to him. For perhaps that vacation was too much relaxation and excitation for one who, with his imagination already stifled with thoughts of radii of gyration, thermal equivalents, wave-lengths and parabolic-hyperbolas, to say nothing of logarithmic anti-differentials, was turned loose upon an unresisting and cheerful world. At any rate, The Lounger found himself, after the end of the second day, imagining all sorts of strange and pleasant things about the Institute—such as, for instance, the possibility of his passing