THE LOUNGER was snugly ensconced in his private sanctum, the banquet lamp was filling the apartment with a mellow radiance, the fire was crackling merrily on the hearth, and the fragrance of one of the editor's best cheroots was lulling him to gentle slumber; suddenly the door opened, disclosing his friend, Mr. B—rr—s—n, with a small green bag in his hand and an expansive smile on his countenance. "Say, old man," were the words of the worthy, as he opened his little green bag, "I have some news for you," and he proceeded to pull paper after paper from the little green bag. The LOUNGER caught a hurried glimpse of one of the titles, "Ch—rl—c Cr—ss Will Use the New Kinetoscope to Show How He Parts His Hair." Finally Mr. B—rr—s—n stopped, blew his nose with great deliberation, selecting a paper with extreme care, cleared his throat, and presented it (not his throat, but the paper) to The LOUNGER, who, having made it up with the editor about the cheroots, has obtained permission to print the article below.

Mr. J. Quincy Granite Speaks.

When I came into his office, Mr. J. Quincy Granite was seated at his desk in his revolving chair, complacently licking a postage stamp as daintily as was possible for such a heavy, fat, important-looking man.

"What do I think of the Tech 'Kommers,' those beer and smoke talks?" repeated he, twisting his chair around, and munching the rest of the mucilage. "Boy, when I was a student, things were different," said he, adjusting his cuffs, and frowning with one eyebrow in a forbidding way. "And not only different, but different with a difference that is appalling when one considers the reckless license of the present day." Here his handsome automobile features took on an air of extreme severity and harshness, as if they would like to run over something.

"Yes," continued he, "we had, as we say in French, a grand 'spree de core,' and I remember well my almer martyr and her traditions. Our school was run on strictly Y. M. C. A., S. P. C. A. and T. A. principles. Our president was a man of the noblest character, who would never injure the tender home-grown consciences of the general public or of the ministry, if he could help it. He would not countenance liquor, and he eschewed tobacco. Having such an example before them, the boys were of much the same noble character. They were never caught smoking, chewing, swearing, drinking or lying. I remember the president used to say: 'Lie if you must, but do not must any more than you can help. Be careful before the people, the church and the newspapers, and do what they think is right, even if they don't really think so. Have the courage of other people's convictions. If you must do wrong, do it in the right way. Be sure you are out of sight, then go ahead.'" Then J. Quincy Granite coughed twice and folded his arms once.

"Your school must have enjoyed a spotless reputation, then," said I, "and all the good people were satisfied with its morals."

"Everything was all right till those d—n papers got hold of it," he responded.

"Got hold of what?" I asked.

"Why, it was found out that half the boys, and even the president, went ten miles to the city every Saturday night to limn the old town rubicund. Too bad it got out, too bad!" he observed pensively.

"A measly shame," said I; "but you haven't told me yet what you think of the new Tech custom."

"Boy," he said, "my salary is paid by conser-vative people, who have been taught that beer is hell, and therefore I cannot afford to think. Besides, Carlyle was a great thinker, and where is he now? He's dead, whereas many a great drinker is alive yet. According to this logic, you see, boy, that thinking is worse than drinking, under circumstances, even though the Ladies' Home Journal won't admit it. Don't cuss a custom because it is new. As we say in Latin, 'Tempores mutant.'"

"Which is the best mixture, Mr. Granite," said I, "good beer, good smoke, and a good man in good company, or smoky beer, smoky smoke and a smoky man in smoky company?"

"Don't bother me with your conundrums, boy," replied J. Quincy Granite; "as we say in French, 'Jerner say paw'; but I know I would rather be right than president."

"The chief executive of Tech," said I, proudly throwing out my chest, and making my Tech pin glitter into his eyes, "is both. Good-day, Mr. Granite."