Amidst the twang of the banjos, the glides of the Prom., the bows of the Tech Tea and the paint of the show, **THE LOUNGER** decided to introduce a little social device of his own. At the beginning of the week he sent to some of the professors a card engraved as follows:

**THE LOUNGER**

**REQUESTS THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE**

**ON WEDNESDAY EVENING.**

**BRING YOUR OWN SPOON.**

The affair went off great. All our old favorites came to attend this novel reception. After they had all been seated and made comfortable, **THE LOUNGER** said to his guests, “Now, sports, enjoy yourselves. Remember you were boys once yourselves. Professor Cr-ss, will you be kind enough to pass around the salted peanuts.”

“Gentlemen,” said the author of ‘Love in a Cloud,’ as he languidly rose and elevated his chin in the air, “never before have I seen such witty people as we are, and I have been among the chalk cliffs of Albion, I have been among the most fashionable clubs, I have been, in short, gentlemen, wherever I have been.”

“Bean you?” asked Professor Cr-ss, with a twinkle in his steel-gray eyes. “Then answer me one question which I shall superimpose upon you. Where would you have been if you hadn’t been where you happened to have been?”

“Come, now,” said Professor W-nd-ll, rising with a jaunty air and carelessly tossing up a piece of chalk, “that’s poifictly straightforward. You know that as well as I do.”

No answer.

“Use your common sense,” said Professor W-nd-ll, with his keen glance fixed on Professor B-tes’ scornful face. “You know it poifictly well; it’s poifictly simple,— don’t try to think of the book, use your common sense.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Bl-chst-n, anxious to get in his little pun, “anybody zat iss as bright wie a dollar shut haf un lots of cents, iss it not? Dollars are high, but cents arlo, iss it not so?”

At this point **THE LOUNGER** saw that a little diversion was needed to entertain the company, so he said, “The author of ‘Freehand’ will now speak.”

Without rising, the latter reached for Professor Cr-ss’s silk hat, and holding it up said: “This is a primary marse. I will now make it into a secondary marse,” and he threw it out of the window.

“Za nap of za silk hat vill be disturbed,” said Mr. Bl-chst-n.

The door opened and there entered a breath of perfume, and one of our teachers of German, dressed *à l'es Hart*, Schaffner and Marx. “Ta, ta, boys,” said he airily. “Thought I would drop in while I have a little time to spare from my classes.”

Just then a voice was heard trilling on the sidewalk.

“So long, boys,” and he was gone.

“Oh, vut un luffly tream!” gasped Professor D-pp-ld. “Binch me, Linus, to see if I’m asleep or awake.”

“Hold on,” yelled Professor P-pe from the corner, “there’s a better test than that. Try the mirror test. Hold a mirror before his face. If he sees himself he’s awake, if he does not, he’s asleep.”

“Neffer mind,” said Professor D-pp-ld, “I feel better now,” and he extracted from his pocket a long pipe and began to light it. He took one puff.

“Put that under the hood,” yelled Professor B-rdw-11, and Mr. L-wr-nce, who was just reaching for a handful of salted peanuts, dropped them on Professor Cr-ss’s head.

Here Professor C-ri-li arose with a long pointer and said:

“Althoughtheconstitutioniscuriouslyminuteconsome comparativelysmallpointsitis—”

Arlo jumped up. “Your meter is bad,” said he. “It’s almost as bad as a gas meter. Think of the bill you will run up. If it is the pleasure of this meeting, gentlemen, I move we pass around the hat to buy a new engineering alley for the boys.”

“Since my friend threw out my silk hat with such a free hand,” said Professor Cr-ss, “I regret to say we have no hat to pass.”

“Pass a plane,” said the Descrip. Dealer, in a hoarse voice.

“Fellow-workers,” said **THE LOUNGER**, rising, “it is getting late, and we must soon sever. Allow me to propose a few toasts. Please rise, gentlemen.”

They rose as one man, each with his little glass of milk tightly clasped in the right hand.

“Here’s to our Descrip. Dealer, may his shadows never grow less.”

They gulped.

“Here’s to our physics lecturer. Pope said that beauty draws us by a single hair. Professor Cr-ss draws us by less.”

They drained the glasses.

“And now one more, gentlemen. Here’s to myself, equal to none.”

But there was no more milk left.