THE LOUNGER struck, the other day, for higher wages and shorter hours, and for five minutes there was no LOUNGER on the board, unless the Alumni editor could be called one. Finally a compromise was effected. The editor-in-chief promised to give him ten per cent of the profits whenever they should exceed one hundred dollars a week. Although he could not quite see through this, THE LOUNGER consented and is now in his padded cell writing as he never wrote before or after. He has given up trying to make money out of THE TECH. Can you get blood out of a stone? Instead he has devised a scheme which will make the Clarendon Street Bargain Emporium look like a dry-goods box in an alley. Here it is:

He is going to buy out Metcalf's drugstore, and put in a stock of books, drawing instruments, thumb-tacks, etc. On the outside he will have a handsome illuminated sign, painted with blood as follows:

Supplies for M. I. T. Students.
Don't Go Elsewhere to be Cheated,
Come Here!

Will it be a co-operative affair? You bet your life it will be. It will be a downright swind — but wait till you find out for yourself. There will be a constitution if M-ch hasn't a copyright on his.

Thusly reads the constitution:

CONSTITUTION.

1. Each victim must pay an annual fee of fifty cents.
2. He will get a ticket in exchange, which will entitle him to a discount on everything except the following:
   (a) Books.
   (b) Everything else.
3. After all, the main thing is the fifty cents.

BUY-LAWS.

1. I am the treasurer, president and secretary.
2. You are the easy one.

A few minor details have not yet been arranged, as, for instance, the selection of a suitable place for the money-box. But if he succeeds in organizing a co-operative society, THE LOUNGER will feel amply repaid.

Engineering Alley! What are you going to do about it? THE LOUNGER is tired of trying to invent new curses, to ease the way in going through this abominable place on a damp day. If there is any oath on earth or in heaven that THE LOUNGER could say which would positively cause the alley to be improved,— well, consider that thing said.

Vagabonds.

Away! away! the king's highway
Shall be our home this weather.
O'er hill and dale we'll tramp along
And sing a song together.

A song of rain and burning sun
And jolly inns to rest in,
Or should the night come unaware,
A bed of leaves to nest in.

Our fellow vagabond, the wind,
Will lead us merry chases,
Till filled with summer's laziness
We seek the quiet places.

In little dells that mother earth
Has hid among the mountains,
Then we will sleep the livelong day
By drowsy bubbling fountains.

We travel northward with the spring,
With summer we will tarry,
Then southward quickly haste away
When fall and winter marry.

Away! away! the king's highway
Shall be our home this weather.
O'er hill and dale we'll tramp along
And sing a song together.

— Wesleyan Literary Monthly.