one of careworn anxiety, and THE LOUNGER resumed his occupation of doing nothing.

**THE LOUNGER must confess he does not approve of making THE TECH'S price only one car-fare. He feels that it is belittling his efforts, and can result in no good. He would rather favor an increased price—say a dollar per copy. Of course THE LOUNGER recognizes that the proximity of the Editorial Column and Alumni Notes does detract somewhat from the value of his own private lounging column, but still he modestly maintains that THE LOUNGER is what sells the paper, and that therefore THE LOUNGER ought to set the price. One car-fare for a whole Lounger! It seems ridiculous, but THE LOUNGER supposes that he will have to grin and bear it, in common with the Heat exam. and other such evils.

To his youthful protégés, the Freshmen, THE LOUNGER would beg to call attention to his protective and fostering care over them. When THE LOUNGER saw that all hope was lost—that the car-fare TECH was a reality—he rose up in meeting out of his easy-chair and said: "Gentlemen of THE TECH board, is it fair that my protégés who subscribed a month ago, whether they have not paid up or have, should be so cheated and swindled? No, I say No! NEVER! It is a vote."

So just ask the business manager to give you back your 50 cents.

THE LOUNGER reclined upon the table and gazed meditatively at the smoke-rings—pale ghosts of undigested doughnuts—as they rose reluctantly from that living tomb, THE LOUNGER's mouth.

Meanwhile his inner consciousness was squatted upon the bank of his mental mill-pond, lazily watching the motionless think-bob, with the hope that some idea, swimming about in the muddy depths, might inadvertently be impaled upon the unsuspecting hook.

Suddenly THE LOUNGER's lethargy, rudely surprised, like Venus at her bath, fled into the tips of his shoes, and left him in the presence of the athletic figure of Dr. Bridget, which he accosted thus in submissive, silvery words: "Be thou man, or be thou devil, damn thee, speak, or else be silent!" Dr. Bridget bowed and confessed that he had several ideas, many of which he desired to get off his mind, as he expected a new set in a few days, and had no extra storage room. THE LOUNGER, with his wonted self-possession and poise, suggested succinctly, "Spring them." The doctor complied. He sprang them from the springboard of his oracular tongue, and they sank deep into the calm, unfathomable waters of THE LOUNGER's soul—into the soft ooze of his bottomless think-tank.

Now THE LOUNGER's motto is this: "THOUGHT is the gasoline that propels the automobile, "ACTION." No sooner, then, did the spark of enthusiasm fall into the gasoline tank of THE LOUNGER's mentality than things began to occur. The Walker Building was fitted up as the new TECH office. An undertaker has been engaged to remove the entrance to chapel, and place it as a porch for the new office, that the latter may be made as attractive as possible to all. Moreover, the exterior of the building will be thoroughly upholstered with pink velveteen, and the interior hung with lithographs of THE LOUNGER and Elbert Hubbard. Other ads. will be given wall space at the regular rates.

The editor's chair is to be occupied conjointly by Prof. Wm. T. Pickwick and a second-year co-ed. to be elected by the Y. M. C. A. It is thus hoped to secure not only a large and pleasantly humorous editorial column, but also a closer sympathy between THE TECH and the other members of the Institute Triumvirate. Professor Pickwick makes a considerable sacrifice in assuming his new role, but will still be able to carry on many of his courses through the columns of the daily papers.

The co-ed., on the other hand, by virtue of her office, will be exempt from second-year literature and tuition fees.

Athletics is to be the province of Prof. Acro Bats, Chica. D.D., and will be discussed under the two heads: (1) Aesthetics, and (2) Cosmetics, unless there is some other objection.

Beginning with the new régime, the business management, under the leadership of no less a divinity than Andrew D. MacMoneys himself, will levy a minimum charge of five cents for each copy. By purchasing a co-operative ticket, however, one can secure the magazine for a much larger sum.

"Sic Semper Co-operandm."

Optimistic as ever, THE LOUNGER was seated in a car with a ray of sunshine as big as a gust of east wind surging through his heart. In front of him sat an old man, poorly clothed, poorly fed, and with that indescribable look of second-hand shabbiness which makes you wonder where Political Economy comes in when it mentions the distribution of wealth. Ever and anon the old man would lovingly pat a small package in his dilapidated pocket, and his eyes would light up. Some little present for his wife at home, THE LOUNGER thought—some little mantelpiece trinket to brighten the cheerless home and to give his hardworking wife a little surprise. Or perhaps it was an inexpensive plaything for one of the "childer." How happy the poor man was made by the tawdry gewgaw, cheaper than a crumb from a rich man's table. Just then the man bent and the pocket gaped. In it was a bottle of Wilson— that's all.

The price of THE TECH is now five cents a copy. Subscriptions for coming numbers of this volume $1.25.