As The Lounger was perpetrating that pastime, the chronic indulgence in which has secured for him his "sobriquet,"—as he was lounging upon the elegant and luxurious paling which holds the Tech Campus in its saggy embrace, and as he rested his eyes upon the majestic grandeur of the Pierce building, there dawned upon his subconscious faculties the vision of a blessed damosel, led (like the nickel he had just given Mrs. King) by a creature which THE LOUNGER would fain have classified as a dog, but which the aforesaid lovely lady, with the visuo-graphic habits of a Chinaman, or, as Edward Bellamy expressed it, "Looking Backward," evidently regarded more as a god. A dog, a demi-god: a demi-dog-god as a demagogue. The damosel followed the god, watching and caring for his every need. She had tenderly provided a beautiful, soft, thick, warm, rich, costly, embroidered cloth, to break the rude force of the solar rays, and to prevent them from too arduous an attack upon the delicate back. She had had wrought for his graceful neck a most elegant collar, set with many kinds of rare and desirable jewels, and tied with a resplendent bow of stiff, smooth, orange satin. And, besides, that the tie of friendship might be realized even materially, she had purchased a wonderful, gleaming, golden chain, to hang from its poor dumb mouth
domain of heaven."

"Love me, love my dog, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

This time The Lounger was not seated in a Morris chair before the blazing grate, with his feet on the piano, and luxuriously smoking a meerschaum. Nay, nay, Pauline. He had just invested in what some mild-spoken people call "Institute Notes," but which THE LOUNGER in his infinite kindness, refuses to name. The book was munificently bound in manilla paper, and contained some pictures of machines. These cuts were not of the common or garden variety which one sometimes finds in art galleries; they were the exclusive woodcuts found only in catalogues, and which can be obtained only by dropping a properly addressed postal in one of the few letter-boxes, which one occasionally finds in the best of our few streets. Hence the high price. The manufacturers of the machines, not wishing their machine to be too well advertised, demand a high price for the loan of their plates. The makers of the manilla paper, all having sick wives and children at the time, double the price of their product. Simultaneously, all the printers strike for increased wages because of the rise in the price of calico. All these things tend to make the notes as high as the proverbial "Mary Jane's top-note." Think of the meagre reward of the poor professor, who sits night after night, with scissors and paste-pot, laboriously compiling the book! Beads of honest perspiration stand out on his brow as he carefully selects a picture from the Brown and Sharpe catalogue to fill the last corner of the last page. And he does all this for practically no consideration! But wait! His recompense goes far deeper, and is far nobler than the mere solid gain reckoned in dollars and cents. He receives the thanks and wins the lasting gratitude of the poor student, who walks three miles on a rainy day to save a nickel in car-fare. The LOUNGER, in behalf of his many readers, thanks those professors, one and all, who have made it possible to buy a catalogue of machines at the mere price of a year's tuition at a western university. Words alone, however, cannot sufficiently thank. Were The LOUNGER in the position, he would do as much for them—with a pile-driver.

William Randolph Hearst, of the New York Journal, whose picture is not herewith shown, has been elected to Congress. The LOUNGER, of The Tech, whose picture appears at the head of this department, is still at the old stand, lounging. To be sure, he had an offer last week to canvass for a complete history of the coal strike in five volumes, but he felt that his first duty was to the readers of The Tech. For years and years, he has patiently borne with all the faults of his people, gently training the misgrowing tendrils of their thought, applying the spur here, a pull on the bit there, and once in a while, a light touch of the whip. He has made it the aim of his life to reach the stomachs, or whatever organ is the seat of the conscience, of those people whose prayer is as follows:

"O keep me ever as I am,
Without I ask again;
For any change at all would be
A change for worse,—Amen."