Suddenly The Lounger's oil-can began to click. This was rather unusual, and The Lounger was nearly surprised out of his ordinarily unruffled calm. Then the Business Manager, who was seated near the fireplace burning matches — the dear fellow does so love fireworks — suggested that it might possibly be a marconigraph message. The omniscient B. M. was right, as usual. The Lounger's old friend, Johnnie Rockefeller, was at the other end of the line. "Say, Lounger, how about that new stomach? Can we hit off the trade? One million, you know, C. O. D. This blamed indigestion is getting worse all the time, and I can't eat anything but Farce, Grate Guts and other health foods, and I am worn as thin as a Freshman's absence excuse."

"Sorry, old man, haven't any spare anatomy around just now, but I'll tell you what I will do," the ever obliging Lounger replied, "I'll sell you half my appetite for five hundred thousand, because I need just that amount to keep the other half supplied." "Appetite!" jangled the oil-can, "I've been living on coupons, sawdust and watered oil stock for five years now, and it is not appetite I want, but digestion." "Sorry there's an unsatisfied demand for digestion here, too. It takes all I can rake and scrape to digest Charlie's lectures; so long."

The Lounger is supposed to have a "humorous vein" — Sometimes the vein is so deeply hidden that the quality of ore is not discernible. It cannot, however, be gold or silver. Silence is golden, and The Lounger was never "guilty" — of that. Speech is silver, but The Lounger only writes. His humor partakes of the satirical and the ironical; perhaps the ore is irony. At all events there is much of it that may suggest brass. To accuse The Lounger of having a humorous vein is perhaps less apropos as well as less grammatical than to make the aspersion that he has a "humorous vanity." The Lounger plays with himself, while his audience looks on much as they would view the futile attempts of a cat to catch its tail. An ordinary cat describes a spherical helix in its eager, vain attempt to overtake its fleeing caudal appendage. What manner of involu-evolute hyperbolical lemniscate must a cat-o'-nine-tails subject itself to in the pursuit of its many prolongations? The solution of such a mathematical nightmare would stagger a Wells; think, then, what must be the consternation of The Lounger himself, the number of whose tales is as the sands of the sea, for it becomes his task to achieve, to produce, at least one tale every week of his life. Doubtless some of The Lounger's readers will have noticed that he sometimes refrains from not using a pun. A pun is inevitable, but is enjoyed only by the perpetrator, and even he is simultaneously pleased and ashamed of his action. In fact, although the pun is something which he is constrained to rid himself of or die (like an F. F.,) yet he will go to almost any length to conceal this off-spring of disgrace. Bacon was addicted to punning. It was as natural to him, as irrepressible as whooping-cough. Unable to restrain himself, driven to despair, he was forced as a last resort to publish his pun-infected works with the antiseptic precaution of a sobriquet. It is therefore to his propensity to pun that we owe all the confusion of names which has actually led some shallow minds to regard Shakespeare as a real character, in fact, as the author of his own puns. This is an untenable belief, for even had Bacon not existed, it is tolerably certain that no man would have signed his own name to such execrable puns as are constantly met with in the so-called works of Shakespeare. It is for similar reasons that The Lounger never writes himself, as such, but always under the sheltering disguise of a moral imbecile. It is an easy rôle to perform, and one that puts The Lounger on a level with so many who,— it puts him in touch with those others who fail to appreciate him. There are great advantages in descending to mingle with the common herd. In union is strength. The strongest nation was made by the union of thirteen states. The best college of higher learning in the world was composed of a union of thirteen courses. The Tech Union, however, as far as The Lounger recollects, and he has enjoyed several suppers there, has never yet offered thirteen courses, even of beer. The Lounger proposes a toast. The toast has reference to the way in which the thirteen courses at the Institute pull together in different directions. The Lounger offers a toast to an increased tensile strength in the esprit de corps of the Institute, and may the shadow of the Walker Building never be removed to Jamaica Plain!

Willie's drowning in the Tub,
He was put there for a Rub.
Papa looks in at the Door,
Says, "Willie, dear, don't splash the Floor."