Junior week and a month of money have passed on; the week into the tranquil bosom of deep eternity — and the money into the ravenous jaws of trade. A week back The Lounger had the money; now he is weak enough to want the money back, the greenback. No one can, however, have a week back, bone or no bone, so farewell to both the week and the bones! Both, like The Lounger's self, are well spent. For did not The Lounger participate in the Rush, losing thereby his head and his collar button, and being skinned of a bone and a half, cash as well as skin? And did he not precipitate in the ballet, a step which he had never taken before, his light foot tripping o'er the foot-lights? And for these doughty feats should he not 'ware The Tech Tea (Cambric)? Certes. When The Lounger was bound (6 vols. 8 mo.) for The Tech Tea, he met his friend, Mr. Blachstein, who greeted him, saying: "Ghude moch-r-r-nceeng, Mr. — — — ," but never mind, fair reader, The Lounger, "spell-bound," refrains from recording what would be bound to make you one of the Bored. Moreover, The Lounger wishes to avoid all possibility of seeming personal, and therefore hesitates to mention even so much as his own name.

It is hard for The Lounger, or for Elbert Hubbard, or H. W. Tyler, or any other of the great wits and satirists not to descend to personalities and vulgarities in some small degree. The Lounger is more or less of a self-registering mechanism, and is conscious of having now and then, in the past, stooped to the plane of the "great humorists." Be not cast down, however, beautiful reader (what if you should be a co-ed), intelligent reader, for is there not one redeeming point for congratulation? Yes, The Lounger has discovered that he is infected with an undesirable culture, and has determined to depopulate himself even to the extent that in the bright and promising future he will set and maintain unto himself a new and loftier standard. This is a resolution of great moment, a resolution, in fact, of forces; but, to employ the veterinary vernacular, "There is many a slip 'twixt the Crup and the Hip" (shoulder) [The Lounger fell off himself once] — ha! I wonder if this is refined? — Manifold Impetuosities! The Lounger is undone; he has designated himself by the pronoun ich, mai, ego, Ego. (Cannot be printed in Greek letters because the "devil" never had a gamma, and the omega's are oil monopolized for the street cars.) N.B.— Puns and personalities bear the same relation in the field of wit to true humor, that obtains in the art world between the Chamber of Humor waxworks and the galleries of the Louvre. Do not, however, kindest reader, lavish too much condolence and commiseration upon the seemingly conscious-stricken and self-condemning Lounger. May he not find substantial comfort and consolation in the contemplation of Dante's "Personalities," and the vulgarity of Cervantes and Kipling, while at the same time he may congratulate himself upon the possession of a truly Shakespearean faculty for punning. "Puns of great men all remind us we can pen our puns sublime, and unpun-ished leave behind us, puns a-pun the hands of Time."

Now that the printer has kindly inserted the three little leaves, The Lounger takes a new breath, and, adding to his brain the sulphuric acid of his genius, he precipitates the insoluble salt sulphate of thought, tasteless, odorless and footless. Until lately he had always wondered why a cut of squash pie of only a few radians cost ten cents at the Tech lunch-room, while for the same price one could obtain a generous plate of hash containing twice as much of proteids, several times as much of carbonates and muscle-making hypophosphites, not to mention the potatoes. The reason is logical and as follows: Professor Sedgwick discovered by chemical and gastronomic analysis that pie, when taken internally, is harmful. The millions of wandering and homeless bacteria, contained in the lard which is used for shortening, enter the pie smoking T D's and chewing tobacco, as it were, and later, when they reach the stomach, make it look like a Democratic caucus in the North End. The extra five cents levied on the pie is, then, nothing more nor less than an Internal Revenue Protective Tax. The tax protects the home industry of the gastric juices. Or if the simile of the T D's is adhered to, the act of raising the price of the pie may be regarded as an act for the Restriction of Foreign Immigration. The fact remains, however, that squash pie tastes d — n good, and had The Lounger what he lacks, he would write an essay on Squash Pie, as did Charles Lamb on Roast Pig. This reminds The Lounger of the tramp who one day called upon Charles Lamb and asked him for something to eat. Charles promised to give the tramp something if he did Charles Lamb on Roast Pig. This reminds The Lounger of the tramp who one day called upon Charles Lamb and asked him for something to eat. Charles promised to give the tramp something if he would leave as soon as he got it. Charles then gave him a leg of Lamb rather quickly, and the tramp left immediately. Small wonder a man with a name like that could write a better dissertation on Roast Pig than could The Lounger on Squash Pie. It was a mutton for him to write; and if he and Roger Bacon, as they are now twanging their golden harps, only form a partnership, surely they can make both ends meet. In the meantime, down with squash pie! We may not be able to immortalize it, but we can eat it, bacteria, crust and all.