

The Lounger.

JUNIOR Week is here, and the whole Institute is glad. The beautiful chorus maiden lounges in Rogers Corridor with his hands in his pockets and wonders whether the Hollis Street Theatre will be big enough to hold him when he gets on the stage. The dancers, personifications of sylph-like grace and ethereal loveliness, are practicing their breakdowns in the halls, and the business managers are boxed up in Thompson's private cell, like flies in a test-tube. The Musical Clubs caper about in recitation rooms, to the picking of the banjo, and the Glee Club makes the trophy room resound like a boiler shop. *Technique* is very much in evidence. The charming animal on the poster — the pea-green lizard that looks like a cross between a pipe dream in the Turkish Smoking Parlors, a nightmare, and an ichthyosaurus and a rampage; the festive beast, with a sardonic glare, that can be compared only to that on Charley's face when he bids his class in Physics gather together their belongings and hie them into the street before one o'clock has struck; this gay animal, who has brightened our life and made us dream of what we would have been up against if we had lived before the flood — his work is done; he is no longer a herald of coming glories but only a beautiful symbol, a fantasy of the *Technique* board. Even the haughty biscuit-shooter who honored THE LOUNGER by taking his order after he had waited twenty minutes at the bar of that emporium of desiccated dog, known as the Lunch Room, even she did not move as slowly as usual, and made only two mistakes in counting out his change.

THE LOUNGER wended his solitary way out, with his head in a whirl. No doubt Harry T. has his troubles, for he has to run the Institute, but that is his business and he has no other way of killing time, while THE LOUNGER not only runs the Institute, which is not his business, but in odd moments makes vain endeavors to study. A man may not serve two masters. This text has been improved intentionally, for THE LOUNGER never admits that there is anything he cannot do. Every one knows how well he runs the Institute, with some assistance from Harry T., and the most captious critic must admit that a man who can run the Institute can do any old thing. Therefore, THE LOUNGER, if he had more time, could easily dispel the cloud of flunks that has stuck to him, as an offer to sell an old set of Freehand Charlie's Letter Plates sticks to the bulletin board. Ever since the first day when he attired himself like a son of Mars by squeezing into a third-hand suit, that made him look like an amateur bell boy on a strike, and feel like a little lead soldier with the paint rubbed off, THE LOUNGER has cherished ideas of martial glory that are now about to be realized, for when the *Technique* rush takes place he will sit on the fence and applaud those who for once in their lives will do some real hard work. Perhaps this will not be any worse than an ordinary Tech Show rehearsal. From heated remarks that he has lately overheard, THE LOUNGER thinks that a rehearsal must resemble a Roman gladiatorial combat, but this is a mere guess. He will, however, out of the goodness of his heart and with tears in his eyes, remind the stage managers that in their dealings with the weaker sex, namely their ballet girls, not co-eds, that they are dealing with human beings. Remember the advice of Mr. Dooley, "Niver take an axe to a woman, save be way of a joke," and do nothing