The Lounger went to a dinner the other night. There were about five hundred guests present, and it was really quite an affair. The reason the Lounger mentions it is, that a good many of those present were personally known to quite a large number of Tech. men. Although it was, as stated before, quite an affair, nevertheless it was very informal in parts. There were some honored guests present, occupying a table at one end of the banquet hall, who, in all probability, got along all right, and failed to notice anything unusual about the way things were conducted, but the Lounger and about four hundred others were not so fortunate. These four hundred and one odd had some very peculiar experiences. For instance, soup was one of the articles on the menu, and this soup was served in pitchers. This was singular, but the waiters looked peaceful, and no remonstrance was made.

Another peculiarity was the original manner in which these guests were relieved of the inconvenience of waiting between the different courses,—a custom with which quite a number of us is probably familiar. There was no necessity whatever of referring to the bill of fare, when pardonable curiosity as to what was coming next might arise, as everything was set before one at once; one merely went from oysters to coffee, or from coffee to oysters, just as his individual taste prompted him, and made peace with his stomach later. Another effect of this departure from the usual clumsy methods of social feeding was to prevent all delay in the operation, and everything except the plates had disappeared within half an hour.

This brought involuntary expressions of approval from all, and the satiated guests turned themselves to the next business of the evening, which consisted of some remarks upon various subjects, by some persons who had been privileged to speak. Things went off very smoothly for a time, considering, and the Lounger really was beginning to lose sight of some remonstrances on the part of the inner man.

The first few speeches were excellent, with one unimportant exception, and everybody was pleased. Then a pale-faced individual arose in response to a certain toast, and, with only slight evidences of embarrassment, started off in smoothly flowing style. This speaker was very fond of sarcasm, and used it with more or less success in references to one of our great contemporary dailies, which had once been so unfortunate as to print the speaker's name at the end of a communication in defense of certain familiar customs regarding Technology. But the effort told, and the rest of the speech was more or less of a blur. However, the audience was kind, and magnanimously repressed any sign of disapproval, and Mr. —— sat down amid quite a little flurry of applause.

The next three speakers did especially well, and caused much pleasant merriment. Then the toastmaster arose and pronounced the name of a Mighty Man. You didn’t know that he was mighty until after he had slowly risen, stalked haughtily to a commanding position of the hall, and turned his features toward the hushed audience, but then you recognized his mightiness at once. His speech was quite different from the preceding ones, which had been confined to the subject announced; this man scorned all bonds, and wandered off into the realms of space. He even told a story; in doing which he gave additional proofs of his contempt for restrictions of all and every respect.

For a brief period the Lounger had fears for the speaker's personal safety; but the audience again gave evidence of its good nature, and the few who had not heard this much-abused tale were suffered to laugh in peace, and the man of mightiness sat down unharmed.

There were only two more speeches, upon which the Lounger passes no criticism, feeling that it could hardly be just after what had gone before. Near the hour of midnight the party broke up, the Lounger wended his homeward way, and, making himself comfortable in his characteristic attitude, dreamily recalled the various circumstances connected with some fifty odd versions of the story that the Mighty Man told.

Ever faithful old dog Tray,
Steadfast, brave, and true,
Is but a myth. Could he be Tray
And yet be faithful too?
—Bromonian.