The recent class indulgences have more than fulfilled the Lounger's most ardent anticipations. Surely the long-talked of "spirit" made his appearance on these occasions, if the thrilling tales that reach the Lounger's ears speak truthfully. If lavish expenditure and tales of fire escapades are to be taken as indications, the hilarious Sophomore especially identified himself with the sorcerer of the snaky wand; but the Senior did not fail to show that the influences of this patron saint were not disregarded, and extolled his virtues in the most approved manner despite the growing grind of thesis and the uncertainty of class-day election. Future class historians have indeed a task on hand if the minutia of the evening's performances are to be chronicled among the adventures of the class. But despite youthful discrepancies where conviviality plays the mischief with the grind and prevailing geniality oft proves too much for accustomed decorum, Ninety-six and Ninety-four, as well as Ninety-five, have shown that the class dinners afford opportunities not to be neglected. For evidences of the existence and strength of social interest, the recent occasions have been unexcelled, — indications for which the Lounger is truly thankful.

It now remains for the Freshmen to complete the list of social successes. Thus far the evidences of mutual interest among the members of '97 have indeed been few. The Lounger has learned that not more than one man in ten can tell the names of the class officers. He trusts, then, that the class will clear itself from the cloud of uncertainty that has marked its movements, by a most successful dinner. Where there is but one such social gathering in the year, every man should count himself among the merry revellers.

Vague rumors and dire threats now fill the air as the French mystery comes nearer to hand. The Lounger learns of a most gorgeous ballet, with a play thrown in as a sort of entrée act, which will soon astonish the Technology world. We may all be prepared to wonder at this Terpsichorean production, and at our friends who sacrifice certain useful facial appendages in order to more nearly resemble the chorus maiden. Just how the limbs are to be prepared for action is not yet known, but the Lounger is assured that such men have been selected for this exercise as best allow the necessary additions for the grace and symmetry required. It is said that M. Bernard is now in his element, and the bland promising smiles of the stage director indicate a similar happy condition. The young women studying at the Institute will, no doubt, be represented in the glory that envelopes the lovers of the French. The Lounger urges all to witness this huge performance, and will certainly be present himself in the very front row, in order to do further justice to this great Technological achievement.

The Deutscher Verein, another of the Lounger's favorite societies, is not to be outdone by these long-boasted successes of "l'Avenir," unless suspicious earnestness at chapel devotion and certain peculiar German ceremonies at the botanical specimen opposite the Common count for nothing. The Lounger has a deep sympathy and solicitude for these trial performances, and will ever be glad to lend a helping hand in times of emergency. He understands that the hilarity of these brief meetings is only introductory to a grand German play which is to follow and eclipse the coming French attempt. He learns that the presentation of that masterpiece of German tragedy, "Klausbabezimperet, oder Die Ehrenzwangschau," is even now contemplated. The Frenchmen had better look to their laurels.

The Lounger missed seeing the winner of the Mitchell contest, recipient of the sixteen thousand dollar gratuity fund presented by appreciative citizens of Boston, and friend of our most pugilistic athletic officer, at the recent Technology meet. If John L. can now be persuaded to pose at the French play, and Peter Jackson officiate at Class Day, Technology may yet recover from the deprivation.

The Lounger is much interested in the contest between Linus Faunce and Harry Hawthorne for the prize schoolmaster clock offered by the Boston Evening Record.