of the statisticians received the Lounger's earnest attention. The charts copied from valve gears seemed duly appropriate, and the idea might well have been extended to other functions of the Institute. The ratio of chocolate pie to lunch-room applicants and of mathematical Freshmen in the Course IX. library might have been of additional interest. After all, the alphabetical advertisement seems to best summarize the efforts of the Ninety-Five literary men as follows:—

"Jay stands for Juniors, who got up this book; They are really and truly as wise as they look."

The Lounger presented himself in goodly season to hear "our prize Banjo Club," and "our Glee Club, which is equally good," and also to watch his many friends as they entered with their maiden concomitants. Ninety-Four was out in force that night; Ninety-Five was a close second; Ninety-Six, with the glorious cane, did the honors, but, alas! the Freshmen were in a great minority. As the Lounger has a personal acquaintance with every member of the Freshman class, he awaited their entrance with eagerness, only to regret their non-appearance. Perhaps they had not recovered from the malady known as the Technique coupon; perchance they were scanning the advance sheet of the French play, prepared by the man with the "organic chemistry initials"; but more probably they were in training for the dinner to come, with thoughts far from warbling voices and energetic banjoists. These thoughts on the Freshmen were disturbed by discordant sounds of music, vulgarly so-called, from the direction of Newbury Street, where a German banjoist was carefully located in order to play havoc with the musicians within. An exciting race followed, in which misplaced chairs, broad smiles, a barber pole baton, a startling explosion, and some pathetic cries for water were happily blended. At last the band was routed by a well-planned attack of a Salvation Army Corps, and soon after the Lounger found himself sauntering leisurely from the hall firmly convinced that the concert was a monster success.

The Assembly exacted strenuous exertions in many ways, and the Lounger sighed for his downy cot long before the last waltz was over. He was not in training for such a list of entries, for the warm looks of the suburban maiden and the cold gaze of the Back-Bayite have not rested upon his manly bosom for many moons. More than twice was the Deux Temps repeated, till the Lounger longed to step out from the dizzy whirl. It is said that the manager was well versed in this revival of the dance of our forefathers, and not so apt in the schottische of more modern date, which accounted for the predominance of the former. The Lounger escaped from the ordeal as soon as was possible, and knew no more till several hours later, when two of his jovial fellow-boarders came toiling up the stairs, having successfully disposed of no less than twenty young ladies "from the country."

It was at the French play that the Lounger took the greatest pleasure, and wonderful were the sights he saw. He had anticipated the working of the creations of the evening, and his anticipations were not disappointed. The gyrations of La Negresse, especially, have not ceased to haunt him, and can only be compared to the automatons as presented at the Hungarian Café on the Midway at Chicago. L'Andalouse captured the Lounger's heart, and his imagination was roaming through the romantic hills and dales of distant Spain, when with a bold, bad cry this beauty displayed his Technology instincts, and a fair dream was at an end. All the maidens showed the effects of their rigorous training, though one comely damsel, whose affections were won by a student in the front row, has said that the limit was not required, for there was all of an inch to spare. The Lounger had but one weary moment, when the smoke of les pipes returned to cloud his mind of the more lively conditions which preceded. He noticed that the pipes were getting very warm, thereby destroying their color, and could not refrain from advising the athletic orchestra leader to cut it short.

The Herald had it that "the dainty forms glided through the maze dance," and so it must be. The Lounger is sure he enjoyed the ballet hugely, any way, and the acting as well. In the words of the Herald, he would speak in most flattering terms of "the womanly manner of Mr. Morse, whose acting was one of the features of the evening; in fact, few among the audience could persuade themselves that it was not a girl they saw, but there is no doubt that the part was taken, and most ably too, by a full-fledged Tech student." And the Lounger hastens to add—not the slightest doubt. Neither is there any question but that the appearance of M. Bernard most happily concluded the evening's pleasure, and the Lounger is pleased to state that our jaunty instructor, by his felicitous remarks, showed an accordance with student feeling hitherto unattained.