The Midway Plaisance in the Armory proved a sad disappointment to the Lounger after the eager hopes created by the energetic advertising done in Rogers building. The jovial members of the First Regiment were evidently sadly tangled while at Chicago, for the salient features of the Midway were curiously mixed, if indeed they were to be found at all. Even the Ferris Wheel was on the wrong side of most of the attractions, and the criss-cross reproductions of the Streets of Cairo, the Chinese Theatre, Old Vienna, and the German Village, were sad to behold. Further disappointment awaited the Lounger when he discovered that his old friends Emar and Mabul, of the Arabian Encampment, were not to be found, and that the little black-eyed girl of the Irish Village was changed to a hearty, deep-voiced maid with auburn hair. The Esquimaux, to the Lounger’s surprise, were ensconced in the Midway, and a side-show Art Gallery was also introduced. As if to make amends for the mixed condition of the minds of the boys in blue, beer was forbidden at Old Vienna, and its attractions without its chief characteristic were proportionately gone. Listlessly the Lounger wandered through the Beauty Show, where beauty, as at Chicago, was still imaginary, despite the efforts of artists and upholsterers. At last he entered the Chinese Theatre in hope of securing another pair of chop-sticks, but surprise again awaited him. Pompously perched on the hard benches were no less than fifteen sturdy Freshmen, gorgeously bedecked and be-capped, exchanging smiles with sundry Bijou chorus girls who thronged the aisles. Before the Lounger could escape, a Chinese magician appeared, and began to perform miracles with water, potassium chromate, and ferrous sulphate. At this moment a Freshman friend recognized the Lounger, and with beaming face whispered aloud, “And immediately down came the ———.” But the Lounger heard no more. With a mad rush he made his way through the crowd, and rested not till he had gained the seclusion of his fireside.

The Freshmen, however, achieved more salutary success at their class dinner. Their exemplary conduct, their seemly hours, and their decorous expressions, indicate unusual virtue. Their scientific classification of the ladies of Tech and Wellesley, to say nothing of their appreciation of that denizen of the boarding house, known as Boston’s own, or their critical comments upon the appropriateness of “Technique” grinds, seems to show their blissful state of pristine innocence. In view also of their gorgeous menu card, and their susceptibility to the subtle charms of Daisy Bell, the Lounger commends their efforts, and looks forward to yet more glorious success another year.

If the very pressing invitation to Tech men to spend the summer months in the circumpolar regions is generally accepted, it will certainly behove the frolicksome polar bear to pack away his fur in camphor, lest the perambulating rifle-ball of one of the battalion’s keen-eyed sharpshooters enable that individual to wrest it forcibly from him. If the glowing accounts in the circular are at all trustworthy, we may picture to ourselves a most entrancing scene, in which the clumsy whale is awaiting open-mouthed the dainty trout-fly from the biologist’s ten-dollar split bamboo, while auk, dodo, walrus, and silver fox are feverishly expecting samples of lead from our own mining lab. What with tender fête-a-fêtes with the coy Esquimaux maidens, and grateful draughts of blubber fresh drawn from the barrel, our bold northern explorers are sure to eclipse the ever-memorable record which Tech men made last summer at the Fair.

The Lounger has been favored with an epistle of even more interest than his weekly Faculty notice. Its earnest requests are couched in unmeasured but elegant rhythm, and it is withal such a tender appeal that he cannot pass it by without a word of counsel. No, Georgie, there is no opportunity for you to become an intelligent printer just now. The Tech is well supplied with such, and then it is even more tiresome than ballet dancing. You are quite right, however, that typewriters are more attractive than proof-readers, and your snake stories show much promise. Continue in your path of watchfulness and diligence, discard poetical ambition, communicate often with the Lounger, and when the Faculty grant him a degree he will use every influence to obtain a position for you as office boy to the Institute.