’Twas indeed a gay and festive evening that the Juniors spent at the Thorndike not long ago. Perchance the hardy sons of Ninety-six are more close-mouthed than their Freshmen brethren, for the Lounger has heard as yet no wild and harrowing tales of “beastly” conduct at the Junior Dinner. A suspicion of a tale has, however, reached him from that noble class which first dared to take the stand on the side of manly purity, to the effect that two of their number narrowly escaped official attention upon the close of their temperance meeting at Youngs’. This news was to the Lounger neither gratifying nor astonishing. He does not bring again to notice this oft-mooted subject for his own gratification, nor for the purpose of calling attention to the fulfilment of his very simple prediction. He is content to let each one draw his own inferences. Meantime he adheres to his original belief that a sweeping measure such as the Freshmen enacted is less productive of any actual good than of interesting discussion.

Time may prove that another fruitful subject for debate has been brought up in the recent attempt to revivify our defunct Baseball Association. It seems that the enthusiastic devotees of the willow and the sphere have again been seized with the demon of unrest. Certain it is that their ululatory clamors have been particularly in evidence of late, and the instant establishment of a Varsity nine seems to be the panacea. However this may be, it is certain that the question of a Varsity Baseball Team at Technology is not one susceptible of decision off-hand. The experience of at least one ineffable season should lead our athletic Solons to the exercise of thought, care, and judgment before launching Technology upon a career, which, though it be be-diamonded if not gilded, may end—who knows where? What the managers hope for this year is, the Lounger fears, of a somewhat too shadowy and dreamlike character, but whatever may be the outcome the Lounger trusts that no further increment to the Association’s already ponderous financial burden may result.

Whether the spring term at Technology is too short for the proper training of a Varsity Nine, whether, too, the uncertain inducements of a baseball season should not be promptly sacrificed to the bright and present prospects of a second victory at Worcester, are things to be taken into account. The Lounger trusts that in any decision the outcome will have proved the foresignt of its promulgators, and then there will be no need for such bitter feelings and righteous wrath as followed the vagaries of our star aggregation last Spring.

Meantime let the blithesome manager, whose identity rests at present in blessed incognito, fit joyously about; let him gather in the shining shickels as fast as may be; let him fill his date book full even to the covers thereof; let him steer clear of pseudo amateurs, and—keep a weather eye on Williams.

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A more immediate attraction is however in view, which the sagaciously and forethoughtfully frugal may now enjoy. Long since have those swarthy compatriots of Verdi been grinding out the divine work of the master at a trifling price per unit crank angular velocity, and again have the oft-repeated strains of “Una voce poco far,” “The Soldiers’ Chorus,” and the “Intermezzo” told of the advent of the opera. Books, triangles, and T-squares possess but slender attractions besides the music of Verdi, Bizet, Meyerbeer, and Wagner, even when heard in that peculiarly vicissitudinous arena known as the Mechanics Building Auditorium, but even there the sway is irresistible. When a better and more worthy place of sojourn is provided for the entertainment of wandering Euterpe, the Lounger will rejoice in company with some thousands of others, but till then he is glad to join the gay throng that nightly besieges the huge portal on Huntington Avenue, and willingly exchanges his modest weekly wage for a bit of pasteboard. He is not alone, however, in this reckless expenditure, for his circumambient eye has beheld many an unexpected meeting between stern prof. and rash enthusiast which betokens ill for the latter on the relentless morrow. With the price of opera hovering high aloft, with gratification of the esthetic sense at three dollars per roulade, the Lounger’s salary does not go far, but with an easy “Don’t you care,” he thinks of the good time he is having, and relegates croaking to the dyspeptics.