The old tale of how several dark-complexioned winged bipeds suffered percoction in a pie, cuts no figure in comparison with the reports of the weighty plans now "cooking" in the minds of the promoters of our French and German surprises. Surely something remarkable is in store for a waiting public during Junior Week. The Deutscher Verein, which has long been playing Brer Rabbit's favorite rôle, seems to have awakened, and a fresh distillation of spirit has been the result. Spirit of this kind is all the better for being fresh, and the Lounger has small doubt that this last product of the great Technology still may be fully up to proof requirement. Interest being now awakened, the call for coadjutors has gone forth. The one society feels that a dramatic representation would be incomplete without a supply of pirouettes and perks, while the other must have a cohort of brazen-throated stentors, who, in company with our famous glee club, shall form a chorus no less harmonious than numerous. Surely the devices of each to secure its object are interesting. Seldom indeed has the Lounger beheld such specimens of the alphabetist's art as have lately adorned the Societies' boards, and he is frank to confess that the eager efforts of the rival artists have called forth his most unstinted admiration. He would not, indeed, presume to criticise such lofty specimens of chirographic art. On the contrary, he would counsel the Secretary's expert assistant, whose gracefully worded though ominous announcements occasionally delight the Lounger's eye, to look well to his laurels.

The seductive call for ballet recruits has at all events proved efficient. There is no lack of eager candidates who are ready to sacrifice in the most ruthless manner their long cherished and carefully nurtured "moustachios," nor do these same worthies blanch at the painful prospect of training down to that willowy twenty-two inches. Ah, well! Let them strive now in happy innocence. The glory of terpsichorean triumph is great, though the pecuniary reward be antithetical. However, the smiles and blandishments of Monsieur are a constant goad, constituting, indeed, a charm rivaling those of the ancient Lorelei. The potency of this charm the Lounger is the last to doubt, and he awaits with interest the result of this Lenten training.

With periodic regularity startling accounts of the thesis work of our Seniors appear in the daily press, embellished and emblazoned till an ordinary engine test assumes the importance and glamour attaching to a North Pole relief expedition. The last escapade in which some of these heroes have indulged is a test of the engines on one of the Jamaica steamers, in the course of which, or, rather, incidental to which, a little affair occurred which has recently come to the Lounger's notice. It seems that one of the "heroes" bunked in a stateroom adjacent to that of a bridal couple on their way to Jamaica for their honeymoon. One night when this man, whom the Lounger will for lucidity call Mr. X, overcome by fatigue from the arduousness of his thesis work, had retired to a well-earned repose, there came a gentle tapping at his door, and a man's voice inquired tenderly, "Are you there, birdie?"

X, in language more forcible than polite, emphatically denied his identity with any feathered specimen, and clinched his statement with a well-aimed bootjack. This the anxious inquirer deftly dodged, and then discreetly withdrew; but from this time on, nothing could he do to suppress smiles and covert whisperings of "birdie" whenever he appeared.

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Katharine.

I watched all her innocent frolics
With eyes taken quite by her grace,
As I noticed the playful expression
Lightly glide o'er her dainty young face.

Her steps were so light and so airy,
And her heart so devoid of all care,
That a seeming enchantment passed o'er me,
Which left me in depths of despair.

For whene'er I drew near to caress her,
Or a trifle familiar had
grown,
A glance from her eye plainly told me—
It were best if I left her alone.

I might beg and entreat all my lifetime,
But my pleading would nothing avail;
For 'twas simply our innocent kitty
On the floor, playing tag with her tail.