coated student nearly eclipsed the beauties of “It hadn’t ought to be,” while the merry clink of beer mugs desperately waved aloft must have proved indeed tantalizing to the aforesaid un lubricated whistles. However, the last encore was finally sung, and the Lounger sauntered slowly home to dream of Heidelberg and Cäcilie.

It was with bright anticipatory eye that the Lounger greeted the hosts of pretty maids that courtesied so gracefully to the matrons of the Prom. The Prom maiden in all her glory is indeed a charming sight, and one calculated to make the hearts of brave Technology flutter, and no secluded coign was suffered to remain long vacant between the dances. Many were the wilted collars and weary feet ere the entrancing strains of the last waltz had died away, many the enthusiastic devotees of fair Terpsichore’s art. ’Tis a long time indeed since the Lounger’s manly arm has encircled so many fair waists—in the dance he means—in an equivalent space of time, and the Junior Prom. of Ninety-six will long linger in the Lounger’s memory as a jolly dance where assembled so many fair Marions, sweet Mabels, and lovely Alices in a picture the like of which Pierce Hall seldom frames.

Scarcely had the Lounger recovered from the Prom, when he was called upon to do the honors at THE TECH Tea. Verily was the office metamorphosed. The floor was scrubbed,—the Lounger sheds a silent tear at the irresistible march of progress,—the windows were polished resplendent, and the gas globes, which the Lounger had conscientiously believed to be of ground glass, were found to possess unsuspected qualities of transparency. The Lounger’s corner was rudely despoiled of its venerable relics, the dignified editorial table was loaded with an unwonted burden of frippé and goodies, while plants, rugs, sofa cushions, and divans robbed the office of the last vestige of its identity, and certified that THE TECH’s “At Home” was in full swing. The Lounger regrets that his modesty prevented his introduction in his official capacity to the matrons, but he was there nevertheless, and dispensed THE TECH’s hospitality with a lavish hand. The pretty girls, the honored guests, and the jolly air of festivity will long make the Lounger cherish the memory of this altogether successful and, for THE TECH, novel function.

To a somewhat larger gathering than could be entertained in the not extensive apartments of THE TECH did the Glee and Banjo Clubs cater in the evening. The Lounger missed the tinsel eagle, but was consoled by the abundant bunting and mathematical arrangement of palms on the periphery of the stage, while a triple encore for the Banjo Club, the happy omission of Hannah and her consort, conspired to make the event successful and pleasing to the cultured audience. The Lounger would not omit commendation of the small boy who poses as imperial remover and replacer of chairs, nor of the careful manner in which refractory coat tails were successfully juggled; all of which points serve to render more complete the success which our justly celebrated organizations achieved, and assure promise of more triumphs in the future. Had it not been for the distracting presence of a fair siren who sat in front of him, the Lounger might have devoted more particular attention to the events of the programme. As it was, however, his attention was wandering, and were there any hidden excellencies which are yet unrevealed to him, he would receive their recital with true gratitude.

It was at the French Plays that the Lounger experienced the keenest enjoyment, however. He has an extensive knowledge of the French language, acquired in his youth while working in a Paris-green factory, and not a syllable of the text was lost upon him. Though this year no exigency compelled a Co-ed to masquerade as a man in a girl’s rôle, the circumstances were indeed harsh which compelled monsieur to bask in a green Freshman light. The necessary loss of certain hirsute appendages did much to transform him into a ‘98 Thespian, and as such he won much glory for the man whose understudy he was. The feminine grace displayed in the arrangement of that coiffure, and the matronly reticence of a Sophomore, together with a tumultuously exciting ballet—monsieur and mademoiselle gracefully ensconsed in deep sight—form a combination indeed difficult to resist; so the Lounger gave up trying, and joined with his neighbors in voting the whole affair a “corker.” The Lounger might suggest that next year the society employ for manipulating the calciums, a man with less pronounced Hibernian proclivities, for the murky green which so persistently shrouded the stage was far from artistic. Green is a pleasant color when rigidly confined to its proper sphere, but its lavish use at a function of the Junior Class may have conveyed a subtle innuendo which not all appreciated.