THE Lounger rests happy in the consciousness of having seen Technology well through another Junior Week. The light festivities have this year especially appealed to his sensibilities, and have left bright in his mind a cloud of pleasant memories, from which he will attempt to sketch a chronicle of the gay doings. No thought of carking care was suffered to mar his complete enjoyment, and so, with the satisfaction of a man who has "seen it all," he will attempt to adorn his tale, if not to point a moral, from the frivolous frivolities just finished. The period which embraced all the ceremonies was certainly brief enough to insure neglect of the Lounger's favorite nocturnal god; but with the consoling thought that such concentrated dissipations are only annual, he is quite reconciled to the necessity for Napoleonic hours.

With bright anticipation and his customary quota of fair damsels, the Lounger surveyed the brilliance of Huntington Hall at the performance of the Glee and Banjo Clubs. A member of those organizations confidentially informed the Lounger that the concert was the best yet given, and so without discourtesy to his informant the Lounger cannot gainsay his remark. The Banjo Club, in a more than decimated condition, and the ever-popular Mandolins, did much to pass away the time, but the Glee men are the ones to receive the most hearty encomium. In consideration of the Lounger's suggestion, the directors of that laureled organization granted sepulture to sundry of the old favorites and substituted certain new and worthy pièces de résistance, which pleased the Lounger vastly. Even local talent emerged from modest retirement to lend to the programme the dignity of its name, and particularly in view of the lavish sway of patriotic bunting the Lounger is sure that to withhold complete praise would be unfair indeed.

The memories of Glee Club concerts proved of airy evanescense, however, when the Lounger entered Pierce Hall on the succeeding evening, the brilliant occasion of the Junior Prom—somewhat more worthy of its name, by the way, than last year—for the sight of many "pretty maids all in a row" was quick to dispel all other thoughts. No moment of the evening's enjoyment was lost upon him, no dance too long for his pleasure, no opportunity for sweet beguiling of the fleeting hour was missed. He remembers especially one poignant moment when he stood in a shaded corner watching the color come and go in the cheek of an entrancer from the Southern climes, as he touched lightly the tips of her dainty fingers and whispered to her the adoration of a lifetime, while her soft eyes roamed thoughtfully about the neighboring hall in search of her partner for the next dance. Alas! such reminiscences are out of place. Suffice it to say that the hours till two passed all too swiftly, and that but few hearts were entirely normal the next morning.

The Lounger confesses to having forgotten all about the reception of THE TECH Board in his pleasant musings over the night before. Therefore when he mounted the third flight of Rogers for his usual post-meridian meditation, it was with a start of astonishment that he first perceived the transformation which had taken place. Last year it was the sanctum alone which underwent a change, but now the shrines of Clio and Calliope were also invaded and made beauteous to behold with fine linen, with posters, palms and pinks. The company was a large and brilliant one, and it did the Lounger's heart good to watch severe and learned Profs. chatting and jesting with the deities of the tea and chocolate. Altogether, the Lounger does not remember a merrier official occasion since the beginning of his connection with THE TECH.

The production of an original Technology play on Friday night evinced a degree of energy truly remarkable. The maidens in the production were exceeding comely, although Miss Spofford's voice was a thing direful and portentous to hear. The acting in both plays was of a high order, although unmistakably amateur, but highly pleasing withal.

The burden of the second play fell largely upon Ann, and the Lounger must admit that he did herself full justice. The Lounger found the music of the original songs rather mellowish, and his friend, the Editor in chief, has gained great credit for the words