As the Lounger, reclining in his usual attitude (see above), was glancing over the theatre columns of one of the evening papers not long since, his attention was arrested by the sight of a familiar name in connection with the attractions mentioned as exhibiting at a certain stronghold of the vaudeville art in the neighborhood of Scollay Square. While the versatility of the French is proverbial, and although one of the brothers referred to has in more than one instance given notable exposition of his histrionic powers, yet the Lounger was somewhat unprepared to see in cold black and white,—

Direct from the Broadway Music Hall.

POUSSE CAFE BURLESQUERS.

——, ———, ————, The Bernards, and others.

It has always been one of the Lounger’s greatest delights to witness the successes of all who have been at any time connected with the Institute, and, consequently, it was with the greatest grief that he found himself unable to attend at least one performance of the “Burlesquers,” and add one more to the handsome delegation from Technology, which he is sure must have attended. The Lounger judges, moreover, that the above may suffice to explain the notable absence from the Institute last week of one of the brothers referred to.

While the Lounger has always been glad to facilitate the transaction of business, so essential to the interests of the student body in particular and the welfare of the human race in general, as that carried on at the meetings of his friends, the Institute Committee, and has on this account been only too glad to accede to the polite and humble petition usually offered by that honorable body, asking him to resign to them the luxuries of his quarters for certain stated and infrequent intervals, he must say that he considered this slight formality of request a pleasing incident which it pains him to forego. His friend, the business manager, is also somewhat disturbed by its omission, and bitterly bewails the fact that he has, in some cases, not had due notice of the date of meeting of the said body to give him time to lock up his valuables. The Lounger, however, has endeavored to console him—not without some success—by reminding him that in a few years more, apparently, the committee’s own trophy room will be completed.

The deep and continued interest which the Lounger has always in directing the affairs of his friends the Freshmen, make it almost needless for him to state that he is deeply interested in the cause of educating the youthful mind,—*cela va sans dire*,—and consequently the source of his general atmosphere of sadness and gloom, as he perused the results of the recent political struggle, can be readily deduced by every student after a minimum amount of cogitative activity. Once again the power and influence of Technology were ably represented in the field, this time by a certain jovial professor of Mathematics, who doubtless made extended use of the methods of Least Squares and the Theory of Probability, in order to determine his chances of success. Alas, however, for the calculations of mathematics, as in the previous case of the eminent wormologist, the power of South Boston again proved irresistible, and the Lounger fears lest the smiles of the gentlemen in question should prove even more infrequent than usual.

The Lounger hails with delight the approach of the gladsome season of holly and roast turkey, of mistletoe and rosy-cheeked maidens, of snow and ice, of plum pudding,—in short, of all the many good things which cheerfully unite to make the glorious Christmas the merriest time of all the year. It is with the lightest of hearts, therefore, that even he yields to the influence of the time, relapses his usual dignity, flings down his pen (i. e., carefully “corks” his Waterman), and prepares to seize a brief respite from the many cares and responsibilities which the increased territory of the Institute has this year laid on his already overburdened shoulders. The Lounger sincerely hopes that every man, woman, and grind, not omitting even the busy “Technique” editor, or the ambitious politicians of the Senior Class, will give up all thought of common affairs, and follow his illustrious example.