The Lounger pleads guilty. He did it; not only paid his two dollars, but also went. He confesses to his cigar, now that it is all over and danger of discovery is less imminent, that he found the show really interesting. It was unique. The Lounger once had the idea that he had been to the theatre enough to know a comic opera when he saw one; but last Friday undeceived him on that score. Never before had he seen a really comic opera. There was something startlingly original about this performance that put all gross competitors far in the shade of mediocrity. It was, for example, a deliciously humorous idea, that of having the Indian camping ground located in the middle of a modern thoroughfare. Fortunately, no trolley cars passed during the performance, though the next best thing did occur when the Scotch Yankee appeared, pushing along his automobile. Another happy thought was the plentiful supply of portable stage furniture of the projectile variety. There was also a profusion of properties known as "supers," but these, unfortunately, were not subjected like the rest to the projectile treatment. The jokes of the performance lacked originality, though their selection from last year's Technique was on the whole carefully done. The conversations were unique, being similar to the debates in a 1903 class meeting. The dialogues between the principals of the cast and the leader of the orchestra, were the most humorous of all, but they were unfortunately delivered too low for the body of the house to hear.

There was, however, one good joke; but this was very properly drowned by an anticipatory outburst from the audience. A little better management might have been shown in the case of one of the gags, however; as it was, the Professor who was concerned had to wait through almost three-quarters of the performance before the crime was committed. It would have been a great saving of time and suspense if he was pleased, so it is surely quite needless to say, if he was pleased, so it is surely quite needless to say, was The Lounger.

geance. Many little marks of remembrance were left by them on the collars and cuffs, and gloves and handkerchiefs of the interested readers. Scanty numbers were compensated by an automatic distribution of the souvenir portions over the garments of the people. The text of the programs was arranged à la Lyceum, and was conspicuous by its modest and retiring tendency in regard to being easily seen. On the whole, the booklets were rather more Souvenir than Program. It was a neat idea to have the totem of the tribe, the moving spirit and general high muck-a-muck, so skillfully concealed from sight of the most of the audience; it carried out the analogy to the Secretary most appropriately. The abundant variety of scenery was a constant delight, especially the dazzling alterations in the background between the macadamized boulevard, previously referred to, and a large strip of shineny black window-curtain.

In regard to the special features, The Lounger has only praise to bestow. To be sure, the features—even the special features—of the members of the ballet were not patterned after the style of Madame Yale, but it was hopeless to struggle against the inevitable. Especial praise is due the Chief's daughter for her excellent imitation of a person singing. As regards the Yankee, who was dressed in a costume parody of the late J. Caesar's pajamas, and had grown a beard since having his picture taken, mention should be made of his effectual method of popularizing certain M. I. T. text-books to which popularity had until then been unknown. His duel was painfully like a cross between a Phys. Lab. experiment and a Sanitary Science demonstration, but while these were well done, The Lounger wishes also to comment on the enterprise of the Business Manager in securing an option on the travelling sign-board for displaying sundry good advice in regard to The Tech. With such backing, it is no wonder that the Yankee bluffed the show with the success customary in a recitation in "Applied." The ghost dance was, as the Institute Poet has it, "natural and human;" a little too human, indeed; for the ghosts resembled most nearly a group of Seniors emerging from an exam. in Hydraulics. The ballet was costumed in a variety of color combinations, reminding The Lounger of the appearance of his first F. F. in Physics. They resembled the coed ballet of "Charlie's Aunt," and in other ways were successfully imitable. The whole show was replete with surprises of the kind which The Lounger has been accustomed to take regularly twice a year in connection with his "mid-years" and "seniens;" but these of the show surpassed by far those of more lasting remembrance. Yet in general the performers must have done very well, for the critical occupant of the left-hand box appeared to be pleased with them, and if he was pleased, so it is surely quite needless to say, was The Lounger.