In the course of this year's collegiate existence, The Lounger has attended two theatrical misrepresentations, one a comic opera which turned out a vaudeville entertainment, the other a comedy which turned into a deep-dyed tragedy. He is now meditating an entrance into the final examinations, but he is fearful lest they, like these other pastimes, turn out something different (in their reports) from what he expects. The Lounger went to "The Miser," deep in the hope of seeing something truly unusual. He was not disappointed. He saw several. As he sat in his palatial orchestra stall—obtained of the business manager at the riotous sacrifice of two dollars per—he listened to the melodious accomplishment furnished by the musicians to the chromatic squeak of the stage director's shoes on the other side of the curtain. Then suddenly the footlights brightened. The orchestra and the stage director then performed another duet, and the lights very naturally went out. The Lounger was about to follow their example, when light again appeared. The second illumination was more potent; and shortly after the curtains parted, revealing the good old stereotyped stage setting of the Copley Hall Stage, one that has been in use so long that its selection as a scene of two hundred and fifty years ago seemed most appropriately made. Then the play began, and the audience waded in bliss for the space of three-quarters of an hour. At the end of that time, the curtains—having, apparently, just shaken themselves out of the soporific influence of the "comedy"—rambled together again, and the first act was safely over. In the course of the next ten minutes, the hall lights were persuaded to go on duty again, and the ushers were enabled to make a careful search among the audience for the comedy part of the performance. Some one had undoubtedly taken it—it was missing. The search was vain; several people had heard of it, but no one confessed to having seen it. Shortly after, the dramatic hilarity began again, and for another miniature era the spectators bathed in paroxysms of "revival" humor. This time, however, an unfortunate accident occurred. One of the more irresponsible members of the congregation evidently had an obsession and thought he had distinguished a point of some considerable humor. He was promptly suppressed, but not before he had outraged the house by an unmanly exhibition of his powers of concachination. With this exception, the act went off with due sobriety, the tragedy becoming more and more mutual between the two sides of the footlights as the play went on. Shortly afterward, it went off; and then, after a solo by the stage director's shoes, the third act occurred. Now the real enthusiasm commenced. The audience had at last got acclimated to the temperature of a Mystery and Miracle Revival and began to be able to attempt to recognize the different actors as they appeared upon the stage. Soon they began to pick their favorites. Our title role, the Miser, was at first sighted, due to a false impression on the part of the audience that he was a certain individual more or less well known by the name of Riddler; and the audience could see nothing funny in that. Finally this wore off, thoughts of Technique began to fly around loose, and he was soon picked as a winner. Mariana, the Soubrette, did very well, only she could not seem to get over the idea that it was necessary for her to keep up a constant egg-dodging by-play while she gently rasped out her prima-donna vocabulary. Lappet, the witching chambermaid, reminded one of a cat in a fit; in other ways, however, she was not so successful. Harriet was unfortunate in that her disguises persisted in giving one the impression of a female character, all endeavors on the actor's part to the contrary notwithstanding. Mistress Wyse was not so afflicted, however, and successfully maintained her true masculine individuality throughout the play. Mistress Wheedle, being smaller, was more enjoyable. La Belle deservedly won the female honors for her careful character delineation. Among the male parts, Frederick deserves praise for his skillful parody on Buffalo Bill. The ingenious self-apology of Clermont's attitude completely won the audience and he was unmolested. Launcelot Gobbo was good, especially in the third act with his master's boot-blackening box. Of the supernumeraries, James, the lobster-man, was possibly the best in his turn with Clermont, the imitation of a Rogers Corridor Freshman Election. The climax of the play was well done in the Miser's careful impersonation, in the third act, of a Freshman receiving his first double-funk. As for the rest, appreciative mention should be made of the thoughtfulness of the play managers in having the newspaper men put carefully out of sight and in having iced water passed among the audience, between the acts. It remains only to give commendation to the other actor—the one who was not in the play—for maintaining so quiet and self-contained an attitude during the evening. That he so far kept control of himself goes clearly to explain the super-feminine effusion in the next day's Transcript.