By way of diversion The Lounger deserted his customary seat at the Tech Show, in the front row with Arlo, and betook himself behind the scenes. 'Tis a sad, sad fact, that distance lends enchantment to the view. The Lounger will never go there again. He did not realize the folly of his action until he listened to the naïve remarks of a young lady who survived the performance. She rashly offered to bet her next contribution at Sunday School that "that Rowe man was baldheaded." You see, The Lounger was denied the privilege of betting his contribution; he was in position to know the particulars with regard to said pate. "How gracefully Julia carried her skirts! how ladylike she looked!" said the same young lady. Ah, yes! so she did; but The Lounger had another view of the situation. Said the pretty Julia before launching upon the stage, "Am I twisted there? How does it look behind?" Poetry has become prose to The Lounger's ear. "And the chorus were so easy on the stage. They behaved so naturally!" My dear young lady neither saw nor heard Herr Laws von Frohman, as he tore round behind the wings, saying, "Break away there! Smash up that circle! Mix up a little!" And then the Mrs. Edmonson Walker whispered, "Smile! Don't look so sober. Smile!" Then each man froze a ghastly smile. "And those fellows in the chorus did look so like girls! Why their waists were really quite effeminate!" The Lounger sorely pitied his talkative young friend; for, in memory, he could hear those passionate tones reverberating among the rafters of the Hollis Street Theatre. "Hold on there! Don't pull her up so tight. My fifth rib's gone." Yes, those waists; this one was twenty-two inches, that one twenty-four. Somehow The Lounger's right arm lacked that nervous twitching which characterizes it when such topics are under discussion. He fears that his last tincture of romance has departed. "And were n't those girls in the Sabot Dance cute!" Again a dob of mud hits the canvas. "'Thunder! is n't there a bit of string or somethin' around here? My stocking won't stay up." Speaking of dances, you should have seen the effect of the high commendation of Arlo's poetry, when the Duke was refused the unmitigated pleasure of listening to a slice of said poetry, on the plea that he was too young. The appreciative audience behind the curtains was not troubled by Arlo's vacant-eyed presence. The programme claimed that the players, by aid of costumes, etc., were "marvellously improved as to beauty, age and sex." "Improved?" surely possible; indeed probable; but oh! with what a struggle! Still, how goes it in real life? How does it look behind? How comes those blooming cheeks, these slender waists? Is the struggle encored out here on this infernal grass plot? 'Tis but a soliloquy! The Lounger cannot say; but mayhap 'tis truer than the truth.

It was, up to Monday last, some five years since The Lounger enjoyed the infinite pleasure of beholding a French Play with M. C. H. L. N. Bernard as Grand Directeur Général. "Les Romanesques" was to him a joy and a delight, the like of which he had not experienced since he passed off French Sight Reading. The play was laid in a deep forest which was a realistic representation of the Tech campus back of the Art Museum. But all the natural attractions of the stage were commonplace compared to Sylvette, that radiant dream who passed with the majority of the audience as a most admirable co-ed. Of the other characters, Pasquinot made himself immortal by his dexterous manipulation of his head-gear; his hat managing to "avail itself of the law of gravitation" four times during the performance. This feature was emulated by all who could wear anything by way of hat in the most commendable way. The musicians, with R. A. Pope in the lead, were artistic triumphs and the climax of the stage effects and made an admirable background for the graceful and romantic Sylvette. Altogether the performance was most acceptable to The Lounger, and, what is more important, it was so to the Directeur Général with the serial name, whom The Lounger congratulates from the bottom of his ink-well.

The Lounger has had fancies, he has had dreams and visions; but, far above all such ethereal subjects, swept over him last Friday, the bright glory and dazzling brilliancy of the Greek Dance. The Lounger has seen the native dances of the Hindoos; he has watched the South Sea Islanders go through their uncouth steps; and he has seen the Couchee-couchee in all its intricacies; but above and before them all, standing forth in the centre of the picture in his mind's eye, will ever be that Greek Dance. After long years its brightness may grow dimmer; but the conviction grows in The Lounger's mind that as he breathes his last the vision of Gabriel blowing his trumpet will be strengthened by a background of the Greek Dance.