Of course the Lounger rather objected to a Theatergoer. Objection is what a lounger is for. Besides, he was frightened by that editorial phrase, "thoughtful criticism." "Is Tech a school of dramatic art?" he protested. "And who is going to read "thoughtful criticism"? "Wells' Algebra" is "thoughtful."" To his first question I gave in, and admitted that this is an Institute of Loungers; to his second I explained that the adjective was merely a case of editorial license, such as magnifies the modest "I" into the magnificent "we." But I stood my ground for criticism. Play writing and play acting, as every subject of King Shakespeare knows, are arts worthy of criticism. We Tech men haven't time for three-decker novels, but we make time for three-hour plays, and we want to talk them over. The Lounger sniffed a little, but yielded gracefully enough, and we made it all up that evening, elbow to elbow, among the standers at the Colonial.

"David Harum" is most timely for the winter holidays and good-will to men. Of the American rural plays — and we are getting a complete summer vacation of such — it is perhaps the best, if you can call it a play at all, for it isn't much nearer drama than the book was to a novel. There is no absorbing interest in the plot; pretty Mary Blake's love affair is certain enough from the start, and we know so well the outcome of Widow Cullum's troubles that her suspense seems prolonged almost to cruelty. But as a character sketch "David Harum" is sympathetic and inimitable.

Most of the parts are farcical, droll caricatures of real people, Pack and Judge typical countrymen come to life. Of these, Dick Larribee is acted with most discrimination, and Chet Timnison is the most amusing. But David Harum is dramatic portraiture — the real man in his habit as he lived. We hang on his every word while he is upon the stage, and need pretty broad farce to divert our impatience when he is away. The contagious bubbling laugh, and the quick, quiet voice, with its imperturbable, deep-drawn "Yee-e-up," presents the character of the book as truly as does the perfect facial make-up. Mr. Crane's face is really the whole of the play. The other persons are drawn with obvious extravagant strokes, but you must keep your glasses every moment on David to get all the finer touches of the impersonation. From hours of laughter, even to tears, the abiding impression is of that quizzical, red, puckered face, and its quick changes from mirth to sobriety, all wrought in smoke of the "best see-gar Pierce keeps, the Pride of Havana."

We are going to Arden next week, each and all. The only absolute rule the Theatergoer observes is: Never miss any performance of Shakespeare; and Miss Crosman's "As You Like It" promises to be as good as any given of late years in Boston. She is ideally fitted for her part, both in face and in form, is a good reader and a thoughtful actress, and has the spontaneous charm that makes Rosalind dear to us.

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Tech's Advertisement Column.

Lost — On the steps of Rogers Building, a pair of red worsted mittens and a real pipe. Leave at "Cage" for Algernon Freshman.

Found — In the Rogers Building, a pretty co-ed. Owner may obtain the same by applying at the "Cage."

Wanted — A colorless red necktie. Apply to Professor P-pe, Walker Building.

Lost — In the Secretary's office, a Freshman.

Found — After long search, a funny joke in Technique '02.

Lost — On Wednesday last a copy of F - nce's "Descriptive Geometry;" finder may keep the same and receive reward.

Wanted — By an unfortunate Sophomore, troubled with insomnia during lectures, a sleeping powder for use in the physics lecture room.

Lost — Stayed — or Stolen — On New Year's evening, fourteen hours' sleep, The Class of '02.

Wanted — By Professor L - nz - some really funny jokes for his next issue of "Applied Mechanics."

Professor — "Christianity was introduced into Ireland about the thirteenth century."

Co-ed — "A.D. or B.C.?" — Ex.