The Lounger notices that at Wellesley College the Faculty gives yearly a comedy to which all the undergraduates are invited. The cast of characters is made up of members of the Faculty, principally. Now if a small country school of less than eight hundred buds can furnish enough talent from the ranks of its Faculty to stock a show, then the Faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology ought to be able, not only to organize a show, but also to carry its own bill-posters, sandpaper scrapers, and even its audience. For a first attempt it might be advisable to try something new,—Uncle Tom's Cabin, for instance. We might be able to induce Professor D-p-t to design a suitable cabin with papier-mâché trimmings and ornamental lamp-post in front. Tommy P-pe would make a capital Uncle Tom by the judicious use of a little oxidizing agent. He could stand on a box while the curtain was up, and the box could be ingeniously hidden by huge bales of cotton, which, in turn, might be hidden by the footlights. The light-hearted, blithe, merry St. Clair could be beautifully impersonated by A-b-t Kn-t, with one or two exceptions. Much of the success of this production depends upon the selection of a suitable Little Eva. To leave no stone or rock unturned, we would ask L-n-s F-n-ce to take this important part. Mr. Merrick of the workshop would be glad to make us a few long, creamy shavings, which, fastened on the head with glue, would be all that is necessary to transform L-n-s into the golden-haired little fairy. The ascension of Eva to heaven in the last act would, of course, be omitted. The furious, brutal, pusillanimous Legree would be ably represented by one of the co-eds. The prettiest, gentlest, meekest, girliest one who would do, if she could remember not to play the part with too much bombast. It will be remembered that in the book the slaves flee from Legree at every opportunity. They would play the part realistically. Perhaps Professor D-p-t could be persuaded that he would make a good Ophelia. After awhile he would get the Yankee accent and drop his g's so well and thoroughly that you couldn't tell him from a Frenchman born in Africa. For an Eliza there would be H-r-y Tl-s, and to see him jumping across the river on the floating cakes of ice would be rare sport. We might get A-lo B-t-s to give us a few glances and use them for the cakes of ice. In that case, perhaps H-r-y could skate instead. If we broke the news gently we might be able to secure the services of Ch-lie Cr-s as Topsy. He would doubtless enjoy the part if he could work himself into the right mood. The clog dance might come hard to him at first, but we could resolve the motions into components for him, and it would be clear. For this gorgeous production the scenery could be furnished by A-lo B-s, he willing. He could sit in a little basket suspended from the chandelier and paint the scenery in his own words. We would not ask for more. For the bloodhounds we could have—but never mind the bloodhounds. The Lounger is getting beyond his depth.

We have had much edifying talk and speech-making of late on informal dinners at the Institute, and while The Lounger (who for eighteen years or so has taxed the English language to express his feeble thoughts) cannot argue against the usefulness of speech, yet it seems to him that all this talk has not effected the ends sought in the Senior Class. Of course he says this with reserve, for Seniors move in a sphere by themselves beyond the criticism that applies to the more moral contingent of the Institute. Nevertheless he knows that Dr. Pritchett some time ago stated that in his opinion the average student dinner was too formal, and the cost was in inverse proportion to the enjoyment. The Lounger followed this up by saying all the things he could think of in commendation of the opinion; the newspapers followed by stating that the "loose system of GermanKommer's" was to be introduced at Tech; and the temperance societies foretold the immediate destruction of the flower of the American educational system. The student body very gratifyingly sided with the idea of informal dinners—and now, to crown all this logical development, the Senior Class is to hold a dinner which, per head, costs that which is paid for a set of free-hand letter plates,—in other words, two dollars. True it is that dress suits are to be prohibited—but it is not the dress suit, but the financial aspect that affects the class. Though The Lounger has no desire to be pessimistic, he can hardly say that this is in the right line toward re-forming and revivifying our student dinners. Whether the class will reap the reward of its two-dollar wisdom in form of a depleted attendance at the annual celebration, The Lounger has not the hardness of heart to speculate upon.

Calendar.

Thursday, March 17.—Junior Class Meeting, Room 11, Rogers, 1 P.M. Meeting Society of Arts, Room 11, Rogers, 8 P.M.

Friday, March 18.—Meeting of the Mining Engineering Society, Room 11, Rogers, 4 o'clock.

Thursday, March 30.—Meeting of St. John's Society, Technology Club, 8 P.M.

There once was a woman called Psyche,
Who had a small baby named Iche,
The child when quite young
Got a brogue on his tongue,
So they had to change Iche to Miche.

—Widow.