in a big chair, and following the directions of the
professor, allowed himself to fall into innocuous
desuetude. Muireso began doing a war dance
around the room, making all sorts of wild passes
with his arms, and in about five minutes there was
a half-dozen rows before the Lounger, and all
around the table sat the family, looking as smiling
and happy as one's family always do at a Thanks-
giving dinner. Right opposite was the Lounger's
best girl in the cutest kind of a new dress, and her
eyes sparkling over the glassware, and throwing
out eloquent looks in a most bewitching way. The
young hopeful of the tribe was in his customary
seat alongside, where big brother could give him
a poke in the ribs when he indulged in too large
mouthfuls. There were sisters, and cousins, and
uncles, and aunts present in delightful confusion,
with the old people all up at one end discussing
events of prehistoric interest, and the younger
members at the other all talking at once about
nothing in particular. After the oysters came the
soup (water and soda-crackers mixed up in a
basin), and after the soup the fish, and a regular
giant of a turkey, and game, and every sort of a
well-cooked delicacy to make a dinner prosper.
The champagne made best girl's eyes sparkle the
more bewitchingly and thawed out the old people's
laughter.

Such a dinner you never saw, with the witty
things that were said and the universal good cheer.
But with the cups of French coffee came the ad-
journment, and the Lounger walked around the
table to where the girl of his heart stood and took
her little hand within his. But it suddenly grew
large and coarse, and the vision faded. Muireso
was standing with the Lounger's hand within his,
quietly eating the last of the crackers. The rest
of them had been disposed of by the Lounger. The
dream was pleasant, and as he left the scene of his
enchantment for the evening gloom of the streets, a
great sadness for the loss of all the associations
filled the Lounger's heart. To those of you who
are alone in the city over the day of feasts the
Lounger offers consolation. But do not take the
mesmerism cure. It cost its originator twenty
dollars in doctor's bills to get over the effects of the
 crackers.

Subscriptions for The Tech received at Maclachlan's. Two dollars a year.

College Notes

Miss C. W. Bruce, of New York, has given
$50,000 for a photographic telescope to be
used in the Harvard observatory. It will not
be finished for two years.

At the University of Pennsylvania a pitched
battle was lately engaged in, in one of the
lecture rooms, by the first and second year
medicals. It was caused by the attempted
occupancy of an upper classman's seat by a
first year man.

Gill, captain of the Yale eleven, has been
termed "the model football rusher." He
weighs 165 pounds, is short and stocky, and
one mass of muscle. Built not like a sprinter,
nevertheless he is one of the fastest runners on
the team, and can cover a hundred yards in
eleven seconds. He has been on Yale's win-
ning teams for three years, and has also
helped to win three races on the Thames
against Harvard. He is playing his old posi-
tion of left tackle.

'90 has won the class football championship
at Harvard.

Fassett, '90, of Dartmouth, is the heaviest
centre rush in the country.

Harvard spent $25,000 last year on athlet-
ics.

One thousand extra reserved-seat tickets
were issued for the Princeton-Harvard game.

The agreement between Harvard and Yale
which determines that an annual race shall
be rowed at New London, expires after next
spring's race.

One hundred and seventy-one Americans
attended the University of Berlin last year.

Stagg, of Yale, has gotten up a dummy for
tackling purposes.

There are 115 students at the Harvard An-
nex this year.

In the fall games at Amherst, Ludington,
'91, received eight first prizes and one second.

Over 800 tickets for the Harvard-Yale game
were sold in twenty-five minutes.