As the Lounger gazes into the glowing coals of his fireside many things he dreams of which, though true, seem strange and wrong to him. He sees himself conversing with aunt or would-be mother-in-law. They are surely educated; graduates, perhaps, of Wellesley, Vassar, or Smith. Yet always they ask our manly Freshman or noble Soph.: "Well, Fred, do you like your school? What time in the morning do you have to be there? When do they let you out? Whose room are you in? How do you like your teacher? What! a whole hour and a quarter recess!" Where now is our Sophomore ardor or Freshman zeal? Did he really suppose that he was a collegian? Is he, or is he not?

This is happening every day and worries many thinkers. The Institute, in learning, in numbers, in athletics, and in the fame of its Faculty, is classed with many of our well-known colleges. Why should we then remain schoolboys all our lives? It is true that the Institute does not bear the name of a College, but the name does not make the college. The Institute man studies longer, harder, and on more difficult subjects than do the great majority of college men. Thus we should call ourselves collegians, and turn the laugh on those who call us boys at school. Still, the Lounger is very lazy this week (too much vacation), and has not looked up the subject as he should have done.

Concerning that little game at Springfield. Tech. men, of course, were very much interested in the fight. Many, indeed, decided to leave the attractions at Boston for a short time and seek their fortunes in other parts of the world. This, however, was but for a day,—they have now all returned. Quite different opinions are expressed as to the result of the game. Two distinct classes may be discerned without the slightest trouble. A student comes picking his way up Rogers steps. He is silent, gloomy of visage, and though trying hard to smile it off, actually scowls at all he sees. Why this melancholy? Well, we suppose he is thinking that Yale has played him a very mean trick, or, to express it differently, that Harvard never did anything for Tech. anyway. The other class is quite the reverse. This man is gay, jubilant, full of good spirits, boiling over with kindness and desire to talk. He wears a new ulster, and on the whole is much more attractive than members of the other class. This man, moreover, seems to think the game was magnificent,—the result, perfect. Aside from all party feeling, the Lounger himself thinks that Harvard has as fine a team as ever existed outside the planet Mars. There is no doubt that they could score against Tech.

On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, December 11th, 12th, and 13th, there will be held, under the auspices of the Staten Island Athletic Club of New York, one of the largest and most comprehensive meetings ever appointed in this country or England. On Thursday evening different runs will be held, with a special match in the 70 yards run, in which Owen, Carey, and Westing have been invited to compete. This same night there will be, in addition, events in boxing, wrestling, fencing, and lawn tennis. The first part of Friday’s programme is also devoted to running, jumping, walking, and a bicycle race, with a special match in the 880 yards run, in which Downes and Remington have been invited to compete. The rest of the evening will be given to lacrosse and football between the different athletic clubs of New York and vicinity. Saturday evening will be devoted entirely to football, and the elevens of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Amherst, and Cornell have been invited. All amateurs in good standing may compete, and the games will be governed by A. A. U. rules. Gold, silver, and bronze medals will be given to the winners in the track contests, and gold watches to the members of the winning team in lacrosse and football.