THOUGH the Lounger's days of competing for the "Technique" prizes are long past, he still views their announcement with keen interest and attention, and a careful perusal of the list reveals much that is suitable for mental pabulum. It certainly is entertaining to observe the relative value which the all-wise "Technique" board places on the various aspects of genius inherent in us all, although discouraging to remark the scant attention bestowed on the divine arts of Erato and Euterpe. The grind fiend fares better, and liberal pecuniary reward awaits his efforts. But it is the ingenious man who, by specious arguments and honeyed words, beguiles the simple tradesman into taking an ad., who is valued above all others. He it is who is the saint of saints, adored of adored. On this basis the Lounger has been able to draw up the following instructive little table, which comprehensively shows the relative value of our god-given qualities, and which he submits for a candid perusal:

Collection of ads. = $2.50 × collection of grinds.
Collection of grinds = $2 × Best Poem.
Best poem = best piece of music = $5.

Advances in the inventor's art have ever been regarded by the Lounger with lively interest. It is now a certain weird combination of gears and levers, wheels and paddles contained in the confines of the electrical laboratory that claims his attention. Many surmises, some wild, and some brushing perilously near the truth, have stirred the calm and scientific air of these hallowed apartments; but strict and awful secrecy has surrounded all with a veil of mystery which none, save only the perpetrator and his minions may penetrate.

Dame Rumor has, however, been somewhat persistent in her vagarious musings, and has urged that Mynheer, the electrical expert, has been devising nothing less than a new and inevitably successful flying machine. This is mere hazard, but the Lounger has learned from more authoritative sources that it contains more than a moiety of truth. Close barred doors, darkened windows, and whispered consultations betokened recently that a decisive trial was to be made. All was ready. The Keely motor had begun to give signs of activity. The inventor and a few choice spirits were on hand to witness the consummation of months of unremitting toil. All stood with bated breath as the hero stepped forward to set into action the hidden forces which were to cause the fabric to sail gracefully upward on the pulsing air—pulsing air is, the Lounger believes, the correct expression—but, alas! their breaths are still bated, for not an inch did the instrument move.

The crushed inventor's mind is still more buoyant than his machine, however, and the Lounger hopes that time will see the efforts of this disciple of Darius Green crowned with more success than rewarded the exertions of his illustrious predecessor.

More successful has been the launching of a new organization upon the seas of Technology. The Lounger feels that he has been particularly happy in his metaphor, for he refers to the recently formed Yacht Club. It is with no great surprise that he views the formation of such a club after the prevalence of such nautical expressions as "three sheets in the wind" and "half seas over," which have been suspiciously popular of late. It has been a sad fact that many useful and ornamental organizations of Technology have had but a fleeting existence after the first excitement of their founding has waned. Even the Lounger's particular protege, the Deutscher Verein, seems to have fallen into a decidedly sleepy condition of late, from which the production of its plays will, the Lounger hopes, awaken it. But the Lounger trusts that no harsh fate of premature decay will overtake this latest addition. Certainly the many brimming bumpers that have been drunk to its success ought to have some effect.

The sight of the M. I. T. C. Y. C. burgee, and the unalloyed satisfaction of a pseudo-legitimate excuse for the yachting cap habit, should surely prove particular attractions to our dry-land yachtsmen; and what with the undoubted popularity of the project the new Corinthian should have a gilded career. Taking it altogether, the Lounger has worked himself into quite a nautical mood; and with a wise caution against falling into the lee scuppers, or running close hauled with the main sheet off free, he consents to drop anchor and leave the rest to the lazy-jacks.