The necessity for writing an ante-festal effusion upon the subject of Turkey Day prevented the Lounger from enlarging as he would have liked to do, last week, upon the philosophy and aesthetics of the Yale game. There was ample opportunity to dilate upon the blue sky and the floating clouds, and the brown meadows across the river, stretching away to the green slopes of Mount Auburn, to explain why Harvard's team was really stronger, and yet didn't win, and to eulogize the charms of the football girl with rosy cheeks and a huge bunch of pinks, who jumped upon the Lounger's toes and inserted a Harvard flag in his eye every time the ball was advanced. However, all that is now long past, and even the festivities of the evening are but a thing of memory. Perhaps the most striking conclusion to be drawn from the season, as a whole, is the old, familiar one; namely, the extreme unwisdom of betting against Yale.

The Lounger happened to note on the bulletin board at the club a list of the lectures to be delivered before the National Academy of Sciences last week. The programme did not strike him as an attractive one, recalling, as it did, painful reminiscences of long past struggles with Freshman Chemistry. One subject, however, appeared more interesting; a distinguished electrician, not wholly disconnected from the instruction of the Sophomore Class, was to discourse on Sirens. The Lounger confesses to a transient feeling of astonishment. If the subject were to be treated from a poetic standpoint it would hardly be suited to the dignity of a learned body; and if, on the other hand, the communication were to be of the nature of a remorseful warning to the unwary, the Y. M. C. A. would be better suited for its presentation. The Lounger felt, however, that the matter was one demanding his attention; and, although he could not but feel that his own knowledge of the subject was perhaps equal to that of the learned professor, he hailed himself with meek and receptive mind to the appointed place.

Now, the Lounger does not wish to be unkind; but, seriously, the title of that lecture was an unworthy attempt to obtain an audience under false pretences. There was nothing about human sirens in it at all; it was merely a discussion of some dry, scientific statistics without the least attempt at dramatic interest. The Lounger feels that his time was wasted and his faith in human nature rudely shaken.

A certain Junior, well-known to fame and to the Lounger, was returning homeward in the car last Thursday, and perusing the Thanksgiving number of The Tech as he rode. His mind was deeply absorbed in the wit and wisdom included between its green and yellow covers, and when the conductor 'stood before him he was quite unconscious of the fact. A gentle summons was also unheeded, and finally the official vociferated, "Fare, please!" in a tone which drew the attention of the entire car. Even then our friend did not stop reading, but fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, he drew out and handed over what he supposed to be a worn quarter of a dollar. "I'm afraid that won't go here," said the conductor rather sharply; and his absent-minded passenger looked up to find a smile upon every face in the car, and a blue poker chip in his outstretched hand. He paid his fare with promptness and got out at the next corner.

The Lounger does not know whether the successes of the football team or the recent meeting of the Institute Committee have been potent factors in evolving a realization of the value of a technical training. Certain it is that the ornamentation of the mail boxes with the Institute colors is a touching testimony to the esteem in which Technology is held by the good citizens of Boston.

The Difference.

When first the student in the Autumn
Comes back to scenes he long has known,
He proudly counts his wad of dollars,
And says, "I guess I'll float alone."

But when the first two months are over,
And to the winds his wealth has flown,
He sadly feels his empty pockets,
And says, "I guess I'll float a loan."

—Yale Record.