Since the recent meeting of the Athletic Association the Lounger has experienced no little difficulty in successfully regaining his mental equilibrium. Previous to that occasion he had not been aware of the truly remarkable men holding honorable office in its service. Now, however, he has himself heard it spoken, and on no less distinguished authority than that of the remarkable gentlemen themselves; and, mon Dieu, who can doubt? It has been his privilege and pleasure, in the course of this life, to listen to many excellent eulogies of men not unknown to fame, but never before, if his memory serve, has he assisted at an eulogy of a gentleman by himself. Beyond this no man can go. Therefore has he yet the pleasure of waiting upon the late treasurer of the above association, in anticipation of his early demise, to congratulate him upon the thoroughness of his appreciation of his subject, and to assure him that even his dearest friend could not have acquitted himself in a more complimentary manner. And yet he did all this without the aid of the hirsute appendage, sometime familiar object in the halls of the Institute. The Lounger can only estimate valueless approximations as to what might have been the result if (and the story of Samson have weight) the extraordinary growth above mentioned had remained intact. In the course of the meeting another officer conclusively proved that the crying need of Technology is the want, not of a girl's gymnasium, but of a proper rival. Yet did he unhappily fail to designate such party. In consequence the Lounger now cheerfully throws the entire weight of making the choice upon his own already overburdened shoulders. After mature deliberation, and in light of all the records extant of all available parties, he has at last arrived at a selection which cannot fail to alleviate the pain from said crying need, and, mayhap, even cast a smile over its features. With considerable pleasure, therefore, he announces as his choice, the entirely worthy institution at present honoring the apartments until lately occupied by our own Chauncy Hall.

The Lounger is always pleased to see more firmly cemented those bonds of amity and mutual good-will which should bind together the sons of the various American colleges. He was gratified therefore by the visit paid to Technology by two prominent sons of Eli during the early part of last week. The tourists in question were of the fold of "Sheff," one is Editor in chief of the Scientific Monthly and President of the Debating Society, and the ostensible purpose of his visit to Boston was to arrange an intercollegiate contest with our own budding organization. Apparently, however, he missed the officials of the Technology Debating Club, for they all of them deny any interview with him whatever. The other Yale man is of Berzelius, well-known to all natives of New Haven as "Duly."

The first notice of the arrivals of these hopefuls was a note to a well-known chemist of '98, which ran as follows: "Woke up in Boston this morning—don't know why—but never mind. Come down and play wiz us.—" Whereupon the '98 chemist took unto himself two other chemists more wicked than himself, and they sought out the Torleine and the sons of Eli.

Now, as already stated, the President of the Yale Debating Club did not meet the President of the Technology Debating Club, although he stayed in Boston from Tuesday to Thursday; and, strange as it may appear, the three chemists did not appear at lectures or recitations for that same space of time. What transpired during this period the Lounger has been unable exactly to discover. There are, however, vague memories of an Anti-spinach Association, whose colors were black and blue and whose insignia was the lobster. The Yale men at any rate went home on Thursday morning; and as they leaned from the car-windows they chanted in stentorian tones:

"One March night, when we painted Boston red,
Three Tech. men put two Yale men in bed;
And when the job was done,
They turned around and said
There's been a warm time in the old town to-night!"

And thus did the red and gray triumph over the blue of Yale!

The Difference.

In America, always, the pronoun is him,
With which to a man you refer;
But in Germany they must have different ideas,
For a gentleman there is called Herr.—Ex.