The Lounger has a kind of sympathy for Freshmen. With all their faults, their freshness, and their verdancy, they are a good-hearted, impulsive, well-meaning lot of youngsters, stepping on their own toes, and impeding their own progress rather than some one's else.

The Lounger allows them a very wide margin, and hardly expects dignity or any startling amount of discretion from such novices to a collegiate career. And yet there is a certain clearly defined amount of common sense, common to the most ordinary mortals, which should govern their rather erratic, explosive career.

This same discretion is deplorably missing in some of the leading spirits of our Freshman classes. And, as usual, where there is a leader there is a rabble to follow.

The Lounger wants to tell these same brave little men who, during these warm October nights, inflated with imaginary victories, spurred on by the smell of powder and the din and roar of conflict, are running around at the head of a very obedient little flock of lambs, and with drawn swords urging them on to victory, that it is very childish, and very, very fresh to run through the streets, knocking down whoever may come in your way, yelling, and giving your noisy class cheer; and that it is not quite the thing to squander hours on the street corners running up your class colors on telephone wires, or waiting for a chance to "swipe" that Doctor's sign, and then writing home the next day to that dear girl you call sister to tell her how hard you are working, and what a grind Tech. makes of a fellow. The Lounger wants to tell you that you are not just the brave little man you might otherwise be on such occasions. If you want to be a man, if you want a great big Junior to come up and pat you on the back and call you a fine fellow, get out on the football field, and make your rushes famous or your efforts respected; get out on the track, and sprint for the glory of your class; cut out for yourself a path of glorious success and brilliant achievements; then, and not till then, will you hear that cheer which puts strength in the weak and pluck into the disheartened: "Bravo! Old fellow; bravo! Well done!"

The Lounger also wants to tell you how fond your dear girls are of brass buttons, and what a fascination they lend to you; but that the Institute's manual of correct dress decrees that they are not for street wear, but for Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from 9 to 10 A. M. only. The Lounger wants you to know what a pleasant cabinet photograph you will take in your uniforms, and how your dear girl friends would rave over that cabinet of the dear boy: but, alas, that same book says you are only to be taken in groups. It's hard luck, the Lounger knows, but abide by it if you don't want to get yourself disliked.

The Lounger has been thinking very hard of late, and has finally hit upon something he considers very brilliant indeed. He has been for a very long time striving for an explanation of certain of his own feelings. He has seen many a man come to Tech., and go away minus certain redeeming qualities of which he was the possessor when he arrived.

There are three things especially referred to; viz., health, wealth, and wisdom. As for the first, there is a great deal of it in every portion of the Institute, but it is usually of a very inferior quality, especially when the student concerned is just about to leave us for a while.

As for wealth, none of us possesses it now. First this book, then that one, and then another one, and the subscription fiends know how poor we were when we began. This last has special reference to Tech. and football canvassers, and should be well appreciated by them.

As for wisdom, it is such an abstract affair that it is quite unknown to the Lounger, who is sure that his small cerebrum is minus any of it.

A Possible Case.

_In the Biological Laboratory._ Enter Freshman: "Please, sir, can I see the Bird?"

Mr. Gardiner: "The Bird? What Bird?"

Freshman: "Why, the Bird. I asked the postmistress where you kept it, and she sent me here."