Each year the Lounger has watched a crowd of overgrown boys and undergrown men come to the Institute; a crowd almost indescribable in outward appearance, so varied are their garments in color and style, and so different their aims in life. They come, they know not why, but they have so intended doing ever since their childhood.

This, and this alone, is the reason which brings together annually over three hundred men, who, purely for a name, call themselves Freshmen. Beyond this they should not go a step. Surely it is absurd that they should play the game of football, that they should exercise in the "Gym.," that they should try to dine together at some hotel; absolutely wrong that any one of these beings should so have interested himself in these uncalled for affairs, and have shown such an active and wide-awake brain, that he should be chosen to lead in football or any other of these matters. This is indeed a matter to be investigated by a committee of equity, an incident which should never be allowed to occur. These men and boys come to study, not to play; to become engineers, not sportsmen.

'Tis thus the Lounger reads in the face of many a young Soph. and Freshman, as he grinds away day by day, and night by night with the bottom of his shoulder-blade where the top ought to be.

But suddenly the Lounger notes a change. The one-term Soph. has seen or heard the word "Technique," and he is taken with a desire, a wild craving, an irrepressible desire to do something for so noble a cause, to get himself upon some committee, or he may even aspire to the Board of Editors of the book. But how may this desire most surely be satisfied? Undoubtedly the right way has been discovered, for under the light of the last new moon the Lounger read from a slip of paper the names of all those bad, irrepressible Sophs. who have heretofore taken an interest in class affairs, and across all these the grind had written, "Ineligible,—vote for me."

No pleasanter spot is there, on one of these warm, bright mornings which come now and then to warn us of the approach of spring, than a sunny corner of old Rogers' steps; and how the Lounger delights to sun himself and pass a spare hour in meditation on the busy world outside! How dear the familiar landmarks, how fair the picture!—the omnipresent coal cart in the foreground, the ivy-grown chapel opposite, Trinity and beautiful Copley Square; just beyond, the airy, picturesque Library building. The scene is animated, too. See the fair Back Bay maiden as she trips (sweeps is perhaps better) lightly by. Thinks she for an instant of the busy hordes these walls encompass; pays she not a momentary silent tribute at the shrine of genius? By no means. There's no use getting pathetic over it, she doesn't do it. Even the lazy freshman opposite cannot attract a passing glance, for this callow youth is not so well versed in stares as he will be later. A Harvard man, with broad brimmed hat, came sauntering by; at least the freshman said it was a Harvard youth, and the Lounger was just trying to think where Harvard was, when a German band appeared and furnished a most pleasant diversion. Just why a German band should cause the Lounger to think of music is not apparent; his reflections, however, did take this channel as wandering into the domain of five-finger exercises, he attempted to estimate the probable length of time it would take the damsel in the room beneath his to graduate from scales. Many a time, as the Lounger has sat in his sky parlor permuting and combining the birds in the wall paper, and watching with wan interest the aged chromos that go with it, fade, has he made this calculation, and it always has a depressing effect. It leads him to think of the sad fate of a friend of his who was situated in a boarding house, (the Lounger has told you about them), where the partition walls are exceptionally thin. In the room adjacent was a young lady who was taking lessons, both vocal and instrumental. She practised each, six hours per day, and her scheme was most unique, for she would play when her voice was tired and then sing to rest her hands. Incipient insanity, was what the doctor said it was, as, after painfully trudging up the four flights, he felt the lady's pulse and prescribed a change of climb. As the Lounger was thus reflecting, a diminutive German with an instrument as large as himself, touched him on the shoulder and requested "money for de moosic." It was a question of harmony, so the Lounger quickly divested himself of the product of his last matchings, and then recollecting that his moment of inertia was over, strode off moodily to engineering.