The other day the Lounger chanced to behold an ambitious Freshman endeavoring even so soon to put himself in the place of his friend the Soph. "Twas in the gym,—once known as the drill hall, where pranced the militia men of old, but which has now developed into a great misfit clothing establishment. There were Freshmen great and small, trying to convince themselves of the virtues of cast-off armor, and in their admiration of their manly forms so newly ensconced, to forget a pucker or a pinch here and there, that they might yet play the game upon our ambitious tailor in his recent rise of stock. The thought is an odd one, yet how typical was that Freshman of the events of the past week! To many of us this has been a trying on week, and many are the misfits we have encountered. Surely the Lounger more than any one has realized that the harness is still stiff, and though the straps are new and the buckles bright, the colt is not yet broken. How the summer memories will return. How easy it is to float from the hard, dry facts of to-day into the soft, summery months when Ave called no one master. The winter of our discontent is long, and the promised reward seems futile. In truth these are the days that try men's souls. Now it is that the vaulting enthusiasm of the Freshman is to be envied. How easily can he see the day when all the pretty girls shall flock to gaze upon his big, bright buttons! How soon, indeed, will he betray his academic origin as he parades the street with his nice new cap! Even now how cooly does he press the pave, a freshly lighted cigarette between his teeth, or else with morals most wofully shocked does he behold the daily procession to the "chapel." What injured innocence that one of these doves should timidly ask our great scribe if "chapel" is compulsory. And how kindly did another inform our lunch-room maidsens that they "might keep the change." Again does the irrepressible youth play horse in the gym, with his big marble, while his snickering admirers gaze at the antics com- placently. Happy Freshman days when each learns why he came to the Institute. Says one, "I came to the M. I. T. because it has no frivolous attractions." Another, "I came to the 'Teck' because there were no sects, classes, or 'upper' Four Hundred."

Happy man that he can tell why he came to this round of toil. The Lounger has been here many years and he is at loss to know, unless it be to enjoy the presence of the Freshmen.

There is one '96 man, however, who has truly found his vocation. This man poses as "my assistant" to the chief of all the militants. Nicely arrayed in his last year's suit of gray, he teaches the young idea how to shoot, and is the observed of all observers. With what awful pomp and pageantry does he frown down the restless ones. How gayly does he salute his lord! 'Tis his stately bearing that tells the Freshman of future glory, or else hies him to the family physician.

Again the Lounger would impress the need and duty of attendance at class meetings. We are not here for long, and surely there are few enough opportunities for class friendship and cordiality within these barren walls to forego a single one. Year after year has the Lounger seen men neglect their meetings, till at last, if ever, they awake to find but few such occasions remaining. 'Tis only when all are assembled that true class spirit exists and mutual bonds are formed. From the harrowing scene of disorganized Freshman to the dignified debate of lofty Seniors, we shall all soon have met for the first class meeting of the year. The attendance will doubtless be good, but not what it ought to be. See to it Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman alike, that when the respective class meetings are called, your place is filled. Believe the Lounger when he tells you that in future years you will recall most pleasantly the meetings you have attended, or else regret your lack of class spirit. Our lives here are too narrow, at best. Many college pleasantries are not for us, but the class meetings are our own. Let us cling to them. For you, '97, there is opportunity to institute unequalled fellowship and loyalty to Technology. Shall you, too, be found wanting? Let it never be said that '97 was obliged to adjourn for want of a quorum, and your fame will be lasting.

It is not yet too late to subscribe for The Tech.