That was indeed a thrilling class meeting that '97 indulged in last week. Surely the Lounger’s plea for class spirit was remembered on that occasion, for what but patriotism could hold the uneasy Freshman for an hour and a half? It is rumored that '96, as well, have healthy memories of the meeting, and already has the Hurd-le race become famous. What a kindly Sophomore was that who prescribed the construction of the all-important, soon-to-be-forgotten executive committee; and, forsooth, it was a thoughtful Freshman who argued for the ejection of Sophomores, else the upper class men might “look down on the Freshmen.” The Lounger, too, finds occasion to regret that all may not be chairmen, “to say what they think,” but would assure the Freshmen that they are all on the right track for political fame, while at the same time they are enjoying the advantage of excellent training for the cane rush to be.

The Record had it that four hundred Technology men turned out for the Tech-Harvard game; and the Lounger always takes off his hat to the Record. It was, nevertheless, a numerous and merry crew that crowded the cars, held down the bleachers, cheered the play, and at last departed in silence across the college quadrangle. Despite the score, it was a sandy game and promises well. Taken all in all, the Lounger was inspired to recall the gory, enthusiastic days of '87, when our now dusty banner appeared. With our present team and the support of the noble four hundred, shall we not again bring fame to Technology? Now is the time to push athletics. They are needed at Tech, if anywhere; and while the teams are hard at work let every man turn out for a daily run or regular gym. work. Lack of time is the poorest excuse; for has not experience shown that a man can do better work in the end with vigorous exercise for a backer? There is not one among us who would not be more a man for judicious athletic work. Do you doubt this, '97? Go through the upper class rooms and see the sallow grind bending o’er his sore task, and take warning. If this does not suffice, seek the glass cage in Room 40, Rogers, and hold converse with Professor Dewey. When you are at last convinced that athletics at college are a necessity, as well as a pastime, and a road to fame, go to work yourself, and lend your personal support to the cause by your presence and your cheers at the games.

A REVERIE.

We roamed the wildwood, Heather and I;
We wandered hand in hand,
Over the hills where the wild winds sigh,
Under the trees where the dead leaves lie,
Through the splintered pines and leafless vines
Of a winter land.

The lambkins played on the hillocks green;
We wandered on together:
We wandered on—it seems a dream—
Where the violets bloomed by a silver stream,
And buttercups drew their golden dew
In summer weather.

The bluebells hung their heads in the dale,
And Heather, she wondered why;
Or the limbs of the weeping willow fell,
Or the bumble bee had a sting in his tail,
Or the sunshine wept when a rainbow crept
Across the sky.

And Heather was sweet as a rose half blown.
As shapely and wild as a fawn;
No mortal a face more bright could own,
Her golden hair outshone the sun,
As I and Heather roamed together
The world alone.

Oh childhood fleet, forever gone!
Oh childhood, sweet to me,
Come back! in thy low melodious song,
When Heather and I in the golden dawn,
With trusting feet roamed on in sweet simplicity.

Come back, come back, oh careless day!
Oh dream, come back to me!
When I was free as the birds that sway
In the trees, or the lambs on the green at play.
And I and Heather roamed together
Over the lea!

ONE FOR IGNATIUS.

Since that vexed question. “Bacon or Shakespeare?”
Seems lately of interest to lack,
Did Bellamy write “Looking Backward”—
Or was it by Ejesenbach?

H. E. H., '94.

J. H. G., '95.