Many dolorous expressions from the Sophomores have lately reached the Lounger's ears. The fact is that these young gentlemen are not finding that ease in disposing of their last year's habiliments of war, which they anticipated. The bulletin board has, as of yore, been weightily encumbered with seductive notices to the general effect that a "uniform, nearly new," was to be obtained for a sum positively beggarly, upon application to a particular Sophomore through the Cage. The old favorite modes of expression were still in vogue, no new way of enticing the Freshman's coy dollar having entered the Sophomoric brain, and still the time-honored words confronted the observer. The usual bulletin vagaries were out in force, one man boldly asserting that his cast-off gear was suitable for a man so much in height, another over-confidently advertising a uniform of height six feet and weight one hundred and fifty pounds,—an interesting specimen, certainly. Of course the Freshman is the legitimate prey of the Soph., yet the Lounger dislikes seeing the latter take such undue advantage of his prerogative, the relation of such tales belonging more properly to habitudes of the navy yard. However, all sorts were to be had, elongated and embonpointed, and all of them, of course, good as new. Despite these cunningly, and doubtless veraciously, worded notices, the impoverished Soph. cannot raise the price of even a piece of chocolate pie on the sale of his uniform to Freshie this year, for a great pow-wow has been held, and the word has gone forth that still another change is to be made in the sartorial department of the Freshmen. The Lounger is now awaiting a noble work of God who shall, with cheerful and obstinately pertinacious honesty, own up that his uniform is minus three minutes, and that the trousers thereof are variously mutilated. Meanwhile he suggests to the Sophomores that, as their uniforms were cut full dress, they have them dyed for use during the coming social season.

To the Freshmen, now, the Lounger extends a word of congratulation on the successful termination of their initial class meeting. The usual scenes of turmoil and heated argument having been appropriately enacted in and around the portals, the customary decorum of a Freshman class meeting was soon in full sway within, and not until aid from the powers sacrosanctissimi had been hastily invoked was suitable opportunity offered for a comfortable hunt for and readjustment of cravats. The words of wisdom from a Junior prophet were spoken amid religious silence, and a temporary chairman was elected amid tumultuous excitement. Thus the lively times progressed. The doors were barred, egress was not permitted to the hungry throng within, nor ingress to the bloodthirsty crowd of myrmidons without, till finally the last speech had been delivered, the last pathetic appeal for support to the team had been made, the tired Sophomores had ceased their vigil, and Ninety-eight rushed eagerly out and devastated the lunch room, and its first meeting was History's own.

The laboriously compiled schedule of the Football Association has made its modest appearance with truly delightful promptness, and conveys the welcome assurance of a goodly half dozen of home games, for which kindness the Lounger personally thanks the management, particularly as he is assured that home games are especially dear luxuries, owing to the enormous expense of trotting our padded enemies around to the Bijou so frequently. The "sweeping reduction" in the price of season tickets, and the permission accorded their holders of taking an unlimited number of fair companions to witness these heroic tournaments and cheer on the struggling knights by the charm of their presence, afford such a combination of inducements that even the most backward must yearn to possess one. But between the halves, so to speak, let the Lounger once more urge the well-worn, but still highly serviceable adage, Qui cito dat, bis dat.

Members of the class of '74 may obtain the class directory by notifying Secretary Charles F. Read, 165 A Street, South Boston.

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