THE LOUNGER has viewed with consternation some specimens from '97—inaugurate and impersonal—which have recently reached his desk. While he recognizes the fact that chasing the coy and evanescent lunch-room girl, and regular devotion at the shrine across the way, are among the chief subjects of the Sophomore year, he would yet remind one or two care-free youngsters that a becomingly modest acquaintance with the refinements of English literature, is one of the stern demands of our beneficent Faculty. Do not these careless youths realize that they make sore the hearts of the great ones by prating of "Orthello" and "Astrabellar Stellar"? Do they not know the enormity of declaring that "Chawser wrote in Latin," or that "Caedmon composed his verses on hearing Jennessis?" The Lounger is at a loss what to think, but wonders if those sa'me brilliant lights expect to startle the unwary by a calm announcement that "Early English was but a mere mixture of words and phrases." These things are indeed passing strange, and it is a long time since the Lounger has seen their equal.

Certain of our staid and dignified instructors, too, have been indulging in unwonted joviality, for which the proximity of Hallowe'en may have been accountable. The Lounger learns that one of these who poses as "my assistant" to the author of the favorite Technology textbook, recently entered into the joys of matrimony. Before taking this fateful step, however, he descended into the abode of the big triple expansion in Engineering to bid an appropriate adieu to his associates. His appearance was the signal for an overwhelming salvo from myriad whistles, brazen gongs, and other hellish instruments, well calculated to impress him with the solemnity of the occasion, while pipe joints and patent indicators made desperate efforts to burst with emotion. This formal leave-taking was all that any ambitious mortal could desire, and the dazed Benedict, the Lounger learns, was nearly compelled to seek refuge in the comparative quiet of a boiler factory in order to recover from the nervous strain.

Once more would the Lounger urge the importance and duty of attending class meetings. The times are too few in the activities of Technology life for meeting one's fellow classmates on the broad ground which the class meeting affords, to forego a single one. Freshman, Junior, Sophomore years soon are past, and the last year at Technology is upon one—that is, upon the one who is so fortunate as to get there—almost before he knows it. Believe the Lounger when he tells you that you will hereafter recall most pleasantly the time spent in these meetings, or else regret your lack of class spirit. Therefore see to it, '95, '96, '97, and '98, that when the time for class meeting comes around, your place is filled, and let it not be said that any of these illustrious bodies had to adjourn for want of a quorum.

The Lounger was surprised to find that the enchantresses of the gilded playhouse held such potent sway over the grinds and toilers as was manifested by the zeal with which these worthies resorted to THE TECH office in quest of free tickets "for the matinee" last week. Indeed, the demand has been so great that the dispenser of the magic pasteboards has been compelled to lengthen his already arduous office hours. This was truly perplexing, and the problem remained unsolved till, on descending to the halls below, the Lounger found these tickets advertised on the Christian Union bulletin.

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ELEGY.

Full many a gem of purest emerald green
The dark, unlettered haunts of yokels bear;
Full many a flower that last year grew unseen,
Now brings its sweetness from Pike County air.

Some village Hayseed with an ancient vest,
A coat whose cut might antedate the flood,
Some mute inglorious "milk'un" here may rest,
Some Cromwell with his whiskers in the bud.

Now Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with Greek roots, \textit{et cetera}, unrolls;
Beastly exams will soon about them rage,
And freeze the genial current of their souls.

--Lafayette.