SINCE the Class of '98 has achieved the unprecedented distinction of having devoted to itself a Sophomore number of THE TECH, the Lounger feels that, despite the unworthiness of his subject, he must "in his well-known manner" devote a few words to a brief but veracious account of the doings of our doughty Sophomores since their entrance into Technology.

The writer of the class histories in "Technique" is open to the suspicion of beginning his account somewhat in this way: "One bright September morning there might have been seen gathered about the steps of old Rogers," etc. The procedure seems to introduce an unfortunate air of wearying sameness to the various narratives, which the Lounger will avoid by omitting the description. How the "bright-faced youth" filled the corridor with his pea-green presence; how he innocently called for Mr. Linus; how he misbehaved himself to the Bird, form, of course, topics desirable enough in their way, but hardly worth extended rehearsal.

Ninety-eight first came into prominence through the loud and derisive taunts which she flung at Ninety-seven. Ninety-seven was accused of cowardice in re Cane Rush. Roused at last to consciousness by the stormy anathemas of the young Freshmen, Ninety-seven consented to take part in the rush, although she subsequently modified this consent, and took the whole. This was a sad blow to Ninety-eight, sadder than any she received in the scrimmage. Her various members soothed their wounded feelings, however, by persistent and indefatigable wearing of the gold-laced regalia of war, even when engaged in the unmilitary pursuits of the Freshman drawing room, although the Lounger has heard that this brave display so awed the proprietor of that resort that only fifty-seven per cent of the class were flunked against the fifty-eight-of the previous year.

By this time the date for the class dinner had drawn nigh, and after much debate it was decided to make a display of abject virtue and scandalous propriety such as had not been seen at any previous Freshman dinners. Wine (at the table) was strictly tabooed by these ardent reformers, this being perhaps a wise provision in view of the well-known fact that liquor, taken in a perpendicular position, is quite innocuous. From this action the class gained wide renown, and when, after the dinner, one of its number was unceremoniously nabbed by a cop, the entire remainder of the class marched to the police station, and in the proud consciousness of virtue demanded that its collective breath be smelt, which ceremony had the desired effect of releasing the captive.

No Ninety-eight men were hanged during the summer, and when the class returned to college in the Fall to get rested from the good times of vacation, many of its members were Sophomores.

A second trial upon the muddy arena at the South End gave to Ninety-eight the longed-for and inalienable privileges of stick twirling for which it had long been sighing, and having administered to Ninety-nine an appropriate licking, the Sophomores felt that the world was theirs. The exhilaration of this success lasted so long that when the second class dinner came, no hint of the ascetic regulations of the previous year's celebration were detectable to the most refined scrutiny. Several Ninety-eight men were also elected to the Yacht Club about this time. These evidences of advance admirably fitted the class to elect its "Technique" Board, and this has been done with so much success that in the judgment of the editor in chief nothing short of the special number of THE TECH is worthy to express to the class the sense of public obligation under which Technology rests.

Ninety-eight has been in many ways a most promising class, and the Lounger is glad to say that most of her promises have been kept. She is still young, of course, and her most important years are still ahead. That she will round out a creditable undergraduate career is the Lounger's sincere wish, and in bestowing his benison upon Ninety-eight the Lounger is glad to say that he does so with high hopes and bright anticipations.

Resignation.

She is dead. Men say, "tis sad
To lose the one he loves. He's young to be bereft."
Ah, if they only knew, Death gives her all to me,
Which life and misery would ne'er have left.

M. K.