Again the mill has ground out its annual supply of missing caps, torn shirts, and strained muscles, and the Lounger can settle down in the serene certainty that another cane rush is well over. Just why the underclassmen evince the most bitter hatred for each other at these times, and then relapse into unconcern for each other's existence, has always been a matter of great speculation to the Lounger. But as long as such conditions remain, the Lounger makes it his annual task to witness the fray, and to urge the lagging contestants to "get into it." How many fainting hearts has he thus induced to believe that further exhaustion will add greatly to class fame. On these occasions, too, he has stifled many a reckless scrap, and held back many a mucker whose sympathetic efforts are extended to every contestant, and whose yells always mingle with those of the Ruggles Street youngsters. The Lounger's sympathy is always with the Freshmen, so he holds them especially worthy of commiseration just now. But although 'tis true that this rush is over, this game is lost, and this opportunity for flag floating is past for them, what of it? Just think of the poor weaklings now struggling with the rudiments of algebra who will become their lawful prey in one short year! Surely the experience so bitterly gained by the Freshmen will aid them in laying low these upstarts who have not yet started up! For present consolation, the Lounger can only advise the Freshmen to discover Howe '96 succeeded in recovering lost property last year; and, in the spirit of true friendship, he would warn them not to advertise in THE TECH for missing articles of clothing.

The Lounger has little to say to the Sophomore. His great task, handed down from his ancestors, is done, and the Lounger is glad of it. The Sophomore may now carry his cane, and himself, as well, with all the pomposity and daring of a Boston policeman,— until the rush is forgotten.

Thoughtless.
Three sections of Freshmen in English sat,
And of sentences remedied many,
Till at last the Professor wrote on the board,
"I think that but little if any —"
"I cannot remember the rest," he said,
"But that is enough for you;
If you wished to make that sentence correct,
Pray tell me what you would do."
Then a Freshman rose with a doubtful air,
While the others breathless sat,
And said, "Professor, to make it just right,
I think I should leave out the 'that.'"

Ta(j)i]e) of a Shirt.
(Lost in the Cane Rush.)
It seems as 'twere but yesterday
I bought me that old shirt,
And got it at a bargain, too;
'Twas really cheap as dirt.
I wore it always next my heart,
For I did love it so.
Year in, year out it went with me
Wherever I might go.
But a Freshman loved it even more,
And so it came to pass,
I had to sacrifice it to
The glory of my class.
So now my shirt has gone away,
That shirt I held so dear,
And there is only left to me
A section of the rear.
Then, please, if any gentleman
Should ever chance to meet
A shirt without a wearer;
A shirt both short and sweet,
And much abbreviated,
And in an awful fix,
Why, will he please return it
To Mathews,
Ninety-six?

A STUDY IN COLOR.
Violet-brown is my lady's gown,
Violets are my lady's flowers.
Dark her deep eyes looking down;
Violet-brown is my lady's gown.
But her dear eyes, are they brown?
Violets, say, from rarest bowers.
Violet-brown is my lady's gown,
Violets be my chosen flowers.

—Vassar Miscellany.