THE Lounger has not yet been able to conquer his regret at the tearful wrangle between our foremost Universities. It seems indeed harsh that he should not be permitted the felicity of witnessing so befitting an end to the football season as the annual Springfield unpleasantness provides, and on this account he mourns. Of course, this state of affairs betokens the obviation of arising at an unseemly hour in order to catch the early train, and further renders unnecessary a protracted fast, broken only by the intermittent Frankfurter and deadly peanut. Of more pertinent significance is the fact that the Lounger has lost a chance to replenish a not too ample purse,—a task heretofore made easy by the profitless bravado of Johnny Harvard. And this means, besides, that certain roses are not likely to be bought, and that consequently certain ice-cutting operations which the Lounger anticipated will not be extensively prosecuted,—all this in addition to a chain of other dependent circumstances, the narration of which would be long and unprofitable. The Lounger fails to see why Yale and Harvard before starting their unseemly quarrel might not have foreseen what a source of annoyance it would cause him, and have invoked his good offices as peacemaker. Now that it is too late, however, the Lounger can but make the best of it. He studiously endeavored to hold aloof from the whole question; but since it has succeeded in attracting such an amount of attention, he can only express his fear that the memorable disagreement bids fair to mark an epoch which shall in the future have a value in chronological computation equal to that of the festive year "when Harvard won."

Owing to the unfortunate necessity which restricts the size of THE Tech, the Lounger's able dissertation, which he had prepared last week upon certain phases of college journalism, will not be given to the public. Anything which he might have said apropos of the recent demise of the Harvard News would have been received, he feels, with avid delight; but being now determined to add nothing of his own to the discussion of the late journal, he supposes that the final statement of its editors must be accepted as truthful. At all events, his native gallantry would urge him to put forward no uncomplimentary theories of his own; and, inasmuch as the pressure of financial obligations was the only stated reason for suspending publication, the Lounger certainly has no right to insinuate the presence of Radcliffe editors on the board had anything to do with the case. It is entirely likely that the fear of a prospective metamorphosis into a sort of Ladies' Home Journal might have been enough to give the News its death blow, even if the aforesaid financial difficulties had not existed. Perhaps the Lounger's fears on this subject bear a somewhat paternal relation to his thoughts. At any rate, he wishes that the stygian veil might be raised from the face of this somewhat unsatisfactory uncertainty.

A PARADOX.

In a bicycle shop
Where wheelmen oft stop,
There's a sign which seems specially unfitted;
In letters of gold
The public are told,
That "peddlers are not admitted."

—The Brunonian.

WILL O' THE WISP OF LOVE.

My oldest pipe—my dearest girl;
Alas, which shall it be?
For she has said that I must choose
Between herself and thee.
Farewell, old pipe. For many years
You've been my closest friend,
And ever ready at my side
Thy solace sweet to lend.
No more from out thy weedy bowl
When fades the twilight's glow,
Will visions fair and sweet arise,
Or fragrant fancies flow.
No more by flickering candlelight
Thy genii I'll invoke,
To build my castles in the air
With wreaths of waving smoke.
And so farewell, a long farewell
Until the wedding's o'er,
And then I'll go on smoking thee
Just as I did before.

—U. of Va., '86.