THROUGH THE PINES.

In the dim twilight of the trees I saw something move. I heard a whisper, and then a noise as of soft footsteps. I longed to look around and see what it was, but, thinking it cowardly, restrained myself. The noise came nearer, and out of the corner of my eye I saw forms dodging from tree to tree. I whistled a faint, forced, quavering whistle, and for a moment felt more assured by the noise, but then a twig snapped directly behind me. I shuddered with fear, and my heart pounded so hard that I could see my blouse go up and down. My whistling stopped with a gulp. Now I was afraid to look behind. I felt that something was about to pounce upon me. In a moment I lost entire control of myself, and with a convulsive shiver I started to run with all my might, and did not stop until the woods were far behind.

H. S. B. S., '02.

THE PASSING OF A "LINER."

From somewhere out in the fog came a sound which I recognized as distinctly new. It resembled the steady tick, tick, tick of a watch, a little fainter, and a little faster. The sound steadily increased until it became a loud murmuring, and I could feel a quick pulsation in the water as the vessel rose and fell. From out of the fog came three hoarse blasts. There was a rush of screw-driven waters. A long black hulk preceded by a Y-shaped pile of foam flashed into view. I caught a glimpse of a brass-lined figure on the top of the blackness. The very air seemed to jar and vibrate with the passage of the steamer; and then, almost instantly, she was gone and the vessel was hove twenty feet upward on the crest of the roller raised by the passage of the liner.

S., '02.

The Cane Rush.

The Freshman-Sophomore Cane Rush and Football Game took place on November 22d at the South End Grounds. The Rush was awarded to the Sophomores, the score being 15 hands to 11; and the Football Game was won by the Freshmen by a score of 11 to 0. The day was dull and cold. A heavy gray sky put at an end all hopes to obtain photographs of the game and Cane Rush. In spite of all class feeling, it was difficult enough to forget the uncomfortably cold breeze whistling across the field. About five hundred people were present, and Tech. colors, with here and there the different class colors, helped to brighten the bleachers considerably. The absence of bands was certainly very unfortunate. The bands have hitherto been looked upon as regular fixtures of the Cane Rush, and so indeed have the transparencies, and flags, and standards, almost all of which were painfully conspicuous by their absence.

The Sophomores were first on the grounds, and the struggle between the two Classes commenced practically on the minute the Freshmen reached the field. As is the usual custom, several preliminary rushes took place, which were quite interesting and enthusiastic. In fact, one of the most interesting events of the day was the struggle about the flag-pole. The Sophomores, unnoticed, raised a flag; in the rush that followed the Freshmen succeeded in breaking the line. A Sophomore, George Fiske, climbed the pole and hoisted the flag to the top, and a howl of triumph arose from the Sophomores. A little later Herbert Phin-