THE LOUNGER has cogitated for many years on the phenomenon occurring at this period of every year. He refers to a matter connected with the Cane Rush. Now the so-called "cane," which is really more of an elongated policeman's club, is about four and a half or five feet long. Now, if the patient and long-suffering reader will close his hand, he will notice that it would cover some four inches of such a cane. Now, coming to the demonstration, four inches divided into five feet equal something like fifteen, if THE LOUNGER'S mathematical pencil has not lost its cunning. Fifteen hands, therefore, can be placed on the cane. Now, the phenomenon above mentioned is the resemblance of this hickory to a similar and equal volume of rubber. Moral: it is best to be one of the judges of the count yourself.

THE LOUNGER can hardly repress a sigh when the thought comes to him that, come what may, he can never again participate in the annual scrap. How far in the dim, distant past seems the last time when he sewed his coat on inside out, wrapped himself in twine and poured varnish all over his fingers preparatory to getting a couple of Freshmen to bang together. Then, when the rush was on, how the steam arose from that bunch of writhing, perspiring humanity. How THE LOUNGER fought to get hold of the man who called out: "What is the vapor density?" But worst of all was the suffering in his thinly-clad feet. Every one surely tried to step on them with hobnailed golf boots or heavy cleated football shoes, and when it at last ended it seemed as though the remains of his feet should be gathered up on a shovel and sent to be remoulded. However, it is all over now and THE LOUNGER can only advise the Freshmen to make good use of their last opportunity next year and can sympathize with the Sophs in the passing away of their last chance for a good old rough-house.

THE LOUNGER notices with a sad feeling of listless sympathy the reckless devilishness which is creeping over those dignified objects commonly called Seniors. THE LOUNGER even observed one of them, and that a very prominent one and an officer of that organization which has recently been keeping out of sight, the Democratic Club, had reached such a state that he was sublimely unconscious of reputation and appearances and was actually engaged in the extravagant gambling game of matching pennies on the steps of Rogers. The act itself, though compromising and undignified—a Senior and a Democrat should at least have used silver—was not as wholly and completely abandoned as might be thought, but the finishing touch was put on the scene by a view of the great man's comrade in guilt. It was a Freshman! The sight was too agonizing for THE LOUNGER's delicate sensibilities to stand, so he retraced his slow and painful way back to the chapel and spent the remainder of the morning recuperating.

THE LOUNGER feels that when the free-hand artists of the Institute indulge in Bohemian dinners, limits should be placed on the quantity of liquid refreshments indulged in. It was brought to THE LOUNGER's ears through a reliable source that, when the crowd of architects who indulged in the aforementioned little spree had reached a suitable stage in the process of inebriation, one of their number carried through a motion to sing "Fair Harvard" and the atrocious duet was actually accomplished in spite of the numerous interspersed hic-coughs. One depraved member of the gang even announced that he was proud of knowing the words. When such things are done after events that occurred not such a lengthy time ago, THE LOUNGER thinks that it is about time that the Architectural Course were suppressed, if it is taking up the practice of breeding such renegades. THE LOUNGER can even see in his pipe-dreams a broad smile of contempt spreading over the broad surface of the crimson gown with which his wall has been lately adorned. It is too much.

THE LOUNGER does not like to be inquisitive, but when the Secretary is seen emerging from his office at 10:30 P.M. with his hat tipped on one side of his head at a rakish angle and with a stealthy, frightened stride, and then, seeing that observers were present, making a hasty dash back again to those sacred precincts, he must at least remark that such doings look decidedly suspicious. Bohemian dinners are all right for Architects, provided crimson songs are omitted, but when midnight orgies take place among the Faculty in the realms of science itself, such doings should be looked into. THE LOUNGER is beginning to have grave doubts as to whether or not some of the fancy fabrications which have filled up space in Technique for some years have not had some foundation in fact.