The Lounger sighs an appropriately tender sigh at the presence of an ancient feast. St. Valentine's Day, well weighted with the effusions of lovelorn swain and meek-eyed maid, is doing its best to keep up the traditions of long ago, and the Lounger is glad. Too much of the pretty spirit characteristic of the day has been lost, and though the youths and maidens of the present time manage to exist without the old-time celebration of Cupid's feast, yet the Lounger mourns its decadence. Nevertheless, together with the "time to sing and time to dance," there exists a time to send valentines,—which time is now upon us. To the ambitious Freshman who desires to please the charmer at home, the Lounger would suggest that nothing is more appropriate than some lines of original verse,—this being the only kind which may be said to be infallibly successful,—gracefully entwined about a chain of fractured hearts strung on a blue ribbon. There is, however, no need of visiting the biological lab. in search of an accurate diagram of this organ, the conventional design being quite as efficient and more susceptible of correct delineation. The verse should be full of fervor, plentifully supplied with "love" and "dove," contain a rhyme on "beauty rare," "face so fair," or something of the sort, and end up with "Valentine," which rhymes with "thine," found further up in the stanza. The Lounger assures his readers that these points will prove particularly fetching. For such as are not gifted with the divine afflatus which the Lounger has some hundred pounds of rejected sonnets, rondeaux, triolets, and quatrains in stock, which may be had for the asking. These suggestions the Lounger throws out gratis, and he trusts they may prove profitable to those that need them.

Another suggestion which may be worthy of mention is that the appearance just now of Sophomore canes is a somewhat tardy reminder of a well-won victory last autumn. The stick in question, somewhat overburdened with a superfluity of silver, appears to be of a prepossessing and engaging appearance, such as may well accompany the festive Sophomore on his evening perambulations. The Lounger doubts not the right of these gentry to sport their canes with all possible élan, but he can only suggest, as he did a year ago to Ninety-six, that the appearance of these sticks at this late day hardly fulfills its obvious object of commemorating the winning of a well-contested cane rush.

It seems that the Juniors are soon to experience their annual celebration. A hasty glimpse over the toastmaster's shoulder reveals a plenitude of toasts, each accompanied by carefully concocted quotations worthy of the "Technique's" best efforts. Virtuous Freshman and gay Junior banquet in the near future, and the Lounger urges both classes to do their prettiest.

The mention of "Technique" is a reminder that "wit's last edition is now i' the press." Technology has great hopes for this to-be the latest addition to her store of bookishness, and the Lounger trusts that its advent will not cause the hurried flight of too many weary ones. 'Tis well indeed that a beneficent veil hides the future from our penetrating gaze; for could some but see the insidious efforts of the grind fiend in their behalf, there would surely be much general cleaning up and packing of trunks which can be, and is just as well, deferred till after the date of publication. But the Lounger trusts that the outcome may be peaceful. Those who are yearly reduced to a state of powder must by this time be fairly innoculated, and though the Lounger surmises that they will this year receive their full share of attention, he trusts that no unexpected access of the "sha'n't play" spirit will cause any wrathy evacuations. With those who for the first time feel the sting of a well-directed grind, the Lounger sympathizes, but would comfort them with the assurance that they will, like the chivalric autocrat of the Freshman Drawing Room, soon become hardened. Meanwhile, there is naught to do but to wait, and when Ninety-six puts forth the result of her editors' hard labors, we shall, indeed, see what we shall see.

The Lounger has been interested to note to what unexpected uses a college paper may be put. He has no particular enmity against the Christian Union, or its all-important successor, but he was nevertheless amused to see The Tech utilized last week as an instrument for the dissemination of tracts.