The Lounger sometimes indulges in pursuits more entertaining than chasing the fleeting and evanescent "P." He allows himself, for instance, the pleasure of sending a valentine or two, carefully composed on the models which he explained last week, and he has been known, also, to receive one or two "effusions," these latter being, of course, necessarily not so polished examples of the versifier's art as those which he sends himself. Sending valentines may not be termed too frivolous an occupation for a person of the Lounger's sedate demeanor, for he regards it as a very pretty custom, worthy of practice. Not to discuss this question further, the Lounger will merely mention that one of the valentines which he received has wounded his feelings deeply. As the observant reader will perceive, it amounts to a wholly gratuitous rejection of the Lounger's affections, and as such can but cause him pain. But the Lounger will set forth without further preamble this

VALENTYNE TO YE EDITOR.

If I should be thy Valentine,
What wouldst thou give me, pray?
An inky roll of manuscript?
The well wherein thy pen was dipped?
Ah, no! An Editor they say,
Is all too busy day by day,
To pay due gifts at Cupid's shrine.—
I will not be thy valentine.

If I should be thy Valentine,
What wouldst thou say to me?
" Dear Madame,—we regret our space."
" Returned with thanks."
" No vacant place."
Ah, yes! The whole I plainly see.
An Editor is not for me.
Thou couldst not care for love like mine;
I cannot be thy Valentine.

Of the Lounger's touching appeal in reply to this cruel valentine he will not speak, further than to observe that it was a model of symmetry, grace, faultless versification, and redundant with all the poetic virtues so conspicuously lacking in the above. But taking everything into consideration, the Lounger is not disposed to mourn. He is glad that his mind can rise superior to the shocks which the receipt of such a valentine would naturally inflict. He is glad that he was not born sooner than he was, for he would have disliked to cause envy in the breasts of other writers of ability who, as matters now stand, have preceded him. Then, too, he might not have possessed that peace of mind that is now a mark of his distinction. But, as it is, the Lounger's modesty, together with his particularly amicable disposition, prevents unfriendly clashings with the lights of the world of literature, including even those in the vicinity of the Lounger's own dusty corner, and so his existence continues calm and unruffled.

Some are more popular than others. The Lounger arrogates no especial credit to himself for this very truthful assertion, but merely gives it for what it is worth. But the popularity of some is transcending in its enormity, and permits no quibble as to its genuineness and spontaneity. Seldom it is that interest in a fellow-creature's welfare reaches such proportions that every movement of the object of solicitude must be pursued with argus-eyed inquiry. The Lounger frankly admits that the wide range of even his experience embraces but few such cases. The more surprised was he then to find that such a reputation clung halo-like about the head of His Urbanity. Yet when the Lounger cannot gaze quietly upon the chaste and classic outlines of the Tech bulletin board, nor peer respectfully into the Cage, without being confronted by a glaring notice that His Suavity is in Room 21, "Up one flight," he can but think that his appreciation of that polite gentleman's popularity was somewhat too meager.

The Lounger has been interested to note that youth still exists in our Senior Class. Despite strenuous efforts to raise visible mustaches before Class Day, and half-emboldened longings after tiles, the Lounger has heard that Ninety-five is not without a certain amount of boyishness. This statement comes from a high authority, the Lounger might add. One man of his acquaintance who had flunked a certain senior subject under a certain nasal author of an ungodly book, went to the aforesaid author for the purpose of kicking.

"But, alas and alack!" His endeavors were fruitless. His exam. paper had been boyish (so said the prophet); he talked boyishly, he had acted boyishly,—not to say kidishly: Hence the Lounger's deduction.