"Tis with no few sighs of regret that the Lounger yields the joys of the brief vacation to resume his onerous tasks in the general supervision of Technology. The mill has once more begun to turn, however, and the luckless grist may as well be turned into the hopper with some semblance of resignation, and so the Lounger delivers to the miller with appropriate ceremonies the host of aspirants whose prompt return to the halls of learning is a cause for so much congratulation. The Lounger would fain dwell upon a consideration of the maximum joy to be derived from a minimum vacation, but all that is now back in the past, whence, in sooth, recall is not difficult providing only that we have the proper accessories in a well-filled pipe and a blazing hearth. The Lounger might also give himself over to a foretaste of the fixed and movable feasts usually appurtenant to the second term did he not feel sufficiently occupied in other concerns. He has a certain curiosity, too, in watching the progress of our versatile Seniors on their last lap, their recent episodic gyrations not having ceased to fill his mind with wonder at the marvelous repertory from which Ninety-six has been choosing. 'Twas indeed "no merry jest" that seemed recently so imminent; but now that the libations have been poured and the loving cup again passed around, the Lounger feels that he can cease his anxious broodings and assume once more the happy mien which is so much more to his liking than the dull-browed similitude of care.

He is, moreover, glad to observe that his efforts in this direction are well abetted by the timely arrival of the winged god, whose presence reminds us that Applied and Thermo, bugaboos that were just now such a source of unpleasantness, are not the end and aim of human existence, and that—to borrow from the Lounger's esteemed contemporary—"Golf is not the only game on earth." Not that St. Valentine's aim at the Lounger's heart has been any surer than of old, nor any less sure,—this being a matter of his own private concern, of course,—although he would not venture to state the dimensions of the verse which has recently been sent to him. But, all this aside, permit the Lounger to express his faith in the efficacy of the Valentine, in the original valentine; that is, provided that the wording and versification be of a character not too atrocious. Originality, however, is the essential, and no love-sick youth need feel that any abuse of hard-cudgeled brain or ink-stained fingers has been without its reward, if only the result be a couple of passable stanzas.

But a degree of care is likewise requisite, for the astute man will not forget either the adage about "Faint heart," nor the injunction to "Make haste slowly." The Lounger will forbear, however, to specify more minutely, for it is an exceedingly clever person who can give offhand a set of explicit directions warranted suitable for any case; and so, instead of repeating his generalities of last year, he will flatter his modesty and, at the same time, save his reputation for soothsaying, by urging no particular specifications. He feels safe in saying, however, that he wishes the scribblers of verses all the luck they deserve, with a little extra thrown in, just for luck. And with this not dangerous sentiment, he begs leave to withdraw, in order that he may do, on his own account, a little of that brain cudgeling and finger staining to which he has so gracefully alluded.

**ANCIENT.**

With sword in hand,
They took their stand,
Their eyes with anger blazing;
And blow for blow,
Are sure of never meeting.

**MODERN.**

With pen in hand,
And huge inkstand,
They do all their debating;
And blow for blow,
With windy show,
Are sure of never meeting.

—*The Lafayette.*

**QUERY.**

Did you ever notice this:
When a fellow steals a kiss
From a righteous little maiden calm and meek,
How her scriptural training shows
In not turning up her nose,
But in simply turning round the other cheek?

—*Cornell Widow.*