Once again the Lounger wends his way to a wonted corner of The Tech office, and blows the dust from his special stub-pen, and removes the fragments of chalk which kind friends have deposited in his inkstand. The exams have passed and been passed (in some cases); and it is pleasing to note that the victims slain yearly by the vindictive blue-book are less numerous, perhaps, than usual. Vacation time has also sped with that peculiar swiftness characteristic of such periods. Holidays, indeed, always pass with surprising quickness, except, of course, in the case of the — well, in case of people noted for dilatoriness. Some royal skating the early vacation brought, and more recently has the jingle of the sleigh-bells sounded merrily in the frosty air. Doubtless all have enjoyed the period to the full, save, perhaps, two classes — the political Seniors who have been busy devising plans for the election of Class-Day officers, and the Editors of “Technique,” who have been racking their brains to invent a new form for the wave-motion joke.

The Lounger’s mail on Saturday of last week, and Monday of this, was, needless to say, a large one. As most of the tender missives composing it are addressed in obviously feigned handwriting, he thinks it best to acknowledge them all in this column. All who did not send the Lounger a valentine of some sort “may omit” from here to the end of the paragraph. To the three (presumably) fair unknowns who manifested their emotions by scalloped and embossed portfolios of pink paper, with landscapes in colors inside, and poems in which “eyes” and “sighs” occur in the first and third lines, and “mine” and “valentine” in the second and fourth, the Lounger would advise a more careful study of fine arts and belles-lettres, as manifested in the paintings at the Public Library and in The Tech. For the long original poem, which arrived a day late, he is grateful, but as his doctor has forbidden him to read poetry, he has turned it over to the Editor in Chief. The somewhat conventionalized drawing of a stout, porcine animal, with “A Perfect Hog” written over it, the Lounger considers to be humorous in intention; and the sender would do well to study the principles of refined modern humor, by taking a course in English Literature. To the artistic soul, who designed a somewhat swollen heart split in two by a jagged line, the Lounger would recommend a small bottle of that cement advertised in Boylston Street by a number of bricks hung on a soup plate. But there is one valentine which speaks more directly to the heart, which, by its simple eloquence, moves one to desire further communication from the same source. This is a box of Huyler’s best chocolates; and from the kindred soul who presented them, the Lounger will be glad to hear more at any time.

One event of world-shaking importance has transpired since the beginning of the examinations — the Cane-rush Arbitration Committee has rendered its decision. On a certain fateful night, in solemn session, these five lawgivers met together. They sat in awful state, upon a long dais, on thrones of carven oak, and before them for insignia lay the axe, the dagger, and the cord. Then the pursuivants in attendance blew three blasts upon their silver bugles, and in filed the representatives of the parties in dispute. The reporters were excluded from the press gallery, and after a solemn hush the case was opened. Each champion strove doughtily and well. The rafters of vaulted oak rang with their voices, and all who heard, save those five impassive spectres upon the bench, were moved to tears. When all that eloquence could do was done, the Five retired. No human being knows what passed in that secret conclave; only the faces of the Judges, when they came out at last, were white and bloodless; and twenty-seven empty beer bottles were found in the corner of the room where they had met. The result of their deliberations is known to all. The Lounger pities the Freshmen; but he cannot forbear to remind them that he tendered his services to arbitrate this matter, and if his offer had been accepted the result might have been different.

The Lounger regrets that lack of space prevents his giving a description, as he had intended to do, of the costume worn by him at the Bradley-Martin ball, last week.