After a short but welcome respite from his arduous labors, the Lounger returned to his den on Monday and spent a few profitable hours in chatting about vacation with his returning friends. There appeared to be a general sense of satisfaction with the events of the preceding week, but the Lounger was interested to observe the divers forms in which different individuals had wooed the coy Euphrosyne. (Freshmen and members of the Faculty are referred to works of J. Milton.) His friend the Course VIII. Senior sought relaxation in the properties of the conic sections, and returned with redoubled enthusiasm after an aggregate of forty hours of vacation reading. "That other hard-working individual, the "Technique" editor, has been occupied since his Thursday dinner in trying to make the grinds he has clipped from last year's college annuals fit well-known men in the Institute. The sporting editor of THE TECH invented a new cocktail, which he calls the Van Rensselaer Nerve Restorer, and played forty-three games of pool at the Adams House on Friday without being stuck once. The Course IX. men are rather gloomy: of course they played golf all the time, but the ground was soggy and they made poor scores. Two of the Lounger's friends, the Sportsman and the Unappreciated Poet, went on a shooting trip; the pen, as usual, proved more fatal than the shot-gun, as the Poet wrote a Sonnet and a Rondeau, while the Sportsman did not kill anything. The Poet claims that the country is never so beautiful as in its first snowstorm.

The Lounger must own that the dark evergreens on the bleak hillsides, and the black water swirling between clumps of brown sedges in the meadow land, affect even his own prosaic disposition.

For contrast with these votaries of the flood and field there is the gay Junior who spent his Thanksgiving in New York, and divided his time equally between Hammerstein's and Sherry's. And, finally, there are those numerous ones who found at dances and house parties bliss in "the touch of a fairy hand, or the more ethereal contact of soul with soul." The Lounger quotes the above phrase, and does not hold himself responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents. At any rate his point is sufficiently proved,—that there are as many ways of spending a vacation as there are unpaid subscriptions to THE TECH.

The Lounger is pleased to hear of a new force in the community which makes for righteousness and temperance. The Y. M. C. A., of course, is always with us; but then so is the Yacht Club, and Puritanical acidity is neutralized by base salts. Then the Class of '98, which started out so nobly to labor for the cause of temperance, was probably discouraged by the want of appreciation shown by the Boston police force; at any rate their efforts of late years have not been active.

Now, however, the Lounger hails a new addition to the rank of white ribbon societies. The Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, at a meeting held in connection with the Needham concert last week, decided formally not to allow their members to play at concerts while under the influence of liquor. The Lounger hails this as a step in the right direction. He is sure that the sentiment of the undergraduate body at large will be with the managers of the Clubs. In the long run they will probably reap the reward of their wisdom. Of course there will probably be only one or two representatives of each Club at the first few concerts, but eventually the musicians will accustom themselves to changed conditions, and the quality of the music cannot fail to be improved.

The poem printed below was received by the Lounger last week in a long, yellow envelope, postmarked Scranton, Pa., and was written in a handwriting unknown to him. It bears the true note of pathos, and evidently is the work of one who has loved and has not lost.

They sit within a tapestried recess;
Ile quaffs the nectar of her radiant eyes,
And on her lips his ardent kisses press.
He swears that when he saw her lovely guise,
He met his fate.

Four months elapsed, and pale but firm he stood
Beside a dainty form in bridal white.
His face was sad and set, as carved in wood,
But bravely still as one who, dying, fights,
He met his fate.