Turkey day is again upon us with its dire threats of after effects, so readily forgotten in the schoolboy rush for the good things of life. The Lounger shudders to think of the disconsolate faces ready to greet him next Monday, and the maldictions to be pronounced upon our Faculty, whose kindly interest in our welfare will not permit us to leave them for more than three days of all the term. Every year we have held out to us the cruel suggestion of a longer leave-taking, and as regularly do we discover our mistake. 'Tis no use, friends; we are here to grind, and grind it will be to the end,—if we follow the advice of the Faculty. Nevertheless the Lounger always finds cause for thankfulness when this season approaches, and the list he presents this year is an exceeding great one.

The Lounger's slice of turkey is large, but he feels equal to the demands of the occasion.

He wishes first to express his gratitude to the Faculty for their kind indulgence in remaining such earnest counselors this term. He has no fault to find with their kindly greetings every week, and their constant appreciation of his well-being. If he can only find a thesis subject this year which will more nearly reach their approbation than those of other days, his thankfulness will know no bounds. While speaking of uncertainties, the Lounger is reminded that he should be duly thankful for the clear skies and playful breezes which old Prob is still bestowing upon us. In all the Lounger's years at Tech he has never felt such a sorrow for the neglect and solitude his umbrella, galoches, and mackintosh have suffered this year. He is also thankful for the hitherto unequaled privilege of walking along Boylston Street from the Christian place to the Thorndike billiard room, without encountering a fence and walking a plank so carefully laid in the mud of the street. To return to the work of the Institute,—the Lounger is exceedingly happy that he is not under the guidance of our "prof." of military folderol; that he need not parade the drill hall under noncommissioned officers, execute the alphabet emblematically, listen to "lectures," or pass "examinations." He is glad, too, that the Freshman is still happy in the dress of an humble citizen.

The Lounger is singularly happy in the fact that he need not peruse the extremely "small edition" of "my notes," published by McJennett and Loring. He pities the poor grind who will pour the oil over those smutty pages in the vain hope that the prof. will come again. The Lounger must also be thankful for the rare treat so soon to be presented by the French Society. It is rumored that the committee have difficulty in selecting a play whose character is least Frenchy, in order that their production may not shock the inmates of this "godless institution." Again the Lounger is thankful that he is not a member of the Glee Club this year. Florrie West is not in it with the Lounger, and he would dislike to disagree with the blithesome manager of the combination. He is glad that there is still opportunity for this flourishing financial agency to aid the Athletic Association as in the days of old. To the Athletic Association he is grateful for following his suggestion to permit the boys to take the girls to the games. The Lounger is thankful that he is not a Co-ed, to be obliged to peruse its pages only within the confines of the Margaret Cheney reading room.

Among miscellaneous reasons for thanksgiving he may mention the fact that the pin question is still a sticker, and therefore many competitors are not yet disappointed; that The Tech waste basket for the reception of poetic effort is still unfilled; that Mr. Hogg, of lunch-room fame, has had his attention called to his state of being; that at last there is an exchange table in the reading room; and that "the great football game" is well over.

With all these reasons for thankfulness at his command, to say nothing of the many yet unsaid, who shall begrudge the Lounger his vacation? He welcomes it right merrily, and wishes cheer to all his friends, especially to those who furnish him these many happy reflections.