The presence of the truly New England festival and the prospect of the many joys associated with it are indeed welcome. It is with no end of gratification that the Lounger views the possibilities of the few brief days of relaxation which a kind destiny and a far-seeing Faculty have granted to Technology, and he trusts that every one, from sallow grind to reckless sport, from janitor down to President, will make due use of his opportunities. So overshadowed are the dread semes by the presence of this genial season that they seem mere episodes. All the better, saith the Lounger. Let every man make the best of his fleeting pleasures and speedily banish all disagreeable thoughts. Good authorities have ably expatiated on the sufficiency of the evil to the day, and to this sentiment the Lounger heartily subscribes. A short vacation but a merry one seems an appropriate paraphrase, and with this sentiment the Lounger views the approaching days of respite with satisfaction and equanimity.

An invitation to a kingly Thanksgiving-Day dance is but a hint of the many dissipations in which the Lounger purposes to indulge; and though the ensuing week, when all return with repleted stomach and empty brain, holds out its dispiriting promise of compensating toil, the Lounger sees much to be thankful for, and rejoices accordingly. He is thankful that the Faculty grant him two days instead of only one in which to recover, from all ills attendant upon a proper observance of the great event of the day. He is also, for private reasons, duly thankful that Yale won, and that our own football aggregation sees itself once more financially firm, thanks to the patriotic demonstrations of last Wednesday. He is also, for private reasons, duly thankful that the somnolent Bursar has enjoyed his two weeks of innocuous desuetude, and trusts that nothing will occur to mar that worthy functionary's repose till the end of term time. He rejoices, too, that the popular inmate of the Cage has not felt it necessary to instruct in etiquette more than the usual quota, and he only regrets that the result of certain important elections did not meet with the approval of this all-wise prophet. Whether the Lounger has cause for Thanksgiving in other directions he cannot now call to mind, but not wishing to make himself a mark for godly wrath through a surfeit of blessings, he is willing to cease the enumeration and retire to the enjoyment of a well-earned repose.

Our erstwhile comatose Sophomores appear to have awakened to a sense of their responsibilities. They did themselves credit in the rush, and may now twirl their canes with all possible flourish. Nobly did they guard the solitary flag pole through cold, moist watches of the night; eagerly did the keen-eyed Arguses devour the succulent Frankfurter, and bravely quaff Dutch courage. The long vigil over, they had the satisfaction of beholding their gaudy flag still flying. But all joy is fleeting, and soon the brave sons of Ninety-seven saw themselves overpowered, and Ninety-eight's flag displayed triumphant. What with the usual vicissitudes to stave off ennui, the day was exciting enough, and the Lounger is glad that his uncomfortable anticipations proved groundless. Seldom has he witnessed a more spirited rush, and he rejoices to see in this emphatic renaissance of class feeling substantial evidences of re-enlightenment among the Sophomores.

It was indeed a delicate piece of genre that graced one of the Herald's pages last week. The scene, grouping, treatment, all were beyond cavil, the lay figures being especially fine. The Herald was merely portraying the story of three of our Seniors who had recently been conducting a locomotive test, and, though the accompanying article was of absorbing interest, it was perhaps a trifle too theatrical for the subject. Aside from other considerations, it must be highly gratifying to be photographed in greasy overalls, and this heroic trio must have waked up famous. However, the Lounger is not envious, and he desires to leave them all the glory. He forbears relating how one of these worthies was gravely informed that the three were taking a set of weather observations in preparation for a new almanac, but leaves this interesting subject here, trusting that the quieter joys of civil pursuits may compensate for the charms of life on a cowcatcher.