In anticipation of the imminent morrow the Lounger has been impelled to ponder upon his blessings. Though it often happens that blessings are pretty well disguised, the Lounger feels that the mask has been sufficiently lifted from his own to render an identification complete; and so, whether his causes for rendering thanks be many or few,—a matter the decision of which should, perhaps, be left to the all-wise future,—he is willing to incur the responsibility of classification, trusting to luck and to his good genius that no revision will be necessary. A material blessing is, of course, the presence of the sainted bird which has become so essential to the proper observance of the feast day. The Lounger is possessed of considerable patience, but he trusts that the reactionary period of soup and croquettes will not be unduly prolonged. He likes a variety of diet, and he is, in consequence, in a permanent attitude of diffident expectation.

As for the vacation, the Lounger notes that it is possessed of its old-time briefness, and so all that one may do is to hope that Monday may be as far distant as the calendar allows, and govern one's self accordingly. The great cane rush is over, at any rate, and the Lounger is satisfied with the worthy spectacle provided. The Freshman proved an easy mark for '98, and the Sophs will doubtless carry themselves with all possible flourish until the rush is forgotten. "Next year," says Ninety-nine, sententiously; and were our next year's Freshmen within reach the Lounger would be prompted to utter a warning word. He feels of course appropriately pleased at the success of the rush, and truly delighted at the delicacy displayed by the management in announcing that ladies would be admitted free. This was polite, and marked an indication of gallantry not always witnessed at such ceremonies.

The Lounger need scarcely express his thanks to various learned gentlemen, his instructors, who continue to regard him in statu pupillari, and who have been singularly appreciative of his painstaking efforts toward learning. To the Faculty, of course, he is grateful for their continued interest, and for his weekly billets doux and "see-me-at-once" cards, without which he would have felt indeed neglected; he is glad in addition that he has not found it necessary to call much attention to the vagaries of some not over popular functionaries. The Lounger's eye is always observant, but at this convivial season he has kept it looking for other things. The Lounger is glad, too, that under the hands of the Juniors the next "Technique" bids fair to be a volume of brilliance unsurpassed, and he notes that the grind fiend's efforts are now, as in the past, certain to amuse, instruct, edify, and otherwise enliven the Technology world.

The Lounger rejoices, also, that the Seniors seem to be in a fair way to elect their Class-day officers. If the vague rumors be true, he anticipates some lively times to come, but if Ninety-six escapes the usual unsavory political methods, the Lounger will have special cause to rejoice in an unexpected purification of modern Class-day methods.

The new lunch-room girl seems to have ingratiated herself into the giddy Tech man's heart, and to have displayed charms of manner heretofore unsuspected, all of which is of course a proper subject for gratulation. The Lounger is also glad that esthetic Boston sees its reputation justified in the artistic grouping of the subway refuse, that the Boylston Street sidewalks are not more than usually impassable to pedestrians, and that Paderewski failed to recognize him the other afternoon at the Christian place over the way. He feels grateful, too, that the subscriber is still extant, and he wonders whether that essential person realizes that he is only one hundred and fifty out of twelve hundred odd. The Lounger's benison on the subscriber, and may his life be long and happy!

A particular cause for thanksgiving is that several misapprehensions have been recently corrected, and that the Boston Herald, always so accurately misinformed on topics relating to Technology, has received and published a dignified reminder from our President.

After all these reasons for thanksgiving, who shall say that the Lounger's vacation does not deserve to be a merry one? He knows himself that of whatever enjoyment there may be in it he will miss as little as possible; and trusting that all his friends may find the jovial feast a worthy day for celebration, he will retire to a proper contemplation of the joys to come.