The Lounger is glad to announce his happy survival of another Turkey Day, and to welcome the coming weeks as a period of rest before the next vacation. The appreciative student—in which category the Lounger often finds himself—has, of course, marked the vouchsafing of an extra holiday at Christmas, and has made himself joyful accordingly. For the flighty youth who regards college life merely as a series of vacations, interrupted at stated intervals by more or less disagreeable periods of labor, the tiny holiday time cannot be so precious. To the hard worked but ever cheerful man, however, welcome indeed must have been this second announcement of an extra day, like unto that which last year caused the Lounger's vacation; but that is long ago, now, so he will not consider it further.

At all events the Lounger is glad to see our Faculty progress in the matter of seasonable holidays. Whether their progressiveness is due to any efficient prodding from the rear is, of course, an aspersion which the Lounger would be the last to hint; but, as he has said, he commends them for their liberality, and, to reassure them for their possible haste, let him urge that in all probability Technology will continue to flourish, and just as many men will be graduated in '96 as if the extra holiday had not been instituted. As the Lounger may have said in the past, he is no rash devotee of precipitant innovations; but each lengthening of our meager term-time holidays, and the establishment of new periods in which to cultivate "days of Grace" and other things, ably alluded to in the Thanksgiving number, are acts of charity to which he can extend only his unqualified approbation.

The Lounger has been concerned to note an air of trepidation now prevalent in the corps of instructors, the more so because he feels in a measure responsible. He has had the pleasure of perusing and revising a few of the jokes about to be sprung in the coming minstrel show, and he has felt it part of his friendly duty to the profs to acquaint them with their status in these witticisms. The Lounger is no alarmist, and would be the last to throw a pall over the anticipatory enjoyment of Christmastide; but he feels, nevertheless, that a note of warning should be sounded, and that all profs, instructors, janitors, office boys, and other functionaries should be advised, kindly and confidentially, to see that their sensibilities are suitably case hardened before the date for the show. The Lounger undertakes this task from no desire to aggrandize himself at anyone's expense, but having viewed the efforts, for this occasion, of the grind fiend, and having, also, contributed to the stock one or two modest attempts of his own, and, moreover, realizing fully the keen personal interest which surrounds the whole business, he has persuaded himself that the only fair thing was to make this brief announcement.

Selah!

With the advent of the interlocutor and the end man, and the approaching din of tambourine and bones, the retiring modesty which has overtaken the French and German societies has become painfully evident. The Gallic crowd, it is true, have assumed a semblance of life in the hilarity of their evening feasts, but the devotees of beer mug and pretzel appear to have suffered complete death. The expenses of the histrionic efforts of last spring have weighed heavily upon both organizations, and have evidently discouraged their members most heartily. The Lounger hopes, however, that this lamentable state may not endure long, and that enough interest may be aroused to insure the activity of one organization, if not the resuscitation of the other.

WHAT?

She gave me a glance—
What will rhyme with amiss?
There is little romance,
I must own, in a glance;
Yet it was an advance,
And I gave her for this—
When she gave me a glance,
What will rhyme with amiss?
—Princeton Tiger.