With all the requirements of a bounteous Thanksgiving amply fulfilled, and with a conviction that the Tech. Lunch-room is after all not the only place on the Midway, THE LOUNGER turns luxuriously back to his Technological duties, holds a match to the end of the cigar that he mislaid one week ago, and again grapples with the cares and exactions of his editorial position. The atmosphere of sadness that pervaded the office of The Tech at the former writing still remains; and forsooth, THE LOUNGER's chair possesses no nearer approximation to the normal and requisite number of legs than it did when last he left it; yet somehow everything seems happy and luminous compared with what it did in the seven days previous. Thanksgiving has indeed wrought wondrous changes. Ah, muse, how potent is the charm that rises o'er the senses' calm,—though anxious once and critical, yet quiet now and pleasurable—when the inner man is made content, and thought, to recollection bent, fair visions to the memory brings and makes illusions o'er all things! Nothing like it!

In every clang of the speeding electric, The Lounger fancies a note of the melodious dinner-bell of that glorious Thursday. In every bite of chapel refreshment, he notes a flavor of turkey, with just a suspicion of an odor of plum-pudding. In every cloud of smoke that issues from his pernicious weed, he sees the smiling visage of the coy cousin whose hand left his so short a time ago: and he recalls the laughing eye, the witching curl, the pouting lip—but The Lounger wanders; Technology men aren't interested in this sort of thing, and matters scientific press for admittance to his attention. Making a final exclamation point, he turns the favored page, changes his pen from the red ink to the black, and commences on a new leaf.

The following harrowing experience of a certain Professor of Physiology, who holds forth in the second floor of the Pierce edifice, may, The Lounger thinks, not only prove instructive to many, but also enable all other Institute instructors to be on their guard and thus become themselves seasonably and moderately prepared for any similar occurrence. Not long ago, two blonde and fluffy damsels knocked at the door of this Professor’s office in a manner at once timid and coy. Said the Physiologist “Come in,” and he looked up in amazement from the “Zeitschrift für Psychologie und Physiologie der Sinnesorgane” he was reading, as the maidens entered and stood giggling. This tableau was too affecting to last, and finally one of the visitors began; “We-we-don’t exactly know how to say it—but-do you—even—do you—he-he!—do you—ever—have any use—for models?” It is written that the listener grew all shades of scarlet as he politely told the damsels that Physiology was not taught by means of models, and directed them to the fifth floor.

It is with no inconsiderable pleasure that The Lounger notes the goodly distribution of wealth promoted by the Freshmen as they tickle their vanity by investing in resplendent new drill suits at the rate of $14.10 per corpus. The Freshmen, too, appreciate the true beauties of the privilege which is theirs, though some of the more revolutionary have objected to the price as somewhat excessive for this time of year. Earnest efforts on the part of the Corporation, the Faculty, Mr. Riddler, and the Institute Committee, to get the price reduced to fourteen dollars pat have, however, been totally in vain. $14.10 it is and $14.10 it will remain. Fiat Fit; which is Latin and means that a good fit is guaranteed for the money. Yet The Lounger would suggest that this increased price is not an unmixed evil; for, as the following simple arithmetic will show, it will enable the wily Freshman to coin a little chapel-money in the bright days to come. One year from now, when new neophytes have gathered near, the Freshmen can sally out, surround the strangers even as they themselves have been surrounded, and can dispose of their suits at the low price of $16.50, thus winning $2.40,—if The Lounger's automatic subtractor works correctly,—in return for the year's toil of wearing the suit. Certain timely considerations may awaken the thought that this payment is none too high; but The Lounger would remind his devoted readers that a mighty boon,—till then, ungiven,—will be obtained by this humanitarian operation. Herein lies the boon: the opportunity will be given for surpassing the Class of 1902; for of these people the boldest who now offers his suit for sale seeks but a dollar or a “dollar ten” clear profit in the transaction. $2.40 as bonus is a thing unhooped for, yea, unimagined, by them. Then let all those loyal sons of 1903 buy drill suits and forget the defeat of the cane-rush and of the football game in the determination to taste of the sweetened victory of the future in fleeceing the innocent new-comer to the tune of two dollars and forty cents.