As The Lounger is enjoying the quiet solace of his brier after dinner the thought suddenly strikes him that it is meet that he should be thankful. At Tech it really does seem a hypothesis contrary to fact, but nevertheless he must forget the drawing he has been working on, the Applied assignment for next Monday, and the Heat and bend seance and be thankful. As Mr. Dooley says, we can be truly thankful that we are not someone else. For instance, are we not all glad that we are not the man who wears a "T" about the gym that stands for something like Takeawarmbath Canoe Club? May we not rejoice that we are the proud possessors of enough clothing as not to be under the painful necessity of wearing sweaters to the lunch-room? Does not everyone of us feel jubilant over the knowledge that he doesn't have to buy another book until after Christmas? Have we not reached the end of subscriptions until the baseball season? Has not Yale done nobly? Have we not added to the discomfiture of the crimson by rushing her out of Copley Square? Some of us can be thankful for the possibility of escaping from the boarding house to enjoy a generous helping from the bird at home, while those of us who are too far distant for this may get out our hatchets and open a box from home, uncovering some things with which we have not had even a speaking acquaintance since September. Think of that and burst into tears.

To The Lounger it seems a great pity that a man, who has had so much experience with chorus girls and soubrettes, as his friend, a reverend senior, should offend a dear, unsophisticated two-hundred pounder, (member of the Happy Spinster Co.) and then be severely "called down" for doing so. It is not to be supposed that a seltzer lemonade and two high balls could be the cause of his so far forgetting himself, but according to a friend of the aforementioned senior, who accompanied him during all his strolls through gay New Haven, this is really all he had. Perhaps the pleasure of seeing his own Yale win was too much for him or the sight of so many blackened eyebrows and painted cheeks on the train turned his brain. At any rate when a lurch of the car caused one of the fairies, while passing the cold tea, to miss her footing and land in a man's lap, he could not refrain from saying, "Back up, back up." Hereupon the two-hundred pound soubrette, to the amusement of all, excepting Tech's senior, proceeded to give him her opinion of "who ain't a gentleman." The Lounger's friend was too full for utterance; he only sputtered when the fair, fat and forty-year-old Amazon had retreated.

The Lounger would deem it somewhat inconsiderate to speak on the subject of aesthetics in a place where so many of us poor misguided mortals have so much to do in the Walker Building. But it is really somewhat startling to watch the experiments which are being tried with the face of old Rogers. Some twelve moons ago or so, as The Lounger's chronology runs, the Bursar, that venerable institution, made the first move in this direction by decorating the lower windows with Safety Vault Deposit iron bars and now with the left side of the building Fate is again dealing harshly. The old plate glass windows have been carefully removed and some new windows substituted, which when once looked upon will enable one to feel as if in a Physics exam. without having to go through any of the previous symptoms. It would seem if we are to have such adornments as scalloped, watered-silk glass and wrought iron defenses, they might at least be concentrated on the Walker building, thus to be in keeping with the aesthetic surroundings, and to serve some useful purpose.

And now comes a period when the editor-in-chief hangs his shears on the gas-fixture and closes the office doors for the space of three days. As for The Lounger, he was awakened from a nightmare of hip-raffers and that sort of thing, to hear the joyful news that it had been proclaimed from the office that all would be allowed to break their heart-strings by tearing themselves away from work for three days. He knew what that meant. He immediately proceeded to hunt up in the old volumes of The Tech to see whether or not there were any relatives on the female side whom he had not made use of. The result was discouraging; again and again The Lounger read the same old stratagems anent "coy cousins," "sisters," — "old friends" even; not a place was left for him. He is beginning to think it will soon be time for him to be telling about "chats" with nieces and grand-daughters. But the pleasantries which are inevitable at this time, which cause even the professors to relax and abbreviate the recitation hours, will not fall amiss with The Lounger. To get away from the echoes of Rogers corridors and of the shops for three days and to meditate in the country, not in "Applied" and "Organic," will lend somewhat to his appreciation of those subjects when he returns. At least he hopes so, for he surely needs it.