Thankful? Yes, THE LOUNGER is thankful: much more so, indeed, than he had expected to be. For has not the Faculty granted a whole, complete, and entire day’s leave of absence for the celebration? That the much desired three days of vacation should be cut down to two was no more than was to be expected, — and, indeed, that the two should be incorporated into one is only a pretty, — though left-handed — compliment to the institution of matrimony which is itself second only to the Technological Institution in popularity. But this anti-expansion movement seemed destined to even greater works: — rumor suggested that only the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day was to be given to the students: then came the report that the maximum allowance was to be merely the customary hour for dinner — and lunch-room stock was at a premium, then — and finally came the ominous whisper that even the noon-hour was to be withheld, so that later a whole day could be granted for Christmas. Then suddenly, like the sun out of a cloudy sky, — or like the 22-0 score in the Yale football game — came the official announcement that the technological populace was to have the whole day. And THE LOUNGER, was thankful. The shock was great — but joy seldom kills; and THE LOUNGER, now restored to his Morris chair, underneath the Tech office banquet lamp (the last Christmas gift of the Faculty), marvels no longer as to what the world could do without the Institute Faculty, but what Thanksgiving can do with it.

And still THE LOUNGER is thankful. The Tech is now in its twenty-first volume; and in that number of years THE LOUNGER has become established in good psychological habits. The revised edition of the Old Farmers’ Almanac says — in large letters printed longitudinally beside the November calendar— "Now prepare to be thankful!" Somewhere around the last week of the month appears an asterisk, and following it the preremptory scriptural quotation, "be thankful!" And so, just as surely as November nears its close, THE LOUNGER’s heart swells, his eyes beam, his mouth widens: he is thankful.

Yet there are good and sufficient reasons, this year, for THE LOUNGER perennial exuberance. His friends, the students of Yale College, visited various of the younger brothers of their lady friends in Cambridge, played ball with them, and made the young-