Down comes the rain. Spiteful drops dash against the pane; the wind whistles about the eaves; a decrepit blind slams; the fire dies down; the Lounger sits alone, and in thought. Years have found him in many mirthful moods, but to-night his thoughts are far from being gay. As the deepening shadows gather, he ponders over the incongruities of existence; and when the last flickering flame has gone out, he is left in solitary contemplation. He reviews his own erratic history; and as he compares it with workers about him, the contrast is painful. Why should he remain while worthier men must leave the busy circle? He thinks again of him, the friend of all, the hard worker of the Institute, who is no longer with us. As his thoughts wander over the past years pervaded by this same quiet, kindly, manly presence, he forgets petty details of busy hours, and is inspired to higher thoughts. Truly, his was a sad loss. What a shock it is to contrast this man with a few still among us who seemingly seek to provoke perversity! What a comparison to the lukewarm soul who "will give you a flunk no matter what you do," or with the unapproachable hauteur or prigged pomp of unessentials! Ah! there are true men yet; but why not remove the stumbling blocks before the guides? The Lounger is no theologian, nor yet a recognized philosopher, but even he must needs forget the lighter vein, and recall the mysteries of life when such a common problem and misfortune comes to us.

Another Technique Board has been elected, and the wire-puller gloats with another serene gloat over the worthy men of '95 whose efforts to purge their election has met with such bootless success.

It's no use, friends; every class at Tech has a large proportion of men who only require time to rise to the muddiest position on the Board of Aldermen of any of our representative cities. The unprincipled politician begins his career at the mouth of the pap bottle,—you can't circumvent him until you descend to his own methods, and gentlemen somehow can't find it in them to do that. The result is humiliating, and always will be, as class after class pays its tribute to the value of unprincipled schemes for the elevation of popular heelers to positions which, were merit the standard, they would never reach. So will it continue till merit is made the standard; meanwhile, '95 must go hide her head for very shame, unless, forsooth, she rises up in righteous wrath and purges this committee of the elements which disgrace it so.

The whole Institute is mourning the death of Professor Norton. His busy life in a position of such high trust and honor drew about him a host of friends who pay him the tribute which his worth demanded. And, realizing how his life had fulfilled its early promise, and placed him by the excellence of his works before the eyes of so many, the thoughtful man who reads a "local" in this issue will contrast his death with that of Nicholas T. Paraschos, a graduate of the Class of '92, who died in Greece, so shortly after the appeal he made to his old friends at Technology for his suffering countrymen. Mr. Paraschos was a prominent figure among his classmates; his was one of those characters whose memory is always the last to die out in the minds of those who knew him. He was the butt of many a good-natured joke, whose thrust, however, he always parried with that zest which simply invites another in this contrary world of ours. He was a simple gentleman, one of Nature's own, and, though coming as he did from a far off country to cast his manly student lot with that of those whose surroundings were so different, he shone among them all by virtue of his manliness. No tried orator will pronounce a glowing verdict of merit over his grave, but the face of many a classmate will grow sad for a brief moment as he recalls the familiar figure of a comrade who was one of them in the truest sense of all which that implies.

Quatrain.

All years of jealous love are years half lost,
A time half lived, a truth but partly true;
One finds they were, when he has paid their cost,
Cloud-rifts of love, the pure light shining through.

—Williams Weekly.