There are times when even the most seemingly worldly and flippant are transformed, possessed by feelings hitherto latent and unsuspected, hidden as a rule under every sort of foible and petty conceit. Technology was assuredly a changed place last week. The drooping flag,—the empty rooms,—the silent corridors,—were such as have not been seen since the solemn event in Huntington Hall on the graduation day of the Class of ’82. It was touching, too, to see the subdued greetings of instructors and undergraduates as they met here and there and seemed to be bound close to each other in the comradeship of sorrow. It was impressive to watch the long line of men marching across Copley Square, and still more their array of solemn faces in the church. But most touching, perhaps, of all was the sight of the well-known office in Rogers. The table was still littered with books and papers and all the material of a busy life; even letters lay half opened, just as they had been left on Monday.

The life whose close we mourn was nevertheless a rarely complete one. It was rounded and finished in every detail, and stands a perfect whole. There was nothing more wanting to it,—no great work uncompleted, no crown yet unattained. And perhaps this is why the services on Friday had less of sorrow than of solemn triumph in them.

The season has set in gloomily over us, and the weather alone would tend to make the world seem dark. Few people perhaps realize the strong power which the atmosphere exercises over their mental condition. Moods of all kinds are due in great part to the sunshine or the shadow in the physical world, and the only refuge of the mind is in the exercise of a strong imagination. There are those who can warm themselves in winter by their inner picturing of a summer day, and cool themselves in July by thinking of the driving snow. When, therefore, the gloom of a New England winter oppresses, it is very pleasant to recall the past; and amid the dismal snow and slush, one loves to look back to some rich autumn afternoon, when the setting sun cast long shadows over the hillsides, and one wandered through a grove of pines or across a stony pasture dotted with white birch, and said words perhaps that helped to stamp the scene forever on one’s mind. Or the memory comes back of an evening on the water, when the summer moon hung low behind a clump of trees, and from surrounding craft half-heard tones were borne across the water while one’s own voice was pitched in a key quite inaudible save to a single person. Or the picture perhaps is present of a bright spring morning and a green bank under an oak tree where one might lie and read—aloud. But the Lounger is rambling, and the Business Manager will complain of him for wasting costly type on mere idle reminiscence.

The Biological Department is very convenient to the Lounger’s sanctum, and thus it often happens that he ventures thither in search of mental pabulum, and seldom without result. On his last visit a series of neat tabulations upon a paper tacked to the wall attracted his attention. Its meaning was explained as follows by one of the bespectacled denizens of the place, who condescended to look up for a moment from the German tome over which he was poring. It seems that three Senior Biologists, in quest of information, and with a view to ascertaining the exact value of the lunch-room fare, now weigh themselves each day before and after consuming their mid-day meal. At the end of a month a curve is to be constructed which will include the results, and whose character the Lounger would not attempt to describe, lest the effort should recall painful memories of his struggles with Analytic Geometry some years ago. This investigation is one that promises to bear a good and valuable result; and the Lounger will be happy to help on the work in any way possible.

The All-Around Man.

In the fall he played at football,
And played the season through,
In winter he played a banjo,
And sang in the Glee Club, too.
In the spring he swung a racquet,
And baseball, too, played he.
In one year he graduated
With the degree “G. B.”

—Bowdoin Orient.