At times of awful crisis in human life, when the fate of nations is trembling in the balance, common mortals gaze with awe upon those leaders of men with giant intellect and indomitable will, upon whose deliberations hang the destinies of millions.

As the shadows around old Trinity were lengthening and daylight was merging into dusk, on a recent afternoon, the Lounger toiled wearily up the stairs of Rogers. There was an unwonted stillness in the air, and an ominous sense of uneasiness, as before the threshold of some calamity, seized on the Lounger's heart. When, half way up the ascent to THE TECH office, he met some members of the staff, they did not greet his appearance, as usual, with every manifestation of delight, but hurried past with the downcast look and bated breath of men who have witnessed some sight almost too much for human nature to endure. The Lounger proceeded with the sense of a dread mysterious oppression still more strong. He has several times, during his existence, thought on solemn and profound subjects—once on marriage, for example—but the feelings he now experienced were more sublime. As he unlocked the door of the sanctum, and hesitated for a moment before breaking upon the tribunal within, his heart beat rapidly, his brain seemed to burn, and he knew that some great and terrible thing had come to pass.

He opened the door, and slipped in. Twelve men were in the room. On every pallid face was the tense look of one who has just passed through a terrible ordeal. But there was also a sense of triumph beneath the weariness which told the Lounger that victory had been achieved, that some decisive action had been taken whose effects might reach to the bounds of space and time. The man who had guided and controlled the stormy debate rose as he saw the Lounger enter, and, with breath that came in short gasps as after a desperate struggle, but with flashing eyes that spoke of an unconquerable will, he said, "The Institute Committee has decided—to have its photograph taken."

The Lounger always likes to study human nature as exhibited at a class dinner; and, having no class any longer which he can claim as his own, he often drops in upon any which seems to promise entertainment. Last Saturday he hesitated for a time between the rival attractions of Young's and the Exchange Club. A sight of the Junior menu, with its quarter of a hundred speakers, decided him, however, very quickly, in favor of the Seniors, with half a dozen. It was truly inspiring to listen to the merry jest and the stirring peroration, and to remember all along what was the motive power of the eloquence. The speakers were not on for trial their lives, but for Class Day; and it pleased the Lounger's cynical mood to hear in each fervid cry of loyalty to old Technology the hidden plea, "Do elect me to something next week!

The Lounger dislikes to tell the story which follows, for two reasons. In the first place, he fears to become monotonous by dwelling always upon the foibles of the same individual; and, in the second place, he dreads lest he bring trouble upon his friend, the Editor in Chief. Nevertheless, the tale is such a characteristic one that he cannot resist. An official recently wished for some alcohol to burn in a lamp. He therefore went in a leisurely manner to a department which was supplied with the liquid by the Institute for scientific purposes. He made known his wants, and upon procuring what he had asked for, pulled out his pocketbook to pay for it. "Oh, that doesn't matter," said the instructor, who had brought the alcohol from the stock of the department, "I don't know how to sell it." Then the official uttered these memorable words fit to be written in letters of gold over the portals of the Institute: "Well," he said with his slow speech, "you know we never give anything away."

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A POEM.

A boat,
A man,
A girl—
A squall.
No boat,
No man,
No girl—
That's all.

—Es.