registered, but now all competitions in which athletes take part must be allowed the date by the schedule committee. The Worcester Athletic Club, by failing to observe this rule at some members' games this fall, had all of the men who competed disqualified. They were afterwards reinstated, however, as it was shown that it was the fault of the club's officials and not that of the men.

In ensuing numbers of The Tech there will be, from time to time, hints on training for the various events common in athletic meetings. Inasmuch as it is impossible to give any definite rule as to how much work should be done, etc., for any one individual, it will be necessary to give a rather general treatment of the subjects. Every man has to be, to some extent, his own trainer, and we hope that a few general directions will be of help to those who are just beginning track athletics.

BORROWED ROSES.
Blondina, to-night,
Is as fair as bride's roses.
What a beautiful sight
Is Blondina to-night.
Correspondingly light,
Her powder box closes.
Blondina, to-night,
Is as fair as bride's roses.
——The Unit.

Susanna Snooks sings sweet, sad songs, she sees soft summer skies,
Strange sunset shades shift silently, she somewhat sadly sighs.
Soliloquizingly she strays, sweet songsters shyly sing;
She sees slim spruces' slanting shade; surround some sparkling spring.
Still southward silently she strays. She spies slim Simon Slade.
Shy Simon, six snug satisfying squeezes shyly stole,
Susanna snickered, Simon stayed, sick, silly, spoony soul.
Susanna's sire saw some shy suspicious stranger stray,
Stern sire sought some solid stick—serenely, slyly slipped;
Susanna saw—she shrilly shrieked, "Skip, Simon!" Simon skipped.
——Newton High School Review.

"Has the Lounger ever been in a parade?" was the question that was asked by a Freshman the other day. Only the Faculty know the number he has been in, and it is sufficient to say his experience is broad; broad enough, indeed, to flood his brain with tender memories, and some not so tender (more of the tough order), of those by-gone days when, for once, the Institute went forth in gay holiday attire to attract admiration and respect from friend and foe. The Lounger would fain reminisce for the sake of his readers, and yet he feels that he is unable to give the subject its proper amount of picturesqueness, and that space forbids his being too vivid in his account.

Who could forget that night, only four years ago? What a parade! Truly, the Lounger's most sincere wish is that the Institute will appear in the brilliant red colors a few days hence. Poets have made masterly, though unsuccessful, efforts many times to paint such scenes; authors have written in vain trying to express the magnificence of such a pageant, and even the low comedienne have attempted to copy it, but all in vain. It was a grand rainbow display, and every color faded before us, even the crimson. As the parade drew up in line on that memorable night, the Lounger, together with the other high authorities of the evening, reviewed the ranks, according to his old established custom. The Lounger's highly respected contemporary, the Editor-in-Chief, has kindly given the order of the last procession, so it is needless to go into details but the Lounger will never forget how everything looked to him as he scanned the ranks, and bowed to the cheers and congratulations of the spectators, as well as of his mates in the procession.

When and how it ended is still a matter of mystery. Some are foolish enough to think it ended when the parade broke up; others say it was all over when they were helped away after the battle.