The Republican Parade.

In the lurid glare of torches and red fire and amid the sputter of Roman candles, with Technology’s cheer ringing out in the crisp evening air from five hundred throats, the vanguard of the Republican parade filed past old Rogers last Thursday night in truly imposing array. Although the muddy streets and the lowering skies of the afternoon had discouraged a goodly number, our delegation was nevertheless a creditable one. All the classes turned out in strong force, especially '95, while the five coaches were well filled with enthusiasts. The drum corps, under the efficient leadership of Mr. Mott-Smith, made plenty of systematic noise, and only lost its effectiveness on occasions when the crowd that lined the streets surged in beyond the limits of the curbing, and interfered with the alignment.

Most of the transparencies testified to the presence of no small amount of wit among our choice spirits, as the subjoined list easily proves. Messrs. Speer, Dillon, Johnson, and Richmond, of the Tech. Republican Club, bestrode their mettled steeds right gallantly, and proved most useful in preserving order and system in the ranks of the gray and crimson.

First in position as guard of honor marched the two companies of '93, commanded by Messrs. L. S. James and H. C. Johnson. A. E. Fowle, H. A. Morss, D. D. Jackson, and H. C. Waterman were the other officers of A, while M. Gorham, H. W. Alden, W. T. Barnes, F. T. Towne, and S. D. Waldron acted in like capacity for B. Borne aloft was a transparency reflecting upon Mr. Cleveland’s dentist: “Cleveland’s teeth are plugged with unprotected tin.” “The Chapel has all our tin,” voiced the sentiments of a large contingent, while appropriate mottoes blazoned the opposite sides. Behind these two companies the bearer of The Tech transparency tramped sturdily forward. The familiar figures of our circulation stood boldly out, while the well-known facts that this is a “Hot Paper” containing “no small matter,” followed the greeting, “Good evening! Have you read The Tech?” (Copyrighted.)

Six prancing white horses drew the Theta Xi coach, President Bemis, of the Senior Class, carrying the handsome '93 banner, while abreast of them rode the members of Phi Gamma Delta, in a handsomely decorated tallyho.

Three companies of '94 marched next, Captain Adams commanding A, Captain King leading B, and C under the orders of Captain Richards.

“Our Torches Cost Us Five Cents; McKinley Bill Did It!” “Down with Free Trade!” “How We Burn the Midnight Oil!” were the sentiments of Company A. Company B came out with some startling assertions: “We are Coeducational!” “Harvard Four Miles Behind! Ho! Ho! Hurrah for Tech!” “Talk About Your Moses; Look at Ben Harrison!” And Company C descended to punning: “Tech a Look At The Juniors!” “Not In It, Adlai!” “Protection For Us!” The coach containing the members of Delta Upsilon came next, and behind them the Sophomores. Two coaches containing '93 men followed, and after them the Freshmen in good order.

There was a fracas at the end of the route between Tech. and Harvard, which resulted in the customary exchange of courtesies and clothes, the mud lending much to the general effectiveness. In the early hours of Friday morning a motley squad of men ascended Rogers steps, and voiced a triumphant pean over the battered remains of a Harvard transparency; and some hours later descended into the shades of the night, and sought their couches.

The first streaks of dawn looked kindly down upon a peacefully slumbering city, and the only evidences of the celebration vouched for by Old Sol were a general hoarseness at the day’s recitations and an occasional spoilt face.