THE unaccustomed spectacle of military multitudes parading in all the pomp and circumstances of war, was the attraction that drew many a brave Tech man from his wonted place in the recitation room or lecture hall on one of the glorious afternoons of last week. The gorgeous pageant, to which the powers denied permission to pass by old Rogers or the Chapel, had, perforce, to follow a more sequestered route; but being protected by a score of doughty "coppers" in the van, the six thousand warriors who followed managed to get back to the starting point with some éclat. There were the noble officers balancing in unstable equilibrium on refractory chargers; here were the sturdy dirt shovellers of the engineer corps, each with his toy spade on his shoulder, and here—shades of one departed!—a real, live signal corps, which did not omit practising on the eyes of the fair damsels who lined the curb. Gallant stentorian commands, resounding blocks away, soon betrayed the presence of Chauncey Hall's mascot, and down upon his staff rained the terse, crisp comments of the gamins who, perched on every available eyrie, took in the whole spectacle with much gusto. Still the serried ranks passed on and on, still did the bands continue not to play, still did the fair maids wave their hands to the brave defenders of the country. Here the dashing Cadets swept proudly on; here were the Naval Reserves, gaudy in their white duck, and bravely tugging at their miniature cannon. These, indeed, were sights to fill the heart of the on-looker with swelling pride, and convince him that his proper sphere lay, not in the hard grind of Math. or Physics, but in some far country where he might in a bloody war cover himself alike with glory and with medals.

The Lounger is glad of the excellent standing that the hardy Technology men made last week at Amherst. Though various pressing exigencies made it impossible that a large delegation should accompany the Lounger and the team for the day's outing, those who did go certainly found much encouragement in the work of the Eleven. Training is what tells in a long game, and albeit the halves were supposedly twenty minutes long, the Amherst watches must have been seriously affected with the colly-wobbles, for the game occupied nearly an hour and a half. Howbeit, all signs are highly favorable, and the Lounger extends a cordial and pressing invitation to all his friends to attend the next home game, on the result of which the Lounger has wagered heavily.

The Lounger misses the blithesome and familiar office boy of last year, whose jockey walk and beagle-hound chops used to confront him at every turn. Whether, having incurred the Faculty's displeasure, he departed these walls with a flunk in office work, or graduated with a degree of pride in his inefficient and generally useless labors, the Lounger is at a loss to know. He is gone, however, and a new youth has assumed the arduous duties incumbent on the recently vacated position. This latest acquisition has the Lounger's sympathy and assurance of warm regard; for he has not established the precedent of sweeping Rogers steps twice a day? Let the Lounger, who has had much experience with office boys, whisper a word in the young man's ear. While admiring his pluck, the Lounger must venture to suggest that a whisk broom four inches wide avails but little when applied to six hundred square feet of dirty granite, and an open dust pan is little short of an abomination out-of-doors on a windy day.

An Episode.

'Twas at the Amherst football game,
One touchdown had been made—
The Lounger and his girl were there,
To lend their cheer and aid.
He threw his arm about her waist,
Her lips on his she laid,—
His moustache was a downy tuft,—
One more touch down was made.