The torchlight demonstration last week quite fulfilled the Lounger's rosette anticipations. Boston gave a royal greeting to its scholastic sons, and seldom has the Lounger's eye rested on such a galaxy of beauty and grace as everywhere lined the pavements and filled the windows along the route of the procession. In this latter respect the affair of four years ago was easily surpassed, and if a certain damsel—but hold; such outpourings of a too-susceptible heart are out of place. The Lounger's mention of a fair unknown whose smiles enthralled him four years ago, has already caused him to receive a heart-breaking epistle from a certain fair damsel in which the song, "Men, men, you foolish men," is quoted with telling effect. Suffice it, then, to say that all enjoyed themselves to the full,—no, to the utmost. Perhaps the most solid comfort, and also liquid, was enjoyed by the Technology Alumni Coach, occupied, so rumor goes, by some Yale and Harvard men, and by various gallant sons of '97 and '99. There was also, it is said, one Alumnus on board to give tone to the affair. Whether on account of the blending of congenial spirits from both colleges on this barge, or whether in consequence of the official direction in the Republican Club notice that the men were to march to the right and left "respectfully," or whether in deference to the attitude of Christian charity taken by the Lounger's friend, the Editor in Chief, in the last TECH,—for one or more of these reasons, or for some other reason, no crimson gore dappled the streets after the parade, and thus the affair was bereft of any tinge of bitterness.

It is almost an axiom that military glory is more intoxicating than incense of any other sort; and it is indeed just that they who imperil their lives for their country's cause should receive due need of adulation. Nevertheless the effects thereof are sometimes trying to the mere civilian. An instance of the difficulty in adapting military heroes to the lesser dignities of peace was furnished last week when several warriors of the rank of captain, among the cohorts of 1900, were asked to serve as lieutenants in the parade. With dignified firmness, however, the offer was repelled. They would like to serve very much, very much; but their rank did not permit it. It would not do for them to descend from their rightful position; the foundations of social order would thereby be disturbed. They regretted it, but they must decline.

Another instance which shows the strength with which gilt epaulets may affect the ambitious mind is a certain persistent son of '98, who, failing of high dignities in his legitimate period of bellicosity, "took drill," as the phrase goes, a second time, and even yet a third. The Lounger is pleased to hear that the persevering youth has by this time advanced to the rank of quartermaster. Perhaps if he stays within the scholastic walls as long as the celebrated golf player of '97, '96 . . . he may eventually be a brigadier general.

The Tufts Weekly, a periodical emanating from an educational institution upon a small eminence a short distance from Boston, has the following item: "The news has reached us of the disbanding of the Technology team immediately after the Tufts game. No wonder!" Now, although no connection between these two incidents has been mentioned publicly, it is quite possible that our football management may, as the astute writer of the above hints, have been influenced by the last game the eleven played. Very possibly they thought that a team which could only tie Tufts might as well disband.

THE REASON WHY.

Sometime ago I chanced to know
A girl as fair as fair can be,
Yet all my life I'd never met
A maiden so reserved as she.

Her mild indifference puzzled me,
Her coolness threw me in despair,
So, one day I made bold to ask
Just why she wore that distant air.

And then she raised her laughing eyes,
And quite demurely answered me:
"I can't help being so reserved,
Because—well, I'm engaged, you see."

—Yale Record.