SECOND ROUND.
Ferriday beat Kunhardt, 6-4, 8-6; Bradley beat Cater, 4-6, 10-8, 6-1; Capron beat Peck, 6-0, 7-5; Keyes beat Forbes, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2.

THIRD ROUND.
Ferriday beat Bradley, 6-2, 6-4; Keyes beat Capron, 6-2, 6-4.

FINAL ROUND.
Keyes beat Ferriday, 6-2, 6-2, 6-3.

Saturday's football scores:—Harvard, 35; University of Penn., 0. Andover, 34; Harvard, '93, 0. Dorchester, 20; Newton, 0. B. A. A., 16; Brown, 9. Lehigh, 51; Columbia, 6. Princeton, 93; Wesleyan, 0.

--- See Cross, C. R.
Swain, G. F. ('77). See Burton, A. E.
Williams, A. S. ('88). See Cross, C. R.

THE LOUGER.

The Lounger dropped into the Brunswick barbershop last week, after going round by the way of St. James Avenue, to elude Sig. Gregori, who has been looking for him with a railroad tie since the appearance of the last Tech. There were two customers in the place: one the pool-table attendant, who was getting his bald spot rubbed with some shampoo elixir, and the other a modest appearing young man, who was quietly perusing the last number of the Technology Quarterly and awaiting his turn to be slaughtered. The Lounger picked up a copy of the Harvard Lampoon, and busied himself admiring its meat-axe cuts from a seat in the corner, at the same time wondering how long it would be before he could obtain professional advice regarding the prospects of his mustache.

Finally the bald spot was sufficiently polished, and our acquaintance of the ivory balls arose from the chair. Monsieur Cauto made the novel remark of "Next," and the Lounger looked over the top of his paper to see whether the other fellow would be likely to get a hair-cut or a shave.

The pool fellow stopped to get ten cents that the Lounger owed him on a last year's game, and Cauto sang out "Next" again. The other fellow never moved. "Next gentleman," says Monsieur, and the Lounger walked toward the chair; but Cauto motioned him aside, and touched the Quartermaster on the arm. The student's deep blue eyes were fixed intently on page 4-11-44, and came to a focus on \[ \int_{0}^{1}\frac{1}{p} d q \]. His fair blonde hair grew in intermingled chaos down around his celluloid collar, and the Lounger saw the probabilities were undoubtedly in favor of a hair-cut. With a sigh of resignation your humble liar returned to his Lampoon, and Cauto let off a regular Indian war-hoop of "Your turn, sir!" But the youth's eyes still pored in glasy calmness over a whole forest.

Continued.