the pace. Ninety-two was second. The time was 4.13\frac{3}{8}, which is very fair considering the slow track. The 100-yard dash was divided into heats.

First heat: O. G. Davis, 1st; C. E. Hutchison, 2d. Time, 11 sec.

Second heat: W. S. Thompson, 1st; W. J. Casey, 2d. Time, 11\frac{1}{5} sec.

Third heat: E. S. Clark, 1st; C. R. Boss, 2d. Time, 10\frac{8}{5} sec.

The second men now ran for a place in the finals. W. J. Casey, 1st; C. R. Boss, 2d.

The final heat was run some time later, and resulted as follows: W. S. Thompson, 1st; E. S. Clark, 2d. Time, 10\frac{1}{5} sec.

The half mile was now contested. Sargent, the Technology record-holder for the mile run, was only a few yards behind the winner. F. W. Fenton, 1st; F. A. Sargent, 2d. Time, 2.12\frac{3}{8} sec.

The 120-yard hurdle race resulted as follows: P. J. Finneran, 1st; E. B. Bloss, 2d.

The 440-yard run was well contested. C. Taintor, '93, passed four men on the homestretch, and if there had been ten yards more, he would have been second. W. S. Thompson, 1st; S. M. Merrill, 2d. Time, 56\frac{1}{5} sec.

The mile run was won in fine style by Sargent. This was one of the best races of the day. F. A. Sargent, 1st; J. M. Gallagher, 2d. Time, 4.54\frac{4}{5}.

In the running high jump Heywood’s actual jump was better than any of the others, but he was handicapped too heavily to win. E. B. Bloss, 1st; F. R. Halloran, 2d.

In the goal-kicking contest, the last event, F. W. Lord, '93, secured third prize.

The list of officers is appended. To their efficient aid much of the success of the meeting was assured, and they have the thanks of the Athletic Club.


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**A Vision.**

Alone I smoke my cigarette;  
Through bluish wreaths I see Nanette,  
And straightway seem to quite forget  
Scholastic worries.

My book has fallen to the floor,  
And memory, roaming backward o'er  
Each half-forgotten scene of yore,  
Too fleetly hurries.

Again we’re ’neath the summer sun,  
Our game of tennis just began;  
The score, methinks, must be “love one,”  
Or very nearly.

I make the most outrageous plays  
(Alas, I must amend my ways),  
My heart seems tangled in a maze,  
It beats so queerly.

Anon, where flute and fiddle’s played,  
In gay Terpsichore’s parade,  
I’m dancing with this self-same maid,  
In tuneful measure.

Forsooth, we are a merry band,  
And when, by chance, I squeeze her hand,  
She seems to plainly understand,  
With girlish pleasure.

We leave, at length, the crowded dance,  
To wander by the sea’s expanse,  
And watch the glistening moonbeams glance  
Upon the water.

’Tis Cupid’s fittest hour, and well  
He uses every charm and spell;  
My love I cannot help but tell  
Earth’s fairest daughter.

But while Nanette, with downcast eye,  
And cheeks that mock the roses’ dye,  
Is answering with sweet reply,  
In words beseeming,  
That come to my excited mind  
Like music on the summer wind,  
I wake, alas, too soon, to find  
I’ve been but dreaming.

H. A. R.

Kelton, '93, has been elected captain of the Harvard crew, Perkins having been forbidden by his physicians to row.