This is the largest number ever graduated in one year by an American University.

Medals are now given in place of prizes in the Field Day events at Oberlin.

The art school at Oberlin comes forth with an original yell:—

Daub, daub, daub, do, do, do!

Michael Angelo daubed; we daub, too!

Lehigh is preparing a book entitled, “Lehigh Verse.” It is being compiled from Lehigh’s publications, The Epitome and The Lounger.

*The Dartmouth Literary Monthly* issues six hundred copies every month. This fact is of particular interest to other colleges when it is remembered that the total number of students is only four hundred.

Wellesley College begins its twentieth year with an enrollment of 780, of whom 250 are freshmen. The coming year will be marked by greater liberality. Voluntary chapel has virtually been established, and many of the old rules have been abolished. A few changes have been made in the corps of instructors, and the visiting committee has been enlarged to eighty from twenty, as heretofore.

There will be no Yale-University of Penn. game this year.

Heffelfinger and Graves, of Yale, are coaching the Lehigh football team.

Dr. W. A. Brooks has been elected to take charge of the football management at Harvard.

Wrenn, the American tennis champion, is a candidate for quarter-back on the Harvard eleven.

All except three of Princeton’s eleven will return to college this fall.

The members of the Faculty of Chicago University have dropped the name of “Prof.” and are now addressed simply as “Mr.”

Chase, ’96, has been elected captain of the Dartmouth athletic team for next year.

The Lounger’s summer is over. Old Rogers steps have been washed, the Bird Cage has been dusted, and all is ready for a new year. To the returning throng the Lounger extends his jovial greeting; for the absent ones he sheds a silent tear, and indulges in quiet thought over the vicissitudes which bring him every year, with such distressing regularity, to the dusty corners of *The Tech* office, despite his manifold efforts to quit these halls of learning, and be a “grad.” To the Freshmen he extends a particularly sympathetic hand, for only he can guide and instruct them in the way they should go. Each year the trembling Freshie meets the same hard experiences which proved him to be the same verdant youth as his illustrious predecessors. Disdainful glances now and hard whacks later on, from his hereditary enemy, the Soph., cold looks from the noble Junior, glances of fatherly pity from the Senior, other trials and vicissitudes will he endure with accustomed meekness. Again will he fall into the Sophomore’s wily snares; again will his innocent questionings provoke the audible smiles of hearers. Such is life for the happy, childlike Freshman.

Once more let the Lounger remind him of his salvation: let him subscribe to *The Tech*, follow the Lounger’s precepts, heed his warnings, and all will yet be well.

... ... ... ...

Each year doth the Lounger deliver his little homily, and introduce himself to the Freshmen as their true adviser and comforting friend. Let him therefore explain that he is now but the sad relic of a former self, who started in to become a Tech Senior, and astonish the world. The world has not yet received the astonishing shock which would follow the news of his graduation; for having endeared himself to instructor and Faculty, individually and collectively, he has been persuaded to remain from year to year.