A. H. Green is playing full back on the Junior Civil eleven.

Mr. H. W. Allen, '97, E. A. Sumner, '97, and A. Sargent, '98, will act as games committee for the December eighth meeting.

The Executive Committee of the Athletic Club met last Saturday noon, and completed arrangements for the indoor class championships.

The Athletic Club has just purchased about three hundred chairs, which were obtained at a bargain, and which will be used in the gymnasium at all entertainments.

The 'Varsity foot-ball association was well repaid for their management of the cane rush. The good custom of making this entertainment a benefit for the association, was well appreciated, considering the bad weather.

The Lower Mills Athletic Club of Dorchester will hold an open cross-country run Thanksgiving day morning at 9 o'clock. The entries, twenty-five cents per man, close with J. F. Lawler, Box 1894, Boston. There will be six prizes offered.

The indoor class championship games will be held a week from next Saturday in the gymnasium. Men have been in training for several weeks, and all the classes will be well represented. At present the Juniors are picked as the winners, with the Freshmen a good second. Ninety-five, however, will turn out a strong delegation, and the Sophomores will score some points.

The B. A. A. has surprised the athletic world, by proposing to reorganize the New England division of the A. A. U., thus excluding the athletic clubs which exist on paper, and which now have a voice in the management of the association. It will be remembered that Technology withdrew from the organization on account of the degraded character of a majority of the members. Last year reputable college men refused to compete with such men as appeared in games held by clubs in this organization, but according to the new plan these undesirable individuals will be ruled out and college athletes will again be seen.

A Puff.

Puff! puff! puff! on thy sweet old pipe, old boy!
And live the life of a College Man,
For College Days are joy.
Puff! puff puff! The smoke goes circling round!
For sweet is thy pipe, and sweet are the days
That are spent in Boston town.
Puff! puff! puff! Thy notebook's in thy hand,
But thy thoughts are away, far, far away,
Out in some summer land.
Plug! plug! plug! A thing you can never do!
And you think of the days, those summer days,—
Days that you'll never rue.
Puff! puff! puff! The light in thy pipe is banished!
Yet the love for her, that Summer Her,
Is a thing that ne'er will vanish.
But oh! to think of the summer night,
The moon, so pale and yellow,—
You were in it then, you know you were,
You careless, lucky fellow!

A Reason.

“That football hair is a disgrace,”
The pretty maiden said;
“What is its use, I'd like to know,
Upon each football head?”

“Why, don't you see?” her escort cried,
With tone of great disdain,
“That when they play with all their might
They play with all their mane?”

T. E. T.