"Jack" Pechin played in the Golf Tournament at Lowell, last week.

H. Cummings, Jr., '96, was elected Captain of the Track Athletic Team, last May, after the Intercollegiate games.

The annual cross-country run, the first athletic event of the college year, will be held early in November. The indoor class championships will take place December 7th.

The captains of the Sophomore and Freshmen elevens should call out their men at once to begin team work at the earliest possible date, and develop material for the 'Varsity squad. This year the Sophomore-Freshman game promises to be the most interesting contest in years since no 'Varsity man will be allowed to play.

Laing, Philips Andover '95, the Interscholastic mile runner, who has covered the distance under 4:33, has entered Dartmouth. He took the Harvard entrance examinations and was looked upon as an addition to the Mott Haven team; instead he will be seen next May pitted against Technology's champion, Captain Cummings.

The London Athletic Club, whose representatives came to this country to participate in an international contest, was overwhelmingly defeated last month by the New York Athletic club. The Americans won every event and among the champions were three New Englanders. T. E. Burke, a Boston High School boy, won the quarter, B. J. Wefers of Boston College won both sprints and S. Chase of Dartmouth captured the high hurdles.

The Lounger can find no reasonable excuse for further concealing the fact that his fond hopes have once again been frustrated. His manifold endeavors have once again proved vain; his toilsome struggles futile. He does not intend by this to harrow anybody's heart with a long tale of his woes. Indeed, he has not suffered to that degree which would justify him in saying that his disappointment was wholly unexpected. Constant experiences of the same sort have hardened his heart to some extent, and so without further ado he is content to state merely the bald facts. In other words, in spite of strenuous exertions and other mighty efforts the coveted sheepskin eluded his eager grasp, and he is "back" for another year, once again to pursue the coy S.B.

"No joy without annoy" runs the old saying. Perhaps the converse is true also. At all events the Lounger finds comfort in knowing that the same fate which condemns him to a year's grind, also brings him back to extend to the class of Ninety-Nine the welcome which none can give so well as he. It has been for many years the Lounger's privilege and duty thus to greet the timid Freshie and to save him as far as may be from the traps and snares of his multifarious enemies. It is therefore with much joy that he extends to them all a metaphorical hand in a hearty metaphorical handshake, and bids them make themselves at home. He may as well confess, nevertheless, that his joy at their advent is somewhat tempered by misgivings of the surprises that may be in store for them, for it would be too much to expect that even this strictly fin-de-siecle class are possessed of less than the usual minimum of inexperience. They must indeed realize that custom from time immemorial has marked them for the legitimate prey of the Sophomores; they must indeed expect the usual assortment of sarcastic pity, slight, and contempt which the class immediately above them is privileged to bestow; they will surely expect to