However, on the appointed day the Lounger betook himself to Exeter Street, arriving, much to his surprise, in time to see another Tech. record ruthlessly smashed, and to join with the other onlookers in the thunder of applause that always follows on such occasions. Several moments later he saw the Athletic Editor breathlessly cross the line, and, making a way through the dense wall of spectators, disappear on his way to the dressing room. Late in the afternoon the Lounger descended to look for his friend. Opening the gymnasium door, he noticed a very perceptible bluish tinge in the atmosphere, characteristic in the presence of high-frequency discharges of expletives not used, to put it mildly, in the presence of ladies. A glance showed the Lounger his friend clad in raiment that, so far as it went, was irreproachable, but, since it lacked the conventional article of cover for the nether limbs, it gave to the wearer the appearance of a South African Hottentot, rather than the dignified repose that should grace the person of the President of our Athletic Association and Vice President of the Advisory Council on Athletics.

The garment in question had disappeared. A long search, carried on with a diligence born of desperation, revealed no trace of the missing vestments. The day slowly waned; the sun sank into the west. The situation became serious. A plan of campaign was decided on. Under cover of the approaching darkness, it was arranged that the unfortunate athlete should sally forth from the eastern gateway, and, closely surrounded by his friends, make one desperate dash for the nearest tailor. At this point another prominent '99 athlete and member of the before mentioned Advisory Council came in from a baseball game, and, unlocking his locker, which adjoins the sporting editor's, proceeded to gown himself in purple and fine linen. But to his consternation he drew forth not one, but two pairs of trousers.

It is understood that the matter is being hushed up and that friends of the principals will endeavor to keep the affair out of the papers. However, as challenged party, the choice of weapons belongs to the baseball man.

Clearly the canine tribe have right to demand indemnity from our gracious authorities of Technology, the latter being unable to protect the persons of said canines when within the precincts of our Institute. Such, at least, the Lounger believes, are the dictates of international law. And for casus belli have they not far to go. For on Thursday last one of the most gentle and benevolent of these creatures was forcibly blown up, and that, too, by external agency, unless all circumstantial evidence belie. The court of inquiry, consisting of the Lounger, was immediately appointed by the esteemed writer of these columns. Needless to say, the search for truth has been most thorough, but up to the time of going to press, the report had not been received. In consequence, must we content ourselves with a cursory review of the facts of the case.

Between the hours of twelve and six, as the Lounger was standing rapt in thought, in the front of Rogers corridor, there suddenly appeared a dog upon the threshold. Certainly he could not properly be included in that large and aristocratic class who do ordinarily spend the better part of their days in piloting the more timid of our ladies about the Boston pavement. With greater accuracy, perhaps, he would be described as one of those unfortunate animals, half "yaller" and half just dog, with a bar sinister on his family escutcheon which entitles him to the name of cur. Howbeit, this gentle creature, following the instincts of his kind, and hungry with the load of many weeks' fasting on his stomach, did sniff out and make directly for the apartments of our esteemed professor of Wormology. The door being ajar, the Lounger was able for a moment to follow the rapidly disappearing tail, as it entered thoughtlessly in, bearing all before it, thereby fulfilling the office of wags in general. Hastily the door was closed behind, and then, as perhaps, too late, the creature saw his error,—came sounds too terrible to describe, shrieks of pain and cries for quarter. Then deep silence, during which, undoubtedly, the assiduous students took both pain and quarters, for an hour later, as the Lounger repassed the neighborhood, he was able to discover but a very small fraction of the beast (e. g., tail and ear) descending the stairway leading to our lunch room, in a basket! Yet are we told, on authority, that even this fraction did not escape the fulfillment of a certain duty, and on reading the familiar sign of "hash" on the next day's bill of fare, the Lounger is willing to accept the statement without discussion, he having already discussed the article itself on the day above mentioned. Such, indeed, were the facts; is it not a case for armed intervention? To treat a mere pacifico in such impolite manner, to say the least, is not modern warfare, but more closely resembles medicine.