Magazine for the best essay on "Social Life at Princeton," has been awarded to E. M. Hopkins, '88. The article appeared in the April number of the magazine.

University of Penn.—The class nines are already playing for the championship of the college.—The total number of students in the University is 1,088. There are 130 professors and instructors.

It is claimed that Clark, a catcher, and Wilson, a pitcher, who are now at Williams, were enticed away by many inducements from Brown and Bowdoin. Keefe, of the New Yorks, who trained the Williams nine for a time, prophesies that Wilson will become one of the most prominent pitchers in the league.

Dwight and Beeckman, the lawn-tennis players, are playing in Cannes, England. In a recent tournament, Beeckman played in the finals with E. Renshaw, the latter winning by a score of only three sets to two.

The best American record for the 24-mile run was broken recently at Philadelphia; time, 2 hours, 41 min., 32 sec.

In General.—There are only eight men training for the Cornell crew.—The average age of those who enter college in this country is 17 years; a century ago it was 14; at the Institute it is now about 18 years 3 months.—The class-day assessment at Tufts will be $15. —The new gymnasium of the Troy Polytechnic Institute has been completed.—Williams College has 290 students.—The following list of ten leading colleges of the United States will give an idea of the importance of a gymnasium in the estimation of the best educational institutions in the country: Harvard, cost of gymnasium, $110,000; Yale, $125,000; Princeton, $38,000; Amherst, $65,000; Columbia, $156,000; Williams, $50,000; Cornell, $40,000; Lehigh, $40,000; University of Minnesota, $34,000; Dartmouth, $25,000. (The Chronicle.)

And the Institute, whose number of students is exceeded by only three of the above colleges, has nothing but a drill-shed.

A Picture.

Down at the rusty old gate in the corner,
Where the long shades of the poplars fall,
There she is standing, her hand in her lover's,
Listening to love's and to duty's call.

Here at her side is her own heart's chosen,—
The horses are there in the grass-grown lane;
Behind, 'mid the trees, is her father's fair dwelling,
The home where her life has been shielded from pain.

Well may she turn and gaze sadly behind her,
Unheeding the hand that would draw her away;
Naught till he came had her father denied her,
Never had she crossed his will till to-day.

But, as she turns and those true eyes encounter—
Eyes that reading her very soul seem—
"To the end of the earth with you," is her answer:—
Ah, well, love is right, and o'er all rules supreme.

—Yale Record.

An Epistle from our Spring Poet.

I've written you poems on Spring,
But you yank that invisible string
That connects with that d—n little thing
On your vest.
Let it rest!
You may muffle its ring.
For no more
Shall I soar
On poesy's wing.
I'm going to be silent, by jing!
Ting-ting.
Yours truly,
Your poet on Spring.

—William's Fortnight.

Virtue its Own Reward.

He was saying good-night in the hallway,
Half hesitant how to depart;
And she looked up so wondrously smiling—
It struck a chord down in his heart.

Then he took the fair hand she extended,
And wondered how much she would care,
When she whispered so daintily roguish,
"You're so tall I can't reach up there."

—Yale Record.