tion was there for positions, and there was not a team of the four that could not have been strengthened had more enthusiasm prevailed. Croakers will say the games ought to have been announced sooner; but had notice been given the day the Institute opened, the result would not have differed much. Every one knew that the games were coming, and had athletes been anxious to compete, they would not have waited for the formal announcement. There was also a scarcity of officers, and too much work devolved on a few. Stewards are there to be useful, not to be admired by the audience, and those officers who stayed away from the meeting altogether, showed a sad lack of the proper spirit. In conclusion, we will say that the open indoor spring meeting comes off on March 3d, and it is hoped that the Institute boys will carry off the majority of prizes then, as heretofore. We have the material with which to do it; shall we fail for lack of interest?

Explanation.
I will tell you how it happens
That one sometimes will make slips:
We were sitting close together,
When she puckered up her lips.

Yes—she puckered up her lips;
It seemed that Cupid beckoned;
I took up the invitation,
And I kissed her in a second.

She blushed; she turned away,
Came within an ace of crying—
'Twas not meant at all that way,
But to whistle was she trying.
—Columbia Spectator.

Our "Anti" Society.

One evening, about the last of June, a party of five young folks were talking in the front yard of a cottage at a quiet summer resort. There were three fellows and two girls. The latter, of course, monopolized the only hammock, while we fellows lounged on the grass; all except Chris, who was inclined to be an old fogy, and who sat in a chair with a box for his feet. One of the girls was Chris' sister Grace,—"Graceless," Chris called her,—a pretty city girl, who liked to lounge, and whose present position wasn't exactly dignified, only it was getting dark, so no one noticed it. The other girl was my sister Alice. I know it isn't considered the proper thing to admire one's sister, but I thought her the finest and best girl in the world. Harry, the other fellow there that night, agreed with me, I suspected. His folks lived in the town, but he had been away so long at college that he felt about as much like a summer boarder as any of us. We liked what we knew of him, and he made a first-rate guide. I, Tom Rivers, made up the fifth of the party. We were all smoking,—that is, we fellows were. As for the girls, they lectured us about it every day; but you see it was dark, and it's wicked to smoke, and there were cigarettes about, so I'm not sure but there were more than three points of light in the group. However, that is not a matter to be mentioned.

We were talking of a young lady friend of Alice's, whom we expected next day.
"Is she a tennis girl?" asked Chris, who could play a fine game when things suited him, "or is she a girl who wears French heels, and does slipper patterns in a color to match her complexion, and dresses up for breakfast?"
"Why," broke in Harry, "I thought that was the kind of girl you liked."
"Who said I liked any sort of girl?"
"Now, for my part," continued Harry, "I like a girl who"—and he went on to describe my sister pretty closely, so we all knew whom he meant. I felt like choking him, for I more than suspected he was trying to flirt with Alice. As it was, I kicked a hole in his hat.

"Alice told me all about her last night," came from the depths of the hammock. "Her name is Kate Swinton, and she is awfully stylish when she has a mind to be, and so handsome. But generally in the summer she is different, and goes around breaking fellows' hearts, if they have any,"—that was meant for me,—"and she develops such a taste for tennis, and walking, and riding, that you would never know it was the same girl. And she has such handsome dresses," with a sigh.