EXCHANGE GLEANINGS.

The Senior Class of Williams have held two elections of class officers; and as the men elected each time have resigned, it has been decided to have no class officers.

The *Aegis*, the Dartmouth annual, has just been published. It contains full-page heliotypes of the eleven, of the glee club, and of the board of editors.

There is a movement among the students of the University of Pennsylvania to start a new college weekly, a prominent feature of which will be special correspondence from the leading colleges.

At Harvard the boating association is the only athletic club that is not self-supporting. The baseball fund now consists of $4,000. After having placed $1,500 of this as a reserve fund, the rest will go toward associations which are at present financially embarrassed. It is probable that most of it will go for the support of the crew.

A Syracuse man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to eight hundred different positions. It is designed for the student to sit in when he goes to chapel. Brown sends in an order for 289.

Five Columbia men were arrested for creating a disturbance in the Bijou Theatre, New York. They were each fined ten dollars in court.

About twenty-five men will accompany the Yale Glee Club on its Western trip.

The baseball association at Harvard has petitioned the Faculty to allow them the privilege of having a professional coacher, and of playing with professional teams. The former request has been granted by the athletic committee. Mr. Clarkson, of the Boston nine, will probably be the coacher.

Dartmouth has won the championship in the New England Football League.—*Lafayette*.

THE TECH.

THE MISTLETOE.

Over the dim and quiet hall,
Hung from the unlit chandelier,
Eyed askance by the maidens all,
Thrilling each with a sudden fear,
Swings the English mistletoe.

While she seems to shun the twig of green,
Yet with charming craft and guidance true,
And skill that's steady, and eye that's keen,
Beware, or, under the berries, you
The Yankee miss 'll tow.

—*Brunonian*.

PLEASE TAKE MY SEAT.

I'll not stand up with thanks unpaid
To give my seat to that old maid.
I don't see why
These women, thirty-five, perhaps,
Can't stand, and lean upon the straps,
As well as I.
Our glances meet.
Who could resist such grace as that?
I rise,—she smiles,—I lift my hat,—
"Please take my seat."

—*Harvard Crimson*.

POOR LITTLE ROSE.

Poor little withered rose!
'Twas but an hour since
You rested on my lady's breast;
And all your rosy tints
Blushed, warm with love—the hour you blessed
And gave my lady all your heart's
Perfume, poor little rose!

Poor little faded rose!
I found you on the street;
Your tender petals, once so red,
Were bruised, as though the feet
Of some one had, with cruel tread,
Their fragrance crushed. Say, was it this,
O rose, poor little rose?

You tell me, little rose,
That 'twas no cruel tread
That from your heart the perfume crushed,
And made you hang your head.
You whisper, and your tone is hushed,
"I die because siz cast me off!"
Alas, poor little rose!

—*Yale Record*.