Our paper has gone to press to-night; so has our exchange editor.

Six cups have been offered to the University of Penn. class winning the inter-class championships in rowing, baseball, general athletics, tug-of-war, tennis, and cricket.

The Japanese Government has issued an order that English be taught in all Japanese schools.

Kettleman, of Yale, recently broke the record for the hundred-yard dash, making it in 9\(\frac{3}{4}\) seconds.

It has been proposed to unite all the Greek-letter fraternities in New York in one large and splendidly appointed club-house, each society to have a separate room, but to have one large billiard-room, bowling-alley, etc.

Princeton is to have a new chemical laboratory costing $80,000, and also a new dormitory which will cost $75,000.

The captains of the Yale, Harvard, and Columbia Freshman crews are all from St. Paul's School.

Wadsworth, '91, M. I. T. '89, has left college and has gone into business in Boston.—Crimson.

The Harvard Co-operative Society has a membership of 609, and does a business of about $50,000 a year.

Several of our Seniors expect to go to Europe before the Class Day and the Commencement exercises.

At a meeting of joint committees from Yale and Harvard, at Springfield, in regard as to where the Harvard-Yale football game will be played next Thanksgiving, it was decided that if satisfactory arrangements could be made with the park authorities of Springfield, it will be made the permanent meeting place of the two teams.

The Columbia Freshman class has refused to row against the Yale Freshmen this June, at New London.

It was by chance that I happened to call
And catch Mistress Peg unawares in the hall;
Where, scolding and pouting, as pretty maids do,
She was just pulling on a refractory shoe.

And oh, how the lace fluttered back to disclose
The highest of heels, the most pointed of toes,
With a smart silken stocking, snug-fitting and trim,
Round the ravishing ankle, seductively slim!

"From extreme to extreme," says the sage, and the view
Of her exquisite foot in its gay little shoe,
The spark of my passion to flaming so fanned,
That I went the next morning and asked for her hand.

—Life.

Why should I not repine?
I asked her to be mine;
She answered "Yes" (oh, day accursed!)
And added, "This is April first!"

—Life.

"Do you think your son has the necessary qualifications to become an artist?"

"I'm sure of it. He can do without food for three days, and he knows the position of every free lunch in the city."—Life.

"Blaseness before peaceess," remarked Kohnberg, as he watched the cane rush, and afterward gathered a harvest for his second-hand store.—Puck.

A TIMELY RHYME.
Codfond dthis gopy,
No sprig pombe!
Imb id dno shabe byself do wrde,
I've sudgh uh cold, I gannod holier, j
I didhink I'll ave do dry sobe Hood's Sarsbarilla do-nide,
Wud udred dozes wud dollar.

—Courant.

A LETTER HOME.

DEAR FATHER,—I am well, and am studying hard. We have just reached "Demand" in Pol. Econ. The supply is always equal to the demand. Please send me fifty dollars. Your affectionate son, J. Loafer.—Harvard Lampoon.