of integration signs, and he remained calm and fixed as a Faculty vote.

The barber shook him roughly by the shoulder and the book fell from his closed hands, breaking off a corner of the marble table in its downward flight, while his staring eyes remained fixed on the spot where the fatal page had been. Cauto grew ghastly pale, and the Lounger rushed for the bayrum bottle. All was useless. The boy was dead. Coroner's verdict, "Cerebral paralysis."

Richard Mansfield played King Richard III. at the Globe last week, and eight or eleven Tech. men were present at each performance. The play was indeed worth witnessing, but the Lounger only had a quarter, and had to have his seat way up in the top story, where the big chandelier blinds your eyes between the acts so you can't see the show until four minutes after the curtain is up on the next scene.

However, you can get a general idea of what is taking place, and Dick III. had a voice that could be easily heard in a Freshman class meeting. Next the Lounger was a small Lord Fauntleroy newsboy and a red-headed bootblack. What these fellows didn't know about Shakespeare was not worth learning, and their conversation formed a continual aid to the Lounger in his study of the play and Mr. Mansfield's acting.

"Where shall they hold their court," said the tragedian—"the Tower? Eye,—the Tower!"

"Does de feller mean Sullivan's tower?" said Lord Fauntleroy.

"Naw, yer fool," sneered he of the auburn locks, "de Lunden Tower; haint yer got no peepers!"

There was a capital bit of acting just before the battle scene, where the Duke of Buckingham enters in regulation historical nickel-plated armor, but only the costume affected the two spectators.

"Chimmy, lookit de blokey wid de tin arm!" said the embryonic alderman next the Lounger.

"Pilwiskurs on his dicer," returned his companion. And so it went through the entire play, the climax being reached at the scene disclosing the two elaborately gotten up princes in the tower. For these youthful heroes the two listeners had the most profound contempt. "Why don't de young feller give de big pud dere a swat in de neck?" said Chimmy. To this forcible, if not elegant, way of getting out of the difficulty of being smothered to death, the newsboy could make no reply, and he contented himself with the explanation that the poor little princes were "dude blokies," and deserved punishment for their faint-heartedness. The ghost scene frightened them both into silence, and the Lounger witnessed the remainder of the play with no interruption. Which portion he really enjoyed the better, is still an unsettled question.

College Notes.

Students who use tobacco in any form are denied admission to the University of the Pacific, at San José, Cal.

The Harvard Glee Club will give three prizes, twenty-five, fifteen, and ten dollars, for the three best compositions, either glee or college songs.

This year was the first time Yale has won the championship in singles in the Intercollegiate Lawn Tennis Tournament since Knapp won it in 1885.

Eleven points have been scored against Yale so far this season—six by Cornell and five by Wesleyan; four have been scored against Harvard by Stevens Institute, and four against Princeton by Lehigh.

E. A. Poe, Jr., of Baltimore, has been elected captain of the Princeton eleven. His position is quarter-back. He has never played in a championship game, and has not been on the eleven before this year. He was one of the best players on the lacrosse team, however.

Four football games will probably be played in New York on Thanksgiving: Yale vs. Princeton; Dartmouth vs. Stevens; Cornell vs. Columbia; and Wesleyan vs. University of Pennsylvania.

The faculty of Dartmouth have suffered so many insults from "grinds" in the Aegis, the annual published by Juniors, that this year they have assumed a censorship of the publication. One editor has already been removed, and it is expected that the book will be inoffensive and tame when it appears.