A Yale graduate has offered a fifty-dollar silver cup to be contested for by the mile runners. The runs are open to Yale men only, and the man who wins three times will become the permanent owner of the cup.

Some instantaneous views of the Harvard crew have lately been taken, in order to facilitate the study of the details of the stroke.

Mr. Thomas B. Shearman, of Brooklyn, has offered a prize of $250 to the Harvard student who writes the best essay on the subject, "State and Local Taxation on Personal Property in the United States."

President Eliot states that Harvard is the only college from which a professor was ever chosen as president of the United States, John Quincy Adams being the man referred to.

The Dartmouth professors have each had their salaries raised $200.

A cricket eleven is being organized at Columbia.

Haverford is to have a new gymnasium, at a cost of $45,000.

The Northwestern University holds the pennant of the Western College Base-ball League.

Among the regulations of Mt. Holyoke College are the following: "Students are not to use lights before 5 A.M." "Students are not to purchase or receive eatables, except fresh fruit."

Brown University is to have a new monthly periodical, to be called "The Brown Literary Magazine."

The Princeton Class of '81 has decided to give that college a collection of charts representing ancient, mediaeval, and renaissance sculpture, as a decennial present.

Unless the Cornell team scores some points at the intercollegiate games this year, they lose their membership in the Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

The University of Michigan is making efforts to establish a Thanksgiving football game with Cornell, to be played at Detroit or Buffalo.

The poem "I ate a philopena,
"Give and take,"
Sitting tete-a-tete with Lena
By the lake.
No one else in sight, you see,
An idea came to me,
And I caught her by a kiss.
There was naught unfair in this,—
'Give and take."

They sauntered past the candy shop
With tempting dainties spread;
She looked unutterable things,
But not a word she said.
He drew his cash right there and then,
And bought a pound—that man did;
He could refuse her nothing when
Her manner was so candied.

They had a quarrel and she sent
His letters back next day;
His ring and all his presents went
To him without delay.

"Pray, send my kisses back to me!"
He wrote: "Could you forget them?"
She answered speedily that he
Must come himself and get them.

In March we feel the first fine touch of spring;
The household demons then assert themselves;
There is a general cleaning of the shelves;
Ye gods, how brooms do fly and brushes swing!
How all the day is spent in furbushing!
In March the gardener gets a job and delves,
Whilst boys look on as mischievous as elves,
And e'en the tramp a jocund strain doth sing.
In March the poet speaks of vernal bloom,
Yet often many wintry days appear;
And, he, alas! is forced to check his rhyme
And all his aspirations meet with doom.
There is no sight on earth one half so drear
As a spring bard a month ahead of time.