The things that they do at Tulare University are very interesting. We give a clipping from the Tulare Collegian, which seems to have taken the matter in hand:—

A FEW DON'TS.

Don't use hair oil or pomades.
Don't wear fancy-colored shirts in winter.
Don't wear very light-colored ties in day time.
Don't wear flat-top Derby hats.
Don't stand on street corners.
Don't stare at ladies.
Don't smoke on the street. It's ungentlemanly.
Don't stand on car platforms. It's tough.
Don't chew tobacco. It's rustic.
Don't whistle in public.
Don't frequent barrooms, even if they are frequent.
Don't tell long-winded stories. Too much waste.
Don't kiss. It's vulgar.

We wish to point out to the Harvard Lampoon a slight plagiarism of which we find it guilty. In its publication of January 22d we find the following verses:—

A MARTYR TO PRINCIPLE.

"I would not use tobacco, sir,
It is a filthy weed;
I would not put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reed.
So Robert hastened to a store,
Much to his friend's regret,
And, laying down a one-cent piece,
Received a cigarette.

On looking over our files we find in Vol. IX. No. 2, October 24th, 1889, two similar verses which must be recognized as the original of those of the Lampoon. We find them in our column of Clippings, and are unable to say where they were first published, but they are better in quality than those quoted above. The editors of the Lampoon may be glad to bring the deceit home to some contributor. The verses, as we here publish them, speak for themselves.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"I will not smoke tobacco."
Said little Johnny Reed;
"I will not put it in my mouth;
It is a nasty weed."
"I will not smoke tobacco,
It brings troubles and regrets;
I'll let the filthy weed alone,
And smoke only cigarettes."

Well, here we are again, as you have doubtless learned in the editorial columns,—provided you have ventured to tackle the Baconian style of the Lounger's associates,—prepared and in condition(s) to battle anew with Fate and Faculty. The Lounger has returned as usual; and having successfully evaded several "how-did-you-get-throughs," is again safely ensconced in his favorite corner of the office. At last, in this quiet retreat, whose silence is broken only by the measured tread of Freshmen going to the stables, there is a chance for retrospection upon the gloomy examination season and hilarious vacation. Not too hilarious, however, and any little excesses duly atoned for in ample penance over the Catalogue and the all-too-previous Tabular Views. This Catalogue is an admirable production in its way. In its columns we see recorded the progress of the student from year to year, from regular to special, from chapel to the country. Besides other features too few to mention, we are given an admirable specimen copy of previous editions, a sort of crib, so to speak, as the definition of the word is now construed. A careful perusal of this valuable magazine affords much solid food for reflection, and will occupy much time, although not as much as will be necessary in the accompanying similarly attired pamphlet, to find some mention of lunch-room receipts. The third product from the pens of those in authority over us has also had a widespread circulation. If only the printed instructions could be omitted, and "Fail" not be written out in such audacious fullness, so that Fine and Laudable might be foisted on the long-suffering parent as interpretation; but no, and let us not retrospect here. Let's see if we haven't some humorous happenings to think about. Now there is the conversation that the Lounger overheard between an Electrical and a drawing instructor, in which the latter informed the former that the first-year drawing classes were taught a system of shadows used nowhere else in Christendom,—a private code,