College Weekly Proposed.

A company, composed largely of college graduates, has been formed to publish a weekly illustrated magazine in the interests of American universities, entitled The College World. In its general appearance it will be similar to Collier's or Harper's, but its field will be confined entirely to the world of college students and graduates. It will appear every week in the year, and will contain an interesting series of contributions on the position of the American college in the nation's history, and a department dealing with the college and the modern college man in financial and political movements of the world's progress. An illustrated review of the athletic work of all our prominent universities and colleges will be maintained. An additional feature will be a foreign department, consisting of regular contributions from Oxford, Cambridge, McGill and other universities.

"The Retort Piquant."

We were having a quarrel and I thought to pique her by referring to a girl in Pennsylvania.

"I had a letter from Philadelphia today," I said.

"From the city of brotherly love and slow people," she replied.

"Well," I said, "slowness and depth are preferable to speed and shallowness."

She was very pretty and her pet aversion was to be considered shallow. She resented the insinuation.

"They are not always correlative," she retorted, "for I know people who are both slow and shallow."

The hit was palpable. However, I intended to keep my temper and be equally sarcastic.

"Of course you do. You know the adage of 'Birds of a feather.'"

"Yes," she said, "and so you correspond with Philadelphia?"

"I do," I said with a smile, "and for some time past I have been thinking a good deal of going to Pennsylvania and settling down."

"Perhaps," she retorted, drawing herself up and surveying me, "you might think a little of staying at home and settling up.

—The Brunonian.

Petition the Faculty.

There was a modest Co-ed,
A Special, slim and cute,
Who took the course in English Lit
With Arlo at the 'Stute.
She thought the fellow-students
Were rather rude and mean,
For all they did was sit and laugh
When Arlo Bates said "Bean" (been)
She listened quite attentively
To his elevating (?) talk,
She stood the thunders of applause
And dodged the flying chalk;
But when at last her courage failed,
To me she did complain.
I said: "Just take a blank and write
The cause you wish to gain."
"Gentlemen, gentlemen," etc.

For many years L'Ecole Polytechnique at Paris has been considered abroad as the finest example of a technical school. In a recent copy of Figaro, one of its correspondents who has visited Tech writes a remarkable eulogy of our college. "Tech," he says, "includes in itself the French School of Bridges and Highways, the Polytechnic School, the School of Mines, the Central School, the Conservatory of Arts and Trades, and the School of Architecture." Such praise is the more gratifying since it comes from an educated Frenchman who may be considered as a competent judge.