

For a while this spring wrestling became a very popular sport. Milot and Laroche carry off the laurels in this line with about equal honors. Milot's superior science is counter-balanced by Laroche's superior strength. One evening they struggled for half an hour, at catch-as-catch-can, without a fall.

With the gloves Andrew Murtagh seems to be the undisputed champion of the Small Yard. He could sit down and weep for the want of worthy combatants.

Snow, Snow, please disappear,  
Come not again till next year,  
As the small boys, one and all,  
Have now a craze for baseball.

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#### DONT'S.

Don't get your work from the other fellow.

Don't be late for chapel in the morning.

Don't worry about the future, work in the present.