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THE LANTERN.

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It need hardly be said that the communication from "B" is from an enthusiastic junior. It speaks for itself.

THE LANTERN, through the kindness of Professor Orton, has at last where to permanently place its waste basket. The editors wish to express their thanks to the Professor for generously extending to them the use of his private study for office purposes.

What is the cause of the want of activity in the lower classes this year? No organizations, or at least no elections have been heard of as taking place. Why don't some energetic members take hold and see that their classes are organized? Assert yourselves in some way so that people will know you.

In a Faculty meeting at the commencement of this term, the order expelling Mr. George D. Makepeace from the University, was revoked. This action was prompted by a written request to that effect, from the Superintendent of the Cleveland Public Schools, signed also by many of the most prominent citizens. It, in addition, was partly due to the circumstance that Mr. Makepeace was, at that time, very ill with typhoid fever, and was also aided by the fact that the Faculty, as now constituted, has no elements within itself which it would be necessary to satisfy, regardless of justice to the offender.

The new system of work which has lately been adopted in the laboratories, seems to be, on the whole, quite satisfactory. Better work seems to be done by the students working three and four hours continu-

ously for three and two days respectively per week, than under the old system of two and a half hours' daily work. The system also lessens the liability to confusions in work, inasmuch as the recitations for the most part come in the forenoon, while the laboratory work is done exclusively in the afternoon. This harmonious arrangement of work is no small matter, and the new system is certainly commendable on this account, if on no other.

Who accuses us of being so scientific in our nature that we neglect the development of our literary and oratorical powers? Who says the O. S. U. has no taste for the beautiful, that the charms of Rhetoric are lost upon us, and that we are not Aesth—? Show us the man who could be so rash. Send him around to us, and we will acquaint him, as best we can, with some of the facts pertaining to the systematic rhetorical training which every one of us must pass through. He must indeed be a singularly dull individual who, after hearing a complete explanation of the duties of this system, would fail to recognize the fact that soon we will be sending out from the O. S. U., not only scientists, but masters of rhetoric, writers, orators, and the like, so that we will be famous in more particulars than one. Look out for us!

There was no work done in college, either on the day following the death of President Garfield, nor upon Memorial Day. On this latter occasion appropriate exercises were held in the Lecture Room, President Scott delivering an address on the "Death of the President and the Life of the Republic." This address was an admirable one. The speaker confined himself to his subject strictly, and did not lose himself or his audience in endless eulogy of the character of our lamented President. While due prominence was given to his sterling virtues, the fact was also recognized that it was within the bounds of possibility for such a monstrosity as Guiteau to be reared in fair Columbia's land. Consequently the speaker gave his hearers something which they could take home with them and reflect upon as subjects demanding their earnest attention.

Through the earnest efforts of the member of Congress from the Franklin County district, Hon. George L. Converse, we are about to secure an addition to our Faculty, by the appointment of an officer of the U. S. Navy to duty at our University. It seems that owing to the eminent, though not exclusive, scientific character of the O. S. U., we are entitled to the service of a Naval officer at the expense of the Government. So in order that we might enjoy the benefits to be derived from that which rightly belongs to us, the Hon. Mr. Converse, together with Secretary Allen, set about to have a Naval Professor duly appointed and assigned to duty immediately. The present indications are that these gentlemen have been entirely successful, and an appointment will soon be made which will increase our Faculty to the extent of one member, this being an acquisition upon which we think we are warranted in congratulating ourselves. Accordingly we shake hands with ourselves all 'round, and wait impatiently for the arrival of the new Prof. Who will he be, and what will be his duties? These questions we are unable to answer at the present writing, and so we must await developments for answers to them.

In a recent copy of the New York *Sun*, we note the following :

"The authorities of the Ohio State University have undertaken to keep the male and female students wholly apart, except in the recitation rooms and chapel. A former order, permitting the girls to receive calls once a week, has been rescinded, and they are forbidden to meet the boys anywhere out of doors. A rebellion is threatened."

Well, this *is* news to us. We are indeed astonished to learn from such a reliable source as the *Sun*, that our honorable Faculty had passed such an atrocious law, and we shall immediately pause in our wild career and conform to it strictly. We were not even aware an order had once been issued allowing the girls to receive calls once a week, else we should have mended our wicked ways long ere this. And as for rebelling against our beloved Faculty, we could not seriously regard such a daring act for even a moment. Why, we should be utterly annihilated. We implicitly believe, however, in the correctness of the *Sun's* statement, and henceforth shall watch keenly the movements of the Faculty, although it puzzles us to tell just how they will enforce this wise order. If the particular scribbler who penned the article in question

will come out West, perhaps he may yet, before he dies, learn to distinguish between a penitentiary and an Ohio State University.

"The American Association for the Advancement of Science, at its meeting last month in Cincinnati, took action in reference to the scandal of American Degrees, by resolving to unite with the American Philological Association in presenting a memorial to all Colleges in the United States empowered to confer Degrees, stating the objections of conferring the Degree of Ph. D. *honoris causa*, and praying them to discontinue the practice, if it exists. It seems that the reprehensible practice has been growing of late in the United States. There are three hundred and sixty institutions of a college grade; these colleges and universities receive their charters from the Legislatures of their several States. These charters give them the unlimited right to confer Degrees."

The above, quoted from a recent number of *Nature*, brings before us, to use its own expression, "a reprehensible practice." This practice, however, is only another example of that tendency of Americans to over-do everything. At the present rate of distribution of Degrees, the titled men would soon be the rule, while those without would be the exception. These appellations are becoming too common. The Ph. D. or L. L. D. becomes superfluous and hardly worth appending in the midst of such a multitude. While we depreciate the practice of such a prodigal and indiscriminate bestowal of these high titles by every institution that calls itself a college, and while we hope that the petitions of our learned societies may be wisely regarded, yet we are happy in the thought that the American citizen is not dependent on titles. A title may serve as a recommendation, but it never wins success. One man possesses a Degree of Honor, yet that never adds to his real character. Even should this abuse continue, we need not fear that worth will not be recognized, or that great men will not be known, even though every individual bear a title.

[COMMUNICATED].

A certain classroom within the walls of the O. S. U. during the past month has witnessed some most gratifying methods of work. It has seen a class taken in charge by a professor who believes that students are not empty jars, into which he is to pour the facts of

his knowledge, the facts of the text book, and which jostled and spilled by the rough handling of the outside world, are no whit better than before, but believes that they are human beings, hence capable of growth, with souls to be developed, to be drawn out, to be educated. Who comes with the catch words of no creed, or of no set of men on his lips. Who looks upon us as the text books, meagre though they be, in which he and we ourselves are to go for truths. Who asks questions apparently having no connection with the topic in hand, and the listener is in despair until all at once, the circuit complete, the electric light of thought flashes forth, and all that was so dark and groped for, is radiant with meaning. As strong, as steady, as sustained as though addressing a vast audience pour forth the illustrations drawn from every field of science, from every passion of the human heart, till the utter insignificance of our living, but the permanence of the possibilities in our grasp awakes us and rouses the holiest of ambitions. The common feeling of the class was tersely expressed by one member when he said: "One feels pretty small in there, but it's a good atmosphere to grow in." B.

ORIGINAL WORK.

A lack of organized or concerted action among the officers of Napoleon at Waterloo precipitated his overthrow. The concerted actions of Wellington and Blucher secured their victory. So, also, the system of unorganized study leads it to its predestined end; that of concerted and analytic study to its successful results. But some may ask, "Why the restatement of an oft-quoted truth?" Let us examine. The work of the students of this University will compare favorably, perhaps, with that of others of equal facilities. Yet no one will question but it could be increased. And how? By organized work, analytic methods and concerted action. Not that we mean to disparage what is done, nor to propose an immediate cure—only a few suggestions that seem important.

Let us examine the work of the students in two classes, Elementary Latin and Chemistry. In the past, the grades of the students of the former have been far above those of the latter; and the first is Preparatory; the last, regular college work. And in this we find a key to the students' habits of research. In the first, where mere memorizing can do almost all the work required of him, the student gives full activity to that kind of study. Performing his labors automatically, he finds no necessity for analytic study. While it would be vastly better understood by the latter method, the grades can be taken as exponents of what can actually be done by memorizing, and it shows a very large part can thus be done. But when the student's

attention is turned to regular work, presumably the same methods are applied, and with vastly different results. The student who found no difficulty in securing a grade in the nineties, in the former work, often finds his grade in chemistry to be in the forties. He naturally asks why is this so? He has studied as hard, paid better attention to the recitations, and all that, but with this humiliating result. He will quite naturally find some one to blame beside himself, perhaps the Professor. Yet a moment's reflection would show him the fault was not there; admiration and praise rather. If he were to consider his subject, the true reason might be found. A vast number of dependent phenomena are to be explained; great masses of facts are to be classified; a philosophy of action must be sought.

The combined experience of all points to the previous method, analytical study. This can be done individually, can be aided by experiment, and, lastly, could it not be *greatly* facilitated by personal combination in an association? Certainly much can be accomplished in this way, or why the "Royal Society," "The Scientific Association?" And if they effect so much by combination why can not we do something in that way? I for one can see no possible negative reason. We have facilities for meeting; a recitation room could no doubt be procured for the asking. We have material for discussion and experiment, the daily lectures of the professor, and the phenomena seen by our own observation. We have the materials for such an association, a large body of active and determined students. Then why not an organization? The necessity is plain, the facilities are adequate, the materials abundant. Let others speak; to us the process is evident.

A meeting once a week to review the week's work could be arranged easily. A plan of proceeding could be adopted, organization quickly effected. The plan we think worth trial, at least worth discussion. If any one has any suggestions to offer, and will give them to the public, this article will have served the purpose for which it was intended.

A. D. S.

CLASS ELECTION.

The following officers of the class of '82 have been elected for the present year:

President D. W. Donham.
 Vice President Willis Fay.
 Treasurer Oliver L. Fassig.
 Secretary Miss S. Glover.
 Historian Fred. Keffer.

The following are the officers elected by the class of '83:

President C. C. Miller.
 Vice President Geo. Dun.
 Treasurer E. M. Van Harlingen.
 Secretary Chas. Higbee.
 Historian Miss B. Swickard.

THREE AUTUMN DAYS IN KING ARTHUR'S LAND.

BY KATHARINE A. MATHEW.

(Concluded.)

A two-miles walk brought us to the top of the Craig of Caerceod, (called Caercood), which is the Roman encampment. It was an eminence overhanging the picturesque, winding Usk, which formed its defense on one side, while on the other it had deep *fossa* and *valla*, about thirty feet deep even now. Inside the encampment are several *tumuli* from fifteen to twenty feet in height. We clambered up some of these and gathered from them a few fragile hare-bells, yellow starred potentilla, and wild thyme, and wondered what treasures of old were hidden beneath our feet in these grass-grown *tumuli*. Passing back to Usk in the soft light of a hunter's moon, we had a fair view of what remains of the Castle, standing on an abrupt rising ground east of the river. Entering the tower gateway, we found ourselves in the large baronial hall, surrounded by massive, roofless walls, and flanked by round and square towers, all thickly covered with ivy, and the floor carpeted with thick, mossy turf, a weird and wild place, from which the bats flew out, disturbed by the voices and footsteps. Beneath us lay the little town, with the lights twinkling far apart in the scattered houses, the dark forms of the mountains behind, and the river at our feet a thread of silver under the moonbeams. So we went back to our hostelry and a good night's rest on downy beds.

We were awakened early on Sunday morning by distant singing, which we found subsequently to have been by a party of hill-people, coming down to an early prayer meeting at the Calvinistic Methodist church, a six o'clock-in-the-morning harvest-thanksgiving. The voices were rich and pure, rising and falling in a wild, plaintive minor, to words of which all we could recognize was the refrain, Alleluia, Alleluia. The dim light of the morning, the quiet streets, and the wild pathetic psalm-singing produced an indescribable effect. Most of us were ready for the ten o'clock service, in the very ancient Episcopal church. This church, we learned, had formerly belonged to a Priory for Benedictive Nuns, founded in the twelfth century by one of the Earls of Clare. The churchyard still abounds with roses, for whose cultivation the Benedictives had everywhere a great reputation. Of the Priory there were only a few remains on the south-east side of the church. The church was cruciform, after the cathedral model, and part of it at least belonged to the Anglo-Norman period, shown by the circular arches and crenellated mouldings. Few of the

churches of Monmouth underwent much alteration after the Reformation, as rood-lofts, niches for saints, unused benitiers and stone alms-boxes, show.

All through the lovely vale of Usk we noticed how singularly picturesque the churches appeared. Some esolated on the brow of a hill, with a long path winding up to them through heather and bracken; some on the banks of the river, and almost all surrounded with trees, and a churchyard, with moss-grown tombstones, and a wilderness of flowers.

If we had come in spring we may have seen the poetic custom of strewing the graves with fresh bouquets of flowers on Palm Sunday, called in those parts Flower Sunday. This custom is of the greatest antiquity, and probably antedates the introduction of Christianity, and may be a lingering of the Druidic custom of the four last days of April, when the graves of the heroes were strewn with oak leaves and blossoms.

Brightly shone the sun on Monday morning, a soft purple mist veiled the mountains, and the Usk glittered and shone on its way to the Severn Sea. The lovely road along which we traveled, is bordered with great orchards, where the red apples and purple plums, the yellow pears and scarlet berries of the service-tree give rich touches of color by the way. At every turn of the road comes some new beauty, some landscape worthy of Claude or Creswick, some sudden picture of wood, and river, and mountain, to be recalled with rapture in days yet to be. Scenes which no poem, no canvas could entirely reproduce, for says Lord Bacon, "The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express."

At last we arrive at Coerleon, nestling between its mountains and its river. We read in the account of Giraldus that in the twelfth century "many remains of its former magnificence are still visible, a gigantic tower, numerous boths, ruins of temples and a theatre, subterranean buildings, aqueducts and vaulted caverns, and stoves so excellently contrived as to diffuse their heat through imperceptible pores. Remains of the ancient city have been found for more than nine miles around. In the very centre of this circumference are the remains of the fortification, and within these what is popularly known as King Arthur's Round Table, but which is evidently the ruins of a large lapidean amphitheatre for gladiatorial combats. Recent excavations have discovered native altars, coins, bronze figures, seals, rings, fibalæ, and other Roman antiquities.

The modern town of Coerleon lies more to the east than the ancient city, and was probably at one time a village suburban, as its ecclesiastical name, *Lancadoc-justa-Coerleon*, testifies. Prominent in legend and history as Coerleon was before the Saxon Conquest, we learn little of it after, although Alfred the Great once

sent a fleet of ships up the Usk to conquer the city, but the fleet had to be recalled to defend Somersetshire against the Danes, and the conquest was not then accomplished. After the Norman Conquest, according to the Domesday Book, Caerleon had still a castle, the gigantic tower of which, mentioned by Giraldas, still existed in the reign of Elizabeth, as Churchyard writes,

“It stands upon a forced hill,
Not farre from flowing flood,
Where loe, ye see green vales at will.”

But as we stood upon the forced hill, an artificial mound, we could see the green vales, but no trace of the Castle. We went through Bridge street and High street in search of antiquities, and found in the former an old portal, with a groove for a porscullis, probably one of the Castle gates; and in High street the remains of an abbey for Cistercian Nuns.

We reached at length the two bastian towers, upon the margin of the river, and there, with the bright sunshine around us, and Caerleon before us, we take our Tennyson and read:

“King Arthur made new Knights to fill the gap
Left by the Holy Quest, and as he sat
In hall in old Caerleon, the high doors
Were softly sundered, and through them a youth,
Pelleas; and the sweet smell of the fields
Past, and the sunshine came along with him.”

The sunshine followed us to, as we left Caerleon behind us, quietly sleeping in the golden sunshine of its September evening, guarding by its sentinel hills, soothing with the murmurs of its flowing Usk, the graves of Briton and Roman, Saxon and Norman; while we, through the gathering shades, rush farther and farther away from its mystic memories, with the music and hurry of Nineteenth Century civilization.

HAS EVERY ONE A RIGHT TO HIS OWN OPINION?

CLARA ORTON.

“Every one has a right to his own opinion.” Pray what right has anyone to lend his influence to a hastily assumed opinion and delude his neighbors into the belief that he has been thinking, when, to say the truth, he is accustomed to no such exercise? Such an opinion is little else than a lie. We have no right to an opinion which we can defend by no reason and to which we have given no thought. It is because opinions are of such vital importance that we should not use them with carelessness. Opinions guide our actions, mould our characters, and shape our lives. It has been the custom to lay stress upon action, to make disparaging comparisons between dreaming and doing, but it is no real idea that does not execute itself

in word or deed. It is a mere ghost of a thought that has no living power to do. It is well to praise noble doing, but remember, it is the child of noble dreaming.

Carlyle distinguishes between the rights of men and the mights of men. To hold any opinion however false and dangerous is certainly one of the mights of men, that it is one of the rights of men may be disputed.

What then gives one a right to an opinion? Enough careful thought to earn it. To have an opinion without reasons is as absurd as to have a stool without legs. A firmly balanced opinion has three legs. The first of these is our own reason; the second, the views of the world's great thinkers, and third, the prevalent opinion of mankind. An opinion upheld by these supports cannot be easily overthrown. But generally our opinions have no sure footing. Poor, crippled things, one leg is often as much as they can boast. In such a case which leg shall we choose as the broadest and strongest for support? On all ordinary occasions it is best to rely upon the first of these, our own reason. What! shall we ordinary men and women set up our own ideas above those of immortal genius and the universal decrees of mankind? Yes, and without conceit. Surely there is no truth like the one we discover for ourselves. It is not that it is more valuable than others, but is worth infinitely more to us. The habitual use of one's own judgment gives him a proper self-confidence. There are many crises in life where we may not appeal to another. We are left alone to grapple with our fate. No one else's reason will avail us then. We shall have sore need of our own. We insist upon the free exercise of our own conscience, although it may be less trustworthy than that of another. Yet conscience is simply reason employed in its highest office. There are, however, circumstances in which it is proper to accept the opinions of others. If a theme requires knowledge that we do not possess and cannot readily acquire, it befits us to refer it to one most capable of judging. This is especially true of scientific truth. No human intellect can grasp all known science, and necessarily our ideas of the universe must depend largely upon the researches of nature's sages. Nevertheless we must bear in mind that great men are liable to make great blunders. The physics of Aristotle and the astronomy of Ptolemy are ludicrous to the school boy of to-day. Volumes might be written on the errors and follies of men of genius. While, therefore, we follow their guidance we must remember that they are not infallible.

But the third leg, when shall we trust it with the weight of our reason? Public opinion is unsteady, unsafe. The Roman amphitheatre, the barbarities of the Inquisition, the heinous crime of slavery, all the

abominations of the past were at one time upheld by public opinion. I doubt not there are many practices of the present day tolerated by public sentiment which shall seem revolting to the finer moral perceptions of the coming man. In fact the composite mind of the people is as liable to error as the single mind. The force of numbers does not give new thought, but merely intensity to the existing thought. Progress and reform spring from the gifted few and become popular or fall unheeded as the people are prepared or unprepared for their reception. Yet, if we are wise we will not hold in contempt the popular belief until we have dug deep for the root of truth from which it springs. There are indeed cases in which it is most fitting to trust this universal feeling as an instinct of our nature. Upon topics incapable of research, such as God and immortality, we may accept with reverence the deeply implanted convictions of our race.

Thus we see that we cannot place absolute dependence upon human decision, whether supported by our own reason, the careful thought of mighty intellects, or the universal consent of the multitude. Truth absolute is unattainable, and when we are wearied with the search it seems as if it had no existence. All things seem uncertain, hovering without firm resting place, and we are inclined to ask with Pilate "What is truth? Yet if we live in obedience to the seeming truth we shall live truly. The sad difficulty is we are only too content with probabilities. Carelessness and prejudice are the great foes of truth. If we form our opinions hastily and spread them abroad as our serious convictions, we are truth's slanderers. Superficial judgments are dishonest in that they show an utter indifference to truth. Still a worse enemy is that obstinacy which can only do what it would. Unlike as it may seem it is sister to the other. It is generally those who have expended the least thought upon their opinions who are the most loath to abandon them, for the same love of the true which leads us to make careful search for it, makes us ever ready to cast aside what we have found to be false. Yet our opinions are so bound up in our interests that an impartial judgment is impossible. It is hard to believe our fondly cherished thoughts are good for nought. It is a stern trial when we discern the features of falsehood beneath the mask of truth, and we know that we have trusted to a lie. Yet, shall we save ourselves from undeception? One of our poets sings melodiously, but siren-like,

"Where ignorance is bliss
Tis folly to be wise."

Believe it not. Better the sorriest, raggedest truth that ever begged its way along life's highway than the princeliest delusion. Let us entertain truth if we must

turn out of house our dearest falsity. Truth is its own reward. It is more than worth all our pet hobbies. Better own ourselves in the wrong a thousand times than willfully cherish it once. Let us change our views every day if we must, but let us have a mind ever open to the light. If we cannot have truth absolute, we can at least have love of truth. It is the magic word which shall unlock to us the treasure house of truth. If we shall have the love to search unceasingly, to recognize and honor under any guise, I doubt not we shall gain the object of our quest, for truth will come where she is truly welcome. We have only to throw open the windows of our soul and God's sunlight will stream in.

IN FAR SICILY.

Letter from Col. Lomia to the Times]

CANICATTI, SICILY, Oct. 7.—It is now three weeks since my family and myself reached my native place, Canicatti, Sicily. As the town had been on the *qui vive* for weeks for the arrival of the "American cousins," I may say we were enthusiastically received by relatives and friends, who met us at the little railway station, Bivio, four miles out of Canicatti. It is difficult to describe one's feelings on such an occasion; at last a truly fond mother clasps to her heart the loved and long absent son. Tears of joy indeed are those with which we meet. The declining years of a noble mother are now brightened at the presence of a lovable daughter and dear little grandchildren from that far away land.

Reaching my old home a bounteous repast was given us. Among many present I may mention two of my first cousins, the Arch-Priest of this town, and an eminent physician of wide reputation.

It is altogether twenty-five years since I left Sicily, so I feel much like a Rip Van Winkle awakening from his long sleep, and, like him, find many faces missing from the old familiar scenes, among whom the loved and revered features of my departed father.

Under the impetus of a limited Italy, Canicatti, which boasts some 25,000 inhabitants, like similar places in Sicily, is gradually advancing in the scale of improvement. Prominent among these are a hospital, a cemetery, and to somewhat relieve the picture, a fine band, which discourses nightly. Several lines of railroad now also meet here.

We saunter off in parties to the country quite often during these lovely autumnal days. On one occasion I took my little daughter Bell (who rode muleback, to her infinite delight,) to see the vintage; and I wish you could have seen her mingled expression of interest and wonder at the man treading out the purple juices.

We joined a delightful riding party yesterday, gotten up by our cousin, the doctor, and visited, en route, our cousin Baron Lomia, who is the owner of a charmingly romantic villa a few miles out of town. There are to be found in richest profusion oranges, lemons, pomegranates, figs, Indian figs, almonds, olives, plums of rare quality, and delicious grapes. After showing us around the grounds the Baroness entertained us handsomely, and from her balconies we were delighted with grand and extensive vista, reaching to the Mediterranean shores. On our return we passed an Indian fig plantation, where the eye, I can truly say, rested on naught but the prickly pear (Indian fig), and refreshed ourselves with this delicious, though somewhat peculiar Sicilian fruit, which nowhere else arrives at such a degree of perfection as it does just here.

Now a word or two about our journey, which was a success in every respect. A placid sea and favorable breezes carried us in nine days to Liverpool. Two weeks in London, two in Paris, and eight days in Switzerland, brought us by the most charming pass of Mont Salvan to the valley of Chamounix in Savoy. Ascending the Montanvert, crossing the Mer de Glace and the Mandais pass, and afterwards going up the Flegger, to view the panorama of the Mount Blanch chain, we returned by the Site Noir road to Vernayaz, Switzerland, where, gathering up the baggage we had left behind, we set out for Italy, by the grand and sublime Simplon pass. Late at night a terrible storm overtook us on the Italian side of the pass; vivid flashes of lightning, with most appalling peals of thunder reverberating through the mountains; a flash comes so near that the terrified horses jump off the road, one of them being stricken down. Little Daisy clings closer and closer to her mamma for protection. While the relentless storm beats mercilessly through our coupe ceiling and windows, it is unnecessary to add here that our feelings were not of the most reassuring character. At length we reached Itiesa, on Lago Maggiore, and recuperated a few days. Thence to Lakes Leegano and Como, Venice, Milan, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, and Leghorn, where we took a steamer for Palermo.

I am not going to close without expressing how my heart still clings to the old Columbus associations, and my wife warmly shares this sentiment with me. I miss my boys at the drill and my colleagues in the faculty and the many friends we left behind. May I through you convey to them my kind remembrances. And now, Mr. Editor, begging you to accept my assurances of esteem and great regard, I am

Very respectfully yours,

LUIGI LOMIA, U. S. A.

RES GESTAE.

Williams' freshman class numbers eighty, two sons of the late President being among them.

Prof. in Chemistry: "Atoms are wonderfully small particles; in fact you can't get at 'em."

The oldest literary society in existence in the United State is at Yale, 1768 being the date of its organization.

In the present Congress thirty-four Senators and one hundred and twenty-eight Representatives are College graduates.—*Ex.*

The richest university in the world is that of Leyden, Holland, its real estate alone being worth four millions.—*Round Table.*

Two donations toward the new school building and physical laboratory of Harvard University aggregate \$350,000. One person gave \$100,000, the other \$250,000.

"If Jones undertakes to pull my ears," said a loud-mouthed fellow on a street corner, he will have his hands full." The crowd looked at the fellow's ears and smiled.—*Ex.*

A certain senior being accused of bidding his girl good-bye in an affectionate manner, acquitted himself by saying that every fellow had a right to strain his own honey.—*Lariat.*

Amherst has given up the plan of having examinations at the end of the terms and years, and the students are required to attend at least nine-tenths of the daily recitations in order to be promoted.

The batter takes his stand,
The pitcher with a leer
Projects a curve,
With an inward swerve,
That takes him in the ear.

—*Athenaeum.*

"There's a divinity shapes our ends," remarked a senior the other day, while in a soliloquizing mood. Then he happened to look down at his feet, pinched into number eleven cowhide boots, and added, "And yet I doubt if God was implicated in that job."—*Bates Student.*

How did she know it? They were returning home from a yachting party in the fog. He (trying to keep up a conversation)—"How wet this fog makes my moustache!" She—"Yes, so it does." Utter collapse of further conversation.—*Columbia Star.*

The faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, after discussing the question of admitting the ladies, refused them admission because they had not room for them. Outsiders wonder if they would thus refuse fifty or a hundred young men as an addition to the classes.

The salutatorian at Yale this year was a German;

the valedictorian, a Hebrew; and the prize declaimer, a Chinaman. But when it came to real classical culture, our native land came to the front. The pitcher of the Yale base ball club was an American.—*College Cabinet*.

There was a girl shimmery slender,
Who had a young man named Bender ;
But she looked quite strong,
As though she'd last long,
And 'twould have been din to offend her.

But this girl so shimmery slender,
When clasped in clasp quite tender,
She crackled and broke
Before he could spoke,
That young man by the name of Bender.

Student—"Prof., did you say that the sugar formed by the action of the liver can not be traced farther than the heart?"

Prof.—"Yes, I say it can not be traced farther with certainty."

Student (with a wise witty look)—"Then, Prof., I should think it would become a sweet-heart." (The class wonders.)

Prof.—"Aha! yes, I am glad to learn the inclination of your mind." (Class roars.)

EXCHANGES.

The *Niagara Index* comes as usual, filled with such matter as should make it a popular journal among its students. It is a wide-awake paper.

The *High School Tribune*, published by the students of the Hughes' High School, of Cincinnati, is a new departure in the way of Journalism. It is small, but readable.

The *College Speculum*, a new journal from the Agricultural College of Michigan, comes loaded down with matter, and its editors are evidently enthusiastic. Success to you.

The *College Transcript* is at hand, but we miss on the cover the picturesque work of art which, in times gone by, was wont to attract our admiring eyes, and cause us to wonder what kind of a machine it was that these editors used to shoot the printer's ink at the page so as to produce such charming effects. We are inclined to the belief that this is a good riddance. The dimensions of the paper have been reduced somewhat, without, however, reducing the amount of matter published. In our opinion the general appearance and tone of the paper is improved.

The *Brunonian* does not serve up to its readers much in the way of literary matter. Probably the festive students of the university which the *Brunonian* represents do not admire heavy matter. At least we

would so judge from a perusal of its columns. In its editorials subjects of no small moment are taken hold of fearlessly; for instance, civil service reform comes in for a share of attention. Persevere in the good work, dear *Brunonian*, our sympathies are with you, but remember that Jackson's "To the victors belong the spoils" has an intensely strong hold upon wire-pulling politicians.

The editors of the *Academica* come down and "'fess up" to having made an egregious blunder in their action with respect to "The Rector's Case." However, they do not renounce any statements made, and they probably console themselves for not doing so. But for a board of editors to back down behind such an array of what they claim to be facts in a previous issue, and still tacitly believe these alleged facts to be true, is certainly very strong evidence that such editors are affected with a slight weakness in that structure commonly known to anatomists as the spinal column. Facts, we know, are sometimes of such a nature as to cause certain people to dread the possibility of their being made known to the public, but if the circulation of them will tend to bring about any change for the best, then by all means publish your facts, even if they do implicate a rector; and "once being in," do not make a quasi-retraction of what you in the innermost recesses of your soul believe to be the truth, pure and simple. This latter action only brings into contempt those taking it.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The following officers of the Tyndall Association were elected on the 22d for the coming year: Geo. H. Twiss, President; Prof. N. W. Lord, Vice President; J. J. Janney, Treasurer; E. E. Williams, Secretary and Librarian. Standing Committee, Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, Prof. A. H. Tuttle, Prof. Ozias, J. M. Tibbetts, Newton M. Anderson. Martin Hensel, Trustee.

It is a well known fact among bee keepers that in bad seasons honey is frequently poisonous. This is due to the fact that at such times the bees are frequently obliged to resort to poisonous flowers to obtain their supplies. A specimen of the honey from Trebizond, gathered from the rhododendron ponticum, which is common in that neighborhood, was sent in in 1834, by Mr. Keith E. Abbot, to the Zoological Society of London, and in 1859 it still retained its poisonous qualities.

After an examination of volcanic soils, M. de Grasparin is led to resist the theory that their fertility is due to a superabundance of phosphoric acid, specimens from different fertile spots showing but a small percentage of the acid. He concludes that the rapid production of the land about Etna is due mainly to the concomitance of muddy formations and the climate, which hastens the decomposition of lava, so that the supply of organic materials is presented or formed with exceptional promptitude.

From a number of experiments made by French chemists of the action of sesqui-oxide of iron on different vegetable products, it appears to be proven that the cause of the decay of the wood of ships in the parts adjoining iron nails

and bolts is due to the oxygen of the air being brought into contact with the organic matter of the wood by the sesqui-oxide, thus hastening its destruction. The oxide becomes in some degree a kind of reservoir of oxygen, filling itself at the expense of the air, and emptying itself to support the combustion of combustible bodies.

The meeting of the Tyndall Association on the 15th inst, was the occasion of an address by Prof. Mendenhall on "Earthquakes." The Professor in the first portion of his lecture went into a discussion of some of the theories and of some curious facts and notions in regard to these wonderful movements of the earth's crust. He stated that Japan was probably the most appropriate place on the globe for the study of the movements, inasmuch as they occurred so frequently, and consequently during his three years residence there he had abundant opportunity to make a study of them. Some of the ingenious devices and apparatus employed by the Seismographic Society of Tokio, of which the Professor was an enthusiastic member, were described by him. The lecture was replete with interesting facts.

PERSONAL.

H. S. Davis is in the Medical Department of Ann Arbor University.

Geo. E. Mosher is principal of a school at Frankford, Ross county.

Prof. Derby was appointed Librarian at a recent meeting of the Faculty.

Lieut. J. T. Anderson is suffering from malarial fever. Fred. Hubbard is afflicted with the same disease.

Geo. D. Makepeace is slowly recovering from his illness. He was taken to his home in Cleveland last week.

C. M. Lewis and K. D. Wood paid their Alma Mater a visit September 26th, to hear President Scott's address.

A. F. De Ford is now at Danville, Va., where he intends to remain. He spent a few days at Washington on his way.

The senior class will probably be increased to the extent of one member. Mr. Linson expects to graduate with the class.

Louis Hanitch has given up his aspirations to become a senior of O. S. U. He is now attending the Dayton Commercial School.

W. H. Miller could not make the necessary arrangements to continue his studies here. He is now teaching school near Groveport.

Mr. Thorn, so long our efficient and able farm superintendent, has gone to Springfield, Ohio, to take charge of, and edit the *Farm and Fireside*.

Prof. T. C. Mendenhall lectured upon "Education in Japan," at the meeting of the Central Ohio Teachers' Association in Dayton, on the 28th.

Mr. E. E. Corwin would soon make an intellectual paradise of the O. S. U.—if he only had a few millions of dollars to spare for educational purposes—so he says.

Corp. Scott has been speculating upon his chances of promotion. His aims are high. He would not be surprised to see it written Lieutenant Winfield S. Scott before the end of the year. However, he will be satisfied with 1st sergeant chevrons.

Chas. C. Shoemaker, who attended the University last year, is under medical treatment at the Asylum for Insane. The cause of his insanity is said to have been close and hard study. From what we can learn he has made very little progress toward recovery the past four weeks.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Wandering Jew, a full account of the legend as it appears in various places, by Monroe Conway, is announced.

Mr. Cable's brilliant novel, *Madame Delphine*, with its quaint and languid setting, has been warmly praised by the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. The London public did not take kindly to *The Grandissimes*, being frightened, perhaps, at the dialect, but encouraged at the success of *Madame Delphine*, it is very likely that a publisher will be found brave enough to undertake its publication also.

Admirers of Oscar Wilde will perhaps be unwilling to admit that he can possibly have a rival, but the following bit of æsthetics quoted by the *Literary World* from an Address to Venus, makes the supposition seem probable:

"Sweet are thy feet that retreat being fleet through the posies,
Venus, that lover-like cover like myriads of roses,
The ways and the brays and the sprays where thy body reposes."

Among the articles in the October magazines, the student will find a statement of the situation in Utah, by C. C. Goodwin. An arraignment, not only of the wilfully wicked in the Mormon stronghold, but also of us, the indolently wicked in the nation at large, who selfishly suffer the pollution and degradation of this crime to exist, with scarcely a protest against it. The writer is impassioned, as befits a theme of such grave social and political importance, but so clear and candid. The lies and sophism of George T. Cannon are completely answered. The Mormon novel, by Mrs. Paddock, *The Fate of Madame La Tour*, just issued by Fords, Howard and Hurlburt in the light of Mr. Goodwin's relations, is another statement of this most important question. The contents of Carlyleana is further enriched by T. W. Higginson's Carlyle's Languish, in the *Atlantic*. Scientific students will be interested in *The Telegraph of To-day*, Harpers; *How the Earth is Weighed, About Comets, and the connection of Biological Studies with Medicine*, in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Among the other striking, and especially to be commended articles, are Miss Phelps' *Is God Good*, and Philip Brooks' *Dean Stanley*, in the *Atlantic*.

The publication of *Garfield's Words*, a small volume, containing suggestive passages from his public and private writings, edited by William Ralston Balch, gives the nation fresh pangs as it more fully realizes that—

"Not for a leader lost, a patriot dead,
Alone our grief is spent, our tears are shed;
We mourn a mind at rest, a great brain stilled,
A noble intellect in madness killed."

Many of the quotations have an aphoristic brevity, that comes only when the thoughts have been so worked over, so appropriated and made one's own that they find fittest expression in terse, pointed, vigorous sentences. When we read similar compilations from such well-known authors as Eliot or Kingsley, they come to us as mementoes of old friends, and as such are gladly received. This is only a promise, a suggestion, a sort of foretaste of what we may expect when we shall know him as he was when alone with himself and thought, as the great ideas that ruled his life found expression in noble thinking, as well as we know him, when, face to face with importunate opportunity, the same great ideas found expression in noble doing.

Several theaters, and higher educational institutions, have adopted, as the standard of pronunciation, and as a text-book, the *Orthoepist*, recently published by Appletons.

Tuition fees of various colleges are as follows: Syracuse, \$60; Cornell, \$75; Bowdoin, \$75; Rochester, \$75; Brown, \$85; Williams, \$90; Dartmouth, \$80; Amherst, \$100; Yale, \$150; Harvard, \$150; Pennsylvania, \$150 to \$170; Ann Harbor, \$20; Rutgers, \$75.—*C. C. N. Y. Argus*.

AN ANSWER.

A mid-May night, not yet starlight,
 So dark the shy leaves will permit
 The lingering wind's caress,
 And nearly motionless
 They list the whispered word
 By mortal ear unheard.
 A quivering sigh, a wooing song,
 The flat'ring wind is here, is gone.

The walnut trees above my head,
 Their fern-frond tracteries outspread,
 In the slow shifting light,
 And shade of this fair night,
 To greenish gold refined;
 Their stilly forms outlined
 Against the dim, illusive deeps
 Of tintless grays that twilight keeps.

The children's voices, heard at play,
 Sound faint, but clear they seem to say,
 " Though tuned to nature's mood,
 And High priest to her good,
 Remember her step-child
 Is man, he needs thy mild,
 Pure ministrations; primal claim
 Is his," dirge-like in under strain.

Unfortunate their pleadings rise;
 I look about with perplexed eyes,
 Of nature's prophecies,
 In night's realities,
 The meaning try to solve.
 The sentient stars revolve,
 The clouds slow drift, and low the song
 Of night's elect and rare bird throng.

The late hours come, the satiate breeze
 Aroused exults in his release,
 And fresh and strong his stir;
 Tumultuous the air
 With insects; but the sound
 Of city cries around
 Is hushed, and now against the sky
 My trees, dark formless blotches lie.

And nature darkened is not dumb,
 But speaks on with a myriad tongue;
 I hear, I prostrate fall,
 I own my royal thrall;
 "To thee, O consecrate,
 This life I dedicate."
 But hear her answer, stern addressed,
 "He serves me best, who man loves best."

B. S.

SOCIETY NOTES.

ALCYONE.

From present indications a more than usually successful year may be predicted for Alcyone. Nearly all the old members have returned, and additions have been made to her ranks at nearly every meeting this term. The membership is now forty, fifteen of whom entered the past month. The following officers were elected for this term on the 7th of October: President, S. J. Wilson; Vice President, I. N. Keyser; Treasurer, C. C. Green; Censor, C. V. Mead; Secretary, O. L. Fassig; Sergeant-at-Arms, D. F. Snyder.

Rev. A. C. Hirst was elected an honorary member at a recent meeting. President Scott has consented to address the society at an early day.

Sweeney and his logical syllogisms are no longer heard. Increased college work has made it necessary for him to give up society work for the present.

The Irish question will be thoroughly discussed on the 4th. Besides the regular debate for the evening, on the Irish Land Bill, action will be taken on a set of resolutions, introduced by Mr. Beach, denouncing the action of the

English Government in causing the arrest of the Irish agitators. It is predicted that England will be totally annihilated on that evening.

HORTON.

A significant fact relative to the society may be noted even by a careless observer. The number of society members who return to college is very large in proportion to the whole body of old students who return. This indicates clearly one of two things, either the better and more stable class of students join society, or else these institutions have a potent influence in recalling their members.

In whatever manner it may be regarded it speaks well for our literary organizations. Out of a membership of about thirty-five at the close of last year, twenty-eight have returned. Since the beginning of the present term fourteen new members have been added to our roll.

The character of the work is steadily improving. Since the opening of the present term the programmes have been exceptionally good. Without specializing it may be said that two or three essays from the ladies and several orations and prepared speeches from the gentlemen are unsurpassed by any literary production we have ever listened to in the college.

The drapery which for thirty days darkened the hall has been removed; President Garfield's picture, however, will be framed and placed in the hall permanently.

The election of officers takes place on the first Friday evening in November.

Important additions to the furniture of the hall are contemplated for the near future.

We lose a very valuable member from our list by the departure of Mr. De Ford from college.

The anniversary of the society, held in the hall, Friday evening, October 21, surpassed the expectations of all members and apparently of all visitors as well. The programme consisted of the usual exercises, except in addition a short history of the society and a few toasts. An essay, "The Influence of the Virgin Mary," by Miss Swickard, a prepared speech on "The Southern Question," by G. L. Morton, and "A History of the Society," by Mr. Keffer, were perhaps the most popular parts of the programme. On invitation, at the close of the programme, Miss Vickers, of the city, gave an excellent recitation, which was highly appreciated. The Alcyone attended the exercises in a body. Several members of the Faculty were present.

Among the remarkable operations performed in Germany recently by eminent surgeons, those in which the stomach or abdomen had to be opened have been at once the most dangerous and the most successful. After the achievements of Dr. Billroth, of Vienna, in the removal of cancers from the stomach, comes now Dr. Schinzenger, a professor of the University of Freiburg, with two cases in which obstructions in the entrails had to be removed. In one case, that of a woman, a section of one of the intestines had to be cut out and the severed ends sewed together. In both instances speedy recovery followed.

A new theory of the cementation process for the conversion of iron into steel is advanced by R. Sydnor Marsden. He has observed that when amorphous carbon in an impalpable powder is kept in contact with porcelain at a temperature considerably above redness, but sufficient for the latter to become fused, the carbon will, if left for a number of hours, diffuse into the porcelain and ultimately permeate it throughout. He considers the conversion of wrought iron into steel by the cementation process as analogous to this, that is to say, the result of diffusion of carbon in an impalpable powder into the bars of iron while they are in an expanded or softened state.

LOCAL.

The Dormitory has a new sister Ann. So says an imaginative junior who knows.

Now doth the little Prep begin to tremble as the mid-term examinations draw nigh.

The Dormitory was very tastefully draped on the 21st of last month by the club.

Guns were fired every half hour on the day of the President's funeral, by the artillery of the University.

Mrs. General Warren Keifer spent the 15th at the Dormitory, with her sons, who are members of the great club.

A certain junior has sewed several coppers into his coat tails in order "to have something to fall back on." What next?

Each afternoon "Davy" silently gazes into the white hot muffles and muses on the future. Poor Davy! Fate is full cruel.

Floyd Davis is a terrible member of the senior class. He is reported to have drowned 1,500 people in Lake Erie on the 27th of last month.

The Professor of Mathematics has grave doubts as to whether Pocahontas saved the life of John Smith. May he enjoy the benefit of his doubts.

D. O'Brien expresses a deep desire to be placed upon the list of students liable to be called on to perform in the lecture room. We take pleasure in calling the attention of the professor in charge to the matter.

Professor of Rhetoric—"The figure is a faulty one; we can not conceive a man taking arms against a sea of troubles, but it is possible to dyke a sea—yes, the most natural thing to do is to dam a sea of troubles." Confusion reigns.

The North High street car tracks have been remodelled on the broad gauge plan, and through cars are now run from the University gates to the City Park. Prof. Townshend is to enjoy the presence of a large car stable opposite his house.

The Professor of Physics is reported by a post graduate to have said the highest latitude a man can attain is not ninety degrees, but L. L. D. We give it up completely. We never were very proficient physicists, and so cannot comprehend it.

The testing machine is to be removed from Prof. Mendenhall's Department to the Museum of the Mechanical Laboratory, where it properly belongs. Prof. Robinson intends to put it to good use, as a part of the exercises of the class in Resistance of Materials.

The awkward squads are learning the elements of drill very rapidly, and will soon be ready to enter the companies. There is one deficiency in the military department, however; there is no *backward* squad. We mean an awkward squad *in fact*, but not *in nomine*, such as there was last spring.

The Professor of Mathematics should resent the base insinuation of a certain junior who said that the only reason he so disliked to fail in surveying was that he would be compelled to hear all the same old jokes once again. The total depravity of these creatures is phenomenal.

Prof. Mendenhall has presented Prof. Tuttle with an immense Japanese giant crab, *Inachus Kempfere*, which he brought from Japan. The animal is nine and one-half feet long when extended, and its body is over a foot in diameter—so large that the Japanese construct hats from the shells of these creatures.

The Lecture Room exercises are to be a success this year in one respect at least, for each exercise is to be opened with an oration from a senior. What a glorious opportunity is now offered '82 to "spread itself," and to make its name resound throughout the land. And how we sympathize with the other classes, too.

A certain young lady remarked she would be glad if Mr. D—— would die; only his moustache, however. On hearing this he vaguely suggested that it might come off. The question still remains which he meant, the dye or the moustache, and—and, we hardly dare to say it, but why should he be so particular about the dye coming off?

The "judge," "attorneys," "witnesses," and "jury" at a certain boarding house, connected themselves with a very petty affair three weeks ago. Intelligent students who can take such advantage of one's unfamiliarity with college life; who can find no better evening's amusement, are indeed to be pitied. It was a miserable farce all around.

On a recent occasion we saw two intimate friends part company at the east gate, because one would ride down town in a five cent bus, and the other in a two cent one. For our part we have never yet attained to that same indifference as regards "the shekels," which characterized the first friend, and would hail with joy the advent of even a one cent bus.

The University turned out in a body to see Keene and Jefferson on the 19th. About forty went down from the Dormitory alone. The students had better be careful where they take seats in the Opera House, as they may, if not cautious, be confounded with some small boys, who made altogether too much noise on that evening. This remark needs no explanation to those who attended.

Among other valuable books which our Library lacks is a Bible. It is hard to believe that during eight years no one called at the Library for such a commodity. A few days since a LANTERN editor wished to refer to one and so called in there, but the mild eyes of the Librarian only looked up in innocent surprise at such a phenomenal request, from such a person. Do let us have a copy placed there immediately.

A glee club has been organized, officers have been elected, a constitution has been drawn up, and a song book selected. Everything is in readiness, and soon the

sweet voice of the warbler will be heard in the land. The organization will be known as the O. S. U. Glee Club. The officers are: A. Cooley, President; L. C. Springer, Vice President; C. M. Albaugh, Secretary; I. N. Keyser, Treasurer; L. C. Springer, Director.

The fact that a number of students secured good positions as engineers last summer, has given an immense impetus to this branch of college work. The classes in surveying and engineering are large beyond all precedent, and the professor in charge has his hands full to supply them with field work. The seven hundredth (perhaps the nine hundredth, we are not particular) survey of the farm is in progress, and promises to be a successful undertaking.

The first flush of enthusiastic joy over being a real soldier is wearing away and the inevitable reaction is coming in the case of the little Prep who once thought no earthly sport might compare with that of drill. But it will not be long before he resigns himself to fate in a philosophical manner, and then presently he will be aspiring to possess the great honor of a corporalship. This once attained the whole aspect of the drill changes at once, and we then hear nothing but eulogisms showered upon it. So the world wags.

Our old band has indeed passed away and is now among the things that were, and save the silvery note of a solitary horn, which oft on a stilly night doth in fantastic form commingle with our dreams, no signs of that once flourishing organization remain. We possess instead one of those things which the fiend himself in his most diabolical mood invented, a drum corps. Comment is unnecessary upon its musical productions, for they probably are up to the standard. Subscriptions are being solicited at present to increase the force. When the collector calls at this office he will please inquire for the fighting editor.

It is rumored in literary circles that a new novelette, entitled "Cornelia, the mother of the Grachi, or a Tale of the days of the Holy Roman Empire," is soon to make its appearance. The author, Mr. E. E. Corwin, is, as is well known by all his friends in the University, a constant and devoted admirer of Cornelia, the famous lapidary of old, and also an enthusiastic student of Gibbon's Rome; and hence they are expecting to peruse no ordinary book, but one of absorbing interest, and sparkling with eulogies on the jewels who perished in an attempt to reform Rome, which was built upon seven irregular hills. We are anxiously awaiting the appearance of this novelette, and will gladly give it an extended notice.

Our black-board artist, Mr. Mulla, gave another exhibition of his handiwork a week or two ago, and very good it was, too, as representing his idea of a naval department at the University. Two boys in blue rested back to back in a narrow tub afloat in the tower tanks, whilst the new professor commanded from the edge. It does puzzle us where the naval officer who has been assigned to duty at the University will exercise his classes in practical navigation. The *goose pond* under the hill is the most appropriate place we can call to mind at present, although the

Olentangy might answer in wet weather when the bottoms are flooded. The iron bridge would be then quite a fine station for the Admiral. Some one who professes to know says a large platform is to be constructed upon the campus which will be formed like the upper deck of a ship, and be mounted upon wheels. Masts, rigging, and guns will be added and everything else requisite to the need of the new department. Part of the boys are to do the sailing (pull the ship) and the rest will take lessons on board. Just imagine the medley we shall then hear: Hep, hep; steady to starboard; one, two, three; helm to port; get off that fore-castle, sir; eyes to the front; walk with your legs only; yo' heave. hep, hep; report him again. Cannot our artist illustrate the new Department on this basis?

BATTALION NOTES.

The following battalion notes were handed to us by one of the officers:

The college campus now-a-days presents quite a lively appearance when our soldier boys are out learning the dreadful art of war.

We miss the "stalwart form" and the big broad voice that used to soothe our boyish woes. Fair Sicily smiles upon him and we are compelled to smile upon another. But whether that "other" will always smile upon us in our badness remains to the future. Office seekers feel their way cautiously, for well they know that though a bee is a little thing it is capable of doing a deal of mischief.

It is truly remarkable how many "lame, halt, and blind" find their way to the O. S. U. It may be that the heat of the past summer has had a disastrous effect upon the youth of our land, but it is more probable that doctor's certificates like doctor's diplomas are too cheap. But let that be as it may, we are going to do our best. If we must have compulsory drill at all let it be something to be proud of.

The crying need of a drill hall we must again venture to express. This cry has been repeated so often that it has become monotonous. But as the institution grows, and as the military department assumes larger proportions, this want becomes more and more apparent. One hundred and fifty men crowded into our close and dark basement is as much as human nature can bear.

There were eighty and nine that left the scenes of their childhood to become a part of us. We welcome them and hope they will unite with us in making the year's work both a pleasure and a profit.

As a rule the new cadets enjoy the drill hour, and the wandering eyes and absent minds are rare.

There are at present eleven squads under the instruction of the non-commissioned officers of the Battalion. All the squads, excepting one, have received their arms and will soon be ready for the company formations.

The old cadets are now at artillery drill. The change from infantry to artillery drill seem to be a change for the better, as the boys think that they have exhausted the subject of company drill long ago.

A new feature is a guard about the armory during the drill hour, which give us more of a business like appearance.

On the whole things are going smoothly, and we predict a successful year's work.

Miss Margaret Hicks is said to be the first lady who has adopted the profession of architecture. She was graduated recently from the course of architecture at Cornell.