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THE LANTERN.

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THE LANTERN takes this opportunity to request the Board of Trustees to assign to the editors an editorial room. Through the kindness of Prof. Orton, the LANTERN has been permitted to share his private room. The Board of Editors return their thanks to the Professor for the sacrifice he has made to accommodate them, but do not feel like encroaching on his generosity another year. There certainly can be found some place suitable for an office as soon as the new laboratory is completed. We hope the Trustees will not forget us.

The *Makio* states that THE LANTERN is conducted by the Literary Societies of the University. We wish to impress the fact upon the minds of its editors that THE LANTERN is *not* conducted by the Literary Societies of the University, but that THE LANTERN Publishing Company exists as an independent, responsible organization, incorporated as such in accordance with the laws of the State of Ohio. Because the constitution of the company provides that the editors shall be elected from the Societies, it does not follow that THE LANTERN is conducted by those societies. It is utterly free from them.

On the morning of the 24th inst., one of the early and staunch friends of the University, and a most eminent and honored citizen of this place, Mr. Joseph Sullivant, passed into the Silent Land.

Mr. Sullivant, for the past fifty years, was prominently identified with various educational institutions of Columbus; and perhaps with none more closely than with the Ohio State University, in the capacity of a Trustee, at a time when the University was struggling for recognition among the colleges of the State.

It was eminently fitting that the Faculty of the University was represented by three of its members in the performance of the last sad rites to the deceased.

The experience of the Dormitory Club, as regards contagious diseases, should not go unheeded another year. Of its fifty members at the beginning of this term, eighteen had the measles, the disease being introduced among the boys by a young man who we have the best of reasons for believing knew he had signs of the measles before he came. That is to say eighteen young men lost nearly a term's work each because the proper measures were not taken to prevent a spread of the disease. When it was discovered that the young man had the measles he should have been sent *immediately* to the city hospital, where he would have had much better care than it was possible for the club to have given him, and where the danger to the rest would have been removed.

In future, the club should keep a sharp lookout and see that any person contracting a contagious disease is immediately sent to a hospital, for in so doing no injustice will be done the sufferer, and the safety of the club will not be endangered.

The announcement that all students of the University would be required to classify themselves in some way, next year, created a good deal of excitement among the members of that large class, the irregulars. Besides the regular preparatory and college classes, there is to be a special class for those students who have gained college standing, but who have some end in view for which they wish to take a special course. As we understand the arrangement, some liberty will be allowed in this change, so that no great disturbance need be looked for on the part of those who will attempt to comply with the regulations; and the rule once established, students can just as easily make themselves regular as to spread their work all over the course. With as wide a course as we have, and as much elective as we are permitted to choose from, we cannot reasonably ask for more latitude in our work. The evils that arise from such irregularities are growing, and in time would be a discredit to our institution, and we are glad to see a step taken to check them.

Before us we have a copy of the *Makio* or *Magic Mirror*. In typographical appearance it is faultless. The cuts are, as a rule, excellent in execution and design, and far superior to those of '80. The most of them are the work of one of our own students.

One of the best features of the *Makio* is the historical sketch of the Faculty, which contains, in a short space, much interesting information.

The histories of the literary societies and classes are very interesting, and will go a great way toward increasing the class and society spirit which are at present sadly lacking here.

The "faculty pokes" were also well selected, in most cases being very appropriate.

While we do not wish to be severe in our criticisms of the *Makio*, we think it will do no harm to call attention to some things which might have been left out without material detriment. Most of the hits are very funny, but a large number are extremely flat and far-fetched. Take, for instance, the comedy, on page 84. Five minutes of valuable time were lost patiently trying to see the point. The same may be said, still more appropriately, of the "Great Society Conflab," on pages 79-81.

It is greatly to the credit of the editors that the pages of the *Makio* are almost entirely free from instances in which they did not distinguish between "jokes" which are funny, which hurt no one, and over which all can laugh, and those which, although perhaps funny to the editors, are not at all so to those at whom they are aimed.

On the whole, the present *Makio* is undoubtedly better than the previous one, and the editors are to be congratulated upon the results of their labors.

The *Makio* is not yet an established college annual, which we confidently hope it will be; and if experience goes for anything, as it certainly does, the next *Makio* will be far better than either of its predecessors.

Considerable comment has been made upon the action of the Faculty in dropping the name of Mr. Davis from the list of students entitled to graduate, and upon its neglect to inform the gentleman that this would be done, in time for him to avert it by fulfilling the Faculty's demands.

Inquiry has shown that the Faculty could not well have done otherwise as regards the graduation of

the gentleman, for he had not done all the work which was necessary, and which the Faculty claims the gentleman knew must be done before he could graduate. In this lies the only point in favor of Mr. D. Did the Faculty assure him, through their committee, in a way he could not mistake, that this work would have to be done? Mr. D. is a hard-working student, and it is hardly probable that *knowingly* he would take it upon himself to ignore the demands of the Faculty, and to set their will or orders at defiance.

Yet the point remains that, whether knowingly or unknowingly, he did not do the work required, which is fully set forth in the catalogue courses of study, and therefore he was not entitled to a degree.

For a degree *means something*, and it would be an injury, both to the University and to Mr. D. to give him a diploma which says he has done things which he has not done.

It was a bad mistake all around, and probably one party is as much to blame as the other, but it will serve one end at least, inasmuch as it will cause future aspirants for graduation to examine their standing in college more closely, and also cause the Faculty committee not to give merely verbal reports to students, but statements written in a business-like manner, and not on fly-leaves of catalogues to be stuck away in a closet where the students will never see nor hear of them, as has been done before.

The time has come when a number of the present editorial board of THE LANTERN must lay down their goose-quills and retire from the scene of action and leave others to fill their places.

Some of those who now leave were on the board when THE LANTERN was but an experiment, and who, by their work and devotion, have made the paper a success, and placed it upon a firm footing; and hence it is with no little regret they resign into other hands that which they have builded, and that in which they have a great interest. Yet they have no fears for the future of THE LANTERN, for those who now have the paper in charge are well qualified, in every way, to continue the work which has been entrusted to them, and we may rest assured that THE LANTERN will not suffer in any way on account of the change.

Pleasant as has been this task, instructive and interesting as it has been, still it has not been wholly without its trials and discomforts.

There has been much hard and wearisome routine work ; meetings, at times which required sacrifices of other work, advertisements to be secured, subscriptions to be solicited, subscribers to be coaxed, proof to be read, and a thousand and one other things, little in themselves, but great in the aggregate.

There have been yawning columns to be filled with interesting matter when the editors have felt as uninteresting as possible. There have been many mistakes made, oftentimes bringing down the wrath of parties concerned upon unintentionally offending heads. Friends have been alienated when no offense was meant, and more than once the anger of the powers that be has been directed against them. Still such things are not entirely without accompanying profit, for it is only by their aid that we gather experience.

In bidding farewell the retiring editors would thank the students, and many others, for their support, pecuniarily and otherwise, without which THE LANTERN would long ago have been doomed to failure, and hope and believe they will give the next board the same hearty support ; and now, wishing the next board, and the students and professors all manner of success and happiness in their respective paths of life, we make our last bow, and say our last farewell.

THE CORRELATION OF INTELLECTUAL ENERGY.

PROF. T. C. MENDENHALL.

Nearly every college student has heard, or is destined to hear, much concerning the Correlation and Conservation of Physical Energy, but he is seldom reminded of the fact that very similar principles might be formulated in reference to that other and widely different form of work, which is dignified by the title of "Intellectual." Although the study of the performances of the human intellect has claimed and received the services of more men for more years than have all the physical sciences, it will be admitted that it has made, relatively, little progress. Mental science has yet to produce its Mayer and its Joule, who will assign definitive values to each of the various intellectual operations (and thus put a quietus upon all discussion over the relative values of a mathematical demonstration, a page of Latin prose, and the discovery of a previously undiscovered worm) or its Thompson, who will show that when all men become equally intellectual there will be no available intellect. But the interconvertibility of the various forms of physical

energy appear to the writer to find a well-established likeness in the realm of intellectual activity, which has not received the attention which it deserves, especially at the hands of young men by whom it is, indeed, a principle most worthy of careful consideration.

It is wisdom on the part of any young man to consider himself as belonging to the great majority. He is rarely willing to class himself with those, happily few in number, who are really incapable of the performance of any intellectual labor whatever, and it is extremely hazardous for him to begin life in the belief that he is among that vastly more select few made up of men who seem to be especially gifted in their power to do work in certain directions, and generally in those directions only. The number of young men now being educated who will, in the year 1910, be ranked as *really great* chemists, engineers, geologists, biologists, mathematicians, astronomers, physicists, linguists, Doctors of Medicine, or Divinity, lawyers, judges, statesmen, poets, essayists, artists, musicians, or *anything else*, is extremely small, but the number of those who will at that time rank as *really good* in one or another of the various occupations referred to, must necessarily be very large. Using the words in a widely different sense, it is a well-preached, if not a well-practiced doctrine, that it is better to be good than to be great. Using them in their present sense, it will be admitted that it is vastly easier.

To enter this latter class, then, every young man has a fighting chance. As to the particular path he shall pursue in reaching it, that is a matter of less importance than is generally imagined. In any or in all directions it is a question of work. And here, as in the doctrine of physical energy, in rising from a position of lower to one of higher potential, the expenditure of work is about the same by one path as by another. It is not affirmed that men are intellectually cast in the same mould, or that there are no instances of strongly developed tastes for particular kinds of work, or that heredity does not often exercise a controlling influence. In the nature of things, these and other modifying circumstances come into play. They sometimes point to future greatness at a very early period in life ; but very often, also, their importance is vastly overestimated. So often are these modifying circumstances referred to, and so important are they considered by young men that the doctrine of the Conservation of Intellectual Energy referred to above might almost be called a neglected principle. Its neglect is the cause of much indecision, fickleness and inefficiency during the college training, and often of a few wasted years after its close. During his collegiate training, a young man takes an elective, "to see how he likes it," and, after receiving his diploma he goes into some one of the professions for the same reason.

He forgets that success in any direction can only be reached by labor, and if he endeavors to "see how well he can do" whatever he undertakes to do, it doesn't matter so much what his task may be. One would be tolerably safe in saying that a given amount of hard work invested in any one of the liberal professions would bring to the investor the same relative rank which he might have attained had he chosen to expend it in another. If this be true, it is a mistake for a young man to waste much time in experimenting purely for the purpose of determining what particular occupation will suit him best. If he is destined to reach greatness in any special field of labor, its location has long ago been indicated to him in many ways and on many occasions. If not, and indeed in any case, let him understand that work is before him; hard work, which, although not always capable of exact numerical evaluation, is nevertheless measured by the world with a fair degree of accuracy; work which must be earnestly and honestly done. Let him recognize this, and ten chances to one he will win, against another who "waits for an inspiration." One other point in this connection deserves attention. It is *not* always advisable to look far into the future. The present is, after all, the important time. "Aim at the sun and you may hit the moon," is a maxim which has done great harm. It is only in poetry that the mountain-climber keeps his eye steadfastly fixed upon the summit. In real mountain-climbing it is a very different thing. Every step taken must be carefully studied, to see that it is at once safe and effective. The ground upon which you now stand is of more importance to you than is the summit of the mountain. It is only by carefully walking over that which lies nearest to you that any real progress is made. To do this requires work, and it is work for the present rather than the future; but if it be maintained steadily and honestly you may yet plant your feet upon the highest point. At any rate, it can be reached by no other process. When seen from a distance, men call it "genius," but Ik Marvel has furnished a motto fit for the halls of any college, where he says: "There is no genius like the genius of energy and industry."

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The first event of Commencement week was the Baccalaureate Sermon by President Scott delivered at the First Congregational Church Sunday evening, June 18th. The large audience room of the church was completely filled. The President's address was pronounced one of the most profound discourses ever heard from any pulpit in Columbus. His text was: "What is truth?" Lord Bacon was quoted: "Certainly there be some that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief." When you

ask any one what truth is, you scarcely ever get an answer which would be accepted by a very large number of people. The subject was considered as the embodiment and classification of clear, definite knowledge, first in its connection with the physical sciences, then as related to the mental and moral sciences. His illustrations of the illusions of all things in the physical world were drawn from various departments of science, mostly, however, from that of zoology, because of the close relations to human life shown there. Things were dealt with only as they are found by those experimenting in the sciences. The final resting place of such a seeker for truth is in what he can know by the sense of feeling, seeing, hearing, and the like. The difficulty of getting at the truth through any of these senses was shown. So appearances can not be taken as final knowledge.

The subject was next considered in its intricate and subtle mental relations. Asking the question: "Is there anything common to all creeds and doctrines upon which the human soul can build its temples?" The answer was that there was but one thing—man's conviction of his own existence and his sense of dependence upon something outside of himself.

Beliefs are of three kinds. First, that arrived at through the sense of perception. He knows that he sees, and that something external to himself causes the seeing. He may not always be right, but there is no doubt of his sight. Second, his belief in the intellect. There are many things which he knows for which no argument is needed to convince him. It is this which identifies itself with belief. You can not argue this belief out of him. Third, moral intuition—every man believes that some things are right and some are wrong. He may be mistaken as to what is right and what is wrong, but he has no doubt that some things are right and others wrong.

The conclusion was that Jesus alone answered the question when he said: "I am the truth." There is no such thing as objective truth detached from the intellect. There is no other truth we can know except the truth we can live. Be true and trust God's leading.

President Scott then addressed the members of the graduating class in the following words:

My Young Friends of the Graduating Class:

It seems only a few years to me since I was seated as you are now to receive such parting words of counsel as you have come to receive to-night. And I am sure I highly appreciate the fact that this is the first class to whom it has been my privilege thus to speak. The last cord will soon be broken and you will go out into the world to struggle alone. The hands of parents and teachers will always be held out to help you, but still you will more and more learn to know that you must care for yourselves and depend upon yourselves. It will be painful for you to discover that the world knows nothing of you, and that it cares nothing whatever for you. Do not think that the struggling people who will be in competition with you will treat you with the same consideration and charity that your friends and teachers have done. You will either succeed or fail. All you do you must do yourselves. All positions in life, even the most humble, have their difficulties and they must be overcome by conquering. The world will never submit except to those who conquer it. You may experience the delight of a noble soul who has surmounted all difficulties. When you go out into the world see to it that you will not be conquered. Don't rely on others. There is nothing by which you can conquer except your own heart. There is no power in any of the difficulties which you will meet, which can overcome a faithful heart. You have learned much useful knowledge, but you will discover that there is a vast, an immeasurably

vast amount of which you are as yet entirely ignorant. Let me plead with you to seek none for selfish ends, but for your spiritual welfare. Be fearless for the truth. You will find it in you, if you be what you seem. May God reward you for all honest efforts, and may you be successful.

HORTON COMMENCEMENT.

The Hortons gave their third annual Commencement in the College lecture-room on Monday evening, June 19.

The lecture-room was well filled with the best people of the city.

Rev. Francis Mason Hall, of Newark, delivered a very eloquent address. Subject: "*The worth of the individual man.*"

The valedictory delivered by Mr. Wilgus, of the graduating class, was well received.

The Society certainly can congratulate itself upon the music. Professor Ebeling, assisted by Miss Comstock; Messrs. Lewis and Homer, gave one of the best entertainments of this class with which the College has ever yet been favored.

The Horton Society is now one of the "fixed" institutions of the College, and by its arduous and untiring efforts, it has established itself in the good graces of the people of the city, and henceforth it may rest assured that any and all of its invitations will be gladly responded to.

Let each member return this fall with the full determination to do his part in the regular work of the Society, and to replace and make good the losses it has sustained during the year just completed.

CLASS DAY.

Every circumstance seemed to stand around determined to make the Class Day of '82 a success. The sun was brilliant, yet it was delightfully cool, and the campus never presented a prettier scene than on Tuesday afternoon, June 20th.

The following programme, interspersed with the music of the band, was given:

Class History.....	Fred Keffer.
Class Oration.....	Willis Fay.
Class Prophecy.....	Horace L. Wilgus.
Address.....	Pres. W. W. Donham.

All the speakers were listened to with the closest attention, and the frequent smiles and laughter showed that the hits were duly appreciated. The veracity of the historian, his close adherence to facts, his long and exhaustive researches into the minutest details of '82 life, mark him as the veritable observing angel of history. When the prophet appeared clad in faultless Prince Albert coat, a slight thrill of disappointment was felt. All had supposed that he would come out in the true garments of the tribe, but when it was found that he only told the story as the Guardian Angel of '82 unveiled it from papyrus rolls to him, the matter was understood. Since through the courtesy of both historian and prophet both papers are herein published, THE LANTERN will refrain from further comments on the subject matter. '82 is to be congratulated that all passed off so auspiciously, and the custom inaugurated by the efforts of the class of '81, will indeed become a College custom. Surprise and delight were expressed on all sides at the improved playing of the band. It is earnestly hoped that next year may see them all returned, and the valuable experience of this year may not be lost to the band as a whole, for it certainly can not to the individual members.

ATHLETICS.

Shortly after three o'clock the crowd moved to the new grounds of the Athletic Association, to the east of the main building, where everything was in readiness for the

second annual contest for the Franklin prize, offered by Prof. A. H. Tuttle, to the best general athlete.

The new grounds were entirely enclosed, thus avoiding the annoyance experienced on previous occasions, of crowding in upon contestants and judges.

While the crowd, numbering upwards of fifteen hundred persons, was ranging itself along the rope stretched across the west side of the quarter mile track, an interesting exhibition was given upon the horizontal bar by Messrs. Reeves, Esterly, Haig and Silcott. At the close of this performance the regular programme for the afternoon was commenced.

The weather could not have been more favorable than it was on Class Day. The sun was hidden from view behind the clouds almost the entire afternoon; the air was quiet, and just comfortably warm; altogether making it the most delightful day of Commencement week.

The first event was the hundred yards dash. Entries—Keene, Moore, Reeves, Devol, A. J. Heinlein, Ballard, Hein, Shepherd, Howell, Vanderburg, Woods. First, Jacob Shepherd; second, A. J. Heinlein. Time, 12 seconds.

Second event—Putting heavy shot. Weight of shot twenty-two pounds. Entries—Fawcett, C. C. Miller, A. J. Heinlein, J. Shepherd. Shepherd first, Heinlein second. Greatest distance, 21 feet, 9 inches.

Running hop, step and jump. Entries—Woods, Cottingham, Fawcett, Ballard, A. J. Heinlein, S. S. Devol. Heinlein first, Cottingham second. Greatest distance, 37 feet 6 inches.

Third mile run. Entries—Munsey, Devol, Heinlein, Howell, Shepherd. S. S. Devol first, Shepherd second. Time, 1:33½.

Pole vaulting. Entries—Al. A. Moore and Charles Esterly. Greatest height, 8 feet, 8 inches, by Charles Esterly.

The tug of war between Alcyone and Horton Literary Societies, which followed, was one of the most interesting features of the afternoon. Twenty men were chosen on each side. The tug lasted about five minutes, resulting in favor of the Hortons.

Mile walk. Entries—Munsey, Heilman, S. S. Devol, and D. Dun. Munsey withdrew during first lap. Devol first, Dun second. Time, 10:8½.

Running broad jump. Entries—Nauman, Heinlein, Moore, and Ballard. Heinlein first, Moore second. Distance, 15 feet, 7 inches.

Running high jump. Entries—Fawcett, Nauman, Vanderburg, Ballard, Heinlein, Devol, Keene, and Moore. S. S. Devol first, Keene second. Greatest height, 4 feet, 8 inches.

Standing broad jump. Entries—Haig, Fawcett, Cottingham, Keene, Ballard, Heinlein, Moore, and Devol. Fawcett first, S. S. Devol second. Distance, 9 feet, 1 inch.

The Knight's tournament, which followed, caused a great deal of amusement to all present. H. P. Paiste, mounted upon the shoulders of Cottingham, and armed with a stuffed sack on the end of a broom, charged upon Esterly, who was mounted upon Fawcett, and armed in a similar manner. After a struggle of considerable length, Mr. Paiste succeeded in dismounting his opponent.

Next event—two miles go-as-you-please. Entries—Munsey, Howells, and Devol. Munsey first, Devol second. Time, 13 minutes, 40 seconds.

Throwing heavy hammer. Weight of hammer nine pounds. Entries—Shepherd, Cottingham, Heinlein, Floyd, and Fawcett. Cottingham first, Fawcett second. Greatest distance, 93 feet, 8 inches.

The closing event of the programme was the hurdle race. Distance, one hundred and twenty yards. There were eight entries. Hine first, Keene second. Time, 17 seconds.

Upon counting up the various records, the judges awarded the gold medal to S. S. Devol. Prof. Tuttle then presented the Franklin prize in a neat and appropriate speech, during which he stated that although he did not expect to be present at the next June Field Day, yet the Franklin prize would be there.

Three rousing cheers were given for Mr. Devol, and three for Prof. Tuttle. The victor was then raised upon the shoulders of some of his fellow students and paraded in triumph, while the band struck up a lively air. Thus ended the most pleasant and successful meeting of the Athletic Association that has yet been held.

ALCYONE COMMENCEMENT.

Alcyone Literary Society tried the experiment of holding her commencement exercises in the city, instead of the usual place, in the lecture room of the University. The result fully compensated for the extra expense incurred by this arrangement.

The field sports of the afternoon, extending far into the evening, kept many away who would otherwise have attended the Society commencement. As it was, however, the lower part of Comstock's Opera-house was comfortably filled.

Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus opened the meeting by prayer, after which the President of the Society gave a brief sketch of the history of Alcyone, in which he referred to the object of its organization and some of the work that has been accomplished by the society since its foundation. He closed his remarks by introducing the speaker of the evening, Hon. Samuel F. Hunt, of Cincinnati.

The address of Mr. Hunt was a scholarly production, and showed the speaker to be an able and faithful student of history. His subject was: "*The duty of the educated young men of America to their country.*" A brief abstract, which could only be given in this notice, would not do justice to the production.

The speaker was listened to with the closest attention throughout, and was several times interrupted in the course of his remarks by the applause of the audience.

The Cadet orchestra furnished excellent selections at intervals throughout the evening, adding much to the enjoyment of the entertainment.

The exercises closed at 9:30. The Society has reason to feel encouraged over the result of her new venture.

NINTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

Early in the afternoon of the 21st the people began to assemble on the University grounds to witness the closing scenes of Commencement week.

The exercises began shortly after two o'clock, with military maneuvers by the University Cadets. The Battalion, under command of Lieut. Ruhlen, marched down to the entrance to the College grounds to receive the State Officers and Trustees. They came in carriages. The State Officers who arrived were: Secretary of State Townsend, Auditor Ogilvie, Attorney General Nash, and Assistant Adjutant General Axline. They were escorted to the College, the band playing and colors flying, and were received at the main entrance by Prest. Scott and members of the Faculty. Taking their places at the central entrance, they, together with the large crowd of visitors, witnessed the military movements and dress parade for about an hour. The boys acquitted themselves with credit.

About three o'clock there was a great rush for the lecture room. It was very soon filled to its utmost capacity, and hundreds were turned away, unable to get in at all. Fortunately for the comfort of the audience, the day was not extremely warm. The lecture room was neatly festooned with evergreens, while the Battalion flags adorned the wall above the rostrum. The exercises were opened

by prayer by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, after which the programme was immediately begun, under the direction of Prest. Scott.

The following programme, consisting of orations and essays, by the graduating class, was carried out:

The Puritans.....	William W. Donham.
The Place of Latin and Greek in Education.....	F. W. Fay.
Woman's Sphere.....	Miss S. Glover.
Free Inquiry.....	Irwin Linson.
Character.....	John A. McDowell.
The Offices of the Imagination.....	Miss Cora Warner.
Moral Force.....	Horace L. Wilgus.

Two of the class presented theses to the Faculty, one on Climate and Disease, by Oliver L. Fassig, the other on Plans and Estimates for the Construction of a Blast Furnace, by Frederick Keffer.

The President then presented the diplomas, and conferred upon the graduates, by the recommendation of the Faculty and the authority of the Board, degrees as follows: Oliver L. Fassig, Bachelor of Sciences; Frederic Keffer, Mining Engineer; David O'Brine, (post graduate) Mining Engineer; Wm. W. Donham, Bachelor of Sciences; F. Willis Fay, Bachelor of Arts; Miss Sioux Glover, Bachelor of Sciences; Irwin Linson, Bachelor of Arts; John A. McDowell, Bachelor of Sciences; Miss Cora Warner, Bachelor of Philosophy; Horace L. Wilgus, Bachelor of Sciences. After a few parting words of sound advice to the outgoing students, the President read from manuscript his carefully prepared and exhaustive inaugural address. The address dealt with the plans of the Government, and the necessity of colleges for its maintenance. It referred at length to the O. S. University in its relation to the Government, and to the State; what it accomplishes, and the benefits derived from it by the people of the State. Notwithstanding its great length, the address was listened to with close attention throughout, and heartily applauded at the close.

The President of the Board of Trustees having been called away, Judge Anderson was called upon to represent the Board, and made a few remarks.

Hon. Charles Townsend, Secretary of State, was next called upon and responded with a few happy remarks, recounting his relations with the University while a member of the Legislature. He was followed by State Auditor Ogilvie.

Rev. Hirst pronounced the benediction, and at six o'clock the large audience was dismissed. The hour from six to seven was delightfully spent at the residence of the President, where a reception was tendered to the class and the friends of the University.

The time was spent in disposing of refreshments, and taking leave of friends and college associates.

The entire exercises of the afternoon passed off very pleasantly, and were enjoyed by all.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '82.

O. S. U.

BY FRED. KEFFER.

Now it came to pass, that in the early years of the reign of Edward, the King (surnamed Pexy, the First), there came from strange and distant lands a multitude of people seeking passage and guides through the kingdom. For in those days the land of Edward was but little known amongst the children of men, and but few tarried there; and the roads and courses through the departments or counties of the kingdom, though

doubtless visible to King Edward and his councilors, were dim and uncertain in the sight of the people—hard to find and hard to keep. Moreover, those roads and courses often suffered change; for the servants of the King's household and his near councilors were in those old days possessed by the evil spirit of unrest, whose ruling passion found expression in the words: "Give unto me a change, if only for the change's sake;" and it was whispered by the people that the King himself was possessed by the *Demon*. So the King's voice was moved by the voice of his councilors and the clamor of his household, and some paths and courses were destroyed, others changed, and others extended into the wilderness, wherein the feet of man had trodden not before; and all this without ceasing.

Now, when the multitude of strangers had assembled before the palace, then Edward, the King, arrayed in royal purple and fine linen of Egypt, appeared before them at the casement of his chamber, and cried: "Whither go ye?"

And they answered, saying: "O, most high and mighty King, we come from out the four winds of heaven to seek passage and a guide through your broad realm to the Land of Promise, which lieth beyond, for the only road to the Land lieth through your kingdom. Therefore, O gracious King, help us, for thou canst best of all."

Then Edward, the King, was moved, and he felt deep compassion for the wanderers, and straightway resolved to grant them all that which they had asked. But that he might test their courage, mind and worth, he led them into a dim and remote *den* in his palace, and said unto each of them singly: "Book me a book which shall contain all thy knoweldge of the Kingdoms of the World, and of their people, for if thou canst not this, thou art not worthy to travel throughtout *my* kingdom, and to go amongst *my* people."

And they booked the King books, but some he cast out, and to the authors thereof he cried: "Begone, I have done with ye." And as he spoke these words, a gleaming, glowing hand of flame wrote on the wall in letters of fire, "*Mene, mene, tekel upharsin.*" So they departed sadly.

Again the King said: "Book me books which shall be filled with thy knowledge of the tongue of my people, and also books which shall contain the mysteries of the squares of Alpha, and the magic roots of Omega, which great Hermes Trismegistus and Theon of old, derived from the secret language of the glistening stars of heaven, and heard in the mighty music of the spheres." And they booked the King the books he asked, yet unto some Edward cried, "Begone;" and again the writing on the walls of the den shone forth in glittering brightness, and those unto whom the King spoke went weeping away.

Now, when King Edward had done these things, he spoke unto those who remained, and comforted them, and unto each he assigned a guide, and set faces in the right way. Then the King said: "Fare ye well. In three months' time I and my servants will come before ye with new tasks and questions, and ye shall tell me of your journey, and what ye have seen and heard on your way."

And it came to pass, as Edward had said, and when three months had flown away, the King and his servants appeared before them and bade them render up their account. But some failed, and a great chasm opened before them and they were swallowed up in the depths of the earth, and were lost to the sight of men forever. Others, well mounted on *horseback*, escaped by leaping the chasm, supported by their noble animals. But they who had done as the King commanded, received his blessing, and went their way in peace.

Now, in this manner, they journeyed onward ever nearing the desired gates which opened from the domain of Edward, the King, into the Promised Land of Life—those wonderful gates which are framed of sheep-skin, backed by *Boards* of Trustees and Instructors, hinged on examinations, and which open to those who *pass*, and to bold horsemen. And also it came to pass, that at the end of each three months of their journey, the King and his servants appeared before them and commanded them to render up an account of their travels; for the King was not to be moved by tears nor supplications, and smote all who obeyed him not with death.

Now it happened that during the earlier years of their journey, these travelers went apart from each other, and enjoyed not each other's companionship; and each was a power unto himself, and went a separate way from the rest. Then Edward, the King, said: "This should not be. I will cause them to come together and enjoy each other's companionship, and to aid each other in their journey to the Land of Promise, which lieth beyond the sheep-skin gates of commencement."

And as the King said, so was it fulfilled, and in this manner: On a bright day in May eighteen travelers, who thought that two more years of travel would bring them to their journey's end, met in the porch of an ancient tavern, well known to the people round about by its swaying, weather-beaten sign of "The Mug and Millikin." Now among them was a certain man by the name of Jones (surnamed Willis, the Silent); and Willis was tall and towering, as if he were born to command.

"So beautiful and bright he stood,
As bound to rule the storm,
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud and manly form."

And well versed in craft was he, and logical sequences filled his daily meditations, and to contemplate the ineffable was his chief joy. Therefore, because Willis was so learned and so worldly wise, the travelers cried unto him as with a single voice, "O, thou great and incomparable Willis, be our *Moses* and lead us through the wilderness of the land of Edward into the Land of Promise, which lieth beyond." And it was as the people wished, and Willis was made *Moses*. Thereupon others of the travelers were chosen to aid and counsel the chief, and soon the little band took up its march, the pilgrims cheering and consoling each other with hopeful tales of the glory of the Promised Land.

Now it came to pass that when they had traveled together for six months they beheld in a field to their right a *Will-o'-the-Wisp* (called by some the Jack-o'-the-Lantern, or more briefly THE LANTERN) and immediately were they seized with a desire to possess the bright and shining light, that they might better see their way to the glorious country. Then spoke their *Moses*, saying: "It is written by the wise men and by the astrologers that none but the fairies can secure the *Will-o'-the-Wisp*. Therefore will we send our airy fairy, *Fay*, to seize it." And it happened as the astrologers had written, and the Lantern was seized by *Fay*; but the Genii of the Lamp rebuked him and would not suffer his light to be taken; so the *Fay* returned disconsolate. Then said *Moses*: "We will send our stout *Oliver*." And *Oliver* was sent, but the Genii of the Lantern rebuked *him*, saying: "Vile worm, who art *thou*, that thou presumest to seize upon my Light. I am the slave of the Lamp, and do the bidding of its master, *my* master, as do all the other slaves of the Lamp; but *thou* art not my master." Thus the slave of the Lamp cast a deep spell over stout *Oliver*, so that unto this day he has continued to do the bidding of the Genii of the Lantern. For although the travelers, in a body, made bold to seize upon the Lamp, thus uniting strength, availed nothing, and *Oliver* remained a slave. The capture of *Oliver* was but the forerunner of woe, for it is written, "troubles come not as single spies, but as battalions." First of all, Willis, their beloved *Moses*, was carried away. But not of sickness was he taken. For a little winged *God* wantonly killed him, by shooting him through the heart with an arrow. Then the Patriarch from Mexico, the venerable Don Ham, was made *Moses* instead. Then the Chief Scribe of *Moses* the First was carried away in the vortex of Fashion, and great was the sorrow felt, and many were the tears shed by *Moses*, the Second, and his followers, "all on account of *Eliza*." And then the good Sir George and his brother, St. John *Dunstan*, lay down to sleep

by the wayside and wolves came and devoured them.

Then the sharp and bright *Spear*, the green and waving *Reed*, and the festive *Langfitt* grew weary of this journey and betook their way out of the kingdom of Edward by a very short cut. Now as the travelers journeyed forward they came to a great rock, which lay across the path and which is called the "Setback Rock." And boldly Don Ham strode forward and smote the rock, crying: "Open Sesame." Then the rock opened and all had passed safely, save Jovial *Fritzy*, Sweet *Parle R*, and Sir *Van*, when lo and behold, the rock closed and shut them out. In vain did they call upon King Edward. In vain did they smite the rock and cry "Open Sesame." King Edward heeded not, and Sesame opened not, and so they died miserably. Now as they who had escaped the rock journeyed onward, there appeared in the path a sign board, bearing the words, "To a Gold Mine in the Rocky Mountains." And greedy for gold, the platonic *Brotherton* turned aside, and presently fell headlong down a precipice and expired in woe. Soon in the path there appeared a certain foreigner, who required homage from all who passed. But one traveler could not make peace with him and fled away in terror. Then was the wrath of the wanderers and their *Moses* stirred up, and they sought to smite the foreigner. And the foreigner was sore afraid and fled to distant lands and died.

And it came to pass that as they journeyed on, a great change came over the Kingdom of Edward. For weary of his rule, Edward the King abdicated his throne and went far away to dig and delve among the dry bones of past ages, and to commune with the *Iquauodon*, and to question *Paradoxides* and King *Walter* (surnamed *Prexy*, the Second,) reigned after him. And *Walter*, the King, summoned the travelers to the Land of Promise, before him and spake unto them, saying, "Book me books which shall contain the sum of the wisdom ye have gained whilst in my kingdom and among my people, for unless ye do this, as I command, ye can not pass without my gates." Appalled at the magnitude of the task, they began to do as the King had commanded, and they found it much lighter than they had believed, and they praised the name of the King and extolled his wisdom and power. And even unto this day, these books may be found in King *Walter's* archives, the wonder and amazement of all who behold them.

Now, those who passed from the land of *Walter* the King, through the sheepskin gates unto the Promised Land were these:

First came *Senior* Don Ham, and right noble and glorious *Senior* was he. Haughty and proud, he passed out amid the shouts of the multitude, with calm, un-

ruffled brow, serene in the sense of his towering height above the vulgar herd about. Like Moses, he had guided his flock through the wilderness of King Walter's land, and the proud reward of victory was his own.

Hand in hand walked the sisters of the little band. One with flaxen hair, was very pale, as if tired of travel, and with quiet and thoughtful mein walked with eyes cast on the ground as if unconscious of those about her. And indeed she *was* unconscious of them, for her soul was in rapt contemplation of the extacy of the hour when she should receive the divine afflatus, and discover *Truth*, eternal and sublime.

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless,
Love is eternal,
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us."

The other sister was not thus burdened. Straight she gazed in the faces of those about with defiance depicted in her countenance, and an exultant smile occasionally played over her face as she thought of the many trials and hardships she had undergone to reach the gates. And the multitude about her were awed and fell back in confusion, and she let fall the hand of her sister, and went forth "dread fathomless alone."

The next who came was, as his name indicates, a Fay. Light and athletical, his favorite pursuit was building castles in the air, and with a critic's eye he scanned the gates as he passed to determine whether this style of architecture was Gothic, Ionic, Doric, Corinthian, or American. For the Fay was to be an architect and an artist, and with an artist's eye he had viewed the cities of the kingdom and had said in his heart: "All is here money. There is neither art nor taste displayed in the dwellings of the people. I shall go forth and shall teach them the glory and purity hid in a quarry of stone, and I shall tell them of the wonderful possibilities concealed in a kiln of dull red bricks. I shall teach them to

"Give to barrows, trays and pans,
Grace and glimmer of romance,"

and I shall reveal unto them all the soul of feeling which may be made to swell forth by the proper disposition of a lumber pile." And with a sweet smile the Fay spread his wings and vanished from the sight of the people.

The next who came forth from the gates was one of whom Chaucer has said:

"Sownynge in moral virtue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and teche."

His name was Wilgus (surnamed Horace, or Wiggleus, the Fiend). And Horace was short and his frame well knit, and his raven hair was cut bias, and a pair of specs adorned his inquiring nose. But it is written, "We cannot tell by the looks of a toad how far he can jump."

And Horace had made up his mind to be a subtle cunning lawyer, and from a lawyer to rise to a judge, and from a judge to a governor, and from a governor to a president. Under his arm he had some books, a psychology, a railroad report, a Mills' Logic, a Tennyson's Poems, and a Blackstone's Commentaries. In a decided manner he trod the earth, and as he passed into the crown, he was heard to sing: "Great oaks from little acorns grow."

Next came forth Samson, surnamed Irwin. And Irwin's manner was timid, and he shrank from the gaze of the multitude. Yet he was not afraid, for it is written, "The heart of a lion may be concealed under the coat of a rat." And Irwin had a melancholy appearance, and a far away look in his eyes, for he also was one of the seekers after truth, sublime, unchangeable, and eternal; and he spent his days and his nights pouring over musty metaphysics, dry bones, philosophies and unanswerable logics. And as he went he sang, (as the people stopped their ears).

"Patience is powerful,
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations,
Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the spirit,
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is."

Then came the wonderful McDonald (surnamed Jack), and as Jack stepped forth, the earth, the air, and fire, and water cried: "Behold! our King." And time and space shrank back and were sore afraid, and the red lightnings crouched before their master, for when he was young—

"Nature, the old nurse, took
Jack upon her knee
Saying: 'Here is a story book
Thy father has written for thee.'"

"Come wander with me," she said,
"Into regions untrod,
And read what is unread,
In the manuscripts of God."

"And he wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sung to him night and day,
The rhymes of the universe."

Close after Jack came Fassig (surnamed Oliver), and Oliver went forth quiet but determined, for it needed determination to do what he had undertaken to do. For stout Oliver had resolved to bridle the hurricane, to overcome the surging ocean of air by means of the swift lightnings, to make rain fall when needed, and to make it stop when not needed, (hence this fine Class Day). To out-do Vennor was his ambition, and therefore Vennor trembled as Oliver passed from out the land of Walter the King.

And "last of all came Satan also." No comments or description is needed, for "he that hath eyes let him see," but "judge not lest ye be judged."

PROPHECY.

Fellow Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen:

One evening I sat alone in my room, thinking of the day's doings and its meaning. Outside, the rain seemed designed to "work a spell" of reflection in me. Gradually the twilight deepened into darkness, and the shadows closed around me; no light relieved the darkness round about me save a few stray rays from the lamp without, and the occasional flicker of the fire before me.

Silently I mused—thought of friends far away and friends close by—recalled with pleasure the days of childhood, and trembled at the demands of manhood; reviewed the lives of former class-mates and school-mates, and noted the places into which Time's unswerving hand had led them; thought of my present class, and of my present class-mates, their hopes and their fears, their longings and their desires, their peculiarities and their powers; and wondered, and wondered, what the future had in store for them.

Tired, at last, by gazing on the monotonous glow of the coals, now altogether unrelieved by a single flicker, I was soon lulled into a deeper reverie by the music of the rain drops in the court without. Slowly perception and sensation faded away, and I was no longer clogged in a material world, but my spirit roamed free in the boundless realms of an etherial one. Fastly flitted before me the fantastic forms of thousands of fairies. But I seemed borne on, and on, and on, through untold spaces, until I was in the very centre of "Being's endless chain," breathing the fragrant air of the primeval morning, and feeling the deep pulse beats of Life's primordial power. Untrammelled by the gross vibrations necessary for sound in the material world, my soul heard afar off the sweet strains of spiritual music: gradually louder and louder, and sweeter and sweeter grew the splendid harmony, until at length, the music ceasing, there appeared before me an Angel of matchless beauty, with long golden wings and robe of purest white. Hope, unalloyed, beamed forth from his bright face. On his head was a simple crown of pearls, with the word "Truth" set in sparkling diamonds, and in his hands he bore nine laurel wreathes.

"My friend," said he, "I see that thou wouldst penetrate into the very heart of Being, and solve its mystery; that thou wouldst read the Future, and be a messenger of hope to those who have, for a short time, been walking across the stage of life with thee. Come with me. I am the Guardian Angel of thy class. On earth, where thou art from, I am called Honesty, but in this bright world I am called Truth. The music which thou heardst was the "music of the spheres," which always sing paeans of glory to honest workers. Wreathes of laurel are given unto the worthy only, and hence thy life and the lives of thy fellows have not so far been unworthy. But thou wouldst go further and penetrate into the deepest depths of what is yet to be. Come with me and it shall be revealed unto thee. Thou dost already see

'Over thy head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens.'

They, moving silently in their unperturbed courses, have molded the lives of those who have gone before, and shall mold the destinies of those who shall come

after, through all the ages of Eternity. Come, and thou shalt hear the things that thou wouldst know, from the lips of him who alone on earth,

—'amid discordant noises,
In the jostling throng,
Heard afar celestial voices,
Of Olympian song.' "

Then was I borne adown the stream of Time, through ages and ages, until I felt again the presence of the material world, and breathed earth's purest air, sweetened with the delightful odors of a tropical land: and before me was a rich carpeting of verdure and waving harvests, through which the "Lordly Nile," Uraeus-like, wound his way to the Inland sea. At last I rested in the room of a temple,—the great temple of Karnak, the revered sanctuary of Ammon Ra. It was evening. The light of the full moon, just peering over the horizon of the Arabian mountains, darting its silver ray athwart the narrow porticoes of the temple-palaces of the City of Ammon, disclosing the pure and severely simple outlines of the architecture, half revealing the inscriptions on rose-tinted obelisks, surrounding the giant heads of sphinxes and colossi with a subdued halo, stopping for a moment to dance and sparkle on the still waters of the Sacred River, and gilding the pyramidal peaks of the Libyan Chain, at last passed beyond out of sight.

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

I was in Thebes, the "hundred-gated city," built and embellished by twelve generations of kings. The Nile, pursuing his north-easterly course, plowed across the vast amphitheatre of the valley. In divers directions the traffic lines led away to Soudan, to the Nubian table lands, to the Red Sea, and to the mines of Troglodytes. Hundreds of palaces, enclosed by fresh thickets of palms and mimosas, bedecked with parterres skillfully designed, and mirrored in the blue waters of capacious basins of marble and porphyry, rivalled each other in splendor and display. As the moon ascended higher in the heavens, the Royal Necropolis to the west was brought into view, and as the mighty masses of sandstone, of marble, and of porphyry, and of black and rose-colored granite, reared in gigantic temples, hewn in vast pylons, carved in obelisks, sphinxes, colossi, became more visible—there was revealed more plainly the material envelope of the Empire's mysterious soul.

In front, an avenue of sacred rams, and to the left, a double row of lions, emblematic of courage, led up to the temple in which I was. To the right could be seen the mighty columns of the "Hypostylic Hall." Nearer, and slightly back, was the Caratyidian hall of Thotmes, with its silvered obelisks, golden tipped. Further away, on the right, could be seen only a glimpse of Pentaur's poem of the deeds of Rameses, engraved upon the wall of the temple. Immediately at my right was the Sanctuary of the Gods, with its altar of porphyry. I was in the "Chamber of Ancestors:" decorated, as it was, by all the pearls and corals of Erythrean seas, and all the emeralds of Troglodytes accumulated through the ages of the Pharaoh Kings; with the cuirass and buckler; with the lance, sword and battle-ax; with scythe and sickle; with the tall staff and the strong staff—ensigns of em-

pire,—it bespoke the sacredness of the place in which I was, and the majesty of the Empire's civilization. The throne of ivory was there, with its ebony supports, with gilded reliefs of the sphinx, the emblem of wisdom, carved upon them. The images of Isis and Osiris were there; the image of Tmei, the Goddess of Justice, was there; and so, Hor-Meni, the Sun God of Truth, with his outstretched arms and expanded wings, was there.

To the left was a door that opened into the "Grotto of Purity and Love," in which, from all the ornaments on the pillars down to the minutest adornment of the chiseled and frescoed walls, there was revealed the tender and reverential associations of thought that take place between the companionships of youth. In front of me there was a second entrance, adorned with variegated carvings of perfect workmanship. Above the door, in a various admixture of copper and gold, malachite and lapis lazuli, was carved the inscription: "The Dwelling Place of the Soul," "The Sanctuary of Ammon Ra."

At this time, there entered, by another door, a man of dark complexion, tall and slender figure, gentle and regular countenance, clear cut eyes, straight nose, with plaited hair, and dressed in a linen tunic of purest white, fringed around the bottom. His head was adorned by two ostrich plumes, signifying Justice, and over his shoulders the leopard's skin was thrown. It was Trismegistus, three times greatest Hermes.

And thus addressed him, my Angel guide: "Vouchsafe, O mighty Hermes! thou, who art on earth the representative of Imothis, the supreme Intellect in whom all other intellects are summed up, to tell unto him whom I have led unto thine abode, the things that he would learn, for thou already knowest his mission here."

"It shall be done," answered the prophet; hearing which, my guide departed. Saying nothing, the prophet laid aside his cloak of leopard's skin and entered into the "Dwelling Place of the Soul."

As the door opened, the subdued and mellow light of the moon, entering through apertures curiously cut in the upper part of the cornice, revealed to view a blue vaulted ceiling studded with the golden stars of the celestial constellations, and illuminated the reliefs and tintings of the great mural scenes, that were in majestic concordance with the legends of Ammon Ra. And there were depicted upon the floor of mosaic marble the fauna and flora of To-Nuter, the "Divine Land." Many golden censers were placed in the sanctuary, above one of which was the image of Ammon, the God of Life. Casting some fragrant balls of Kyphi on the censer and lighting them, the prophet knelt down before the image of Ammon, and thus addressed him:

"Thou who art the one unconditioned Force which brought all things into life; Thou who art unique, universal, uncreate, the author of Thy own being,

"Before beginning, and without end,"

grant, I pray Thee, that I may read aright the thoughts which Thou hast written in the universal harmony of Thy creation, and which twinkle forth in silent grandeur from the crystal palace of the sky. And allow that Imothis, Thy servant, shall confer upon me the aid

of his supreme Intellect to interpret the things that I shall behold; and, also, that Phtah shall lend his creative essence that I may perform the things which Thou has put upon me with perfection and truth."

Arising then and advancing, the prophet closed the door, and for a time all was silent. At last the door opened, and Hermes was again before me, bearing in his hand nine papyrus rolls, on which in mystic diagrams were drawn the horoscopes of the members of the class of 1882. Advancing and taking up the crosier, the insignia of his priestly dignity, and casting the leopard's skin again across his shoulders, he seated himself in an ebony chair.

When thus seated, he spoke as follows: "The things which thou wouldst know have been unveiled to me. Listen, and thou shalt hear: In far off ages a new land shall be discovered, and they shall call its name America. And the River of Prosperity shall run through that land, and all the people thereof shall rejoice. And they shall build colleges for to educate youths, and great good will be done thereby; and the people shall be repaid an hundred-fold; for it shall come to pass that when the sun shall be ready to enter the gates of Cancer, and the holy star of Isis shall roll the cycles round about the earth until it shall be pierced by that spoke of Time marked A. D, 1882, nine youthful persons shall celebrate the commencement of their journey of life. And the people shall come from the north, and from the south, and from the east, and from the west, and from many lands afar off, and great will be the day thereof.

And one of these youths shall be called William, the Worthy. The lesser Fortune shall be the Lord of his ascendant. And he shall be a great teacher; and his fame shall go out through the land; and the people shall send their children unto him to be brought up in the way they should go; and they shall not be deceived; and his youthful days shall be embittered, for the women shall mistreat him; but thirty days after his birth Jupiter will be in the seventh house, and hence after his thirtieth year he shall marry an excellent wife, who will be able to support him, and much will be his pleasure ever after; and he shall enjoy honor in his old age; and the children's children of those of whom he shall teach shall be told the tales of his goodness, even unto the third generation.

And as there was revealed unto me the character of the next, the very stars did tremble, and the moon grew pale, so great was their consternation at the ruler which shall be placed over them. He shall be born on Thursday, and be greater than Thor. At his command,

"The prospect of the sky, that erst was clear
Will with a lowering countenance appear;
The deeps will roar, the heights will stand amaze,
And moon and stars upon each other gaze."

The fifth day of the month shall mark his birth, and in all the books it is written:

"Beware the fifth, with horror fraught and woe;
'Tis said the Furies walk their round below,
Avenging the dread oath, whose awful birth
From discord rose to scourge the perjured earth."

But it shall not be so with him, for his name shall be Oliver—an olive branch—and he will be propitious, and will make the sun to shine on the good alone,

and the rain to fall on the just only, for by hydrometers, barometers and thermometers shall he regulate the weather.

And the weather, therefore and then,
Will be made t' suit all honest men.

And then will the River of Prosperity flow full, and will transport the products of the people unto the land of King Dollar; and the people shall praise Oliver evermore.

And there shall come a time when the people of America shall wax wealthy, and shall wish to construct great buildings, even greater than the monuments of Egypt; and an architect shall be born unto them, and his name shall be Fay, the fairy; and they shall call the buildings he shall build magnificent;

"For they shall be so measured true; so lessened off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Formed to repel the still and stormy waste
Of rolling ages, light as fabric shall look."

And these shall be wonders that shall illumine the New World from end to end, and great will be the pride of the people ever after.

And there shall dwell in the land of America, when it is discovered, a peculiar people; and this people shall delight in the scalps of white men, even as they delight to hunt; and Choctaws, and Chicasaws and Sioux shall be the names that some of them shall be called by; and it shall come to pass that a man living in a *iard* on a *Hill*, shall make a long journey, even away off unto the banks of the Muddy River; and he shall go alone; and a Choctaw shall thirst to take his scalp; and the man from the *Hilliard* shall be sore afraid. But the Sioux nation shall be at war with the Choctaw, and a Sioux indian shall save him; and he shall overflow with joy thereat, and shall immediately return to the *iard* on the *Hill*. And it shall come to pass that he shall have a daughter, and out of the fullness of his heart he shall call her name Sioux; and she shall grow up and wax beautiful; and she shall abide in a great city, and great will be her influence therein, for she shall lead the *Van* of all that *burg*, and be happy,

"For happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentlest stars unite, and in one fate,
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend."

And there shall be another, who shall be born on Saturday; and Saturn shall be in the house of Capricorn; and Capricorn is the exaltation of Mars; and hence, he that shall be born then will have a dry constitution, slender figure, a long thin visage, thin beard (or none at all, and no prospect of having one), dark hair, long neck and narrow chin; and his name shall be Frederic, but his room-mate shall surname him "The Villain," because of his repugnance to oxidizing coal early in the morning; and he shall study blast furnaces, and live under the ground. And it shall come to pass that there shall be in America certain Scribes and Pharisees teaching the people Free Trade; and Frederic and many of the people shall be exceeding wroth, for they shall live on iron; and they shall fight a war; and Frederic shall become a great general; and

"His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart be ty'd,
With basket hilt that will hold broth,

And serve for fight and dinner both.
And in it he'll make lead for bullets,
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bears so fell a grutch,
He'll ne'er give quarter t'any such."

And there will be a great battle, and the slain thereof shall be numerous; and the general shall be killed by a single discharge of his duties; and he shall commence to study blast furnaces again *elsewhere*; and wonderful will be the consternation of the people; and they will tear their hair; and deep will be the sorrow of them, but they shall recover.

And it shall come to pass also that there shall be great disputes in the land of America; and there will be many Phillistines, and they will unite, and great will be the monopoly thereby; and the murmurs of the multitude shall be heard in that land; and they shall sore need an advocate; and one shall be raised up amongst them, and his name shall be Irvin, the eloquent. He

"Will heap the logic pile on pile, the evidence still higher;
The counsel on the other side he'll hint is a liar.
Will say his clients are well-known gentlemen and scholars,
And that his side will pay their witnesses no dollars;
He'll tell them of the orphan's moan, the base oppressor's sneers,
And piling pathos mountain deep, will move all the court to tears;
He'll quote Blackstone, Chitty, Bumm, that none can dispute,
And say his "chain of reasoning" no lawyer can refute;
He'll tell the "honest lawful men" to judge alone by fact,
And not be swayed by empty speech and mere word-juggling tact;
He'll wind up with a glowing scene that will moisten every eye,
And take his seat—to meditate on his stupendous—power."

And the age in which all these things shall happen will be a great scientific one; and there shall be a great scientist grow up among the people, one who shall be named John, called Jack for short. A wondrous creature shall he be, and

"— mount where Science guides,
Measure earth, weigh air and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct Old Time and regulate the Sun,"

and

"Solve the mystery
Of Electricity."

And photograph both sound and color, and discover wonderful things, for in his time there will be great men, who will teach that light and electricity are the same, knowing which, he will reason thus:

"Light can be transmuted into electricity; and electricity turned again into light; hence a telescope to see by electricity is possible.—Q E. D."

And then shall he make one, and great will be the work thereof; and the people will gaze with astonishment, for lo, they can see the inhabitants of the moon, and of Jupiter, and of Venus; and great will be things accomplished in that age; and then will all the people cry unto the persons who denied such things.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, O dogmatists,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

And the next shall have Cancer, the house of the moon and exaltation of Jupiter, for her ascendant; and she shall be of fair but pale complexion, colorless face, gray or mild blue eyes, weak voice, slender arms and little feet; and the lord of the seventh house shall be malefic, and hence there will be those who will deceive her; and great will be her sorrow thereat, and for long

years, to her weeping soul all humanity will be as if they were not; for her wounded heart will cry out against all men. But it shall come to pass that she will grow calm again, and then will she say, it is

"Better to trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, which, if believed,
Had blest one life by its believing."

And then shall she betake herself to a convent, and she shall become a ministering angel unto

"The poor who have neither friends nor attendants,
But creep away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless;

Thither, by night and by day, will come the Sister of Mercy.
The dying

Will look up into her face and think, indeed, to behold there,
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor.
Unto their eye it will be as lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose gates ere long their spirits will enter."

And many will be the wails of woe sent up when she is gone.

And last of all shall come H. L. also, and some shall call him "Euclid," but "Frederic, the Villain," shall surname him "Fiend," because he will wake him up early in the morning, even immediately after breakfast. And in the fullness of time, great will be the service that he will render unto the people, and all the men will bow down and be glad, for—

"In Mathematics he'll be greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater."

And in his time there shall be those philosophers that will teach that "Woman is a spiral evolved out of the heart of God,"

"— and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly;
But he'll go further,
And find the equation to 'er.

And he shall discuss the equation, and determine all the peculiar points, the maximi and minimi, and the multiple points—of anger especially—and all husbands shall rejoice with exceeding great joy; and osculating points—and lovers shall be surpassing glad; and all outside points that will satisfy this equation, from buttons to spring bonnets—and fathers will be delighted with unspeakable delight. A monument shall be raised unto his memory, for he shall be a benefactor to his age and generation; and he shall be the last of his class.

Magnificent shall be the age of that class in America, and the River of Prosperity shall flow through that land with increased velocity; and all the classes that shall follow will be murmuring:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And dying, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

So saying, the prophet arose and left the room, and my Angel guide reappeared and said: "Thou hast heard the things that thou didst wish to hear, come with me and I will take thee back to thy habitation again; and when thou arrivest there, tell this message to thy classmates for me: That if they

"So live that when their summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
They go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach their graves,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams,"

then, indeed, their lives will not have been lived in vain." Saying which, my Angel guide vanished away, and I was breathing earth's air again.

And now, fellow classmates, I have come, and have brought this message to you, and have told you the tale of your prophecy as it was told to me; may you profit by it.

H. L. WILGUS.

JUNIOR BANQUET.

On Friday, June 16, the Junior Class gave a banquet to the Senior Class, in the parlors of the Park Hotel, the cost of said banquet being defrayed with the proceeds of the lecture on Moonshine. (Just here we can not refrain from noting the resemblance between the lecture and the banquet.) What the proceeds were are past finding out, as the figures given by the Juniors range from \$10 to \$150.

Space does not permit us to give a detailed account of the banquet—the first of the kind ever given in the history of the University—but the main points are as follows: After the guests had arrived the President of '83 made a neat little speech of welcome, after which a collection of fifty cents from the Juniors, and one dollar from the Seniors was taken up to defray some minor expenses, which the lecture proceeds could not cover.

A description of the toilets of all the ladies would doubtless interest many of our readers, but our reporter neglected to note those of the Junior Class. In the Senior Class Miss Warner appeared in a beautiful black silk, whilst Miss Glover wore a light-blue silk with a long train, and with an abundance of carnations artistically arranged over the whole.

The supper, to say the least, was sumptuous. There were first oysters, fried, stewed, pickled, and fresh. Then came three different kinds of soups, served according to the taste of the guests—most of the Junior Class preferred noodle soup. Then followed roast and stewed chicken, roast beef, hash, potatoes, raw onions, chicken salad, tomatoes, peas, beans, and turnips, a roasted pig with an apple in his mouth, and finally a real genuine Turkish ragout. The next course consisted of pies, mince, apple, squash, and cherry, and rice and plum puddings. Then came varigated ice cream, sponge, cocoanut and johnny cakes, and lady's fingers. Finally nuts, candy and taffy were served. Whilst those were being disposed of, Mr. Miller proposed a toast to the Seniors, which was responded to by Mr. Donham, who thanked the Juniors for their unexampled generosity, praised their intellect, fine appearance, and dignity, and commented on their display of true class spirit. Toasts to the University, to the ladies, to the Juniors, to the world and to Mike, were responded to by Wilgus, Brotherton, Knopf, Miss Swickard, and Stonewall Wilson respectively.

Then followed music; solos were sung by Bradford, Knopf, G. Dun, and Wilgus, after which it was moved and carried by a unanimous vote that music be dispensed with for the rest of the evening. The remainder of the evening passed very pleasantly, nothing else happening especially worthy of mention.

When we think of this banquet and all connected with it, we can but exclaim with the poet:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

ALUMNI BANQUET.

As many of the Alumni as could come, and a few invited guests, former students at the College, met in a quiet room reserved for their use at Ruhl, Corbett & Co.'s,

about half-past nine of the evening of Commencement Day. After spending an hour in social chat, cracking jokes and telling tales of the "good old times" at the O. S. U., the company sat down to an elegant supper of all the delicacies of the season.

For an hour and a half the room rang with laughter, and importunate questions about the names of the successive dishes, for the menu was in French. "What mean you," as Mr. B. said to the bill of fare, was an enigma none could solve.

After coffee was served, President Howard called the meeting to order, made a short address of welcome, and after the singing of "The Bull Dog," asked for responses to the toasts. Mr. McFadden answered for '78 in a handsome account of the opening year of the College. Mr. J. P. Jones responded for the class of '80. Then "The Trilobite" was sung with great zest, and Mr. Wood, to whose efforts the banquet was largely due, was called on to respond for '81, and Mr. Fay for '82.

The company separated at a late hour, with many wishes for as pleasant an evening next year. W.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

A sigh of regret and, shall we confess it, of relief wells up from the soul of the Ex-Editor, as he reflects that never again will his hand take up the critical pen to judge, to praise, or to condemn. Unread hereafter, by him, the seventy College papers, good, bad and indifferent. How shall his soul fare, without the feast of jokes, to which he has grown accustomed? College jokes, "age can not wither them, or custom stale them." A few are the hardest animals, many bloom monthly, while it goes, without saying that the majority are weekly. Perchance, the Gods have something in store for us as surely recurrent, but we hardly dare hope so much.

In the *Colby Echo* the literary articles are of unusually high merit. The little poem on the "Burning of Old Letters," is so prettily expressed, that we quote it entire:

Up the chimney the sparks are flying,
In the grate the ashes are lying
Of pages all written o'er
In days that are no more.
Letters of friendship and youth,
Letters of love and truth.
"What have I done?" you say,
"Thrown so much love away?"

Up the chimney the sparks are fled;
The ashes, all charred and dead,
Lie in the grate 'tis true.
"I have done wrong," say you?
Ah! 'twere done at too great a cost,
If aught of love were lost!
But whatever, whatever betides,
Love forever abides!

The poem on Hero and Leander is much more ambitious, and does contain some very fine descriptions of the storm and of the waiting Hero. He who selects such a theme for his song is always sure of gaining an audience for his singing. If he treats it as it deserve, the audience will be a permanent one.

The June number of the *Rambler*, from Illinois College, comes out early as a Commencement number, and is mainly filled with Commencement orations and essays. Great enthusiasm is manifested over the newly elected President, Dr. Tanner, and congratulation over the \$57,000 gift of alumni, and the new Professors appointed.

The *Cornellian*, from Mount Vernon, Iowa, has the appearance of not having sufficient material to fill up, and hence is spread over pretty thin. This may not be the reason for the general non-compactness of the *Cornellian*, but it is the first solution that occurs, and is still held when one glances over the reading matter.

The *Earlamite* hails from Richmond, Indiana. From it we get no idea, whatever, of the rank, the status, the prospects, the achievements of Earlam College. Though "devoted to the interests of students," one finds but little news about them, and little for them.

PERSONALS.

Ed. Lee, of Coshocton, took in Commencement.

Will Peters will spend his summer vacation at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

George C. Mosher graduated from the Kentucky School of Medicine on Wednesday, June 28.

Horace Allen is at present enjoying the mountain breezes and scenery of Manito, Colorado. He is rapidly improving in health.

B. A. Eisenlohr sent \$10 toward paying Alcyone's Commencement expenses.

Professor Mendenhall delivered a very interesting lecture to the fire department of the Columbus Buggy Company, at their repository, on North High Street, on the 27th. The lecture was very instructive. The Professor was assisted by Newton Anderson.

Mr. F. W. Sperr, a member of the Census Corps of Building Material, stopped at the College Dormitory some days ago, on his way from the Smithsonian Institute to the field work in the northern part of this State. Sperr spent his winter at Washington, but did not have his health very well.

Professor Short's salary has been increased to \$2,250 per year. The Professor deserves the salary, and should by all means have a better room for his classes.

Mr. C. C. Green will take charge of Professor Tuttle's Zoology class next year.

C. J. Howard attended Commencement exercises. He is still studying law at Barnesville, Ohio.

Professor McFarland will spend a part of his time this summer inspecting railroads.

Professor Mason expects to return to Boston in a few days.

Professor Tuttle has been granted a leave of absence for one year from his duties at the College. He will spend his time in study at the Johns-Hopkins University.

N. Anderson will be retained as assistant in Physics.

'80, Florizel Smith was admitted to the Bar at the last examination held in the city. He is now in the law business with Colonel Holmes.

'81, D. O'Brine was elected assistant in chemistry for next year at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees. We have not yet learned whether David intends to accept or not.

'81, W. K. Cherryholmes does not expect to continue civil engineering much longer. He says he has something else in view—medicine, perhaps.

'81, H. R. Pool is in the Law School at Columbia College, New York.

'82, H. L. Wilgus will remain in Commissioner Sabine's office next year, and will also teach Professor Tuttle's class in Physiology.

'82, F. Keffer will go on the Geological Survey this summer.

'82, John McDowell thinks of taking a post-graduate course at the O. S. U.

LOCAL.

Commencement.

Has come and gone.

And the little Senior hath passed.

Into the cold and cruel world.

The Commencement weather could not have been improved.

Both Horton and Alcyone Societies had excellent commencements this year.

Now doth the gay and festive Alumnus convert his sheep-skin into a drum-head to sound his fame throughout the land.

Professor Short's salary has been increased from \$1,600 to \$2,260—an act on the part of the Trustees, which shows their appreciation of a truly valuable man.

Those students were a little too cruel who directed the small cat peddlars to Miss Williams' room, with directions to "walk right in, without knocking, and talk loud, as the lady was very deaf." The instructions were obeyed to the letter.

Lawn Tennis flourishes every evening on the Campus, Professor Lazenby's Club having attained great proficiency under his able direction.

The exercises of last field day were held on the grounds of the Athletic Association. The general conveniences, both for spectators and athletics, proved much greater than when the exercises were held on the roadway in front of the main building.

The Lecture-room was decorated by the members of the Horton Society, materials being furnished by the College. The new Battalion colors helped very much in producing the final good effect. The placing of the letters O.S.U. on Commencement Day, was done by an entirely different party,

The new laboratory is fast being built. Work was commenced on the 15th, and at the date of the present writing most of the foundation walls have been laid and excavations for basement have been completed. It will probably be ready for use by Christmas, if not sooner.

Nothing but the masterly thoughts embodied in, and the style of the delivery of, the President's address could compensate for its extraordinary length. In charity to them, we will presume, that those who went out before the close had decided that they had heard as much as they could master at one sitting.

The happiest looking crowd of students we have seen for a long time, were the members of the Horton Literary Society after the tug of war on field day. Their faces fairly beamed with joy, and they appeared the images of exultant triumph. Rosin was freely used on both sides.

The planting of the Class "Ivy" took place about one o'clock Commencement day, no one outside the graduating class being present. The Ivy was planted near the middle of the east end of the main building. The President of the class made a neat speech on the occasion.

Professor Mason had on exhibition Commencement week a large number of water-colors, crayon and charcoal sketches, etc., etc., which were done in his department. If the work of his students goes for any thing, we must say that the Professor is just the man for his place, as the drawings were highly creditable, and showed the Art Department to be a really valuable branch of the institution.

The historian and the prophet of Class Day seem to have arranged their attacks upon each other beforehand, as a perusal of the history and prophecy will show.

As every body noticed, the letter S, in the O.S.U. in the Lecture-room decorations, was *upside down*, and looked as if some one had been disgracefully careless. Fifteen minutes before the exercises began, a number of students went to the person who put the letters up and begged him to change them, but the person, who professes to be a master of lettering, insisted that the S was right, and thus it remained a "dead give away" on the institution. We blush for the fact that the O.S.U. has for its decorative artist a man who does not seem to have learned his alphabet.

As was predicted, the Lecture-room on Commencement was full to overflowing, and hundreds had to remain on the outside. We hope the fact has been impressed upon the mind of the general public that we need a new assembly room—a chapel in some sort of keeping with the rest of the University. Fortune favored us by ordering the weather cool on that day, else the long exercises would have been unbearable. As it was, curtains should have been hung in the west windows, as the sun made many uncomfortable.

The weather during Commencement week was all that could be wished. Neither hot nor cold, it was just right. So much for having a clerk of the weather in the graduating class.

The *Makio* has at last appeared, and the curious are satisfied; the Seniors are more than satisfied, and not a few are mad and vow vengeance on the editors. Though not as "funny" as we had expected and predicted, still it has much amusing matter in it, and due allowance should be made, for all the wit which the editors possessed was given freely, and we should be thankful in consequence.

The members of the Sophomore Latin Class presented their instructor, Professor S. C. Derby, with a copy of *Sellar's Roman Poets of the Republic*, in appreciation of his worth and efficiency as their teacher. The class quietly assembled in the recitation-room on Class Day and the Professor was decoyed in to meet it. Professor Derby is a man of broad culture and close intimacy with the branches he teaches, and we are glad to see that the Trustees have so appreciated his services as to raise his salary from \$1,800 to \$2,250 per year.

At a Trustee meeting near the close of the term, Mr. C. C. Green was chosen by the Board to teach the Elementary Zoology Class during Professor Tuttle's absence, and Mr. Horace L. Wilgus, B.S., was asked to teach the Elementary Physiology. These are both good appoint-

ments as the young men are both close students and very proficient in their respective departments.

Mr. Newton Anderson was reappointed, as was Professor David O'Brien, B.S., M.E. Evidently it is impossible for David to leave the O.S.U., and as long as the institution exists Davy will remain. Some day it will be Prexy Davy, Ph.D., L.L.D., B.S., M.E., F.O.S.U.E.A., etc.

The music of the College Band on Field Day and Commencement Day was highly appreciated by all who heard it. The Band has done well this year, and deserves the praise of all students and friends of the University.

The Senior Class had a meeting just before the exercises began in the Lecture-room on Commencement Day, at which meeting a motion was carried to present to the Junior Class the platform used by the Senior Class on Class Day, as a slight recognition of the *banquet* given the Seniors by the Juniors.

There is nothing mean about the Class of '82.

In the report of the Commencement in one of the city papers was the remark that Miss Warner "had a good paper, but an insignificant voice."

All who know Miss W. will know how unjust this is (as regards her voice), for enough praise can not be given her for the tremendous effort it must have required on her part to make herself so well heard. There was not a single person in the whole audience who could not distinctly hear the whole of Miss W.'s excellent essay.

On the evening of the 16th the College Band serenaded several of the distinguished citizens of Columbus. The first man made happy was Attorney General George K. Nash, who responded in an appropriate little speech. The Band then crossed the street to the residence of Adjutant General Smith, who also responded in a hearty speech, congratulating the boys on their excellent music. It was afterward ascertained that both of the gentlemen first serenaded had made arrangements for a more substantial entertainment for the boys, but the serenade was made so early that the intended hospitality could not be extended. The Band next called upon Governor Foster, who discussed the weather in reply and shook hands with the boys.

A visit to Professor Mason and wife was next made. The Professor made a neat speech to the boys.

State Auditor Oglevee was then treated to selections of their choicest music. He responded in a very fitting speech, and closed by inviting the Band to partake of a handsome feast of strawberries and cream.

The last visit was made at the *State Journal* office. The boys did well to thus honor with their presence a paper which has so liberally given its space and influence during the past year to the promotion of the best interests of the University.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting held by the Battalion of Cadets, O. S. U., on Wednesday, June 1, there were passed the following resolutions, which the Commandant of the Battalion was requested to have published:

Resolved, That the thanks of the members of the Battalion of Cadets of the Ohio State University are due, and are hereby tendered to the ladies of Columbus who

had in charge the arrangements of serving the lunch in the City Hall on Decoration Day, for their generous hospitality to the Battalion on that occasion.

Resolved, That the Commandant be requested to transmit a copy of the above to Mrs. R. E. Sheldon, of the ladies' committee, and also cause the same to be published in the city papers and in the College LANTERN.

The following explains itself:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, June 2, 1882.

Lieut. Edward Orton, Jr., Leader of College Band:

SIR:—I have the honor to transmit to you herewith a resolution of thanks passed by the Battalion at a meeting held yesterday.

In addition to this I take this opportunity of expressing personally to you and to the members of the Band my high appreciation of your successful efforts in behalf of the Battalion on Decoration Day.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

GEORGE RUHLEN,

1st Lieut. 17th U. S. Infantry.

Commandant Batt. of Cadets.

WHEREAS, It is the opinion of the members of the Battalion that the creditable appearance they were able to make in the public procession and exercises on Decoration Day, in this city, is largely due to the fine marching music furnished by the College Band; it is therefore

Resolved, That the thanks of the Battalion are hereby tendered to that organization and the members thereof, for the part they took, and the service they rendered to the Battalion on that occasion, and furthermore, that the Commandant be requested to transmit a copy of the foregoing to Edward Orton, Leader of the Band.

Attest:

GEORGE RUHLEN,

Commanding Batt., Ch'm of meeting.

O. S. UNIVERSITY, COLUMBUS, O., June 1, 1882.

A PRESENTATION.

At a Dormitory Club meeting, near the close of the term, the following motion was unanimously carried:

"Be it moved that a committee be appointed to secure and present to Mrs. M. M. Scott, on behalf of the Club, some appropriate gift, as a slight token of its appreciation of her care and kindness shown toward those of its members who had the measles during the term."

In connection with the above, the following explains itself:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CLUB: Before me is a beautiful tea-urn, your gift. Please accept my thanks for this unexpected kindness. It is handsome in itself, and as useful as handsome, but the kind feeling which prompted the gift renders it doubly acceptable.

And I trust, that as the years go by, and one after another you find yourselves seated at *your own* table, you will have tea poured from as beautiful an urn by a fairy hand, which will pour not only tea, but joy and happiness into your life's cup.

Be assured, as you go from your College home, you carry with you the best wishes for your success in all that lies before you; and day by day, as your gift performs its task, many and pleasant will be the recollections of the Club of '82.

M. M. SCOTT."

In employing Mr. and Mrs. Scott for next year, the Club proved itself alive to its best interests, for surely there are none who could or would fill their position in a manner more acceptable to all, and the Club is to be congratulated in that Mr. and Mrs. Scott have consented to remain in a place which is at once arduous, full of responsibilities, and not enormously profitable.