Interclass Athletic Contest.

CAMPUS, MAY 14, 1898.

JUDGES.

Track.
MR. W. L. KURTZ, '85.
Registrar W. C. GRETZINGER.
Prof. F. E. ROCKWOOD.

Field Events.
Major RITTENHOUSE.
Prof. T. A. EDWARDS.

Starter.
R. T. WILTBANK.

Clerk.
H. L. PURDY.

Timekeepers.
Soror.
Dr. Heisler.
Prof. Stewart.

Prof. Hamblin.

EVENTS.

100-Yard Dash.
1. C. J. PEARSE, '00.
2. G. A. GRIEVE, '00.
4. W. J. PEACOCK, '01.
10 seconds.

220-Yard Dash.
1. T. J. MORRIS, '00.
3. G. A. SCHILLING, '00.
4. W. J. PEACOCK, '01.
22 2-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash.
1. C. J. PEARSE, '00.
2. T. J. MORRIS, '00.
3. M. F. READING, '01.
4. F. ANDERSON, '01.
54 4-5 seconds.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Winners</th>
<th>Time/Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Half-mile Run</td>
<td>C. P. Merker, '99</td>
<td>2.10 1-5 seconds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mile Run</td>
<td>C. P. Merker, '99</td>
<td>4.59 seconds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mile Bicycle Race</td>
<td>H. F. Liepsker, '00</td>
<td>2.59 minutes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120-Yard Hurdle</td>
<td>E. C. Conover, '99</td>
<td>17 4-5 seconds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-Yard Hurdle</td>
<td>W. E. Thompson, '01</td>
<td>28 3-5 seconds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot Put</td>
<td>E. A. Humiston, '99</td>
<td>30 feet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Throwing Hammer</td>
<td>E. A. Humiston, '99</td>
<td>80 6 feet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole Vault</td>
<td>R. R. Mulkie, '98</td>
<td>7.84 feet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running High Jump</td>
<td>A. Weymouth, '00</td>
<td>3 feet 11 inches</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. C. P. Merker, '99
2. J. W. Snyder, '01
4. A. F. Meschter, '01

1. H. F. Liepsker, '00
2. W. H. Hoffa, AcoI.
3. M. F. Reading, '01

1. E. C. Conover, '99
3. W. E. Thompson, '01
4. R. H. Kriss, '00

1. E. A. Humiston, '99
2. H. L. Craig, '00
3. W. E. Thompson, '01
4. L. A. DeWitt, '00

1. H. L. Craig, '00
2. E. J. Magee, '01
4. E. C. Switzer, '00

1. C. B. Lesher, '01
2. A. Hutchinson, '99
3. C. R. Lesher, '01
4. G. A. Grim, '00
### Running Broad Jump

1. R. B. MULKIE, '98.
2. A. J. SHERWOOD, '00.

17.9 feet.

### Mile Walk

1. E. L. PECK, '00.
2. HANNA, 'go.
4. A. F. MESCHTER, '01.

9.13 3.5 minutes.

### Interclass Relay Race

1900, Scratch.
G. E. SCHILLING.
T. J. MORRIS.
A. J. SHERWOOD.
C. J. PEARSE.

1898, 145 Yards Handicap.
E. FLINT.
E. H. DUTTON.
H. C. FITHIAN.
R. B. MULKIE.

4.16 minutes.

### SUMMARY OF POINTS WON

Ninety-eight, 7
Ninety-nine, 45½

Nineteen hundred, 56
Nineteen 'one, 34½
Religious Organizations
Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS FOR 1898-99.

President, J. C. Hazen.
Vice-President, E. T. Shields.
Recording Secretary, C. F. Ridelsperger.
Corresponding Secretary, C. S. Keen.
Reporter, J. E. Calvin.

COMMITTEES FOR 1898-99.

Meetings.
W. C. Purdy, Chairman.
G. W. Alexander.
T. J. Morris.

Missionary.
F. J. Rawlinson, Chairman.
G. H. Walton.
H. J. Johnson.

Hand-Book.
E. H. Dutton, Chairman.
J. A. Hague.
LeRoy Hall.

Finance.
H. M. Olmstead, Chairman.
F. E. Burpee.
H. B. C. Riemer.

Bible Study.
H. C. Meserve, Chairman.
E. T. Shields.
J. E. Calvin.

Music.
C. J. Pearse, Chairman.
A. F. Meschter.
J. Z. Rowe.

Northfield.
R. T. Wiltbank, Chairman.
C. E. Conover.
G. L. Bayard.

Work for New Students.
C. J. Pearse.

Building.
C. W. Harvey.
Institute Y. W. C. A.

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President, 
Vice-President, 
Secretary, 
Treasurer, 

Bertha Watkins, 
Clara Wilson, 
Nellie Goddard, 
Alicia Zierden.

Academy Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS.

President, 
Vice-President, 
Secretary, 
Treasurer, 

LeRoy Hall, '93, 
John M. Evans, 
J. Elmer Watts, 
David W. Thomas.
# Bible Classes.

## SENIOR AND JUNIOR BIBLE CLASS.

**Leader:** ...  
**Subject:** Studies in "The Teachings of Christ"  
**E. C. Conover,**  
**A. K. Diebler,**  
**C. J. Pearse,**  
**M. A. Carringer,**  
**R. M. Ivins.**

**J. A. Koons,**  
**W. C. Purdy,**  
**J. E. Calvin,**  
**F. Rawlinson,**  
**J. C. Hazen.**

**D. H. Robbins,**  
**LeRoy Hall,**  
**J. H. Williams,**  
**E. Hottenstein,**  
**G. E. Shilling.**

## SOPHOMORE BIBLE CLASS.

**Leader:** ...  
**Study:** The Acts of the Apostles  
**A. O. Finn,**  
**C. B. Lisher,**  
**C. F. Bielupacker,**  
**A. F. Meschter,**  
**M. F. Reading.**

**G. W. Alexander,**  
**A. S. Bechtel,**  
**Albert Buff,**  
**R. G. Pierson,**  
**Philip Reilly,**  
**John Stephens,**  
**L. H. Walton.**

**W. E. Ritch,**  
**J. Z. Rowe,**  
**C. W. Wolfe,**  
**H. A. Trax,**  
**C. M. Kunkle,**  
**Miles Timblin,**  
**Clemens Wagner.**

## FRESHMAN BIBLE CLASS.

**Leader:** ...  
**Study:** Life of Jesus the Christ  
**L. J. Ulmer,**  
**S. O. Williams,**  
**W. E. Maneval,**  
**A. C. Cunningham,**  
**D. A. Pitts,**  
**O. S. Marts.**

**E. A. Sterling,**  
**J. S. Davis,**  
**F. W. Wagner,**  
**G. E. Edgett,**  
**H. O. Simpson,**  
**W. S. Robinson.**

**J. M. Davis,**  
**J. A. Sherbondy,**  
**C. A. Woodford,**  
**F. A. Stanton,**  
**C. H. Elliott,**  
**J. S. Hoppa.**
Student Volunteer Band for Foreign Missions.

** ACTIVE MEMBERS. **

C. W. Harvey, '00.  
A. C. Cunningham, '02.

** ASSOCIATE MEMBERS. **

J. C. Hazen, '99.  
Elbert Huff, '01.  
L. E. Avers, '01.  
H. J. Johnson (special).
Mission Study Class.

TOPICS.

Fall Term.—"Dawn on the Hills of Tang, China."
Winter Term.—"Social Evils of the New Christian World."

LEADERS OF CLASS.

F. J. Rawlinson, E. T. Shields.

MEMBERS.

W. C. Purdy, David A. Pitts, H. J. Johnson,
J. C. Hazen, A. C. Cunningham, E. H. Myers,
C. F. Kulp, L. E. Ayers, A. O. Finn,
C. W. Harvey, E. Huff, H. C. Misperve,
Philip Reilly.
Literary Societies

Receiving their reward
Euepia Literary Society.

OFFICERS.

SPRING TERM, 1898.

President, A. A. Smith.
Vice-President, H. L. Craig.
Secretary, M. A. Carringer.
Treasurer, C. D. Koch.
Critic, Philip Rhilly.

FALL TERM.

President, R. I. Rentz.
Vice-President, H. F. Stabler.
Secretary, C. F. Bidelspacher.
Treasurer, C. M. Konkle.
Critic, O. J. Deck.

WINTER TERM, 1899.

President, A. K. Deibler.
Vice-President, O. J. Deck.
Secretary, L. J. Ulmer.
Treasurer, C. E. Woodard.
Critic, M. A. Carringer.
Theta Alpha Literary Society.

OFFICERS.

SPRING TERM, 1898.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>B. F. Thomas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>C. F. Shipman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>R. H. Kress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treasurer</td>
<td>J. F. Snyder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critic</td>
<td>A. M. Forrester</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Censor</td>
<td>M. F. Reading</td>
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<td>Curator</td>
<td>Edgar Reed</td>
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FALL TERM.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>C. F. Shipman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>I. A. DeWitt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Edgar Reed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treasurer</td>
<td>Miles Robbins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critic</td>
<td>T. J. Morris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Censor</td>
<td>H. A. Tran</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curator</td>
<td>E. H. Myers</td>
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</tbody>
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WINTER TERM, 1899.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>T. J. Morris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>J. A. Herman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>Milton J. Davis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treasurer</td>
<td>E. P. Heckford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critic</td>
<td>Ezra Lehman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Censor</td>
<td>C. H. Miller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curator</td>
<td>C. F. Shipman</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Zeta Literary Society.

OFFICERS.

SPRING TERM, 1898.

President, .......................... Ruth Sprague.
Vice-President, ......................... Mary Stephens.
Secretary, .............................. Edna Shires.
Treasurer, ............................. Mary Davis.

FALL TERM.

President, .......................... Myra Sprague.
Vice-President, ......................... Grace Woodard.
Secretary, .............................. Maud Goddard.
Treasurer, ............................. Mary Wylie.

WINTER TERM, 1899.

President, .......................... Mary Sharpless.
Vice-President, ......................... Emelie Poole.
Secretary, .............................. Mabel Grier.
Treasurer, ............................. Frances Scott.
# Calliopean Literary Society

## Officers

**Spring Term, 1898.**

- **President:** Thomas A. Sherron
- **Vice-President:** D. W. Thomas
- **Secretary:** R. H. Harris
- **Treasurer:** F. E. Ammon
- **First Critic:** J. M. Evans
- **Second Critic:** R. R. Gallagher

**Fall Term.**

- **President:** M. M. Edwards
- **Vice-President:** F. E. Ammon
- **Secretary:** D. W. Thomas
- **Treasurer:** J. W. McIlroy
- **First Critic:** J. D. Thomas
- **Second Critic:** F. F. Gallagher

**Winter Term, 1899.**

- **President:** R. H. Harris
- **Vice-President:** Wm. H. Slifer
- **Secretary:** F. E. Ammon
- **Treasurer:** J. C. Johnson
- **First Critic:** Wm. Green
- **Second Critic:** J. M. Evans
Demosthenian Club.

ORGANIZED JANUARY 27, 1899.

MOTTO: "SPEAKING MAKETH A READY MAN."

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT. C. F. SHIPMAN.
SECRETARY. M. A. CARRINGER.

MEMBERS.

C. F. BIDELSPACHER, L. A. DEWITT,
A. K. DEIBLER, D. H. ROBBINS,
G. A. GRIM, R. H. KRESS,
EZRA LEHMAN, C. H. MILLER.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

Franklin and Marshall and Bucknell.
(Bucknell Hall, Lewisburg, Pa., February 22, 1899.)

Question.
"RESOLVED—That the best interests of Cuba would be promoted by annexation to the United States."

Presiding Officer.
HON. PULASKI F. HYATT.

Judges.

E. T. JEFFERS, D.D., YORK, PA.
DR. F. C. JOHNSON, WILKES-BARRE, PA.
H. C. KOOP, PH.D., ANNIVILLE, PA.

University Band.

* * *

President, .................................................. Hon. H. M. McClure.
Leader, ..................................................... C. A. Weymouth.
Assistant Leader, ......................................... B. E. Bower.
Secretary, .................................................. E. C. Conover.
Manager, .................................................... L. E. Ayers.
Assistant Manager, ........................................ O. S. Martz.

C. S. Keen, .................................................. CLARIONETS.
John Stephens.
C. A. Weymouth, ........................................... CORNET.
L. E. Ayers,
William Hoffa, ........................................... R. J. Wagner,
Ray Wendell.
T. R. Bower, ............................................... ALTO.
F. C. Bower,
C. E. Bunnell.
I. M. Goodman, .......................................... TROMBONE.
C. E. Conover,
B. E. Bower, ............................................. BARITONE.
A. S. Bechtel,
G. E. Schilling.
LeRoy Hall, ................................................ BASS.
Christy Mathewson.
Charles Cromley, ........................................ DRUMS.
O. S. Martz.
W. C. Woomer.
University Glee and Mandolin Club.

LEADER, J. A. HAGUE.
DIRECTOR OF MANDOLIN CLUB, G. E. SCHILLING.
MANAGER, G. E. SCHILLING.
ASSISTANT MANAGER, W. C. PURDY.

FIRST TENOR, J. A. HAGUE, '00.
SECOND TENOR, CHAR. S. KEEN, '99.
L. E. THEIS, '02.
B. W. GRIFFITH, '99.
H. JOHNSON, '01.
G. E. SCHILLING, '00.

FIRST BASS, C. J. PEARSE, '00.
SECOND BASS, W. C. PURDY, '99.
E. HOTTENSTEIN, '00.
J. L. CATELL, '99.
A. J. SHERWOOD, '00.
A. T. MESCHTER, '01.
Banjo, Guitar, and Mandolin Club.

**Director, Leader.**

CARRIE DICK,
JEANETTE SHEPARD,
EDITH ANGLE,
LOUISE LAWSHE,
REUBEN RENTZ,
ANDREW SHERWOOD,
KATIE CAMPBELL,
MILLO McCAIN,
MARGARET RUNYON,

**Banjos.**

NELLIE GODDARD,
ERNST STERLING,

**Guitars.**

ANNA SPIEGELMEYER,
HARRIET EMERICK,
ALBERT MESCHTER,
CHARLOTTE SHIELDS,
GERTRUDE STEPHENS,
GENEVIEVE WHITE,
ALICIA ZIERDEN,

**Mandolins.**

JOSEPHINE LAWSHE,
FILBERT NICKEL,
HARRY BECK,
LAURA CHILSON,
B. W. GRIFFITH,
EDGAR HOTTENSTEIN,
IDA LISK,
ANNA O'NEILL,
CLARISSA RUSSELL,
BESSIE WELLS,
GRACE WINNER,

**Flute.**

FREDY.
Institute Glee Club.

Leader, Pianist, Gertrude L. Knox, Juliet Aiken.

SOPRANOS.
Edna Bacon, Maud Goddard,
Mary Cope, Gertrude Knox,
Marie Crandall, Laura Chillson,
Nellie Goddard, Carrie Dick,
Lena Burke, Zoe Kelly,
Susie Crandall, Harriet Vaughan,

Kathryn Campbell, Genieve White,
Bertha Watkins, Louise Gregory,
Carrie DeWitt, Alicia Zierden.

Institute Chapel Choir.

Leader, Organist, Gertrude L. Knox, Juliet Aiken.

SOPRANOS.
Lena Burke, Nellie Goddard,
Susie Crandall, Marie Crandall,
Zoe Kelly, Gertrude Knox,
Laura Chillson, Harriet Vaughan.

Carrrie DeWitt, Louise Gregory,
Bertha Watkins, Genevieve White.
University Orchestra.

LEADER: George Blood, Edith McCain, Nellie Dunkel, Professor Aviramnet, Millo McCain, Sallie Cockright.

FIRST VIOLIN: Louise Lawshe, Ruthford Stanton.
SECOND VIOLIN: Grace Winner, William A. Bartol.
VIOLA: G.S. Schilling.
VIOLONCELLO: Ray Wendell.
DOUBLE BASS: Bryant Bower.
PIANO: Josephine Lawshe.

Chapel Choir.

PIANO: H.C. Meserve.
FIRST TENOR: H. Johnson, J.R. Stanton.
SECOND TENOR: H.C. Meserve.
FIRST BASS: C.J. Pearse, J.M. Davis.
SECOND BASS: W.C. Purdy, J.Z. Rowe.
Modern Language Society.

President, .................. G. C. L. Riemer.
Vice-President, .......... M. A. Carringer.

MEMBERS.
Sarah Black, F. G. Ballentine,
Anna Judd, L. H. Buckminster,
Iza Martin, J. L. Cattell,
Emily Pooley, B. W. Griffith,
Gertrude Roos, C. S. Kren,
Gertrude Stephens, D. H. Krise,
Mary Stephens, M. R. Mulford,
Grace Woodard, R. L. Rentz.

The members of the Society watch the papers and magazines of the Library for the news of France and Germany, and report the same at the regular meetings. Each member endeavors to correspond with some German or Frenchman, now living in Europe. Such letters are very interesting and instructive.

Natural History Society.

President, .............. Nelson F. Davis.

E. L. Nessit, Edgar Hottenstein,
E. E. Johnson, Albert Hutchinson,
G. S. Tilley, G. A. Grim,
I. R. Vincent.
OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

President. J. C. Hazen, '99.
Vice-President. G. W. Alexander, '00.

STAFF.

Oliver J. Decker, '99, Editor-in-Chief.

Assistants.

H. E. Starler, '00.

R. B. McDanel, '88.
C. A. Walker, '90.
Nellie W. Conrad, '93.

Alumni Editors.

R. G. Pierson, '01, Manager.
M. L. Anthony, '02, Assistant.

COMMENCEMENT NEWS.

PUBLISHED DAILY THROUGH COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

STAFF.


Assistants.

R. F. Thomas, '98.
J. E. L. Diggs, '94.
B. F. Thomas, '98.
Emelie Poolly, '00.
Grace Woodard, '00.
A. J. Shirkwood, '00.
J. D. Evans, '99.
H. E. Riemer, '01.
C. M. Konkle, '01.
J. O. Hackenberg, '01.
Martha Wolf Institute.
B. A. Pitts, Academy.
C. H. Elliot, Academy.

Business Managers.

H. L. Purdy.

Miss Watkins, '99.
Raymond Green, '02.
M. L. Anthony, Academy.
“The Orange and Blue.”

ESTABLISHED MARCH 9, 1897. PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

DIRECTORS.

President, 
Vice-President, 
Secretary, 
Treasurer, 

Edward Reed, 
C. W. Harvey, 
G. W. Alexander, 
H. D. Simpson.

MEMBERS.

G. E. Schilling, ’00. 
Miss Mary Stephens, ’99. 

C. W. Harvey, ’00. 
Edward Reed, ’99. 
R. H. Kress, ’00. 
G. W. Alexander, ’01. 
Jess Evans, ’02. 
H. D. Simpson, ’02.

THE STAFF.

H. B. Wassell, Editor-in-Chief. 
W. S. Holland, Local. 
C. M. Konkle, Athletic. 

Miss Alicia Zierden, Seminary Assistant. 

H. D. Simpson, Editorial. 
Mary H. Sharpless, Seminary Reporter. 
David W. Thomas, Academy Reporter. 
E. L. Peck, Business Manager. 

H. D. Simpson, Academy Assistant.
Chemical and Physical Society.

OFFICERS.

President, Prof. W. G. Owens,
Vice-President, W. A. Kauffman,
Secretary, I. A. DeWitt,
Treasurer, J. H. Deppen.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Prof. W. G. Owens,
W. A. Kauffman,
I. H. Buckminster.
Junior Ball.
The Armory, Lewisburg, Pa., February 3, 1899.
Dances, Thirty.

Patronesses.
Mrs. J. T. Baker,
Mrs. J. C. Bucher,
Mrs. J. F. Duncan,
Mrs. A. A. Leiser,
Mrs. Wm. Leiser,
Mrs. G. B. Miller,
Mrs. N. C. Marsh,
Mrs. T. F. Russell,
Mrs. T. C. Thornton,
MRS. T. S. Norton,
Mrs. W. C. Walls

Committee.
M. A. Carringer,
Jess D. Evans,
George A. Grim,
H. B. Wassell,
Rush H. Kress,
C. A. Weymouth,
L. Peck,
John A. Koons,
E. A. Moyer,
Drew J. Sherwood.

Music, Chappell's Orchestra.
Kappa Chapter, Sigma Chi.

THIRD ANNUAL MIDWINTER DANCE, FEBRUARY 24, 1899.
ARMORY HALL, LEWISBURG, PA.

ORDER OF DANCES, THIRTY.

PATRONESSES.
MRS. G. W. GOODMAN,
MRS. W. C. WALLS,
MRS. W. O. SCHAEFFER,
MRS. W. R. POLLNER,
MRS. N. C. MARSH,
MRS. J. C. BECHER,

MRS. C. J. WOLFE,
MRS. P. R. WOLFE,
MRS. P. W. HIMMELREICH,
MRS. J. T. BAKER,
MRS. T. C. THORNTON,
MRS. J. F. DUNCAN.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.
RUSH H. KRESS,
J. O. HACKENBERG,
EARNEST J. MAGEE,

FRANK W. WARD,
EDWARD C. CALDWELL,
WILLIAM E. THOMPSON.

Music, Chappell's Orchestra.
Stag Dance.

ARMORY HALL, LEWISBURG, PA., MARCH 13, 1899.

GRAND MARCH.

Wassell, "Der Deutsche Man."
J. D. Evans, "Godless of Liberty."
Humeaton, "Irish Dude."
Hottenstein, "Master Jackson."
Thompson, "Venetian Knight."
Riemer, "Hiawatha."
Carringer, "George Washington Dewey."
Elliot, "Rain-in-face."
Stanton, "Ab. Lincoln Sampson."
Garnser, "Name it."
Hoffa, "Josh Snowball."
Gray, "Bowery Tuff."
Goodman, "Monsieur Le Captain."
Green, "Col. Roosevelt."
Higgins, "Mister Jones."
Peacock, "Bismarck."
Rambo, "Texas Steer."
Sherwood, "Holson."
G. Bowers, "Niggah Sport."
S. C. Smith, "Sambo."
Mager, "Geo. Washington."
R. K., "Italian."

Peck, "Das Weib und das kleine Kind."
Saukser, "Miss Step Lightly."
Gram, "Miss Johnson."
L. Hottenstein, "Wife."
Trax, "Munehaha."
Renn, "Mag Muldoon."
Davis, "Squaw."
C. Tell, "Ballet Girl."
Burrows, "Salvation Sal."
Korke, "Sal Snowball."
Griffith, "See, I'm She."
B. Bowers, "Madame Le Captain."
F. Bowers, "Do You See Me."
Anthony, "Ole Mammy."
Reading, "Miss Johnson's Sister."
T. Evans, "Miss Search Me."
Weymouth, "Liz."
Gadall, "Pagee."
Bunwell, "Rastus."
Calvin, "New Woman."
Ward, "Martha Washington."

B. M., "Bear."

Music, Bucknell Band.
First Prize, Weymouth and Peck.
Benefit Track Athletics.
Second Prize, Ward.
Alumni Department.

An Alumni Department in L'AGENDA is a new departure, but no college annual is complete if its Alumni be not represented. The men who wrote the following pages are all old graduates. They are all firm friends of the University and need no introduction to our subscribers.

Directory of the Alumni.

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Vice-President.
Rev. William Barrows, S.C.B.
Rev. James H. Haslam, A.M.
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Prof. A. B. Stewart, A.M., Lewisburg.
Orator for 1899.
Rev. Joseph E. Perry, Ph.D.
Alternate.
Rev. Spencer B. Meeker, A.M.
Poet for 1899.
Rev. John Griffith, A.M.
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Franklin P. Lynch, A.M.

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THE ALUMNI CLUB OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.
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THE ALUMNI CLUB OF LEWISBURG.
President.
Andrew A. Leiser, A.M., Esq., Lewisburg.
Secretary.
Charles J. Wolf, A.M., Lewisburg.
Comparisons.

It may be that sometimes "comparisons are odious," or, as Shakespeare puts it, "odorous;" nevertheless they have their uses, both for the strengthening of argument and the illumination of history. The value of a social condition at a given time is demonstrated by comparing it with a social condition at some other time, and a conclusion is reached by observing whether the human output has advanced or retrograded along the line of its own evolution. It is quite within reason to apply this rule to our University.

Those who were present when the little bantling sent forth its first cry will not be likely to forget the unpretentious equipment and unpromising environment that attended its advent into the educational world. In 1848 the entire teaching force consisted of Professor Stephen W. Taylor, and tutors Isaac N. Loomis and Alfred Taylor, supplemented by the services of J. Harvard Castle, then a student in one of the advanced classes. It was a "day of small things," but it was also a day of strong men and sound instructors. In 1849 Professor George R. Bliss came to the chair of Greek, and Professor George W. Anderson...
to the chair of Latin. In 1851 Professor Taylor retired, and Doctor Howard Malcom was appointed president. In the same year the chair of Mathematics was filled by the election of Professor Charles S. James. Professor Justin R. Loomis was elected to the chair of Natural Science in 1854. For several years changes occurred, professors dropping out and others taking their places, but the number of those at work varied but little. In the early seventies the members of the Faculty could almost be counted on the fingers of one's hand. In 1899 it requires four full pages of the catalogue to display all the names connected with the enlarged work of the University.

In 1848 the accommodations were confined to the basement of the old Baptist Church. Some students did their studying in the largest room, others were perforce permitted to study elsewhere. When the Academy building was completed, it was like moving into a palace, while the erection of the West Wing was hailed as a glory and a joy. The completion of the main building, with Commencement Hall, surmounting it as a crown, left nothing to be desired. Now add to the main building and the Academy the various structures which have come with the passing years, the Gymnasium, the Observatory, the Laboratory, the Chapel, the Boys' Annex,—to say nothing of the Institute and the Girls' Annex, which are supposed to be beyond the common ken,—with the proposed new dormitory rendered indispensable by the increased number of students, and it becomes worth while to have lived fifty years to be able to look on this picture and on that.

In the beginning co-education was a necessity, as it is now in a country schoolhouse. But the constant effort was to work away from it, and give the girls a chance with their own teachers. When the Buffalo House came into the market, the authorities were quick to avail themselves of the opportunity and organize a separate department to meet what was supposed to be the peculiar educational need of the girls. The success of the enterprise only intensified the desire to enlarge the facilities for the education of the female sex. The work was slow, but went on with persistent purpose. When at length the Female Seminary was erected on University grounds, far enough away from the college to make a home-life free from disturbing forces, but near enough to keep the chords of sympathy continually vibrating, all parties deemed the problem of education, so far as Lewisburg was concerned, to be happily and permanently solved. Those old views have been modified in later years, doubtless with good reason; but, after all, if there were no dear and distinct "Sem" to-day, it would be necessary to create one for the sake of its usefulness and its charm.

In the early days athletics were practiced under difficulties. Pedestrianism was always in order, and it cost nothing. Foot-ball and shinney were followed in primitive fashion. Swings and parallel bars were constructed in the rear of the West Wing. The game of all games which produced the best results was known as alley-ball. The towering east wall of the West Wing, unbroken except
by a small door, was daily bombarded with the lively sphere. There were great
contests, and no debts. Swimming was indulged in at one of the piers of the old
bridge. Boating was introduced, but it fell into desuetude. The creation of the
campus broadened the field of sports. Now the prowess of the boys in inter-
collegiate matches is known far and wide.

There were cliques and rivalries in those days, as there always will be.
There was nothing to fight about, but there was fighting all the same. In the
sheer working off of surplus energy, lines were drawn and battles fought, in a
Pickwickian sense, to the satisfaction of all parties. When the fraternities came
in, it became possible to regulate and utilize this plethora of restless life. If the
authorities of the time failed to grasp the situation in adopting the policy of sup-
pression, to the disgruntling of the boys and the detriment of the University,
their successors acted with a broader experience, and learned to employ even the
rivalries of college life in the promotion of loyalty and enthusiasm.

In 1848 Lewisburg was an obscure inland village, difficult to reach from a
distance, and as difficult to depart from. For instance, the student left Philadel-
phia by rail in the early morning, reached Harrisburg in the afternoon, transferred
himself and his traps to the cumbersome but convenient canal-packet, enjoyed its
cheap board and lodging while moving four miles an hour, was tipped out next
morning at the Crossytot, whence he made his way over a dusty road and the dirtiest
bridge in Christendom to the foot of Market street, up which he tramped with
the firm tread of one who has other worlds to conquer. It was awfully slow, but
it was great fun. The modern railroad which carries you to any point in the
State in a few hours is prosaic and stale compared with the delicious primitiveness
of that now obsolete mode of travel. But, on the whole, we are not sorry that
the soporific canal, like the odorous mill-race that used to run though Lewisburg,
is gone.

Let it not be inferred that the paucity of resources and the narrowness of
curriculum in that olden time meant poor work and deficient training. On the
contrary, the very limitation of the time increased the intensity of application on
the part of both teachers and students. Greek, Latin, and Mathematics were the
steady diet, with a few side-dishes thrown in to make the necessary expansion.
The quantity of work done was almost exhaustive; the variety was no more than
was required to relieve the pressure. The average excellence of the graduates in
the first decade will compare not unfavorably with that in any equal period since.
Professor Taylor was an accomplished executive and a great personal power.
Professor Bliss won the affections of the students with a loftiness of character
possessed by but few men. Professor Anderson was a class-room disciplinarian
who stimulated his students to the farthest verge of achievement. Professor
James plied his classes with a closeness of questioning that went to the roots of
the subject. Doctor Malcolm's lectures on Metaphysics will never be forgotten by

those who were so fortunate as to be under his teaching. There were giants in those days, as there are giants now, and the old boys never get weary in talking of the stature and power of their old teachers.

But to-day is better than yesterday, though minus the glamour. We are enjoying not only what we have gained by our own effort, but also what has been bequeathed to us by those who have gone before. The graduate of ’54 may recall his hard work accomplished with meagre tools, and the graduate of ’99 may rejoice in his equally hard work with the aid of abundant facilities; but together they will give common praise to the men of the past and the present, and wreathe the brow of every instructor who has contributed to the prosperity and glory of Alma Mater.

Robert Lowry.
The Example of Washington.

I AM not inclined to regard the present age of the world as being in any true sense of the term a degenerate age; but rather do I think that world-wide conditions affecting human happiness are better to-day than they have ever been in any preceding age. I think this is especially true of the conditions now prevailing in our own country, and I say this notwithstanding all appearances and circumstances that may be cited to the contrary. I am not oblivious to the fact that the daily newspapers, which, taken as a whole, fairly mirror the moral, political, intellectual, and industrial conditions of the day and times, furnish incontestable testimony to the fact that evil influences are everywhere present and actively at work, but they also evidence the encouraging fact that never have these influences and the evil wrought by them been so fully exposed to the public gaze and reprobation as at the present time. Never have they been so vigorously and earnestly combatted as now; yes, and I will say successfully combatted, too. All great reforms that have shed their lustrous light on the dark pages of human history, have come, figuratively speaking at least, by the edge of the sword and
at the point of the bayonet. Most of them have been won as the result of long-
continued and often doubtful struggles, attended with many reverses, and result-
ing at last in only partial successes.

Young men, in the schools and colleges of the country there is plenty of
work ahead for you to do in the fields of politics and statesmanship! If you have
set before yourselves high and honorable ideals of public duty and of public ser-
vice, and are determined to model your lives and careers according to those ideals,
ever in the whole history of our country has the time been more propitious than
now. Some good men must fall in every battle, no matter how righteous the
cause in which they are engaged. This is the fate of war. The church has its
long list of martyrs, and so has every battlefield of earth where men have con-
tended for a principle because it was right. This must still be the fate of indi-
viduals. But the great cause of a conscience in politics, of high and open and
honorable political methods, based on the principle that righteousness alone
exalteth a nation, and that a public office is always and ever a public trust, is
steadily and surely moving on to victory.

Forty years ago I was a student in college, and I well know the formative
influence of the impressions then received, under the tuition of Dr. Loomis, in the
fixing and subsequent development of my own views of public duty and of the
moral responsibility of the American citizen for the just and rightful administra-
tion of our republican form of government. I could now no more change my
views, in these respects, than could "the leopard change his spots or the Ethi-
opian his skin," nor have I any wish to do so.

Let me counsel the young men to study carefully the character of Wash-
ington. Neither this country nor any other has ever produced a nobler example
of dauntless physical and moral courage, of spotless integrity, and of unselfish
patriotism. His is, from every point of view, "the grandest figure that ever stood
in the forefront of a nation's life," and the most worthy model which the world's
history presents for the contemplation and study of our American youth.

WILLIAM L. NESBIT.
Preparing for the Bar.

To be admitted to the Bar in Pennsylvania, one must comply with the rules of Court in the particular locality in which he may be. Each judicial district has its own rules, and each Court asserts its authority to determine who shall practice at its Bar without any dictation or interference from any outside source.

The subject of legal education, however, has been receiving a good deal of attention recently at the hands of National, State, and Local Bar Associations, with a special reference to securing uniformity of standard as to the requirements for admission to the Bar, and substantial advancement has been made in this direction.

The would-be student of a few years ago chose his preceptor, hung around his office ("reading law," it was called) for two years or three, according to his age, not his acquisitions, and then came up for examination before a committee specially appointed at the time. His "reading" covered perhaps all of Blackstone, Kent, a little of Greenleaf on Evidence, Stephen on Pleading, Parsons on
Contracts, and perhaps a work on Torts, and one on Equity. The examination was mainly confined to Blackstone, or such parts of it as the several members of the examining committee thought they remembered. The contest was an unequal one, as the candidate was fresh from the books and the committee were not. He passed of course.

But change is in the air, and the later tendency has been to appoint a Standing Committee or Board of Examiners; to require all intending students-at-law to register with the prothonotary, and, as prerequisite to registration, to pass a preliminary examination on certain specified branches; and after registration provision is made for a regular course of study covering several years, as well as a year's clerkship in the office of a practicing lawyer.

The preliminary examination recommended by the Pennsylvania Bar Association is that required for admission to the Freshman class of a college in good standing; and the system of uniform requirements for admission to the Freshman class, adopted by the conference committee representing Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Princeton, and Cornell, is mentioned as the standard.

The course of professional studies prescribed covers three years, and, with the text-books, case-books, and treatises recommended for use in connection therewith, is as follows:

**First Year.**—(1) Elementary Law; (2) A General Survey of the Development of so much of the Common Law as is represented by the first two books of Blackstone; (3) Contracts; (4) Torts; (5) Crimes; (6) Common Law Pleading.


**Second Year.**—(1) Property; (2) Equity; (3) Evidence; (4) Sales; (5) Partnership; (6) Quasi-Contracts; (7) Agency.

*Books.*—Challis, or Washburn, or Williams on Real Property, with Gray's Cases on Property and Gray on Restraints on the Alienation of Property; Bispham on Equity and Laussat's Essay on Equity in Pennsylvania, Best on Evidence (Chamberlayne's edition), Thayer's Cases on Evidence, Blackburn or Benjamin on Sales, Williston's Cases on Sales, Parsons (Theophilus) on Partnership, Keener on Quasi-Contracts, Keener's Cases on Quasi-Contracts, Mechem on Agency.

**Third Year.**—(1) Property (continued); (2) Constitutional Law; (3) Corporations; (4) Bills and Notes; (5) Domestic Relations; (6) Practice in Pennsylvania; (7) Pennsylvania Statutes on Practice, and the Organization and Jurisdiction of Courts; (8) Decedents' Estates, including Wills, Executors, and Administrators; Pennsylvania Cases on Replevin, Ejectment, and Assumpsit.

Looking over this course it will at once occur to the student that the best place to master these studies is at a law school, and not by himself or in a law office. Apart from all questions as to ability and aptitude to teach, few lawyers in active practice have the time or the inclination to do so; but, even if they had, this work in an office can not be prosecuted so thoroughly, systematically, and advantageously to the student as at a first-class law school. There is much in the union of effort in a common direction, in the college (colleague) spirit, that is lost to the individual student in the office.

While as yet the standard for the preliminary examination is low—reaching only to the college entrance examination and not to the college degree—the indications are that the trend is upward. It was not so many years ago that, with no preliminary examination, attendance upon two annual courses of lectures, followed with a final examination, was all that was required for the degree of M.D. Now the better class of medical colleges have a four-years' course, and it will not be long before they will require a college degree for admission to the first year. And after the degree of M.D. has been conferred, before the new-fledged doctor can begin to practice in Pennsylvania, he must pass a rigid examination before a State Board of Examiners.

So with the law: while formerly entrance examinations were not always insisted upon, or, if so, the standard for admission was low, the better law schools to-day are looking to a requirement calling for college degrees as a condition precedent to entry, and in some States, New York for example, all candidates for admission to the bar must pass the ordeal of a searching examination before the State Board of Examiners.

If, as has been said by a recent writer, "superficial legal training is partnership in robbery," the importance of amendment in this direction becomes apparent.

And the college course best fitted as a preparation for the study of law is the old-fashioned classical course leading to the degree of A.B. There may be easier courses and substitutes heralded as "just as good," but they lack the test of time and the proof that is accepted as authority. Senator George Hoar, in a late article—speaking of the "training that fits men to convince and persuade their auditors by speech, a faculty indispensable to orators, statesmen, advocates,
and preachers"—says that "to study and translate what are called the classics, the great Latin and Greek authors," is "not only an important but an essential instrumentality."

Stick to the solids and essentials and touch the electives lightly. Do not waste time in college on professional studies; leave them for your professional course. Lay your foundation broad and deep and strong. You can not successfully build the foundation and run up the superstructure at the same time. In preparing, therefore, let your college work be thoroughly done—master the matter in hand. Don't spread, but utilize everything.

Remember, however, that while the popular idea is that a ready tongue is the making of a lawyer, it is not true in fact. It is not enough to talk—you must have something to say. Words will not fail the man who has a message to deliver. If you have no message, better be tongue-tied. Readiness of speech will not make up for pecuniary ideas.

The lawyer who is not disconcerted by a question from the Court nor surprised by the tactics of his adversary is not the voluble advocate with his graces of speech and readiness of retort, but the man who knows his case from beginning to end, facts and law. Thorough preparation tells in the class-room and in the court-room as well. Preparation for the Bar means hard work and constant study—study and work all the time. And this does not end with admission. Then only begins a life-time spent in preparation, and the pity is the lessons never stay learned.

If any of you have "drawings" that way, stop to think twice. It's a long journey and a weary one, and the road to success is up-hill all the way. He who has the most staying power, the best mental equipment, best preparation, in acquirements and health, for hard work, has the best "chance" of reaching the top. But the top is a long way off.

Andrew Albright Leiser, '69, U. at L.
William C. Hollopeter, M.D.

WILLIAM C. HOLLOPETER, M.D., Professor of Pediatrics in the Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, attending physician Methodist Episcopal Hospital and the St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia, was graduated from Bucknell University twenty-five years ago in probably the smallest class ever turned out in that institution. He then came to Philadelphia, and choosing so early the profession of Medicine in which he has been eminently successful as a practitioner, specialist, author, and teacher, he entered the University of Pennsylvania, graduating from there in 1877 in a class numbering 121, standing second in his class with an average of 95, and carrying off the first honor of $100. He modestly said of this on one occasion: "This is truly Bucknell's training."

Shortly after the termination of his studies at the University, he, with thirty-seven picked members of the graduating class from that institution, presented himself as a competing candidate for resident physician at the University Hospital, Presbyterian Hospital, and Philadelphia Hospital. Out of these three hospitals he succeeded in "winning his way" in two, and naturally this tended...
to mould his career as a practitioner in this city. After the expiration of his term of hospital service he engaged in private practice in Philadelphia, with a trend towards certain specialties, which usually come to medical men of pronounced scientific acumen. For the last ten years he has been instructing the large classes in the new buildings of the Medico-Chirurgical College and Hospital, holding the chair of Diseases of Children. His clinics rank among the foremost in advanced paediatric teaching of the present day. In his own inimitable way, he succinctly describes diseases, demonstrates the phenomena and sequel, points out the characteristics in the patient's particular affliction, gives the formulas, and covers the ground of diagnosis, prognosis, and pathology so clearly and forcibly that one feels as if he has had a real "personal interview" with the professor.

The Doctor is also connected with several other important hospitals in this city. He has, so far as has been consistent with the exacting duties of a large practice, contributed to the medical press, from time to time, various articles of a scientific nature which subjects especially appealed to him to investigate. Pre-eminent in his line of research he has carefully studied the disease hay-fever, its causation, treatment, and cure, and from these labors emanated a small brochure of 150 pages that has added considerably to his reputation. In three months after the publication of this valuable compend of medical science, the first edition was exhausted. The success which has greeted this original treatise compelled the publishers to announce a "second edition in preparation," which will be revised and enlarged to include the latest therapeutical thought in this important disease.

In speaking of his Alma Mater, the Professor reflectively says: "As an alumnus of Bucknell of twenty-five years' standing, a word, as it were, from the outer world may afford the students a slight hint as to how we view them. It is a pleasure to cast my horoscope across the quarter of a century that I have traveled since my departure from my Alma Mater. While not as frequent a visitor to her shrine as I should have been, I have constantly held her in fond remembrance, and throughout life have felt ever so keenly my indebtedness to her and to her influences.

"To a young graduate leaving college, he instinctively craves the good opinion of strangers for his school and is frequently indignant when he finds that they are not corroborated by every one he meets. It is with unfeigned pleasure that I have noticed the growing favor with which the institution is held. Working as I do among the graduates of the various leading schools of our country, I recognize a strong tendency to more properly appreciate the colleges that might be said to be without a reputation. I note with pride Bucknell's wonderful progress upward and renewed strength among colleges and college-bred men.

"Bucknell is recognized by all educated men as a progressive and high-toned institution, and compares favorably with our so-called 'best institutions.'
It is curious to note how the reputations are gained. We scarcely should despise the small things, and undoubtedly it is impossible for me to deny the fact that most of the reputation gained among college men, and men who have sons or daughters to send to institutions of learning, depends upon Bucknell's devotion to athletics.

"The institution has rapidly increased in the number of its buildings. I have noticed that each and every year it has had a larger and more effective class. In my day the chapel service was held in one of the small recitation-rooms in the main building, and at that unearthly hour of seven o'clock in the morning! We had a physical laboratory in name only, and were supposed to have a telescope, but it was so well covered with dust that none but the janitor ever saw it!

"The wonderful equipments and advancements made in every department of the institution are probably beyond all knowledge at present. Viewing it from afar, it is with the greatest of pleasure that I recognize its rapid educational progress and the gaining of the position it should command among the other institutions of our country.

"Personally I take pride in recognizing the influence of our alumni in matters medical in Philadelphia. The preparation received by the training in Bucknell renders its graduate a peer to any college or university student, and these men have rapidly taken rank and position in not only our institutions of learning, but have succeeded in responsible positions as internes and resident physicians in the various hospitals of the city."
EDITOR L'AGENDA: Pardon my apparent oversight in not replying to your letter at once.

It will not be possible for me to write an article for L'AGENDA, much as I would like to help it along, but I thank you sincerely for the kind invitation to do so. Between "La Grippe," a paper for the American Medical Association at Columbus, Ohio, in June, and another before the International Ophthalmological Congress at Utrecht, Holland, in August, I am tearing my hair out in handfuls, as you will notice on the "photo," which I send by the same mail.

Possibly you do not want the "photos" without the article. If so, put it in the "archives." If I had more time I would try to get up something for you, although I know very little outside of "The Eye."

Yours fraternally,
S. Lewis Ziegler.
Personal Relations with Gen. Toral.

Following the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet at Santiago de Cuba, on July 3, 1898, General Toral, after a memorable siege and a series of fierce conflicts, was compelled, on July 14, to capitulate to General Shafter. About 23,000 troops and 11,000 square miles of territory were surrendered. The American casualties numbered about 1,600; those of the Spanish command are a conjecture. The fall of Santiago closed hostilities in our victorious war with Spain, and, as this was the only land engagement of any magnitude, General Toral stands out conspicuously as the only Spanish general of prominence in the war.

General Toral was military governor at Santiago while I served there as United States Vice-Consul, and it was my privilege to become very well acquainted with him. I have quite a number of cards and personal notes from him, which in the light of subsequent events I value highly. But my first interview with him, which eventually brought us on very friendly terms, almost ended in a rupture because of the serious circumstances attending it.
My father had gone North for a much-needed rest on the American steamship *Niagara*, which sailed from Santiago on June 6, 1896, and thus I had full charge of the Consulate and of American interests in the district. Small-pox had already broken out in the city. The lower class of whites and the immense negro population superstitiously refused vaccination, and as no effort was made to quarantine cases, and the simplest mandates of cleanliness and sanitation never having obtained in the city, the population being enervated from starvation brought on largely by laziness and General Weyler's inhumane reconcentration order, the result was that the disease spread like wildfire. By the end of July there were nearly 5000 cases of small-pox in town. On the streets and at the marketplace miserable wretches covered with the sores could be seen dragging themselves along. Almost daily some of the creatures came into the Consulate, and there were 300 cases within a radius of 100 yards of us. I saw three corpses taken from the house next door—victims of confluent smallpox. In addition to this, yellow fever broke out with unparalleled virulence and spread through the city, its most shining mark being my intimate friend, Monsieur Léon Glaudut, the French Consul, a man of remarkable talents and personality. All day long the dead-carts were passing with their grim loads to the cemetery, where the dead accumulated so rapidly that night often came upon the scene of the unceremonious burials, leaving some twenty or thirty to be interred on the morrow.

I wanted my mother and wife to go north, but they refused to leave me. It was suicidal to continue our residence in the city, for foreigners in the tropics are more susceptible to the disease than the natives, and it was against orders for anyone to live outside of the city limits or beyond direct military protection or surveillance. So I went direct to General Toral, who had just come from Spain and whose word was law, intending to let nothing I could possibly subvert, stand in the way of obtaining permission to move to La Cruz, a point in the country about two miles down the bay, where the air at least was pure.

It was a scorching tropical afternoon, about the last of July, when I drove up to the General's palace. I gave my card to the orderly who appeared at the door, was ushered into the reception-room, and in a very few moments the General came in with many smiles, and offered me the hospitality of his home, according to Spanish custom. He was a man of medium height, rather stockily built, and of proud mien. His features were regular and agreeable, but his face bore heavy lines of strength, and he had a square-set, heavy under jaw. His eyes were steel blue, and as he spoke he occasionally ran his fingers through his locks of gray hair. He wore a thin, light-weight campaign uniform of blue and white, with the insignia of rank.

During the preliminary forms of politeness the General had profusely told me he was entirely at my service, and that he would do anything in his power to oblige me, but when I told him my errand he shook his head.
"That is impossible," he said. "You know that outside of the places garrisoned by our troops the country is infested with revolutionists and irresponsible desperadoes, and you and your family might easily be murdered there."

"Perhaps that is true, Your Excellency," I replied, "but in the city there is scarcely a chance of our escaping death by disease. There is everything to hope for if we move to the country."

"Yes," he answered, "but if I allowed you to move to La Cruz and you are murdered, it might easily be alleged that the crime was perpetrated through the connivance of Spanish officials. Look at the grave international complications that might arise as a result."

"Well, General," I said, "I am willing to stay in town myself and take what comes. If we moved to La Cruz I would have to go forward and backward every day. But I want all the chances for my family possible. I am not willing to have my family stay in town with an almost certainty of dying. Their only safety lies in the healthful and uncontaminated surroundings of the country."

The old warrior shook his head.

"General," I continued, "your authority in the matter is absolute, but I do not see how, under the circumstances, I can take 'no' for an answer. You are aware that both my father and myself in our official capacity here have labored long and incessantly for the interests of both our governments to avoid serious complications in the adjustment of the vexations questions concerning the rights and important interests of American citizens, which have constantly arisen since the outbreak of the insurrection. This attitude on our part merits some personal consideration, and I need this concession to facilitate me in the discharge of the duties devolved upon me. As Your Excellency is aware, this Consular district, with its four agencies, extends for 500 miles along the southern coast of Cuba; it contains over 500 American citizens and $20,000,000 of American capital dependent for their protection by the American government through the medium of our consular office. The efficiency of the office, which is now under my charge, depends upon my health, and my own health demands the privilege solicited. I believe I can truthfully go farther. It is doubtful, with the present and prospective avalanche of death, if continuous American representation could possibly be maintained here without such a concession. Only a week ago the French Consul succumbed, the English and German Consuls are on their backs. Whose turn is next? I am willing to assume responsibility for any dangers incurred by living at La Cruz, if your consent is obtained, and I will so advise the American authorities. Surely I do not want to be forced into a position where I will be compelled to notify my government that General Toral withholds a privilege necessary for the facilitation of its interests here and the personal welfare of its representative. I am sure that neither your excellency nor myself want any unpleasant consequences to arise from a refusal."
The General looked at me a moment and, half smiling, said: "I see you are determined, and if you are willing to assume the risks incurred I guess I'll have to give in."

I never had felt more determined, and his concession lifted a heavy load from my breast. The chief of staff was summoned, and orders were given him to prepare permits necessary for our convenience under the strict military regulations enforced, viz: one authorizing our residence at La Cruz; one for each of the family, allowing us to enter and leave the city at any time; one authorizing me to use a saddle on my horse—otherwise horsemen were not allowed to go out of the city with saddles, which, it was feared, might be appropriated by the insurgents; and another entitling a servant to carry to our home provision and medicine as needed without the necessity of special authorizations for each occasion. Within an hour all the papers were delivered at the Consulate by a special carrier. And this in the land of manana (to-morrow).

This was the beginning of very cordial and friendly relations with General Toral, and whenever possible he afterwards made it a point to expedite any business of the Consulate coming within his province. A number of American citizens—all of whom were then under more or less suspicion in Cuba—arrested and arbitrarily held without just cause were immediately released upon appeal to him without any resort to the dilatory tactics common to Spanish officials. He always used his best efforts in the protection of property belonging to American citizens. He showed an unusual personal interest in the welfare of both father and me. He ordered the discharge of policemen and the punishment of guards upon several occasions for interfering with the free transmission of personal effects from Santiago to our country home. For fear we might be molested by some of the ignorant Spanish sympathizers when feeling was running so high because of the threatened recognition of the insurgents by our Congress, he stationed a number of guards in the neighborhood of the Consulate for our protection, and he subsequently maintained guards near the Consulate, but not close enough to be indecorate. He offered military escort for protection when going about, which was declined with thanks, although the consideration shown was deeply appreciated.

Shortly before I returned North permanently, because of my health, father and I made a friendly call on General Toral. After a while the conversation drifted to the revolution,—the subject most generally discussed during those times on the island,—and the General said: "The trouble with these wretched insurgents is that they fire one shot at long range, and take to the bush so we can't find them. It would only take a few hours to finish them all if they would stand up and fight." "Well, General," said father, with a good-natured smile, "if the Yankees ever come down here to fight you will not have any complaint of that kind to make of them." General Toral's Spanish blood and education gave him an inordinate confidence in the success of Spanish arms, and a none too great
estimation of the valor of American troops. He looked incredulous for a moment, and said: "Doctor, if our soldiers would get along as well as you and I do, there would be no occasion for trouble."

On April 6, 1898, when father was ordered by the American government to quit Santiago for the English Island of Jamaica, just prior to the outbreak of our war with Spain, the news spread rapidly through the city. General Toral, accompanied by the civil and naval governors, called and requested father to stay, saying that the excitement was at such a pitch that they feared if he left it would be impossible to restrain the populace, and giving him their personal pledge that if he remained and war broke out between the United States and Spain that he would be protected from all harm. Father thanked them for their kind offer, but said the orders of his government were imperative, and that he had no alternative but to obey. Under General Toral’s orders twenty policemen were sent to escort father from the Consulate to the steamship Brookline in waiting. Just prior to his departure, father sent his "se despide" card to General Toral, and immediately received the following in reply:

Señor Doctor Pulaski F. Hyatt,
Consul de los Estados Unidos en Santiago de Cuba.

Mi Señor Mio: Recibo su tarjeta de despedido, y deseo a Vd. un felix viaje; sintiendo por mi parte sinceramente la ausencia de un funcionario oficial tan atento y honorable como Vd.

Quedo de Vd. atento S. S. Q. B. S. M.
José Toral.
Santiago de Cuba, 6 Abril, 1898.

The translation of which is as follows:

Dr. Pulaski F. Hyatt,
United States Consul at Santiago de Cuba.

My Dear Sir: I receive your card of departure, and I wish you a happy voyage; feeling upon my part sincerely the absence of an official functionary so attentive and honorable as yourself.

I remain your sure, attentive servant, who kisses your hands,
José Toral.

Poor General Toral! The corruption and neglect of ages under Spanish dominion, which blighted Cuba and left Santiago in a state of unpreparedness, made the city’s downfall all the more inevitable as soon as the onslaught of our heroes came. But these are lost sight of in Spain to-day in the curses of its ignorant populace, who demand the trial by court-martial and execution of this magnificent soldier and gentleman.

John F. Hyatt.
Bucknell Men in the War with Spain.

Tasker Howard Bliss, College '69-'71: Military attaché U. S. Consulate, Madrid, Spain, when war was declared; lieutenant-colonel; chief of staff, First Division, First Army Corps, May 23 to September 23, 1898; chief commissary, First Army Corps, November 29, 1898; collector of port, Havana, Cuba.

Howard Lincoln Calder, A. M., '87: At declaration of war was judge advocate with rank of lieutenant-colonel, division commander’s staff, N. G. P. Staff officers of the State Guard were not mustered into the U. S. service; was assigned to command, as captain, Co. I, Fourth Regiment, P. V. I., and detailed to provost guard duty at Arroyo, Porto Rico; mustered in at Harrisburg, June 30; out, at same place, November 16, 1898.

James Madison Harr, '85: Chaplain with rank of captain. First Regiment, N. J. V. I. Mustered in May 12; out, November 10, 1898.

Frank Bentley Hargrave, A. B., '89: Regimental clerk. Tenth Regiment, P. V. I.; member Co. I, Greensburg; assigned to duty in Philippine Islands; participated in battle of Malats and first battle of Manila; elected to Pennsylvania Assembly while in service; honorably discharged.

Herbert Frederick Harris, A. M., '96: Corporal Co. G, Twelfth Regiment, P. V. I.; mustered in at Mt. Gretna, May 12; out at Williamsport, November 1, 1898.

Martin Luther Focht, M. D., formerly '81: Regimental surgeon, Twelfth Regiment, P. V. I.; acting brigade surgeon, Third Brigade, First Division; Second Corps, under General Butler. Mustered in May 5; out, November 5, 1898.


WILLIAM HAMMOND PARKER, PH.B., 97: Private First Regiment, P. V. I.; in camp at Mt. Gretna, Chickamauga, Knoxville; mustered in May 11; out, October 24, 1898.

FRANK GARF PERIN, 92 to '95: Sergeant Co. H, Sixth Regiment, P. V. I.; mustered in May 12; out, October 17, 1898.


RALPH D. KOSER, formerly Academy: Co. G, Twelfth Regiment, P. V. I.; mustered in May 12; out, October 29, 1898.

AMOS T. WILLIAMS, '96: Reserve Ambulance Corps, First Army Corps; mustered in May 10, 1898; out, May 1, 1899; hospital steward; service in Porto Rico; participated in battle of Caoapo.

S. G. READING, '85: Appointed chaplain, Twelfth Regiment, P. V. I.; regiment mustered out before he received his commission.

JOSEPH K. WEAVER, M.D., '61: Appointed brigade surgeon U. S. Volunteers, June 4, 1898; brigade surgeon, Second Division, Second Army corps; surgeon-in-chief, Second Division Hospital; chief surgeon staff of Gen. George M. Davis; honorably discharged November 5, 1898.

GEORGE G. GROFF, M.D., Professor of Organic Science: Field agent National Relief Commission, Camp Alger, June 26, 1898; special relief commissioner for Porto Rico, July 28; brigade surgeon, with rank of major, U. S., September 17; sanitary commissioner, San Juan, Porto Rico.

ARTHUR D. ANSTOCK, formerly Academy: Eighth Regiment, P. V. I.

LYNN D. SWEET, Academy: Private Co. M, Ninth Regiment, P. V. I. Mustered in July 10; out, October 30, 1898.
Company A, Twelfth Regiment,
LEWISBURG, PA.

Mustered in at Mt. Gretna, May 12; mustered out at Lewisburg, October 29, 1898.

CAMPS.
Hastings, Mt. Gretna; Alger, Va.; Meade, Pa.

CAPTAIN.
WILLIAM R. FOLLMER, '77.

FIRST LIEUTENANT.
GEORGE SHORKLEY, '92.

FIRST SERGEANT.
LEVI T. FETZER, '98.

SERGEANTS.
THORNMOORE SHORKLEY, '00.
JOHN WEIDENSAUL.
FRANK C. KATHERMAN, '98.

CORPORALS.
MEYER FETZER, '97.
MARTIN B. CHRISTY, '00.
E. P. GILCHRIST, '97.
R. M. HOOD.

PRIVATES.
ARCHIE W. ANDERSON, '01.
RALPH KOONS, '98.
ORVILLE E. BAILEY, ex-'96.
JOHN W. MCCracken, '02.
PHILIP P. BAKK, ex-'97.
LEE R. RANCK, A., '98.
ABBOTT W. BUCHER.
OSCAR N. RAMBO, '01.
JOHN E. BROWNEILL.
JOSEPH Z. ROWE, '01.
ALLYN A. EARLE, '01.
BRUCE H. TRIMMER, '98.
WM. HEPFELFINGER.
MORRIS C. VAN GUNDY, '98.

H. R. VON DORSTER, '01.

MUSICIAN.
BRYANT E. BOWER, ex-'00.

SERGEANT-MAJOR.
LOGAN GRIEMYRE.
GOVERNOR'S TROOP, P. V. I.,
With Army in Porto Rico.

Arthur M. Devall, ex-'99.
Alfred J. Fright, ex-'98.

DIED.

Philip Pontius Baker,
Co. A., Twelfth Regiment, P. V. I.,
At Camp Meade, Pa., September 19, 1898.
To the Century Plant.*

FROM the mythical stories of old,
From the heathen traditions that hold
The perfection of fancy and grace;
We had learned of the wondrous hour
Of a goddess of wisdom and power,
Of Pallas, immortal of race.

How she sprang from the brow of her sire,
In a glow of empyreal fire,
And was worshiped and hailed of men.
But the beautiful, strange superstition
Has been lost in the sweeping transition
To Now—from the mystical Then.

So we seek for a symbol of Life,
But a symbol of travail and strife
And of growth that is marked with the years.
For that state of a Being possessing
Ev'ry gift of Divinity's blessing,
Is not for the Valley of Tears.

As we turn to a lowlier sign
Than the bust of our Pallas divine.
Let us look to the aloe and learn—
Of development—slow in attaining
The perfection of growth, and in gaining
That end which its efforts must learn.

Notwithstanding the long, empty years
That must lapse ere its beauty appears,
To adorn what its labor has wrought.
And in spite of the days stern and dreary
With the Plan of Existence, made weary
With Battle of Life to be fought.

Still serene in its being it stands
And in strength and in vigor expands,
As a proof of its power—survives!
Till it reaches the infinite sweetness
Of a rounded, perfected completeness
Of life and the spirit that strives.

And Maturity's crown is refined
With a birth-throne in sacrifice shrined.
As a blossom is born of the strife.
For an hour, the elements cherish,
For an hour, it thrives but to perish
With that which has given it life.

Do we count such endeavors as lost,
When our efforts are valued at cost
And we gather no visible gain?
When a life has been faithful to duty
And the growth of the soul's earnest beauty,
Is that to have labored in vain?

*The American Aloe.
College Hill.

For an imaginative mind a retrospective view of College Hill is replete with wonders. Let us go back in imagination, say to 1700, long before the first white man entered this beautiful valley, when the wild beast and the Indian alone roamed these hills. The hill is covered with monarchs of the forest and overlooks the placid waters of the Susquehanna. The flats below are sparsely wooded and the verdant meadows, so says tradition, are still the home of the bison.

The hill is a rendezvous of the peaceful Delawares. How often has it been the site of an Indian camp or a silent witness at the council-fire or even an Indian war-dance. The scout, watching a hostile party stealing along the trail at its base or paddling silently along the river, has concealed himself in the thickets on its side. Or perhaps the signal-smoke curling from its summit gave warning of an approaching foe.

Let us advance a hundred years. The hill is still forest-clad, but the meadows and the bison are gone. The war-party now holding council on the hill is of the fierce Huron-Iroquois, from the north, who have overcome the weaker Delawares and placed an Iroquois viceroy over them. The white man has made his way into the primeval forest and the sound of his ax startles the forest denizens who have taken refuge on the hill. That first sound of the ax rings the death-knell of forest, wild beast, and Indian.

Another century, and again all is changed. Indian and woodman are both gone. College Hill is the home of an institution of learning already ancient. The war-whoop has given place to the college yell, and class scraps and foot-ball games have taken the place of conflicts with arrows and tomahawks.

Thus we have seen the hill change by successive stages from a virgin forest, the home of wild beast and savage, to the seat of an institution devoted to knowledge, art, and culture, and a type of the highest civilization. May the institution always remain sitting like a crown on the summit of her beautiful hill, and may her fame be spread abroad among all the nations.
My Monday Morning Visitation.

MONDAY morning I was dreaming
That on earth no more I'd be;
That my soul was now departing
For that blest eternity.

I could hear an angel knocking
At my door so soft and still,
And my soul in meekness answered,
"I'll obey my Master's will."

Soon the knocking grew much louder,
And my soul to earth returned,
And my heavenly vision vanished
With the joy I just had learned.

Then my angel was transfigured,
And my bliss fast passed away;
As I heard my old washwoman
Saying, "Any wash to-day?"

A Flower Garden.

"Not fairer garden yet was never known."

ON the bank of a dear old river, on the outskirts of a quiet little town noted
for its blue blood, its low houses hugging the streets, and its uneven brick
sidewalks, there is a far-famed flower garden: far-famed, indeed, for many
a city has sent its choicest young plants here for cultivation. The plants received
are restricted to four kinds, as it is the purpose of the florist to take only a few
kinds so that perfection may be reached.

We visited the garden one morning at about eight o'clock, when the fog
had scarcely risen from the river and the sun was just making its way through
the surrounding oaks. Entering the rear gate we were conducted to the front
part of this paradise of plant-life, where we found the gardeners assembled to
begin the day's work. We had time only to notice that they were competent-looking florists, when our attention was attracted to a large bed of full-blown red roses. Oh, such beauty, such splendor! Stately, dignified, rich-lined they were. The poet understood them when he said:

"The rose is wont with pride to swell and ever seeks to rise."

In their dewy freshness they were an inspiring mass. But no; we had not interpreted them aright. What we had thought were pearls of dew were tears in the flowers' eyes. We were filled with sympathy and felt that we had been favored with an insight into their deeper feelings. The secret was this: the term of their cultivation was drawing to a close; they were soon to leave the garden and the gardener standing over them, whom they had feared, respected, and loved. Besides, they were to be parted each from the other and transplanted in distant soil. Day after day they had grown side by side, twining around and supporting one another. How could they refrain from tears when they recalled it all? Soon all traces of sorrow were gone, and we could imagine them saying: "If we must go, let it be cheerfully, hopefully, resolutely. Other breezes will waft our perfume, other hearts will be cheered, and other friends will appreciate and admire us."

We passed on to the century plant which occupied the position next in importance. It was sturdy, indeed, neither affected by the weather nor swayed by the winds, but pointing ever upward its massive leaves. Great possibilities rested in this plant. Nature, surely, had appreciated its worth, for she had stamped it with the badge of her greatest approval by giving it a dress of her favorite color. Then, too, deep in its center, protected by the surrounding leaves, was a bud which was to blossom when, like the rose, it should be sent into the world an ideal plant.

Next came pansies—a broad bed of flaming purple pansies—beautiful, it is true, yet small and insignificant looking in contrast to the monstrous century plant. Perhaps that was why they seemed to cling so closely to Mother Earth; yet, withal, they raised their royal faces to the sunlight with inspiring self-confidence and a tinge of conceit, which was pardonable in faces which betokened such deep thought. Their gravity was intense. That was because of those lovely carnations on the other side of them; nor had they been consoled by that verse:

"Thy rivals thou might' st excel hadst thou but scent."

Yes, there were carnations galore in their fresh young blushes! It had not been long since they had entered the garden from their respective hothouses, and they still felt strange. However, they were making a great effort to appear at their best by waving their opening buds proudly in the air. Their spice and vivacity gave them an agreeable charm which appealed to every one and showed
that they would never be crushed; while the pleasing odor that they breathed out was an emblem of the sweeter unseen which time would develop and bring forth. The future will tell us more about the carnation.

And thus, with thoughts awakened in us which we could scarcely express, we reluctantly left the garden and wandered through the grove of tall oaks which seemed to stand as guards, stretching out their arms in protection and pride over their beloved flowers. We ascended the hill while the little squirrels hopped across the winding path and up the mighty oaks as if defying us to follow. The view spreading out before us was one not to be forgotten, while directly below, withdrawn a little distance as if to contemplate the beauty, the mystery, and the reality of the scene, flowed the faithful river ever onward in its course, while over all rested a calm, cloudless sky.

The Weather.

BEN and Lile went up the hill
To study "Deutsch" together,
Ben's heart was light;
Lile's face was bright,
While whisperings of the weather.

Ben and Lile sat on the steps,
Studying "Deutsch" together
Ben read to Lile;
Lile read to Ben.
It did not change the weather.

Ben and Lile came down the hill.
They came down all together.
Ben smiled at Lile;
Lile smiled at Ben.
'Tis all the fault of the weather.
A Student's Flirtation.

COLLEGE had closed for the Christmas recess, and the "Pennsy" train for Philadelphia was pulling into the Montandon station to receive its load of departing students. As usual, the number was large and seats were scarce. Nearly all had been accommodated, however, and there was still one half-seat left unoccupied. Here it was most natural for me to stop as I passed through the car.

In the seat, next to the window, sat a young lady whose innocence and beauty could be appreciated at a glance, and the effect of which upon myself I could actually feel while standing in the aisle looking down upon her. To describe her and the first impression she made upon me faithfully would be beyond my ability; and yet her beauty was of the type I most admire. Her complexion was clear and fair almost to perfection; her hair was dark brown, rather short than long, and instead of being held back artificially, it fell unrestrained in curls around her face, adding to the charm of her appearance. Her brown eyes were bright, clear, and innocent enough to thrill a poet, for there seemed to shine out through them something capable of inspiring one to better and nobler things. As she turned her face up into mine, I am compelled to admit that I considered her the most enjoyable picture I had looked upon for many a day.

Having obtained permission, I took the vacant seat beside her and began getting my bearings in the car, as every traveler naturally does. Very soon, however, I was recalled from that occupation, and a little startled, too, by an ordinary question addressed to me by my pretty fellow-passenger. After answering her question, my attention again wandered to our companions in the car and to the scenery out of the window, though I must confess my thoughts were more concerned with her, and I glanced at her as often as I did out of the window, for already she had completely taken my fancy.

A few moments later she addressed another remark to me with a frankness perfectly consistent with what I might have anticipated from her innocent appearance, and my second answer was more prolonged; for I thoroughly enjoyed the sensation of having her look into my face so earnestly. After the ice was broken, we gradually drifted into quite a conversation, most interesting to me, and evidently so to her. We chatted about the people in the car, of the ever-changing scenery, and whatever we happened to think of, and her mind was so bright and flexible that thoughts came quick and fast. It required no effort to talk to her, and we soon began to feel very well acquainted. As we became more friendly, she told me about herself and what her pleasures were, and pointed out her mamma across the aisle a short distance ahead.
The longer we chatted the more friendly and the more interested we became, until finally, in her earnestness in telling me one of her experiences, much to my surprise, but entirely unconsciously on her part, she rested her hand gently on my arm. And then, as she became more engrossed in the story, she paid no attention, if, indeed, she noticed it, to the fact that her hand was resting on mine and almost within it. When the story was ended, her hand was withdrawn as carelessly and unconsciously as it had been placed there, and she seemed to think it nothing unusual.

Where it might have ended, I do not know. I had to leave the car at Dauphin; and as we drew near the depot she seemed sorry to have me go, and I was sorry to leave. We made the best of the last few minutes, however, and as I left the car she gave me as sweet and pleasant a farewell smile and extended her hand as frankly as though we had been intimate friends for years; and yet I never learned her name, nor she mine.

Had a wrong been committed? Was either of us guilty of an impropriety? Perhaps, if the circumstances had been different. I caught one parting glimpse of her face as the train left the station. She was standing on the seat waving a farewell to me through the window, and that last picture of the brightest and prettiest little girl of four years I ever met has lingered with me ever since.

A Junior Pessimist.

Life is all a fallacy anyhow. You think you see a thing and you don't see it at all. "Things are not what they seem." Red is green, blue is yellow, white is not really white, it is gray, and black is nothing at all. You see a red barn in the distance; it is not red, it's gray; yes, gray; red is green, but that barn is gray all the same. But the unkindest cut of all is your best girl's picture from a physicist's point of view. A Junior, you know, is a physicist by compulsion. Your Marie, you think, has ruby lips, pink cheeks, blue eyes, a pure white brow and raven hair. Well, she has not, by any means. Her lips are green, her cheeks a fainter shade of the same "blissid tint," her eyes are yellow, her brow a grayish green, and her hair, why, she has no hair at all. Behold your sweet Marie! Ah, me! life is truly an utter fallacy, a vain delusion!
As a novelty, an open discussion on any subject, chosen by the appointed member was programmed for Theta Alpha, the first meeting of the winter term. Something unusual being expected, a large attendance was present.

Alexander, addressing the society, gives as the subject, "The Social Life of Colleges," speaking in substance as follows: "Most worthy brethren, I limit the discussion of the evening to the social intercourse of our co-educational system. I heartily endorse the more advanced philosophers in bringing woman to the exalted station of man in college-life. I expect the speakers of the evening to follow my course."

Without giving an opportunity to others, the Right Honorable "Jay" Snyder immediately gives vent to his overloaded feelings with: "My dissatisfaction with the social life of Bucknell between sexes is great. I have been unfortunate, but truly innocent. At Normal it was different, chas with friends of the other sex not only being permitted, but highly encouraged. A few days past I gained the disapproval of the boys by sitting next a short, fair-haired damsel of the Junior Class; next day, withdrawing to another seat, I was accused of cowardice by the girls, every hair on the head of each being sacred to me. I know when I am bashful and when not. I believe it is a law laid down by a higher authority than myself." (Great applause).

The question is continued by one of our numerous class beneficts, a man of many trades, one who has finally attained to the proud distinction of a bookseller. "I think there is danger in too close connection, Shakespeare somewhere states, 'Love comes like a summer's sigh.' One of my class brothers was in the habit of saying, 'The co-educational system is all right, but there is not enough of it.' Ah, me! poor fellow, he left here with five to support him, while I could get but one. I advise the last speaker to try a widow."

The benefict is followed by "Widower" Caleb Barrett Ayars, Jr.: "After some experience I would not advise our auburn-bearded brother to try a widow. We can not stand at all times, but if we can reach ahead to the ideal we will be all right."

"Orator" Shipman states against his convictions, but practically to save time, hence money, that "Correspondence will sometimes bring it to a successful issue; vacations can be utilized to this end and the term profited by work." While "Duffy" DeWitt, the "Noble One," who resists all attempts of the fair sex, states truly, "I really dread going to a Seminary reception, though I feel the ladies miss something."

173
A society man must be heard from, so Wassell, the "Ladies' Man," says that "Associations with large bodies collectively is of inestimable benefit. I could not live without daily being with our opposites, and I attain to a permanent seat next the dear girl in class."

Ah! last but not least, the funny man rises, the one who asks, "Why does (a) miller wear a white cap." He pursues the previous speakers with an unquenchable desire to roast. "When first I came here, in passing a fair maid, I doffed my hat, believing, possibly, she was a classmate, but oh! how sorry was I it happened, for no sooner did she see the hayseed in my hair than with an insignificant smile she tossed her head into the air and has not noticed poor me since. With our bachelor, I sympathize with such sympathy as did old Rip Van Winkle feel for his dog 'Schneider.' I believe it is well to look for a home, but think as does the 'Widower,' to fight shy of widows. I think that often the point at issue can be gained by correspondence, and surely Professor Perrine would advise the means of composition; but if we look to Professor Phillips (who blushes), he would warrant the power of oratory as the best. Men's hearts at times are to be touched by the power of persuasion; assuredly the heart of a woman has a weak point to the smooth tongue of man. Gentlemen, I advise oratory."

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**Between the Classes.**

_A last the weary hour has gone,
   The bell rings out, now, clear and strong,
   Its welcome message bringing._

Out troop the lads and lassies all
   Beneath the apple trees they pause,
   From classroom into spacious hall,
   It's just to finish up a clause,
   'Mid noisy talk and laughter.
   Or sentence of importance.
Down College Hill a maiden trips,
   In very shy, reluctant way,
   A conscious smile plays round her lips,
   Which tells how much he'd like to stay,
   Her cheeks are somewhat rosy.
   The young man turns back slowly.
A gallant youth walks by her side,
   We see him now his way retrace
   His face aglow with manly pride.
   With lingering steps and thoughtful face,
   His manner slightly rattled.
   And many backward glances.
There's no lane but has its turning.
   This is the story known to all;
   As these two are sadly learning,
   But to the actors it must fall
   While slowly on they saunter.
   To give us the sequel.

174
A Feast at the Sem.

TEN O'CLOCK! It is night; faculty invasions are over and the power of Morphens is supposedly presiding over the "Pretty Semis;" the rats have started their nightly raid on the hall wastebaskets, and everyone, with the exception of that fellow in the moon, feels that Sem-life is now in the delightful mystery of dreamland. That lunar spectator has, however, shone too long over Semdom to be so deceived,—but distance prevents interference.

Ten thirty! Along the darkened corridors glide maidens with anxious, expectant faces, as though looking for someone whom they did not wish to see; the air is filled with strange, unnatural sounds, and every board, when stepped upon, seemingly tries to excel its neighbor in squeaks and groans. When, after numerous attacks of heart failure at the fancied sound of a familiar step, the goal of this nightly escapade is reached, the door is noiselessly opened from within, and that triumphant feeling of relief at safety is experienced as the door closes behind you.

Where is that ancient deity with his overpowering influence of poppies? Evidently he has resigned in favor of a more jovial brother, who, in his turn, has cast a spell of fun, frolic, and feasting over his subjects, for you are now greeted by a bevy of jolly, laughing girls, who are all absorbed in the opening of a small wooden box in the center of the room. Upon the box is printed in journal war type the startling information that "Peterson's Scourine is the only dirt Eradicator," but you feel sure that this receptacle is acting in an entirely new rôle than its maker intended.

The hostess, with a fierce-looking hatchet, is endeavoring to remove the firmly fastened cover and, with the suggestions of her solicitous friends, is at last successful. Oh, the treasures that are then brought to view! The apropos angel food, followed by a crisp, browned, headless chicken, which is tenderly placed on the waiting comb and brush tray! The school-girls' delight of delights, olives, home-made candy and pickles, fruit, nuts and cookies. It seems to the delighted gaze as though it were a regular bottomless treasure-box!

No one, without experience, can appreciate the full significance of a midnight school feast; the quintessence of joy that is realized when sitting comfortably on the floor with a chicken "perambulator" in one hand and in the other
a pickle large enough to have taken first prize at the Union County Fair, or to have felt the triumph experienced at the successful harpooning of an obstinate olive with a N. G. hatpin. In after years when Latin "At Homes" and squelches have faded quite from the Semites memory, still, fresh in the chambers of Imagery, the picture gallery of the mind, ever coming to view, when thoughts of "Auld lang syne" arise, will be the mental kinetoscope representation of the Sem Feast.

Saved!

We were gathered in the chapel
On a chill December morn,
By the clock 'twas eight and after,
And with care each face was worn.

'Tis a fearful thing in college
To be harassed by the thought
That the dreaded hour is coming
Bringing fast a grade of nought

So we reached the Lab in silence,—
For the smartest was afraid,—
While the jolly Prof. was smiling
At the flunks that would be made.

And thus we entered trembling,
Each one busy with his prayers;
"We are lost," a Junior murmured,
As he staggered up the stairs.

But his shrewd class-brother whispered,
As he saw his icy chill,
"Aren't their punies for the Lab., chum,
Just the same as on the Hill?"

And he took a little booklet,
On a plan both good and new,
Slyly from his inside pocket,
And he said, "I'll share with you."

Then the other thanked him quickly,
And his heart was free from fear
As he answered well his topic
In a voice assured and clear.
Voices from the Couch.

He is a Bucknell student—a typical society student. The clock on the Baptist Church has just pealed forth the midnight hour when, tired from one of those endless social functions, he has thrown himself upon his couch. And a fine place has he chosen for rest—his well-loved couch, covered with pillows. Pillows of every description are here to be found: pillows evidently intended for use, pillows for ornament; B. U. pillows, class pillows: ruffled pillows, and cored pillows; pillows painted and pillows embroidered.

And in these downy depths the owner soon is lost in dreamy meditation. He thinks of his college life, of its seeming chase after pleasure rather than learning, of what his father will think when that last bill comes in, of the vanity of life in general and all those other thoughts that come to a student who is learning from experience that his idea of life and of a good time possibly does not coincide with that of Webster's Unabridged, giving the latter the benefit of a doubt.

But suddenly his reverie is interrupted. What is that strange sound? He had thought he was alone, but surely a human voice is disturbing the quiet of his room. He listens and hears distinctly: "Yes, as I was telling you last night, I am tired of life within these dingy walls. When Nelly—ah, he hears his sister's name—"gave me to Tom to bring to college, I expected to find things here somewhat like my former surroundings. I had learned to admire industry, order, and quiet. But all of industry that I ever see here is once every three months when Tom stays in his room perhaps two nights in succession and I hear him mutter: 'Stick to it, old fellow! This pony must be finished and we'll pull through once more.' About once a month I perceive an attempt at order when he sweeps out. And the morals of the place! Good Gracious! Aunt Jane's cap frill would stand up straighter than my ruffle does if she was here in my place sometimes. Ah! I am afraid even college life has its shady side. I often wish I was back home with Nell."

Scarcely does our young disciple of learning (?) realize that one of his pillows is talking, when it stops and another begins: "Oh, yes! I agree with you there, but I have no time for such thoughts. I came from the Sem—was swept at a reception, you know. The girls down there think that the boys really like them when they call on them, skip with them and come to their windows for taffy. I used to think the same, but I tell you I have changed my mind. How I would like to go back and tell the girls that the boys are simply 'in for fun,' as they say.
Then, too, if I could only tell the boys what triflers those girls are, for they say sometimes a college boy really does lose his heart on a Semite. But here I stay and stay and the boys and girls go on fooling each other more than ever."

And now another takes up the strain: "Oh, I, too, have my story. Dorothy gave me to Tom. She, his first love, lives in the little town where he passed his Prep days. In the ardor of that first attack what vows he made! Now he seldom even looks at her picture, and he's always murmuring something to himself about 'Edith.' I don't know who Edith is, but Dorothy's name surely isn't Edith."

"I know who Edith is," piped an affected little voice. "She is a town girl who has captivated his fancy and perhaps won his heart. At least she thinks so, and I have heard him tell her that she was his first and only love. He never even mentioned Dorothy, as you call her. I hope all may be well—at the most it will be only one more 'college widow' added to the ranks."

"Ha! Ha! the town-girl may think she has his love, but how about the Sem girl?" this time he hears. "Oh, those notes of sweetness and soul-thrilling expressions that Rebecca receives from him! Surely, there must be some truth in them. I think since I came here that men and women ever will be triflers. Broken hearts are nothing in these days, and, in fact, I am afraid it is a difficult matter to break one."

"And I came from the Girls' Study-Room, basely 'appropriated' and brought to this despicable abode. I have never given much time to the heart-breaking question, but I would like to get away from this room and exist in contentment once again in that respectable place. Here no one ever studies, and there the girls always study—unless they talk."

"And I am the outcome of that old strike of the Glee-Club trip. Merely a passing fancy, I imagine. Perhaps it will continue until the trip this year."

"Madge sent me to Tom on his birthday this year. She was his old childhood playmate. Many castles in the air they built as well as houses from stones. Of course, she's only 'Madge;' but he often talks to her sweet-pictured face. And he always knows his Greek after the confab. It seems a good omen for Madge—and for Tom, too."

But our Collegiate arouses and rubs his eyes as if to clear away a mist. All is quiet. "Half-past one and cold as Greenland. Dreaming and freezing for an hour and a half. What fools we mortals will be."

We wonder if he will forget what the pillows told him.
"Cranberries."

WHEN the class of nineteen hundred,
In its Freshman days was numbered,
It was made the subject matter
Of a scorn that fell much flatter
Than the erring brains that thought it could have wished;
When the universal cry,
Was to "fool," "outwit," and "guy,"
Lest at banquet time much pleasure should be missed.

Of the "Freshies," never dreaming,
Nor of strange, revengeful scheming,
In a glow of conscious power,
'Ninty-nine had fixed an hour,
And in Cameron they gathered for a feast,
Till upon the midnight air,
Cries of "Freshies"—everywhere!
Made them tremble, and their terror never ceased.

Then a "Biddy," quickly dipping
Into sauce—with fist all dripping,
Hurled the cranberries into space
With the vigor of her race.
Madly whirling, they descended with a flop,
And in truth it is averred,
With the next course they were served,
And the unsuspecting duffers ate the slop!  

Ex-"Century,"
The College Widow.

---

HAYE you heard of the fair college widow,
With her wealth of endearments and grace,
With her soft drooping eyes and a coyness that lies
In her childishly innocent face?
(Ah, yes! In her innocent face.)

There's a power and charm in the waving
Of the hair 'neath her Pompadour hat;
And a cool, slender hand stamped with Venus' brand,
Do you fancy a man resists that?
(Poor devils, they can't resist that!)

So she plays with a heart's first vibrations,
And its owner is glad to be rash,—
Till he finds he is sold, when he comes to behold
That his pockets are empty of cash.
(Poor beggars, its hard on the cash!)

Though her sisterhood frowns disapproval,
She has lovers enough—and to spare:
And it's one of her rules, when she's proven them fools,
To reject them with diffident air.
(Poor fools, if they happen to care!)

Though they know of her strange mocking power,—
That they've only their folly to blame.
With experience bought, they are wretchedly caught,
As a moth, in a hot, stinging flame.
(Poor moths, how consuming the flame!)

But there's comfort, perhaps, in reflection,
When despoiled, by the years that advance,
Of her coquetry's charm, she will wake in alarm,
And would harbor most any old chance.
(Poor widow, she won't get the chance!)

Ex.--"CENTURIE."
RODGER EAMES was a good fellow endowed with a handsome face, splendid physique and brilliant mind. Yet with all these attractive qualities he had one great failing which might be expressed in the words of his own favorite quotation: "How happy would I be with either, were 'tother dear charmer away."

In short, he was an Adam who could not be content with one Eve nor at ease with two.

This failing often involved its possessor in serious difficulties. As surely as he took "maiden number one" to a foot-ball game, "maiden number two" was there and cast reproachful glances at him. At such times Rodger was wont to relieve his feelings by muttering his favorite quotation.

The year that the great event of his youthful life occurred, his second charmer dwelt within the sacred portals of the seminary, and this fact prevented many a mishap. On Saturday evening he could call at the seminary until eight; then, pleading some important engagement, he him to town and bask for the rest of the evening in the smiles of his "town girl." As for picnics, boating-parties, and balls, "maiden number two" could accept no such invitations, so he took "maiden number one" and all went well.

But one day an unforeseen difficulty arose. It was June, and as Rodger remarked, "Summer always has its trials; if it is not the heat or mosquitoes it's—girls." The difficulty was twofold. This year the college men were permitted to escort the seminary maidens to the twilight concerts on the college campus and to the later exercises in Commencement Hall, and Rodger knew that a certain pretty seminary senior expected him to take advantage of his privileges. That was half the trouble; the other half was that a pretty town girl was anticipating all these attentions for her own sweet self. Poor Rodger! he tore his hair, racked his brains, repeated his favorite quotation. What could he do? He might take one on Monday evening and the other the next evening; he might invite some other girl; but these plans seemed inadequate to the situation, and finally he decided to ask both "dear charmers."

The guileless maidens accepted Rodger's invitation for the two evenings, each thinking herself fortunate in having so handsome an admirer. Monday evening saw this Romeo of two Juliets clad in his swellest outfit, on his way to town. His courage almost forsook him at the sight of his "town girl" in her dainty white gown. But he soon recovered and, chatting gaily, the two went on their way until they came to the street on which the seminary was situated.

181
Then Rodger said, "Let us turn down here," and she, though surprised, silently complied. If surprised then, what were her feelings when, drawing near the seminary, he said, "I have a friend in here who is going with us!"

But still she was silent and awaited an explanation. In response to his card, Rodgers' "friend" came down, looking as fresh and sweet as the roses in her belt. She, too, seemed surprised at the situation, and both girls bowed and smiled coldly when Rodgers introduced them. They had long known each other by sight, but neither ever dreamed she was not the only girl in the world for Rodger Eames. In spite of the forbidding circumstances this beau chevalier managed to charm his charmers, and all three seemed merry.

As far as appearances went, that evening passed serenely until Rodger was once more alone with "maiden number one." What happened then only the inquisitive stars can tell, but from that night there was a marvelous change in Rodger Eames. The next year his college friends called him "Rodger, the woman-hater."

---

The Farmer at the Game.

"Took a walk the other day.
Out ter see them fellers play
At a game I'd hurn folks tell,
Had no place this side uv hell.
In our church the sistren said:
Folks that played it broke their head,
And in ev'ry game they played
Nine or ten were cripples made;
Arms were busted, noses smashed,
Ears pulled off, and faces gashed.
So I sez, that won't be tame;
Guess I'll go an' see the game;
'N' see if I ken jest find out
What them folks all talk erbout.
Wal, I went, and what a crowd
There I saw a-standing round,
Giving yells and all that stuff,
Seemed to me some like a bluff.
Some wore ribbins, some had canes,
An' peered ter me some had no brains,
Th' way they jumped and danced erbout,
Same as sent. girls when they're out."
Soon I looked around and sees
Lots of fellers wearing B's;
And the durndest sort of clothes
With a bizness on their nose;
And their hair, it seemed ter me,
Wuz longer than it need ter be.
Kinder made my old face smile,
Tho' I haint no hand fer style.
Pretty soon a whistle blew.
I looked up, an' 'golly, where!
Down the field them fellers run,
Then I knew the game'd begun.
Every feller seemed ter try,
Some other feller ter git by.
And the "kid" that got the ball
Took a most all-fired fall.
Then while several sat on top,
The rest jest used him fur a mop.
My! but how the fur it flew
Till agin the whistle blew.
Jumpen up by threes and pairs,
They humped their backs all up like stairs;
'N' with their heads down to the ground,
I saw their fists go flyin' 'round.
Then some feller, pretty slick,
Shot off a lot of 'rithmetic.
'N while they circled round about,
A feller with the ball sneaked out,
'N went a tearin' down the field
With his face all skinned and pealed;
'N I saw he'd left an ear
Somewhere fur a souvenir.
Another now quick blocked the way,
'N there they had a huggin' fray,
An' same as when two trains collide,
Each stopped and tumbled on his side.
So there they lay and couldn't rise,
A-heaving big spasmodic sighs.
But soon they came 'round alright
An' jumped right in with main and might.
One feller seemed ter me quite cute,
He'd dance and prance an' hag an' root.
And when the rest were in a pile,
He to the crowd would cast a smile.
An' roll clean over all the heap,
As if frum danger he would keep.
He seemed ter do it purty slick
An' so I spose it was a trick.
Well, that was jest the way they done.
They jumped and raced an' run an' run,
And every once in a while or so
They kick the ball ter let her know
That it was *football* being played,
And that foot-balls ter kick were made
*Whew! but how the crowd would yell,
When some foreign feller fell!*
I kinder wanted ter yell, too,
But didn't know jest how ter do.
I allers have ter moralize,
Cause *morals* are a big surprise
Ter people what spend all their while
A-reading books and burnin' 'ile.
The game is rough, but seems ter me
A little roughness needs ter be,
Because, if every seat wuz smooth,
No one would really need ter move.
But seeing it haint, the better way
Fur us ter do is not ter stay
In one small corner all our life,
A-trying ter keep away from strife
At last, when all the game wuz through,
I with the rest went humward, too.
'N now, I'll tell you what I'd do;
If I wuz young agin, like you,
I'd jump right in ter win or bust,
'N let whatever come that must.
'N if a feller tread on me
I'd *step* all over him, 'd'ye see?'*
But since I'm old an' soon must die,
I'll have ter pass the foot-ball by.
But if I wasn't... *golly, whew!*
*I'd jump right in fur football, too!*
Protocol

AGREED UPON BY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE CLASSES.

JANUARY, 1899.

**

ARTICLE I. The Sophomores will relinquish all claim to supremacy over the Freshmen.

ARTICLE II. The Freshmen shall be left in undisturbed possession of their class banner.

ARTICLE III. The Freshmen will occupy and hold the scrapping-ground, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace.

ARTICLE IV. The Sophomores will permit the Freshmen to wear college colors, class caps, high collars, and cutaway coats. (The latter on Sundays only).

ARTICLE V. The Freshmen shall be further permitted to write two letters a week, one of which need not go to mamma; to smoke a pipe; to walk past the Sem. on Wednesday evening; and to mingle freely in society.

ARTICLE VI. The Sophomores will furnish the Freshmen with “Bucknell Mixture” for one lunar month.

ARTICLE VII. A joint commission will be appointed by the classes to meet in the Sem. kitchen to negotiate a treaty of peace.
Flashes from a Kinetoscope.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. Ned C., calling on Miss H. Seated on lounge.
SCENE 2. E. J. M. and Dr. R. at telegraph office with sending blank.
SCENE 3. Doorbell at Miss H.'s rings. Boy with telegram for Mr. C.
Ned reads:

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., February 12, 1898.
Mr. Ned C., Lewistown, Pa. Catch 9 Reading train. Will meet you at station. Dying to see you.

"Excuse me, Miss H., important business." (Aside) "Mon Dieu, I am broke."
"Is it serious, Mr. C.?" asks Miss H.
"No! Good night."

ACT II.

SCENE 1. At Jerry's corner.
"Say, Maggie, loan me a couple dollars, I must go away on the next train."
"Sorry, Ned, have nothing less than a twenty, but will get it changed"
SCENE 2. Boys seeing Ned off at station; give him an ovation.
"Oh, boys! but won't I have a time to-night."
SCENE 3. Pensive thoughts of past enjoyments to be soon realized, occupy the journey from L'bg, to W'm'sp't, as the train moves on love's wings like a summer's breeze.

ACT III.

SCENE 1. Wet night, heavy rain, P. & R. station dark; no one there.
Young man opens telegram, notices heading, colors, sweats, and s — ; stumbles, falls, and sees stars.
SCENE 2. "Oh, what a night!"

CURTAIN FALLS. Exit.
Friends of Ours.

Judicious Humorous Honorable.
Fink Linguist.
Good Genial Gentleman.
Watches Constellations Bright.
Formidable Erect Roman.
Wants Grades Optional.
Excitably Polite.
Teaches Faithfully Herodotus.
Learned Hebrewian.
Willing Earnest Magnanimous.
Energetic Just Severe.
Laconic Persistent.
Enthusiastically Ardent.
Ambitious Beneficent Sensible.
Light Giddy Conceited Romantic.
Neat Friendly Dissector.
Ever Magnifies Home.
Waits Coming Greatness.

Enthusiasm is the charm of life,
But (Wylie)ness dispells it;
Enthusiasm tries to crack a joke,
And (Wylie)ness excels it.

What grade do the Freshmen think will pass them? They say 19-0-2.

Why have the present Freshmen always defeated the Sophomores? Obviously, because they o 2.

When shall we three meet again? Mulford, Keen, and Cattell.

Action and reaction are equal and opposite. Example: If you go to Milton and come back again, you have not been anywhere, especially if your girl lives there. W. G. O.

188
Deutsche Nachkommen.

Präsident,  J. J. Rohe,
Vize-Präsident,  I. A. Herman,
Sekretär,  A. R. Deibler,
Schatzmeister,  C. A. Levan.

Mitglieder.
A. M. Smith,  C. B. Hottenstein,
Edgar Hottenstein,  C. C. Cober,
Chas. H. Miller,  A. R. Deibler,
H. V. C. Reimer,  Karl Anthony,
Seminary Yells

Rah! Rah! Ree! Rah! Rah! Rem!
We are the girls of Bucknell Sem!

Rabies, diamonds, gems and pearls!
Whoop her up for the college girls.

He rickety! Whoopety doo!
Whoop her up for old B. U.!
Hullabaloo! Terrahoo!
College girls of Bucknell U.!

Rootety toot! Rootety toot!
Aren't we cute?
We're the girls of the Institute!

Zipalaga! Zipalaga!
Boom! Yah! Yah!
College girls! College girls!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Look! but please don't shout,
Just escaped from the Institute!

College girls! College girls!
Biff! Boom! Bah!
Never tumble! Never tumble!
Biff! Boom! Bah!
A Freshman Lesson.

There! little Freshie; don't cry!
You are homesick often, I know;
And your heart is sad,
Though your face looks glad,
As the days swiftly come and go,
But Freshman troubles will soon pass by.
There! little boy; don't cry!

There! little Freshie; don't cry!
They have wounded your pride, I know;
And your talents rare
And your beauty fair
Were priced in the long ago;
But no such things will make you die.
There! little boy; don't cry!

There! little Freshie; don't cry!
For the girls are cold, I know,
And the Junior wiles
And the Senior smiles
Have captured their hearts, 'tis so;
But wait, your turn is bye and bye.
There! little boy; don't cry!
There is nothing new under the sun.
Those Who Have a Right to Hold Their Own.

BY MARRIAGE.
John Sherman, R. M. Evans,
E. E. Johnson, John Davis,
Clemens Wagner.

BY ENGAGEMENT.
E. A. Humeston, A. K. Deibler,
L. McQuiston, T. J. Morris,
Myra Sprague, W. M. Warren,
J. O. Hackenberg, H. I. Stewart (3 times).

BY MUCH LOVE.
P. G. Ballentine, Ben. W. Griffith,
W. S. Holland, E. L. Peck,
H. C. Simons, O. N. Rambo,
J. Z. Rowe, Dick Bell.
"Who enters here leaves hope behind"
But leaves within his cash,
For loaded down with books twice bought
He carries off the trash.
Books writ by Profs. and paper bound,
And sold with smiles, you see.
"For these," the genial bookman says,
"We charge a triple fee."
We Wonder:

Whose coachman stays at the Σ A E House.
What record Renn made at Watsontown.
Whether Simons and Conover have mileage books on the trolley.
Whether Ballentine would rather Cesar or Wheeler.
If "Doc." Le Van will ever get as big as he feels.
If G. M. Robbins is Green out of sympathy for the Freshmen.
Why Sauser wasn't a girl.
Who told Henry Johnson he could sing.
Why the Sem girls are so fond of Joe.
When Meeker sleeps.
Why Miss O'Neill troubles herself about so small a sum as a Shilling.
Where Tilley sprang from, and what he'll amount to.
If Miss Lucy Grier buys her rubber by the piece or by the yard.
Who will write a companion piece to Miss Vaughn's "Man,"
If Hackenberg is specializing in Forestry.
Why Miss Runker sees visions.
What title Miss Lee will give her new book on evolution.
Why one small chair does duty for two in the back parlor at the Sem.
Which "Frat," is rushing Miss Sober.
How Miss Watkins can afford a Bell-boy.
Why Prof. Rockwood wrote "See Prichard's" on Stanton's Latin Paper.
What we ought to say about Decker.
At Weymouth.

OVERHEARD AT THE ACADEMY.

"My chum is the best student in his class. He took the Freshman and Sophomore Essay prizes, one-half the Sophomore Declamation prize; is going to take the Junior Debate and Psychology prizes and the watch on Commencement Day," says F. E. B.

Prep.: Why, how do you know all that? You must be a wizard.

F. E. B.: Because he told me so.
A Soliloquy.

NOW, when I was a Freshman
I was exceeding green;
I called professors "Mister."
And laughed at all 'twas seen.

But when I was a Soph'more,
Oh, wasn't I the thing?
A sporty cane I carried,
With pride my voice did ring!

The Junior year? Oh, horrors!
Upon me dawned so bright,
Alas, L'AGENDA fixed it,
It was a rich delight! (?)

The Senior year come o'er me,
Illuming all the past;
I saw what joys had blessed me,
I sighed, "It is the last."

* * *
O yes, we met at College,
This prim Co-ed, and I;
Her ways were so bewitching
I even now must sigh.

Her brains I could not fathom,
The others flunked, not she!
In fact, I always wondered
What she could see in me.

All went serenely happy,
I gave her flowers and books;
The candy and my calling
Increased her beaming looks.

* * *
O Fate! but thou art cruel!
Why had I to be "broke?"
The smiles failed with the Huylers,
And soon we never spoke.
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