

# University Record

LITERAE SINE MORIBUS, VANÆ.

*PUBLISHED BY THE*

## GRADUATING CLASS

OF THE

# UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

*June 24th, 1875.*

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\*Deceased.

## WELCOME!

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**K**IND friends assembled to participate with us in this last exercise of college life, welcome! As we stand at the commencement of our career in life, gazing on the unknown future, your presence here makes this flower-scented morning of early summer more glad and beautiful. Sincerely we thank you for your kind interest.

Four years have flown very quickly since we entered the charmed circle of college life. Old Sol's swift course through the star-teeming Zodiac, brought each circled month so heavily laden with its wealth of acquired knowledge and class friendships, that, looking back now, each seems a glittering link binding our fast connected hearts in a chain of fond recollections with the dear old halls of the University. Vast and deeply satisfying was the draught which Alma Mater scooped up for us, cool and dripping from her clear, deep-flowing spring of knowledge. Thankfully we drank its crystal depths fragrant with kindness and learning. The clustered recollections of college life became more deeply graven on the tablets of memory with each succeeding draught, until, like a view that stretches further back the higher we ascend a mountain peak, panorama-like, we see, our verdant, awed, Freshmen days; the trick-playing, scrape-begetting hard-worked Sophomore year, and the quiet joy of Juniors slowly changing to the grave, supple caned, tall pipe hatted, dignity of full-fledged Seniors. Now, Alma Mater's bowl of knowledge is all but empty; therefore, from the happy hours we passed quaffing its brimful training and learning, have we endeavored to compress some few of the better moments to the narrow limits of this little book. A task by no means easy, gentle reader; for within the charmed circle of our college life so many pleasant recollections crowd, clamoring for expression, on our memories, that it were easier to write whole volumes than select from that vast multitude the very few that may appear upon these brief pages. If then from their crowded places our articles flow dull and shallow, or our jokes seem foolish and pointless, we beg of you indulgence for our faults and ready appreciation for whatever of merit may be found among these productions.

And now, kind friends, in the name of the class of '75, once more, welcome! No cold formal greeting is it ours to bestow, but our wide opened

arms take you to our hearts; to-day at least, you are one with us. The last sweet drops in Alma Mater's bowl of knowledge, fragrant as they have ever been with the kindness and best wishes of our professors, willingly we share with you. This glad day with all its pomp of rhetoric and oratory are yours and ours alike. Only the few bitter dregs of the pleasant draught, the last sad hand-shake of parting classmates, are ours alone. Again we thank you for your interest and sympathy, feeling sure that you, like the chirping birds and green branches swaying in the sunshine without, wish us a hearty God speed as we go down in the potency and promise of our college training toward the misty vistas of the unknown future.

E. B. G.

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## THE UNIVERSITY'S HISTORY.

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**I**N 1749, November 13th, a meeting of citizens of Philadelphia, interested in education, voted to establish an academy; choosing twenty-four of their number trustees, they secured for its use the building that had been erected on Fourth street by Whitfield's admirers, who resented his exclusion from the city's churches. The city voted £300 and the trustees £800 more. The academy contained three schools, the Latin, English and Mathematical. Dr. Francis Allison being rector, and Charles Thompson, Secretary of the Continental Congress, one of the tutors. Hugh Peters, the first President of the Board of Trustees, was succeeded by Benjamin Franklin, the moving spirit in the whole enterprise.

In 1753, Dr. William Smith, a Scotchman of great enthusiasm in the cause of education, was invited to take charge of a school of philosophy, and entered upon his duties the next year. He united with Mr. Allison in suggesting the application for a charter raising the institution to the rank of a college, with the power to confer degrees in the arts,—which was granted the following year. The Latin and Philosophical schools constituted the college, with Dr. Smith as Provost, and Mr. Allison being Rector of the academy.

Under the new organization the course of study in the classics, mathematics and physics was probably the most thorough of any institution on the continent, students attending from the Southern States and the Bermudas. Dr. Samuel Johnson, of Columbia College, prepared a text-book in Mental Philosophy for their use, which was printed in Philadelphia. Aberdeen, Oxford, and Dublin vied in honoring Provost Smith, who was eminent in the

colonial politics of the time, for his advocacy of a vigorous war policy in the struggle with France. He was at one time imprisoned three months for publishing a paper which reflected on the provincial legislation, and his classes attended his instructions in the prison.

In 1761, Dr. Smith paid a visit to England, and by the authority of a Royal Brief, canvassed the country, in connection with Dr. Jay of Kings College, New York. There was collected for the Philadelphia college nearly £7000, and besides this the city contributed nearly £1200, Charles'on, S. C., £1000, and Jamaica, £3000 to the new endowment.

May 3d, 1765, the establishment of a medical department was voted by the Trustees, and in September the first medical faculty in America was constituted, the University of Edinburgh being the mother and model of this new department.

At the opening of the Revolution there were three hundred students in all the departments, which constituted the largest and best organized institution of learning on this continent. But in the years of the struggle it suffered severely, not only in the depreciation of its endowment, but also through political interference with its affairs; the money raised in England and elsewhere had been invested in mortgages, that the interest alone might be employed, and under the old "Legal Tender Act," many unscrupulous creditors paid back their loans in continental currency. But part of the endowment was saved through this money being promptly invested in lots.

In 1779, the college was reorganized as the "University of Pennsylvania," with Dr. Ewing as Provost, Dr. Smith being deposed from this office by the Legislature, for political reasons.

The next half-century of the University's history was comparatively uneventful, Provosts of some eminence,—Beaseley, Ludlow, Vethake, among them,—presiding over its fortunes, with Professors of eminent ability in their respective professions. A law department was next organized, and a department of science was in contemplation, when the war put a stop to it.

In 1801, the Presidential residence given by the city to the government of the U. S., was purchased by the trustees, when the transfer to the District of Columbia left it vacant. Its site on Ninth street, between the spot where Oliver Evans once had his famous workshop, on the north, and the place where Franklin sent up his kite on the south,—was then in the country. In 1826 it was pulled down, and two plain, yet substantial, structures, that all remember, took its place and remained until 1870.

Except in the medical department, the University during this period failed to keep its early promise of preëminence among the colleges of the land, yet it did much excellent educational work, as the roll of the Alumni abundantly shows. An era of promise began with the late Provost, Dr. Goodwin, and still more under the present incumbent, Dr. Stillè. The sale of the old property on Ninth street,—for which Uncle Sam had to pay rather more than he got in 1801,—the complete organization and equipment of the department of science, the erection of the new and commodious edifice in West Philadelphia, the additions made and now making to the permanent endowment, and above all the awakening in the community at large

of a wider, deeper, and higher interest in the institution, all these give promise of a future of great prosperity.

The University has never lacked able men for the work of education, its want has been the *πῶς στῶ*, the local interest and enthusiasm which create prestige, this barrier to its success now disappears and our venerable college rises to claim its preëminence among its sister institutions.

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## THE YEAR.

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SENIOR year cannot be described to one who has never "been there" himself. Freshmen's respect, Sophomore's love, Junior's envy, the awe-inspiring old age of College life, all strangely intermingle with feelings of the active youth. Talking to previously feared Professors, as if they were your "Dutch Uncles," (but for mercy's sake, do not think we claim any specific relationship by that adjective). Chanting college carols at the Chapel door, almost beneath the Provost's nose, (or rather ears). Cutting Chapel altogether for a little sing, and afterwards receiving most profound apologies for not having the bell rung loud enough, its being understood we did not hear it. That Sou-west corner of the Assembly Room must have strange acoustic properties, lacking in the others. O that corner! Stamped upon our memories with its fond old heater, exhuming the delightful aroma of stewed tobacco:

Who will fill that loved old corner,  
 When the Seniors take their flight?  
 Who expectorate tobacco  
 O'er that Heater, left and right?


Who will sing their little songs?  
 Who will chew their little quid?  
 When our darling '75  
 In the cold, cold, world is hid.

But the Alms House meadows are not Mount Parnassus, and we had forgotten our whereabouts. How the Senior looks back to his early college days, enlivened by the funny little stories related by the Adj. Prof. of History, who at the same time fills the place of Adj. Prof. of Greek, and also that of Prof. of Philology, and of Logic too in our days, and of Old English as found in Shakespeare, and now of English Composition. How our Freshman hearts went out to him, and how our Senior hearts feel for the now Freshman, whilst we sit next door in Krauth's Room of Metaphysics, half wild in endeavoring to determine whether we are idealists, materialists, atheists, pantheists, realists, monists, nihilists, or what in the Dickens we really are; how distracting to our intense thought is the harsh laughter emanating from a funny story in the next room.

By this year we begin to appreciate the learning of an Allen, a Krauth, or a Jackson, the mathematical brains of a Kendall, and the research and untiring energy of a Barker in the Physical, or a Thompson in the literary world. But, presuming that all Senior years closely resemble '75's, we have forgotten specific events in giving way to abstract thoughts. Cane and Bowl fights, exhibitions and entertainments, persecutions of the German Professor, all have been as usual. Two events deserve notice. The Bowl Fight, taking place in mud two feet deep, was the more exciting on that account, and each contestant carried from the fray more soil than a Jerseyman ever laid eyes on. In the German Professor's annual persecution, he completely triumphed over his tormentors. This year the naughty Sophs tried stenching the old boy out of the Class room with Bromine, but they mistook their man; a German, brought up on Sauer-Kraut, can stand any stench; and when the fumes of the Bromine permeated the class room, the Professor remained unmoved; but the Sophs grew paler and paler, and requests to leave the room became more and more frequent, but there they were obliged to remain till the hour's expiration, each one then leaving, "a sadder and a wiser man." But the year has been marked by the development of a most commendable college and class feeling on the part of these Sophs, so that '75 feels satisfied in leaving '77 to enjoy the preëminence so long held by herself. The year now closes, important college events are noticed elsewhere in this Record, and unimportant ones we pass over. With a blessing upon her lips for future under-graduates, '75 takes her flight, her sons feeling that they close the happiest year that ever has or will be their lot to enjoy.

J. W. T.

## ODE TO '75.

 THOU sweet muse, divine,  
 Inspire my heart!  
 Here, at thy classic shrine,  
 Breath of thy soul in mine!  
 Thy pow'r impart.

List, brothers, while I sing  
 My class the song.  
 Loud let thy praises ring,  
 Brilliant in everything;  
 Life to thee long.


Oh, let thine honored name  
 Ever endure!  
 Crowned with immortal fame,  
 Alien to thought of shame,  
 Stainless and pure!

Fresh as the flowers of Spring,  
 Memories throng,  
 Joyous of thee I sing!  
 Proudly my homage bring,  
 Fervent and strong.

Oh, let the thought of thee  
 Cheer me at heart!  
 Sharp tho' life's trials be,  
 Soon as all else may flee,  
 Never depart!

STERLING MORRISON, '73

## IN MEMORIAM.

 UR return last Fall to college halls was saddened by the intelligence that two of our honored Faculty had departed this college life—Professors Samuel Cleveland and Persifor Frazer. The one left the literary for the professional world, the other remains in the sphere of science, but has left instruction for practical investigation. All men have enemies and especially have college professors, placed, as they are, in close proximity to

undeveloped, and hence, unappreciative, human nature. Perhaps we did not feel kindly to these, our departed instructors, but "blessings brighten as they take their flight," and we now see our folly and feel our loss.

In Oratory, Prof. Cleveland's beginners made sad havoc with all ideas of grace, but his finished pupils always proved the excellence of his system. Our Trustees are to be blamed in allowing this all-important chair to remain vacant. The temporary incumbent is not a "jack of all trades," and this is a trade in which he is certainly not *au fait*, though he does excel in many. In Rhetoric, our Professor grounded us in that compact style of writing which is so fast going out of fashion—the boiling down of whole paragraphs into strong, expressive sentences. Under a Thompson, we have been taught in a more practical, though less beautiful, style. '75 has been favored in receiving instruction from these two worthy representatives of such diverse schools.

We regret that Prof. Frazer did not remain to perpetuate the name so long famous in our University's history. He prefers an active life of geological research to lecturing to such an unappreciative audience as we fear we formed in our youthful days, or to hearing such bungling recitations that leaked drop by drop from our Freshman lips. Never shall we forget Mr. L. informing him that Fahrenheit "took ice cream" for his thermal zero; and Mr. A. upon being asked, "who was the inventor of the Safety Lamp?" replying, in perfect ignorance of his mistake, "Davy Humphreys, sir." J. W. T.

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'75.

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'75 is what an uncultivated Freshman might call a "bully" class, or our friends, the boarding school girls, a "sweet-lovely" class, (whatever that means.) However, by these synonymes, the respective idioms of the two sexes in youth, and oft we fear in after life, we mean to imply all that is perfect.

From the time when '75 first heard the chapel bell, to the hour she passed that "sheepskin" round on the academy stage, her characteristic has been good will and jollity; no internal revolutions, no splits nor spats.

Freshman year we studied, till the two first honors of their respective sections succumbed to over-work, one never rallying from his illness, the other recovering but never again to enter college life; then we studied less. Again the two posts of honor were rashly filled, and again two victims fell, both borne from the field never to return; and now all emulous of life strived *not* to be that fated first honor man, all tried to be last.

'75 has smoked and sang and laughed and danced—and if there was time—studied. With study she resembles the western man who said that he “could eat crow but didn't *hanker* after it.”

We have had fast men and those who were saintlike, funny men and those who tried to be, bashful men and ladies' men—such as line the curbstones of our churches and hang around the doorway, who in Bible times were called “Gatekeepers in the house of the Lord.” We have had society men, and men who would infinitely prefer a plug of tobacco in each molar to a girl on each arm. We have had all sorts of men. And now '75 leaves her first stage of existence, all sorts of men to mingle in a medley world. In the words of the poet:—

“And now old Penn we leave thee  
To fight the waves of life,  
We're going to serve our country  
And sport a pretty wife.”

J. W. T.

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## FAREWELL SONG OF '75.

BY SYDNEY CASTLE, CLASS POET.

COMRADES, at length the day  
Has faded 'most away,  
When we are met together  
Unitedly to weather

A common course. Farewell, the bells are ringing.

No longer shall we dare  
A common fate, nor share  
The music in the chorus  
That rang before time tore us  
Apart: new duties, new adventures bringing.

O voices of the past,  
Though years may gather fast,  
Ye never shall be drowned  
While echoing the sound  
Of celebrations in the days of yore.

Yea, though those times are over,  
And '75 a rover,  
Yet still, ah still, above her,  
Will light of memory hover:  
A spirit band, on earth we part no more.

## ATHLETIC CONTESTS.

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OUR "Athletic Association" held its Spring contest as usual at the Young America's Cricket Grounds. The successful contestants were as follows: For the short dash of 100 yds.—S. T. Kerr, of '75, with honourable mention of H. L. Geyelin; Kerr's time,  $11\frac{1}{4}$  seconds; Geyelin's,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  seconds.

Throwing the ball—won by H. W. Andrews, of '76; distance thrown, 341 feet. Hop, step and jump—by H. L. Willoughby, of '77; distance,  $36\frac{3}{4}$  feet. Running jump—by H. L. Willoughby; distance,  $16\frac{3}{4}$  feet. High jump—by A. W. Biddle, of '76; 4 ft. 6 in.

Throwing the hammer—by Willoughby; 74 ft. 1 in.—weight of hammer, 9 pounds. Hurdle race won by H. L. Geyelin, '77; time, 12 seconds; distance, 100 yds., 3 hurdles  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high.

Many disappointed competitors envied the victors in each contest, but the whole affair passed off with good feelings among all.

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## COLLEGE GLEE CLUBS.

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CALLED upon to give a review of these time-honored, these pleasure giving institutions of college life, how shall we begin? Certainly half the gaiety of our four years at Old Penn has taken its start in the singing and especially in the organized Glee Clubs, and for this reason '75 has been a jolly class because always ready to sing. It can almost be said that our class was born to college with a song on its lips. While yet in our Freshman year, when the darkening brow of the cruel Sophomore portended some evil, we found it easy to spirit our fears away in a few verses of a lively song. Sophomore year brought with it the usual feelings of an improved condition in other respects, and how natural it was that we wished to improve our Glee Club. With this object in view, we regularly organized a Club, and as jolly Sophomores we met once a week. But at these meetings we not only sang, but indulged in what is usually denominated "raising Cain." This

continued also during Junior year. At last every member was attacked with a disease known among doctors as "*dignitas seniorum.*" There were, however, no very malignant cases in '75, and as we recovered we commenced giving concerts. You look surprised, but such was actually the case. Not in the Academy of Music, to be sure, but in the Assembly Room over at college. Frequently, as in the morning we gathered in our southwest corner, we sang a few songs, so much to the edification of the audience that in the other classes silence reigned supreme until we had finished, when a burst of applause testified to their appreciation. Their silence forcibly called to mind the story we have read so often, of a young man (Orpheus, by name,) who rendered himself so attractive to the "wild animals" by the melodious sound of his lyre. Some of our classmates, during the past year, invited us to spend evenings with them singing the old songs. So after the arduous duties of the day at college, we started for their pleasant suburban residences, and gathering around the warm fires we whiled away the long winter evenings in song, story, and tobacco smoke. The Glee Club of '76, although it has not met as often as usual during the past year, is still in a prosperous condition. '77 has, with its characteristic enthusiasm, organized a club, which, having met with regularity and practiced with perseverance, has been very successful. In closing, a piece of advice to future classes may be appropriate—support the Glee Clubs. They are the surest cure of all gloominess and melancholy, they are the greatest promoters of class feeling and friendship, and at them no one finds it difficult "to drive dull care away."

C. W. F.

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## '75'S JUNIOR DAY.

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THE Junior Day of the Class of '75 was a decided success. But I anticipate, we must go on slowly from the beginning. The citizens of Philadelphia were duly invited to attend '75's Junior Day on Friday, May 1st, 1874. The day was "delicious," both overhead and per contra. After some music by the orchestra of twenty pieces, the class, headed by the president, Mr. Elliott, familiarly known as "Spuds," ascended to the hall and marched on the stage. After the usual applause and music had ceased, Mr. Elliott delivered a neat salutatory, welcoming the audience and thanking them for their presence. He was followed by Messrs. Morris, Cohen, Smyth and Porter, all acquitting themselves nobly and doing honor both to the class and themselves. I will now say conclusively that the "Day" was a success, the flowers which were set around the stage adding a great deal to the beauty. There were many things learned by the class concerning exhibitions of this kind which may prove of advantage to them when they may make any future displays.

B. G.

## '76's JUNIOR DAY.

THE CENTENNIAL CLASS" made its first appearance "to speak in public on the stage" upon Friday, May 14th. The speakers did full justice to their various themes both rhetorically and oratorically, and we would like to dilate upon the success of the day, but space will merely allow a short notice. The exercises opened with a salutatory by the president, Mr. Lawrence Lewis, then followed Mr. W. D. Kelley, Jr., on the glorious old motto of our red, white, and blue uncle—"E Pluribus Unum." Messrs. F. W. Iredell, W. C. Bullitt, C. P. Blight, and P. K. Reeves filled up the role; the mention of these names alone is sufficient to assure their many friends who were unable to attend that the occasion was not an uninteresting one.

## CLASS DAY.

UPON June 1st the class of '75 assembled to bid farewell in the exercises of Class Day to its many fair friends. Horticultural Hall was filled with an appreciative audience, listening attentively to the witticisms of our Historian, Mr. E. B. Morris, and our Prophet, Mr. W. T. Elliott; to the deep thoughts of our Orator, Mr. Carroll Smyth, and to the metrically flowing sentiments of our Poet, Mr. Sydney Castle. It would be impossible to recount all the good features, suffice it to say that not a single bad feature marred the occasion. University Records are always so full of praises of speakers and of exhibitions that we feel that any remarks on our speakers would be out of place. Words of ours would seem tame to those who were present, and to others we would say all that Records usually do and as much more as words can express. The usual token of popularity was awarded to our favorite, Effingham B. Morris, Mr. Cohen making a neat presentation speech on behalf of the class. Mr. Morris carries with him the esteem of every member of the class. Few men can spend four years in college life without an enemy.

Morris the younger, familiarly known as "little breeches," was given a large tin rattle, an emblem of his youth; a capital speech was made by Mr. Moss. As a finale, a huge moustache cup bearing the inscription, "For a good boy Johnny," was borne to the rostrum by Mr. W. R. Philler and offered to Mr. J. W. Townsend in a speech that told the audience of the latter gentleman's vain endeavors to raise a capillary appendage, a highly necessary piece of news, as Mr. Townsend's most intimate friends had not even noticed the endeavor.

So ended Class Day, long to be remembered by all present. It was two hours of pure enjoyment that no one regretted having passed.

## IVY DAY.

“**I**VY DAY” has now become the great event of the College year. It is the initiation of the Senior class into Society’s fold. Upon Junior and Class Days we, perched upon a stage, stand aloof from our friends of the gentler sex; but upon Ivy Day, or rather Eve, we break the bashful bonds of College life and step forth into all the “poms and vanities of this world.”

The College walls startle at the strange sounds of the Orchestra; the floors too, wondering at the soft pressure of unusual tiny feet, fairly laugh beneath the tripping of “the light fantastic toe.”

Upon June 3d, we welcomed two or three hundred guests to our Alma Mater’s Hall. A slight rain rendering the grass too damp for out-door exercises, our Ivy Orator, Mr. Porter, delivered his oration in the Chapel; his usual happy style of writing and delivery was duly appreciated by all present. The preliminary exercises being over and the Orchestra moving to the end of the second story corridor,

“Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell,”

Bidding us “On to the dance! let joy be unconfined.” It all seemed like a dream to have such strains of music peeling through our sombre class rooms, to be seated at the feet of a Professorial chair in which sat “a pretty woman with laughing eyes,” giving instructions in something far pleasanter than Latin or Mathematics. The contrast served to make the scene more enjoyable.

To our untiring Executive Committee belongs all the praise, and they may well feel repaid for their labor in the success of the day.

“Old Penn” may see many more Ivy Days, but none to us will be like ours.

## BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

**A**MID the many events succeeding a Senior’s final examinations, the Baccalaureate Service most demands his solemn thoughts. It is the last word of admonition before Commencement day fires the gun that sends the Bachelor’s craft forth to cleave the waters of the busy stream of life.

It was appropriate that one of our Trustees, the learned Dr. E. R. Beadle should be the chosen Monitor for this special occasion.

Upon Sunday evening, June 6, we gathered at the Second Presbyterian Church, corner Twenty-first and Walnut streets, and, garbed in Oxford hat and gown, we took our assigned seats in the front of the church. After rich strains of sacred melody from the choir, our well beloved Vice-Provost, the Rev. Dr. Krauth, raised his voice in prayer for us, the men over whom he had so long watched in college life. His mellow voice and patriarchal mien endeared him to all hearers.

The Dr. Beadle, taking for his text Paul's stirring words to the Corinthians: "In understanding be men," began his heartfelt and earnest discourse, urging us to put away childish things and be men, full grown in mind as well as stature. He deprecated the foolishness of graduates discarding the armor wherewith Alma Mater clothes them, and striving all their days in the busy marts and trades, instead of the learned tasks for which their college studies fit them. Then congratulating us upon our first laurels nobly won, he desired that they only should be dimmed by the future glory of still nobler victories. With many urgent words of advice for our future course, the Doctor bade us farewell. May the parting men of '75 reach that goal to which they have been pointed, striving not so much to excel their fellows as to excel themselves.

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## SECRET SOCIETIES.

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**S**ECRET Societies are not as a rule looked upon by Faculties with that respect which is due to such ancient and honorable organizations. A motherly Provost and Faculty hold up their learned hands in holy horror and cry out against them. The popular idea of the objects of these societies is, that they are organized especially for the purpose of defying the "College Rules" and worrying their various enemies in the Faculty. In justice to the various fraternities, I would say, that this idea is totally false; the primary object of the fraternities being the promotion of a fraternal feeling among the members, which is especially desirable and pleasant to the students who come to college from some distant point. The year just past has been quite a prosperous one to the College Societies in regard to new members, the rolls of our Societies having received marked additions. The number of fraternities in College at present is four, viz.:—Phi Kappa Sigma, Delta Psi, Chi Phi and Sigma Chi. Of these the Phi Kappa Sigma and Delta Psi rank first in point of age and strength; the others being comparatively new-comers. The Zeta Psi, we are sorry to say, has dropped out of College, as did the Delta Phi, some few years before it, leaving the

Phi Kappa Sigma and the Delta Psi alone until within a year, when we received the Chi Phi and Sigma Chi. The Phi Kaps have a larger roll than they have had for some time and their prosperity has increased accordingly. Some years ago, the dissolution of the Phi Kaps was predicted; but there is no doubt that it now holds as prominent a place as any fraternity, both in regard to numbers and popularity of its members, while its more prosperous brothers, the Zeta Psi and Delta Phi, are now almost forgotten. The Phi Kaps, by pursuing a careful course, have attained a high degree of prosperity, and their future success depends on the manner in which they follow out their course. So much for the Phi Kaps. We now come to their brothers, the Delta Psi. They have long attained the first rank in regard to prosperity in number of members. The Delts generally take quite kindly to the "Fresh," and indeed this year they have partaken quite freely of them. There is some danger in this plan of proceeding, as the men, joining secret societies in their Freshman year, in many cases, fail to experience the joys and retirements of junior and senior years. But meantime, we neglect the Delts. The Delts present a large roll of active members and have every appearance of being in a prosperous state; but as we outsiders know nothing of their penetralia, it is exceedingly hard to tell. Of our other two fraternities there is little known, except by the members themselves. The Chi Phi seems to languish through the want of activity of its members. The Sigma Chi, it is said, has its strength in the Medical Department; but both of them lack activity in the Departments of Arts and Sciences. Four Societies are not too many for the University of Pennsylvania, their members must stir themselves, and let no grass grow under their feet, if they wish to bring their Fraternities to anything like a first-class condition.

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## PHILO.

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**T**HE Philomathean Society was founded in the year 1813, by a few students, for the purpose of aiding them in their studies, as well as to afford them a greater opportunity for cultivating their oratorical powers. She has indeed proved herself of assistance, not only to her founders but also to those whose good fortune it has been to be admitted to her halls in later years. Anti-secret in her character, Philo is a literary society in the full acceptation of the term, her meetings taking place on the Friday evening of each week during the collegiate year, consist in debates, orations, and essays, together with the customary business incidental to so large a society.

For the past year her record, in point of numbers, has been extremely good the class of '75 taking the prominent part in action, and that of '77 making up the numbers, having given no less than thirty-six members more

than any of the sixty-five preceding her, for which she deserves great credit. The library of the society, numbering in the neighborhood of twenty-two hundred volumes, has been kept well stocked with all the best and newest books during the year.

The biennial celebration of the society, which took place on the 22d of December of the present college year, may be looked upon as a success. The orator of the day, Hon. Wm. McMichael, delivered to the society, and the audience assembled at their invitation, a most scholarly as well as highly interesting address on the "Progress of Modern Thought." The chapel of the University, in which the celebration was held, was well filled, despite the inclemency of the night. It is with pain that '75 leaves old Philo, and most sincerely do we hope in so doing that her future sons may be benefitted by her as we feel that we have been, and may she be remembered with the same affection by all her children as she ever will be by those of '75.

W. W. P.

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## ZELO.

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**F**OR a few years past Zelo has been sleeping, this year she awakes, with a good list of members and great promise of future work. Again she bids fair to be a fellow-laborer with Philo and the Scientific Society in the great cause of literary culture. '78 has contributed several members, and with her remains the society's future success. The University needs several literary societies, and, as is the case in most colleges, every undergraduate should join one or the other of them, irrespective of their membership in secret fraternities. Let us hope then that hereafter Philo, Zelo, and the Scientific Society will take all that come to the University.

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## CLASS SUPPERS.

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**F**OR four years '75 has indulged in social gatherings, sometimes at its members' residences by private invitation, at other times in the rooms of different well-known caterers; but there is something in the name of the "Senior Supper" that belongs to no other entertainment of the college student. As a general thing this is the only supper which any of the

Faculty deign to attend, and only two of them put in an appearance at ours, all the rest being "unavoidably detained."

Augustin's elegantly furnished rooms formed the scene of the occasion, and Augustin's Ethiopians attended. At 9.30 P.M., of June 9th, thirty of us sat down to a beautifully decorated table. Mr. Freedley welcomed us in a few well chosen words, and the festivities began, toasts being inserted between each course. Dr. Dudley, assistant to the chair of Physics, responded to the University toast, and at the end of the next course Prof. Jackson spoke on behalf of the Faculty, taking his supper card in his hand, he read from his "*Menu*" down the column instead of across, which transposition made it read, "Spring chicken—Prof. Jackson." Thereupon he protested against being called a Spring chicken. He followed with other witty words, of which we did not suppose his classic brain was capable. Later in the evening, Mr. Cohen responded to a toast to Secret Societies, remarking that they were established previous to the flood, at which assertion Prof. J. could scarce contain himself, and was heard to say, "I doubt it." Many other speeches were made, till at one o'clock we left the table and drew our chairs to the end of the room, enjoying a good part of the remainder of the evening in conversation, singing and tobacco smoke. Sometime near daylight, the residents on Walnut street were thoroughly awakened to the fact that somebody had not yet retired.

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## THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

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THE old "Min. Soc." died, but from her ashes a Phoenix arose, stronger and more lasting. Toward the middle of the first term of '75's Senior year, the six remaining members of the "Mineralogical Society" dissolved that organization, and immediately re-assembled as the "Scientific Society of the University of Pennsylvania, for the discussion of general science." So great was the need felt among the students of the Scientific Department for such an association, that the increase in membership was unprecedentedly rapid, and at our present writing its original number of six has increased to thirty-one.

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## MATRIMONIAL.

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TWO members of '75 are married and all the rest are thinking about it.

## SCENES IN A RECITATION ROOM.

BELL rings—(enter class), first member, having just got through his chapel speech, rather excited, proceeds to execute the highland fling in the middle of the floor; the Professor becomes to some slight degree enraged, suggests a reference to the "Committee on Discipline," but after some discussion the matter is dropped and the class take their seats. The lesson proceeds—Mr. C. then makes some warlike demonstrations at Mr. P., both gentlemen rise and go to sparring—Prof. interferes, Mr. C. remarks "What's up?" "Eh, Sir?" "You I mean, what's up?" "I dink you means impertinence Sir, I dink you had better leave the room at once." "Me? Oh shut up!—Billy," last remark being addressed to the Prof., but *looks* at Mr. G. This stops the quarrel, the lesson proceeds. Two of the gentlemen discuss the "Boston" and differing in the step, they get up and try it. Prof. (horribly enraged), turns livid or (olive green): "Leave the room, Sir!" "Why, Professor?" "Leave the room!!" "No I won't." "Leave the room!!!" The gentleman turns away disgusted and talks to his neighbor, while the Prof. blusters for a while, then goes on with the lesson.

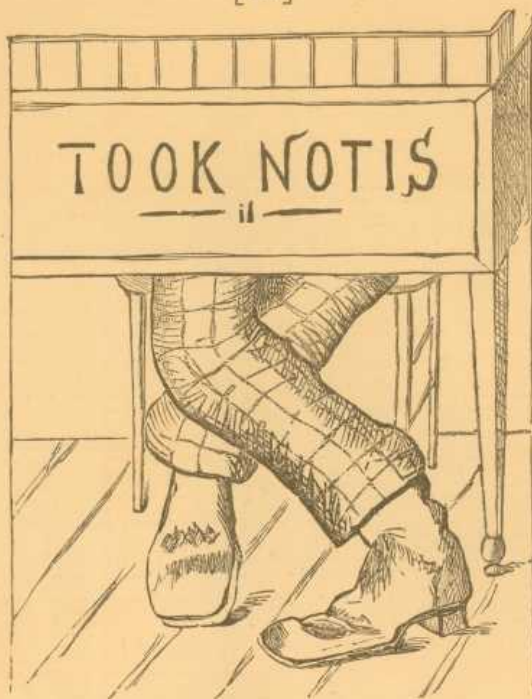
W. W. P.

## PROF. KRAUTH'S ROOM OF METAPHYSICS.

Monday morning—Dissertation on personal identity. Rev. Dr. K.—"Mr. H. a—re—you—*conscious*—that—you—are—the—same—person—to-day—as—you—were—yesterday?" Mr. H. (who was not in a condition yesterday to remember much about it.) "I think so, Sir." Rev. Dr.—"For—instance—are—you—*conscious*—that—you—were—at—church—yesterday?" Mr. H. is stumped on this simple question of Metaphysics. The Doctor sees he has hit the wrong "hail on the head," and subsides. The class smile audibly.

## AGE OF '75.

THE average age of the class graduating is 20 yrs. 0 mths. The oldest member is aged 23 yrs. 2 mths, the youngest 17 yrs. 9 mths. There is one between 17 and 18 yrs., six between 18 and 19 yrs., nine between 19 and 20 yrs. five between 20 and 21 yrs., five between 21 and 22 yrs., two between 22 and 23 yrs. and one between 23 and 24 yrs.



## EPITAPHICAL.

**I**N as much as the Professors of the University will be dead to us upon leaving college, with great affection we inscribe the following epitaphs:

Our little Mac is sleeping  
 And he never more shall wake;  
 Put away the little trowsers,  
 Which in life he loved to "shake."

No roll of the drum shall ever wake Clarke,  
 He's gone from this world where he ne'er made his mark;  
 We hope he has gone to his own celestial sphere,  
 'Tis a consolation to us, no more we'll see him here.

Ohone! Ohone!  
 His riverince is gone  
 With his ould chravat so loose,  
 It hung on him loike a noose,  
 And his bare shins up on high,  
 By my souhl, 'twould make you chry  
 When exhorting all his class  
 To celebrate the mass—  
 By Jabbers.

W. W. P.

CLASS STATISTICS.

CLASSICAL SECTION.	Age.	Height	Residence.	Prevailing Peculiarities.	Health.	Occupation.
E. P. COHEN	6 Feet	19.	Hotels in general.	Beauty	Consumptive	Smoking
W. T. ELLIOTT	Unknown	Prodigious.	Station House	Wit	Very bad	Singer
C. W. FREEDLEY	19 Years	17. 1 feet	Sansom, near Nineteenth.	Sobriety	Poor	Cultivation of whiskers
G. M. FRITSCHER	Ancient	Not high.	Unknown.	Knowledge of Physics.	Dyspeptic.	Preaching
B. GILPIN	13 Years	3 feet 1 inch.	Anywhere	Muscle	Awful	Doubtful
W. H. HOLLIS	20 Years	1 foot 3 inches.	At home(?)	His height	Moderate	Singing in white-robed bands.
S. T. KERR	23 Years	5 feet 9 inches.	Up town	Childishness	Remarkably good	Dog-fancier
W. S. MASSEY	6 Months	1 centimetre.	Door steps	Manliness	Never good	Pugilist
E. B. MORRIS	Tender.	6 feet 6 inches.	8th street	Such pretty hair	Convalescent	Studying
C. MORRIS	Youthful.	5 feet 9 inches.	South street	One foot in the grave	Fair, no more is to be expected	Fireman
S. MORRISON	35 Years	Immeasurable.	Thirty-sixth and Locust.	Big whiskers.	Splendid	Poet
C. E. PANCOAST	20 Years	4 feet	Country.	Gig-lamps.	Never sick	Peripatetics
W. R. PHILLER	61 Years	11 or 8 feet.	Spruce street	Eating propensities	Dangerous of late	Boating
W. W. PORTER	22 Years	Too small.	Bainbridge street.	Desire for elevation	Good	Playing the fool
C. SMYTH	Aged.	5 feet 10 inches.	The streets.	Tenor voice	Wretched	Ladies' man
J. W. TOWNSEND.	16 (Just)	4 feet 6 inches.	With his mother-in-law	Lady-like manners	Tolerable	Stay at home and do nothing.
SCIENTIFIC SECTION.						
J. ABRAHAM	See Old Test.	3 cubits 1 span.	Mt. Pisgah	Talking through his nose	Middling	Drinking
I. W. ARTHUR	19.	3 feet 6 inches.	Country	Dark hair.	"Pass in a crowd."	Orator
S. CASTLE	Antediluvian	4 ft., still growing	Varied	Prayer meetings	Poor	Profane History
H. JAYNE	In her teens	Microscopic	University	Specs.	Doubtful	Sewing
J. MARSTON	33 Years	9 feet.	Country	Lamb-like conduct	Miserable	Blowing
C. MEGARGEY	10 Years	1½ (of his) feet.	Green street	Long neck and small feet.	Unfortunately good.	Megargee
L. DE L. MOSS	2 Years	= J. G. R. McE.	Jerusalem	Brass		Clinging to rocks (of gold) and rolling stones
E. B. GLEASON	?	2 feet	Maine	Meekness		Tallow Chandler
PAT OKIE	21.	Immense.	Ireland	Hair on his teeth		Whiskey Distiller

COLLEGE

ORGANIZATIONS.



## CLASS OF '78.

“ὄδ το ζην ἄλλα το εὐ ζην.”

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LAURIN W. BURTON, *2d Vice President.*

CHARLES F. REEVES, *Secretary.*

WILLIAM S. BLIGHT, *Treasurer.*

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L. W. BURTON,

HORACE C. LEX,

WILLIAM H. NORRIS,

WALTER F. HALL,

EDWARD G. MCCOLLIN.

## Members of Class Glee Clubs.

## CLASS OF '75.

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*First Tenors.*

STERLING MORRISON,

C. W. FREEDLEY,

*First Bass.*

S. T. KERR,

BERNARD GILPIN,

*Second Tenors.*

C. E. PANCOAST,

W. W. PORTER,

*Second Bass.*

W. T. ELLIOTT,

CASPAR MORRIS, Jr.

## CLASS OF '76.

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*First Tenors.*

B. M. NEWBOLD,

J. J. J. MOORE,

*First Bass.*

H. C. ANDREWS,

L. S. LANDRETH,

*Second Tenors.*

R. P. ROBINS,

C. P. BLIGHT;

*Second Bass.*

GEORGE TURNER, JR.,

A. HEWSON, JR.

## CLASS OF '77.

T. R. NEILSON, *Leader.*

*First Tenors.*

C. I. JUNKIN,

A. M. KERR,

*First Bass.*

W. COX,

H. A. KELLY,

G. S. PHILLER,

J. W. YARDLEY,

*Second Tenors.*

J. NEILL, JR.,

H. W. SELLERS.

*Second Bass.*

JAMES BOND,

J. M. CHAPRON,

W. B. POWER,

E. D. FARIES.

## College Double Quartette.

### First Tenors.

STERLING MORRISON,  
C. E. PANCOAST,

### Second Tenors.

R. P. ROBINS,  
JOHN NEILL, JR.

### First Bass.

T. R. NEILSON,  
GEORGE TURNER, JR.,

### Second Bass.

W. C. RUSSELL,  
W. T. ELLIOTT.

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"Sic itur ad astra."

*Opulenzem*  
WILLIAM C. BULLITT, *Moderator.* 17

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*Georgum* GEORGE S. PHILLER, *Second Censor.* 182

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HENRY L. GEYELIN, } 182

'75.

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S. T. KERR,		W. W. PORTER,
CALHOUN MEGARGEE, <i>ΔΨ</i>		J. W. TOWNSEND.

*Carolus*

'76.

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H. S. HANDY,	<i>FΨ</i>	R. P. ROBINS, <i>Robertum-LP</i>
F. W. IREDELL,	<i>Alfred Beau</i>	W. L. SAUNDERS, <i>g-</i>

*Franciscus*

'77.

LLOYD BANKSON, JR.,		F. A. LEWIS, JR.,
JAMES BOND, <i>ΦKΣ</i>		H. A. LEWIS,
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WALTER COX, <i>ΦKΣ</i>		T. R. NEILSON, <i>2Ψ</i>
H. L. GEYELIN, <i>ΦKΣ</i>		C. B. NEWBOLD,
JOSIAH L. GRAVES,		G. S. PHILLER, <i>ΦKΣ</i>
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C. I. JUNKIN, <i>Quinnal moderator</i>		A. W. SHEAFER,
H. A. KELLY, <i>Resigned 2Ψ</i>		J. R. SMITH,
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"Alere Flamman."

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H. A. KELLY,

W. C. RUSSELL.

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## PHI KAPPA SIGMA.

*Alpha Chapter.*

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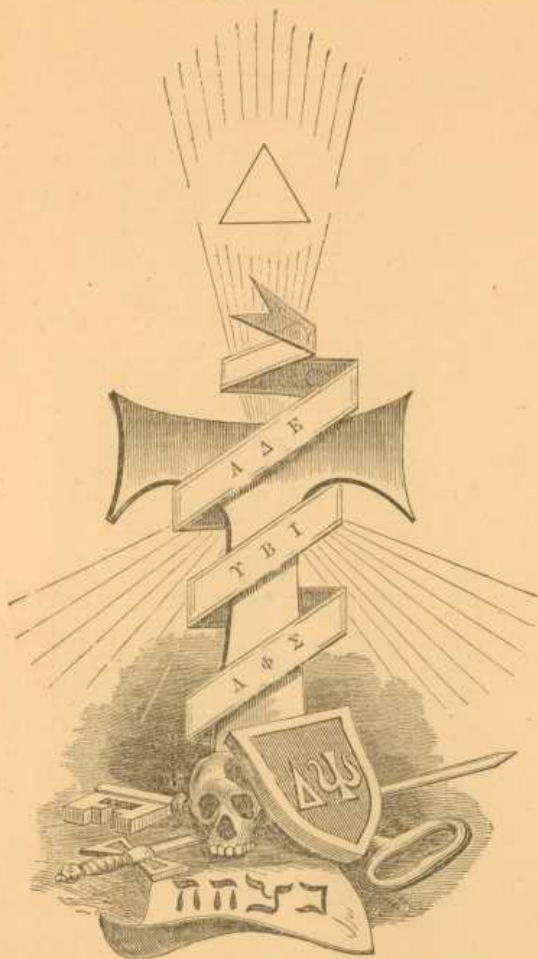
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*Delta Psi continued.]*

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## SIGMA CHI.

*Upsilon Chapter.*

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E. P. COHEN,

W. T. ELLIOTT,

C. W. FREEDLEY,

B. GILPIN,

W. H. HOLLIS,

S. T. KERR,

W. S. MASSEY,

C. MEGARGEE,

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S. MORRISON,

F. E. OKIE,

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J. W. TOWNSEND,

C. SMYTH,

I. H. WAINWRIGHT.

### '76.

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H. W. ANDREWS,

W. C. BULLITT,

C. P. BLIGHT,

J. H. CABBELL,

A. HEWSON,

W. D. KELLEY,

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