

—LITERÆ SINE MORIBUS VANÆ.—

THE
UNIVERSITY RECORD,

PUBLISHED BY THE

GRADUATING CLASS

OF THE

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COMMENCEMENT DAY,

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UNIVERSITY RECORD.

To The Reader.

WE hardly know how to preface our RECORD. We cannot say, as a certain writer on Metaphysics, that it is the only work of the kind from an American hand; nor yet, as a certain writer on Punctuation, that we have aimed at the utmost brevity consistent with clearness; and, even if we truthfully could, we should not like to imitate the example of that writer on Social Science who begins by saying that for Chapters I to XIII inclusive he is indebted to such and such authors.

We might, it is true, remark with Professor Jackson that the year has again become *supinus*—we might even accompany the assertion with a diagram; or we might inform you, after the manner of previous Records, that we are just about graduating; but from all this we refrain; and so our RECORD comes to your notice without a preface.

But the RECORD needs no preface. Even the Syllabus, that peculiar (we might say unique) work has no preface; and yet the Syllabus certainly needs one as much as most books. We would, however, ask your indulgence that the necessary composition of the RECORD has in some places interfered with the flow and evenness of the style, and has made its perusal, we are afraid, resemble a ride on a corduroy road. This will be corrected as far as possible in a revised edition, should any be issued; and whatever the faults of the following pages may be, we have at least furnished you with something to read while the speeches are going on.

WM. P. GEST,
C. B. DAY, JR.,
CHAS. WADSWORTH, JR.,
EDWIN F. DAWSON,
THEODORE E. SCHMAUK.

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The Year.

FULLY to chronicle the events of the past year would be no easy task. It was a most important one for the University, whose growth it manifested in many ways. Everything, if we may be allowed the expression, seems to be getting "more so." We had more students this year, more of the fair sex, more of us were suspended, and the catalogue came out later than ever.

The *Magazine* bowed in the year with a new dress-coat and a request for subscriptions (the former, by the way, was appreciated; we can hardly hope so much for the latter). The influence of the *Magazine* has greatly increased since her days of infancy, and she certainly acted a very important part in the events of this year. On her recommendation, in the beginning of December, the formation of a Base-ball Association was undertaken and successfully carried out under the auspices of the Athletic Association; and in her columns almost every college enterprise originated or was discussed.

With the year began a moderate amount of study, and a good deal of everything else. The cricket ball was the first to be set a-rolling. On September 17th, the second annual match between the University and Haverford alumni elevens was played, our team being badly beaten. On October 18th, the undergraduates met with a similar result.

The football team played four games during the fall season, being defeated by Princeton and Yale, and defeating Columbia and the Pennsylvania Military Academy. The team has shown great improvement, and augurs well for the next year.

In the early part of January we heard with surprise and regret of the resignation of Dr. Stille, and our interest in the matter was not decreased by the high compliment he paid the class of '80 in remaining till commencement. No, we are not sorry to graduate under the same Provost that we entered under; after we leave, of course—but what class ever graduated that did not think the college was going to the—to the dogs. Then there was the excitement of watching the Provostship battledored around. Unluckily it was not offered to any one of us. Every student in college heartily believes he would himself make a popular Provost, and he absolutely knows he could inaugurate the fairest and firmest system of discipline ever carried out. Many

of us have had long confidential talks with the Committee of Discipline, and certainly ought to know something about it. Yes, our ambition was exalted—it reached even to the Provost's chair. How high that is may be gathered from an anecdote. It was Pomp, who, as usual, was talking noisy politics in the janitor's room one morning before chapel—in fact, even before "the boss" had reached the University (as may, perhaps, be surmised by our experienced readers). It was when General Hartrauft had accepted the position of Postmaster in this city, and Pomp did not like it. "Why," says he, "to go and put himself on a level with them fellers in the post-office, why—" "Why not, Pomp? Postmastership's all right, isn't it?" "All right? gad, yes! but after being Governor—why, it's just as if Stille and me was to change places!"

Then came the excitement at the medical commencement. Now, if this were only the place to tell, what a harrowing picture we could draw of how the Freshmen clubbed together and bought a good, nice box of real cigars to give the policemen, and how they clubbed themselves when the policemen clubbed them, and how Dr. Pepper went out and got peppered, and how the policemen, "as their lot is not a happy one," had to arrest some of the disturbers of the peace, and how each dear little rogue was discharged; not one of these things, however, will we mention; so our Freshman readers may quiet themselves; we will not tell on them—not we. We may, however, remark that the fellows generally got together and passed resolutions about the matter, delicately worded so as not to implicate the Freshmen, nor yet to criminate themselves:

Whereas, Some of our number, who, by the way, are not represented among us, disgraced themselves at the last commencement; and

Whereas, Some people seem to think we did it; and

Whereas, THEY did it; therefore

Resolved, That we will try hard not to do it any more.

The Glee Club gave its two regular concerts as successfully as usual, besides an extra one for the Regatta Fund more successfully than usual. Its double and triple quartettes also paid many pleasant visits to the neighboring cities (Wayne, etc.), and met with most enthusiastic receptions everywhere (especially at Media).

The Franklin Scientific Society gave its sixth annual course of lectures, with Prof. Cope on "Successive Forms of Animal Life in North America;" Prof. Sinding on "The Warlike Passions of the Old Northmen;" Mr. Hos-

kins on "Art under the Roman Empire;" Prof. Morse on "Household Art in Japan;" and Prof. Barker on "Electric Lighting."

The Dramatic Club "presented no plays because it had no plays to present;" and the Literary Association is to be congratulated on getting through the year safely.

In Athletics "everything has been done to maintain the former high standard of excellence." The Athletic Association held its two meetings, the records of which are to be found below. At the Inter collegiate Games, held at Mott Haven on May 28th, the University took two first prizes. One or two comparatively new sports have been introduced. Bicycle riding has become popular, and a bicycle race seems to have become a permanent event at the Athletic contests. Lawn Tennis has come, evidently to stay; and Tennis Clubs have been formed in all of the lower classes.

The Gymnasium, however, is the Athletic triumph of the year. The idea of having a gymnasium at the University is really so terrific, that we are afraid those of our readers who do not know it to be true, will not believe it when we tell them that an old, empty room in the basement has been fitted up (by the students) with gymnastic apparatus. Here, it is expected, considerable will be done for athletics at the University, and no doubt we shall next year see the results. Only subscribers are by right allowed to use the gymnasium, but a number of others have generously offered to look in occasionally and see that the apparatus is kept in running order, and they sometimes step down from the rooms a minute or two to fulfill their promise.

And so has passed our Senior year; the Freshmen have grown a year older, and other Freshmen are coming to take their places; the college songs have been sung, the college celebrations have been celebrated, the suppers have been supped, the hops have been hopped, the clubs have been—no, they haven't; the graduating class is just being graduated; the RECORD of the doings of "Old Penn" has been penned; and even as you read, probably, the commencement has commenced. Yes! another link has been forged, another grain of sand has fallen, one more spoke has—has again come around to the top; and we are going to say good-bye to our Senior year—a year which, in after life, we shall ever look back upon with pleasant memories, of which we shall always hope that, as each successive sun rises with glorious beams of hope upon our morning path, so hereafter—*

* The indulgent reader may supply the remainder according to individual taste.

The Class.

χαλεπα τὰ καλά.

WE are going to talk on a pleasant theme; we are going to talk about ourselves. We are numerous—we used to be more so; when the Freshman examinations came as a blight in springtime, and many fell as do the withered leaves; but the rest of us, relying on our personal charms, plodded boldly on. For most of us are handsome; Junkin has been called “cute” (a girl called him that); Wadsworth has the dreamy look of poesy in his rolling eye; and has n’t Cochran just the quite too bewitching a bang? But what is mere feature to expression? Who can withstand the perfect simplicity of Henderson asking for pie (in the metric system)? We don’t rely on beauty, however, but on talent. Some of us were born great, some are going to achieve greatness, and Schively has had greatness thrust upon him. Hopkinson is a violoncellist, Smucker is a fiddlist, Dickson is a singist, Adamson is an atheist, Cornell is a bicyclist, Christian is a satirist, Day is an artist, Neide is a talkist, and Adams belongs to ’81. We have no archaeologist—we are sorry, but it can’t be helped. This is not our only fault, however. Harrah (we believe) plays the piano, Voigt is a politician, and Burroughs *does* flirt horribly. These, however, are peccadilloes—

“Velut si

Egregio inpersos reprehendas corpore naevos,”—

our virtue is already being manifested,—we are beginning to get married. Yes, one of us is married! “Who’ll be the next?” Will it be Stout? The rest have been trying to for some time, but, sadly enough, have as yet met with a singular want of reciprocity. In a word, most of us are yet “open to engagements.” But our young lady friends must not be too dilatory about the matter. There are yet six months of leap-year, to be sure, but the great majority of us will no doubt be snapt up during the summer.

Since, then, we are “desirable,” what else would you know? Our average age is 20 yrs. 9 mos.; it would have been more, but two or three were born very much behind hand, and have not been able to catch up. Our average weight is 140½ lbs.; it would have been more, but study has pulled us down. Our average height is 5 ft. 8½ in., although we owe our thanks to Schmauk for doing what in him lay. In regard to “end in view” we stand:

Law, 8; Theology, 7; Civil Engineering, 8; Mechanical Engineering, 2; Chemistry, 4; Architecture, 2; Business, 4; and John Welsh Centennial Professorship, 1 (Junkin); while the talents of 8 are so versatile that they cannot yet determine what calling they had best adorn. One gentleman said "Heaven" was his end in view, but as we don't think he can pass the examination, we counted him uncertain.

In regard to politics we are as follows: Republicans, 26; Democrats, 11; scattering, 5; while the rest are going to wait five or six years till they get a vote.

In religious matters, we are about as usual. We have orthodox members and rationalist members, as well as quite a number of those who think both sides are right but don't like to commit themselves to either. The first are in the majority however. We have 13 Episcopalians, 11 Presbyterians, 3 Baptists, 3 Lutherans, 3 Methodists, 1 Universalist and 1 Friend. The rest consist of those who are "nothing" and those who are pleased to call themselves "free-thinkers;"—allow us a word of the College "free-thinker." Who was the French woman who exclaimed of some one, "Lord! who could help loving him, he is so wicked!" Well whoever she was, the same tendency is still alive; and so whoever wishes to be imagined rather eccentric—"a man of quite an original turn, you know,"—placards himself "free-thinker." It was in this principle that one of our Class told us he was a "free-lover." He was thinking the people would exclaim "What a horribly enchanting fellow, that Church"—there! we have let out his name; well, he "is n't a free lover, and what's more, he never was one." Yes, we have five "free-thinkers." At college the "free-thinker" is generally one who don't think at all (like Lewis), but thinks he thinks a great deal (like Neide). He usually reads a great many books he don't understand, and generally agrees with them perfectly; and, in fine, has not so much a contempt for those weaklings still led by dead tradition, as he has an exalted admiration for his own superior genius. After a while (maybe) they will reform, and even sober down into quite respectable citizens. So we hope the churches will not shut up shop right off, because five "free-thinkers" are to be let loose upon the world.

And now, kind reader, we have introduced ourselves to you; we have the same bewildering brilliancy as other classes, the same bewitching follies—talented, look at our record—handsome, look at us; now just tell us candidly, are we not all your fancy painted us?

IN MEMORIAM.

Harry Augustus Simons,

DIED,

October 4th, 1877.

At a stated meeting of the Sophomore Class, University of Pennsylvania, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in his Divine Providence to remove from amongst us our beloved friend and classmate, HARRY AUGUSTUS SIMONS; and

WHEREAS, We desire to record our sense of the loss we and all who know him have sustained; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the decease of our former comrade, who, by those noble traits of character, frankness, truthfulness, and consideration for others, made himself respected wherever known, we have sustained a loss which we are led to believe irreparable.

Resolved, That we who knew him best, who knew him in the close relations of the class, feel that in our late presiding officer we have lost a friend of more than ordinary promise and worth.

Resolved, That we will attend his funeral in a body, and that we tender his bereaved family our sincerest and most heartfelt sympathy in this time of their affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the daily papers and *University Magazine*, and a copy of them be sent to the family of the deceased.

H. P. LINCOLN,
F. LINCOLN WAYLAND,
B. F. HARRAH,
H. H. BONNELL,
E. F. DAWSON,

Committee.

Class History.

BY HILARY M. CHRISTIAN.

IF there was one thing more than another impressed on our minds at the beginning of our College career by that loquacious and versatile genius, McElroy, it was a most careful attention to the statement of the "end in view." Mac was accustomed to say: "I beg of you, gentlemen, for the sake of my reputation as Professor of the art of discourse, and the philology of the pre-Adamite races, for the sake of the honorable Board of Trustees, never neglect to state clearly your end in view." This crotchet of the Professor's was firmly fixed in my mind by the following little incident. McElroy's method of examining compositions was something like this: Two men would put in an appearance at his room at an appointed hour, one of whom, mounting upon a chair at one end of the room, would proceed to read his composition aloud to the Professor, who, seated at the other end of the room, shaking his legs continually, the better to keep down his breeches, which had a constant tendency to gravitate towards his knees, would occasionally interrupt the proceedings with, "A comma there, Mr. A.;" "A colon would be much more appropriate at that particular place than a semicolon, Mr. B.," etc. Altogether, it was a very impressive ceremony.

Well, we had for a subject the "morphological, philological and pathological status of John Milton," and Burroughs and I were to read our compositions together. Burroughs mounted the chair. "Mr. B., how many pages have you written?" B. meekly answered, "Sixteen." "Now, Mr. B., strike out all that doesn't pertain strictly to your subject in those sixteen pages, and read me what you have left." Poor B. didn't have a chance to read anything at all that day.

My end in view to-day, ladies and gentlemen, is to relate to you the marvelous history of the Class of '80. I am aware of the fact that I am probably addressing an audience composed largely of those who have been present on like occasions for the last five or six years. Some of you, in fact many of you, may have heard at least a half a dozen Class histories, and I can only say here at the outset that the history of our Class differs in no re-

spect from that of other Classes, except, perhaps, in being a trifle more stupid. But, nevertheless, I shall take advantage of my privilege as Class historian to inflict upon you a few little incidents of our College course, with the sincere hope that some of them you may not have heard before.

Well, as Prof. Krauth would say, "Ex nihilo nil fit." Everything must have a beginning, and the Class of '80 is no exception to this rule. This Class was born in June, 1876. Strange coincidence this, that at the time when the representatives from all parts of the world (New York excepted) were here met together to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the nation's birth—that at that very same time the representatives of many domestic cash boxes should be assembled together to celebrate the birthday of a new organization—the Class of '80. And who shall say that one was not the equal of the other in importance? Oh! but we were a sorry lot that day! I remember well with what awe and veneration we gazed upon an old party with gray hair, who had been applying for admission for the last ten years, and had grown old in the service. "My eyes! Won't it be tremendous to have a man with gray hair in the class; a real big man?" said Stokes, who at that time was far from being one himself. But, unfortunately for Stokes and the Class, the aged party didn't succeed in passing, and went home to study up for the next year. They say that first impressions count for a great deal. Most of us were impressed at first sight by Profs. Stille and Jackson, and I don't think that any of us ever had cause to change our minds. Well, Jackson gasped in our ears the fact of our not being conditioned, and we became verdant Freshmen. Well do I remember that day in the following September, when we huddled into chapel like so many sheep led to the slaughter. It's astonishing how persistently one will stick to one's friends under such circumstances as those in which we then found ourselves. The way those of us who happened to have come from the same school clung to and twined around each other, that day and for several days to come, was truly a touching spectacle. Then, after we had gotten over our first fright, how very large we felt as we sauntered around (outside) the College buildings, with cigarettes in our mouths, after the manner of silly Freshmen. Of course, as schoolboys, we none of us had been allowed to smoke within a mile of the school building. How different it was when we became "College men," and were called "Mr." by the Professors. Schmauk and Gaul, I remember, learned to smoke just to see how it went. But, alas! one of us was doomed to meet with a violent check in his smoking career in

the shape of Mr. Ryder. Now, be it known, Ryder is the janitor, and he caught Junkin smoking in the assembly room one day, and gave him a most cordial invitation to call on the Provost. George, terribly frightened, dropped on his knees, and, with tears in his eyes, implored Ryder to let him off this time, declaring that his position in society would be ruined were he sent to the Provost so early in his career, and ended by pulling out a five-dollar bill. Ryder didn't seem to care much about Junkin's position in society, but he did seem to care a great deal about that five-dollar bill, and so Junkin was released from custody.

I would only be wearying you were I to detain you with a narration of the endless cane-fights and bag-fights that we engaged in during our Freshman year; how we ceased to fear the ghostly tread of the lynx-eyed Jackson, and the dignified rustle of the Provost's silk gown. The thanks of the Class are certainly due to Prof. McElroy for the uniform courtesy and kindness with which we were treated during this year, and for his efforts to make what is generally a very disagreeable year a most pleasant one for us. The end of the year came at last; we passed our examinations; *i. e.*, most of us did; those who did not went on the retired list—and we were Sophomores.

The Sophomore year was an eventful one for us in more ways than one. At the beginning of the year, Messrs. Wayland, Schively and Wadsworth joined us. Schively and Wadsworth were entire strangers to us, but Wayland was an old friend. He had taken his Freshman course with the Class of '79, but, as he told some of us one day, he didn't care much for those fellows in '79; the atmosphere was not congenial to him; there were no kindred spirits there, and the Faculty suggested that he might be more at home in '80, and so it came to pass that Wayland joined us. It was at the beginning of this year, also, that Dr. Muhlenberg came amongst us to train us up in the Greek roots. Dear old gentleman, with his "gentle hints at random," and "a line for you, Mr. A., to complete the circuit," he soon endeared himself to us all,—one of those noble men that are found on every College Faculty, never so thoroughly swallowed up in a sense of their own importance but that they can always lend a helping hand to the humblest student, and about whose names cling the fondest memories of College life. Speaking of Muhlenberg reminds me of MacElroy. Mac had begun a course of original lectures upon the subject of Rhetoric. He happened one day to be talking about irony, and Milligan says: "Well, Professor, what, exactly, is meant by irony?" Whereupon Mac shook his little legs a few

times, danced up and down in his chair two or three times, wiped his spectacles, rubbed his nose, and finally said: "Well, Mr. M., I will give you an example of irony. If I were to say to you now, 'Why, Mr. M! what a handsome man you are!'" that would be irony in the strict sense of the word." Milligan, somehow or other, never liked Prof. MacElroy after that. He thought his examples were always rather too personal.

Two or three new College organizations were now started, in all which '80 took an active interest. It was now that a proclamation was issued in the College, calling together all players upon the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, trombone, psaltery, bagpipe, fiddle, calliope, or any other kind of musical instrument, and thus was formed the University Orchestra, whose soul-inspiring strains have doubtless held the hearts of many of you spell-bound on more than one occasion. '80 furnished quite a number of fiddlers, chief of whom I might mention Messrs. Junkin and Hopkinson. Here was a chance not to be overlooked for Junkin to display his manly form and Hopkinson his big feet. These gentlemen were the great soloists of the orchestra, and be it said, they always did old '80 credit. On one occasion, Hopkinson is said to have played so beautifully that, in the language of one critic, "the pathos of the more sober parts seemed almost to call forth the hidden tear from the fairer members of the audience." I think it can safely be said that that was the first time Oliver had ever been guilty of anything like that.

I would be sadly remiss in my duty were I to neglect making mention of the University Chess Club, whose best players were furnished by '80. This remarkably persistent and "cheeky" organization was started early in our Sophomore year, and all the obstinate and "cheeky" men in the Class joined, and Savage, as being both of these in one, was made the President. In 1877, a game was begun with Cornell, which game is still going on, for aught I know.

I must not forget to say that, following the example of our predecessor, '79, we had a cremation, and a gorgeous affair it was, I can tell you. It cost the Class \$250. Truly, it was a most piteous spectacle to see us as we stood weeping around the "bier" that night, and gazed upon the ashes that alone remained to tell the story of poor Syllabus and Plate! In fact, one of our number (Lincoln) was so overcome that, as he himself said, "he was too full for utterance."

September, 1878, found us back at our Alma Mater as Juniors, but, alas! with woefully diminished ranks. So many young men had embraced

the opportunity offered by the Faculty to go into business. Those of us who returned had to make up for those who didn't, and the task was really not such a difficult one as you might imagine. You have all been informed, time and time again, how grand and conceited Juniors feel, and we just felt as grand and conceited as any Juniors. Henderson and Seeger celebrated their arrival at Juniority, so to speak, by learning to shave. This year introduced us to two new Professors, Krauth and Barker. Comparisons are odious!

And now we wrestled with physics and metaphysics. We talked metaphysically; we walked metaphysically, just like Krauth (somewhat after the manner of a peacock); we smoked metaphysically, and we generally recited in a very metaphysical manner. We devoured Fichte and Kant, and Schopenhauer and Berkeley, and would have liked very much to have devoured Barker, had we not been afraid of ruining our digestion.

As I look back now on those days when we first began the study of metaphysics, and call to mind the nonsense we used to reel off in the shape of recitations, I often wonder how good old Krauth ever had the patience to stand it. He was so far beyond us mentally,—farther, probably, than any of us will ever reach,—yet always ready and able to get down to the level of our poor intellects and to unravel our difficulties, which must have seemed so petty and trivial to his great mind. Savage's record in Krauth's room presents some very striking features, and I will give it to you: "Absent Monday; excused on Tuesday; absent Wednesday; present Thursday, called up and 'flunked;' absent Friday; total for the week, three absences and one flunk." I am here reminded of a little incident that happened in Krauth's room one day. That gentleman had a very systematic way of hearing recitations. He always took the alphabetical list of the class, and beginning at each end, would work toward the middle, so that every man knew, to a certainty, when he was going to be called upon, and would be prepared accordingly. Well, it was one day in logic, and we were having the interesting story of Achilles and the "tortoise." It was just approaching Harrah's turn to go to the rack, and he, evidently, was not prepared. He began to grow restless, and, finally, with his handkerchief to his nose, rose and asked permission to leave the room. This being granted, Harrah quickly left the field. In about ten minutes Mr. Harrah was called upon to relate what he knew about Achilles and the tortoise. No one responding, the Doctor went down the list and called on some one else. At the expiration of another quarter

of an hour, Harrah was again called on, and again getting no response, Krauth looked up from his book in rather an amused way, and said: "Well, Mr. Stokes, you had better go down and see about that gentleman; for if his nose be bleeding yet, it may prove to be a case of serious hemorrhage and need severe treatment." Harrah's hemorrhage not being too severe, he came back, and went bravely through "Achilles and the tortoise," having made use of the previous half hour to look it up.

Upon entering Prof. Jackson's room for the first time this year, we were greatly surprised to find that, with a truly classical spirit, he had erected a sort of Roman Colosseum in his room, and there we, from our lofty "sedilia" near the ceiling, gazed into the arena below upon many a gladiatorial contest. But the victor was always the same. Truly, a mighty gladiator, this Franciscus Aristeides Jacksonus.

It was now that the Dramatic Association began to create a little stir in our midst, and '80 furnished many stage-struck youths. The play of Romeo and Juliet was produced. The Romeo of Schmauk and Juliet of Gaul were especially commended as being pieces of exceptionally fine acting. Savage had been elected stage-carpenter and scene-shifter for the Association, but, at the production of Romeo and Juliet, he shifted a church-yard scene in place of the balcony scene, and was thereupon "shifted" himself.

Many were the pleasant and profitable hours we spent with Prof. Thompson, and some of the pleasantest memories of our College course will ever be associated with his name.

Well, our Junior year, like all other years, came to an end; we helped each other through the examinations by what might be called a mutual assistance association, and we entered upon the last year of our College course. The beginning of this year was not a bright and cheerful one for us, for it was now that we were called upon to undergo a heavy loss—a loss from which we have never fully recovered—in the departure from our midst of Messrs. Savage and Wayland, who were now called to other fields of labor. That the Faculty sympathized with us in our trouble, is shown by the following preamble and resolution adopted at a Faculty meeting, September 20th, 1879:

WHEREAS, We, the Faculty, have just learned, with mingled feelings of joy and grief (joy largely preponderating), of the removal from our midst of Messrs. Savage and Wayland; be it

Resolved, That we hereby tender our sincere and heart-felt congratula-

tions to the Class in its present affliction; and, furthermore, out of respect to the memory of the departed-from-our-midst, the exercises of this College be suspended for the period of one month.

By order of the Faculty,

R. E. THOMPSON,
FRANCIS A. JACKSON,
Secretaries.

Quite a number of lectures this year were thrown open to the public, and crowds flocked to hear Dr. Krauth on "Darwinism and Cognate Subjects," Thompson on "Parnell and the Irish Famine," and Barker on nopen norgan pipes. Doubtless the public gleaned much valuable information.

And there is old Philo. '80 did her duty well by Philo, and only those of us who belonged to her know the great good she has done for us; and as we recall the happy hours spent within those rooms, surely we must unite in saying that Philo was the dearest spot in Old Penn to us.

Thus have I given you a brief outline of our College life, and now all this is ended. We have passed our final examinations; Stille has wept over us; told us we were the best fellows he ever knew; given us his blessing, and asked Ryder to show us the back door.

It's the same old story, repeated year after year. To-day we are the all-absorbing topic—to-morrow we are gone; another class steps in to take our place, and we are forgotten. And now the question may very properly be in order: What have we learned during the last four years? Do we know anything more to-day than we did four years ago? Alas! these are questions which I, as historian, to-day cannot answer. But years hence, when the historian of the future shall be called upon to record the works of another Shakespeare, another Milton, another Napoleon, another Thackeray, or even another Washington, ask him whence came these great and illustrious men, and he, mayhap, will point to the Class of 1880, of the University of Pennsylvania. Who can tell? Stranger things than this have happened.

In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, I humbly beg your pardon if I have trespassed on your good nature so far as to weary you. The only excuse I can offer is that, as we are the objects of interest to-day—for the time being—and as these incidents of our College life have been of interest to us, we are selfish enough to think that they may have been of some interest to you.

Class Poem.

BY CHARLES WADSWORTH, JR.

EVOLUTION.

THIS dictum boldly Darwin's schools declare
(It may be true—believe it if you can),
That men were apes once, clothed in suits of hair;
That monkey's nought but undeveloped man.
'Tis hard for those with reason high endowed,
For whom imagination spreads a feast,
To fowl in dust the judgment justly proud,
And claim a kinship with a hideous beast.
But still in nature rules this patent law,
That all things spring from embryonic cell;
And what hath been, which mortal eye ne'er saw,
Is typified in that which man knows well.
I mark an instance, and I hold *this* true,
The law in nature is the law at school:
As from the egg the strutting peacock grew,
So the hoar sage developed from a fool.
Here, as we stand in classic robe arrayed,
The masters of creation, you'll allow;
The noblest beings that were ever made,—
Could we all rise from Freshmen, small and low?
'Tis wonderful, I own; yet mark the chain,—
The steps of *Evolution* now I sing,
The tutor's labor and the student's gain,
How mighty oaks from little acorns spring.
Ye Grecian muses! Now, to *you* no more
We raise our prayers, since you no longer speak;
Your favors now no moon-struck bards implore—
The modern school girl holds the fabled peak.
Hail! Rulers of Parnassus! Sweet sixteen!
We call on you to help us, if you please;
Your bright eyes lift our thoughts to things unseen,
Your smiles are inspirations: grant us these.

In ages long past, fully four years ago,
There roamed through the forests a barbarous mass
Of men of rude culture, whose habits were low,
Of the anthropoid genus, the Freshmanic class.
And still, I'm informed by some travelers bold,
On the edge of despair, on the confines of space,
Beyond the last bounds of the civilized world,
Still live in the jungle this horrible race.
Their feasts are all loathsome, their food is all raw,
For the great Miss Dodd's lectures they never did hear;
They live on Greek roots, which they greedily gnaw,
On historical weeds and a liquid called beer.
Their worship is low, for their gods are debased,
E'en the names are most hateful to beings like us;
Compared with them, *Moloch* would feel much disgraced,
And the chief of those demons is called "*Syllabus*."
But I will not detain you, we'll hasten along,
For another class meets us, one step in the four;
The Freshman is past, but his instincts, still strong,
Lives on in the breast of the young Sophomore.

A mighty mountain is Conceit,
The tallest mount on earth, I ween;
Its summit seems the clouds to meet,
And mingle with the great Unseen.
No longer, on the plain beneath,
The Sophomores contented rove;
They spurn their native humble heath,
And turn their rolling eyes above.
The idols to which late they bowed,
They burn with Bacchanalian glee,
And, round about the burning shroud,
They dance in horrid revelry.
Now, to himself each makes his prayer,
Tobacco burns at every shrine;
A cane and bag they with them bear
As "coats of arms," of course, divine.
What, if men's fathers have been swine,
And they themselves are foppish fools?
A dotted shield will gild a line,
For heraldry's above all rules.
But, 'tis a truth life will impart,
A man is known by the food
On which he feeds his soul and heart,
And not by cuts on stone or wood.
Notice that no ambrosial feasts,
Before this foolish class, are spread;
Rhetoric hash, fit food for beasts!
"Blood in the flesh," raw, tough and red.
But I will tell (for I'm afraid
The matter is involved in doubt)

How this delightful hash is made;
So, ladies, get your notebooks out.
"Day's Art of Discourse," you must learn,
Archbishop Whately read with care;
O'er Bain's enchanting pages turn,
Quote Aristotle here and there.
'Tis harmless; this, at least, is sure,
And soon forgot, so take your fill;
Emetics their own evils cure,
Warm water's seldom known to kill.
Enough! Why longer should we stay
'Mid scenes which surely cannot please?
See, quickly as we turn away
Rise stately forms instead of these.

No labor of science avails
That moment of time to discover,
When the monkeys cut off their long tails,
And each took a clean shave all over.
And similar troubles arose,
In the world of collegiate lore;
When the Junior sprang, nobody knows,
From the state of the young Sophomore.
No doubt the effect is all due
To the feminine power divine;
So, if co-education falls through,
Of course we'll go back to the swine.
It would be an encouraging sight,
Instructive, refining, delighting,
To see some young daughter of light
Her Berkeley or Malthus reciting.
To hear her read Latin and Greek,
Flunk dead on the moon's aberration;
To see her so smiling and meek,
Reducing a cubic equation.
To watch her in history hour.
How she braved the wild, bull-doing storm;
If she fainted, and fell as a flower,
Or stood with Minerva-like form.
With a bib that hung down to the ground,
To see her mix alkalies up:
And to blow, with her lips red and round,
On some slag in a platinum cup.
She would patronize Billy, I hope,
And the price of his viands enhance;
In assembly-room play at jump-rope,
Or bean-bag, pitch pennies, or dance.
On the Campus, why tennis, of course;
But no flirting,—but where am I straying?
Pegasus is a fleet-winged horse,
Neither bridle nor snaffle obeying.

Let me see,—'twas the Juniors that led
Me to talk in this strain of the ladies ;
I am sorry for what I have said
And condemn all the Juniors to Hades.
But, lest I again should digress
From my theme—vulgarly proposition —
I hastily forward will press ;
To the Senior will change my position.
To the Senior, who dwells in a land
Of sterner but nobler delight ;
Where prospects by day wide expand,
And unclouded the glories of night.

Here shines the sun of wisdom from on high,
The moon of metaphysics, pale and cold,
That bid men look aloft upon the sky
Where hidden lies all truth ; and yet untold
Are the great lessons *reason* shall unfold,
When men have learned but how to ask aright
Of Goddess Nature what has been of old,
And what is now, though hid from vulgar sight,
Or faintly seen, as mighty stars, through the dull night.

Here feasts the soul on thoughts which deeply move
The hidden passions of the earnest breast ;
Strange fascination ! Like what men call love,
It lures its victim on, destroys his rest
In deep uncertainty—a state unblest.
Yet an uncertainty which each must feel,
Except when one has learned this lesson best
Doubts to dispel, which growing years reveal,
Or, save where one can wear a thoughtless breast of steel.

It is a lesson man must sometime learn,
The highest wisdom's " nothing can be known ;"
Yet in his breast the fires of truth still burn—
Not vainly. By their light the good is shown.
This is their end ; their end is this alone.
'Tis not the riddle of a world to read,
Such sterile questions mark a day now gone.
Light for this life is all a man can need—
To hope for more is fruitless foolishness indeed.

Away with melancholy ! We would mark
The joyful scenes alone of years now past ;
Whatever thoughts have been too deep and dark
We would forget. The heaven overcast,
Gloomy and wild, for ever cannot last,
For still above the clouds there shines the sun ;
Behind all doubt, there is a meaning vast,
Which the heart loves to ponder ever on—
In vain, such heights cannot by mortal minds be won.

Another's disappointment is the spur
To our own meditations. Rivalry,
Fierce in the breast, makes many men prefer
To waste their all in seeking truths that lie
Beyond the ken of others, which their eye
Seems faintly in the distance just to trace.
Fleeting mirage! As we pursue they fly,
And vanish quickly into empty space,
Dry sands and the hot sun remaining in their place.

So find the Seniors, as they still pursue
The wandering spark—scarce counting time at all.
Short seem the days when everything is new,
Quick fly the hours in Pleasure's festal hall,
In a sweet tone sounds even duty's call.
But all things have their ends. The year is past:
Yet a few grains from Time's sand-glass must fall.
'Mid pleasant scenes these changing moons were cast,
For Evolution's noblest child is still its last.

Come fellow-classmates—Seniors! bid farewell
To those loved realms where we were wont to dwell;
Farewell to pleasure, which no care alloys,
Farewell to hopes that gilded all our joys;
Farewell to fears, for, in the press of life,
Fears are forgotten 'mid the din of strife.

Farewell to daily intercourse, where meeting
Fond kindred hearts in mystic bonds unite;
Farewell to festal moments bright and fleeting,
When song and story whiled away the night.
Farewell to hours spent with some great mind,
Till star-beam paled before the ruddy morn;
May the stern lessons study left behind
Awaken thought, and high resolves be born.

Farewell to scenes where fancy oft will rove,
Farewell to duties we have learned to love;
Farewell to men whose noble aim has been,
To higher realms the restless mind to win.
Loved haunts, friends, moments, once again farewell!
The hour nears, and Fate dissolves the spell.
Lo! Evolution operates again,
And Seniors in the world expand in men.

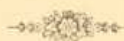
Long in a harbor sheltered and secure,
Where seldom sweeps the tempest; where the strife
Of this rude world can never long endure,
We've sailed and moored to make the hand more sure,
The seamanship to train for storms of life.

Nor yet, though nurtured near enchanted shores,
Have we forgot life is not all a dream ;
Oft through the night the nearing ocean roars,
High on the clouds the shrieking storm-gull soars ;
Like a fierce sea our little harbor seems.

We know of lands which many sail to seek—
Wealth's mighty cities, Honor's barren heights ;
Proud Wisdom's kingdoms, and the Muse's Peak ;
Some few, soft islands, where, reclining, weak,
On beds of roses lie the Sybarites.

We see, returning from those distant shores,
Men who have tasted all those lands could give ;
Wealth, Honor, Riches, in abundant stores,—
Hear them declaring, at Death's very doors,
"Earth has no prize for which 'tis well to live."

We should be wise; from o'er's errors, learn
To shun the shoals on which their barks were driven.
Be *this* our aim, as from the shore we turn,
With hand on helm, our purpose fixed and stern,—
We launch on earth—let's strive to moor in heaven.



Class Day.



THE Class of '80 celebrated their Class Day on Friday, May 21st, at Association Hall. There was the usual number of bonnets present—in fact, as it was a fine afternoon, there were rather more, though in the main it was, as the historian said, “the same audience which has been present at every Class Day for five or six years.” The music, the principle feature of many of our celebrations, was furnished by the Germania Orchestra, which, it is needless to say, pleased both in selection and execution.

Mr. George Junkin, Jr., the Class President, welcomed the audience in a short salutatory; touched upon the meritorious action of the Class in

abolishing Junior Exhibition the year before, and after telling the audience (after the manner of other class presidents) that '80 had been active in all the various college organizations, closed by introducing the Class Historian, Mr. H. M. Christian. As the History will be found on another page it does not need extended comment here; suffice it to say that some of his points were lost on the audience on account of his low tone of voice, and some because in the words of the historian, the audience was too dumb to see them, swallowing a good deal of sarcasm for gospel earnestness.

Mr. Edwin F. Dawson, the Orator of the day, then followed with what the reporters are wont to call "an able effort." It was about "Od," which gave matter for thought to the thoughtfully inclined and matter for a joke to the jokefully inclined. Mr. Dawson had evidently given a great deal of thought to his subject, and being thoroughly at home in a department in which his audience were thoroughly at sea, raised the scholarship of the Class in the estimation of the audience about fifty *per cent*.

The Class Poet, Mr. Chas. Wadsworth, Jr., then delivered the Class Poem, which was the hit of the afternoon. As may be seen by reference to another page, the Poem was based on the idea of the Class as evolved from Freshmen into Men, the idea being sustained throughout.

The wooden spoon was then presented by Mr. Conrad B. Day, Jr. to Mr. H. H. Bonnell in an appropriate but short speech.

Mr. Bonnell, the Class Prophet, then sketched the future careers of his classmates with prophetic foresight: Neide the lecturer, Junkin the journalist, and all the rest winning in advance the applause they are sure of obtaining in the future.

The Presentation Orator was Mr. James S. Dickson, whose selections had the unusual merit of not being stale. Mr. Schively was presented with a small toy watch about a foot broad, for reasons that need not here be explained. Mr. Wright received a small bottle of medicine to keep him awake—an antidote to the astronomy room, which had always had a soporific effect on "Bob." Schmauk, "the little philosopher," was given a pocket edition of 'Can't,' in Schmauk's opinion very untastefully bound in black and white. Mr. Harrah's memento of the day was a little jumping-jack, something like Mark Twain's

"Purple monkey

Climbing on a yellow stick;"

which strange as it may appear, always got over its pole, and will no doubt, hereafter bring to Mr. Harrah pleasant memories of the days when he did

not. Mr. Stokes, the great mathematician, bore away a multiplication-table; and Mr. Lincoln was "overwhelmed" with a necktie of unprecedented pattern.

It is a pity that Association Hall is so poor in its acoustic properties, as it always renders some speakers nearly inaudible; however, '80's Class Day was a success. We are sorry we cannot say so much for the mock programme. The Juniors are, on the whole, a pretty smart class—most of them no doubt will turn out fine men,—but still they are not yet smart enough to write a mock programme. In a few years, however, their critical ability may have sufficiently improved to enable them to select the best jokes, from such sources as they have at their command, instead of the poorest. We do not mean of course that their work was absolutely bad this year, merely that it was a little worse than usual.



Ivy Day.



IT can be scarcely necessary to tell any one what Ivy Day is. However, for the benefit of those members of '84 who buy this RECORD we will explain ourselves. An Ivy Day, defined astronomically, is that day measured in sidereal time from the rising of the moon till the culmination thereof. It is about seven hours in length on an astronomical clock, and continues till the small hours of the morning. Why it was called day, we do not know—night would be more appropriate. The 24th of May was selected by the class of '80 for its Ivy Day. The evening was superb, but a little sultry, and the moon rose slowly as the stream of carriages poured up Darby Road to the University Buildings. With a stately dignity did our worthy Alma Mater welcome to her threshold the strong and the beautiful; and as she pleased the fancy with the promise of pleasure, she delighted the mind with the fruit of intellect. Shortly before nine o'clock the orator of the evening, Mr. William P. Gest, was introduced; around him stood his classmates in their caps and gowns, and before him assembled the crowd of eager listeners.

The aim of the oration was to illustrate the plan in the development of education, and how the Ivy Day was an outgrowth of that development. Mr. Gest traced the course of culture from the classical, through the romantic, up to the practical; he showed how learning had been regarded as

a fine art, as a fashionable acquirement, as a mysterious brother of poverty, and how it was now assuming its right position as a power in the world. In marking this tendency to universality he mentioned co-education as one of the accidental rather than necessary outcomes, and he reminded us that the future would be the working ground of the principle whose effects lay so plainly open to us in the past.

The Ivy tablet was unveiled, and the company ascended to the dancing halls. As usual the building was illuminated, and the ball rooms handsomely decorated with flags and fraternity shields. The music was remarkably fine. Every one seemed in the best spirits, and so bright was the spectacle that the gruff and surly bachelors were compelled to admit that they enjoyed themselves. No one forgot that it was leap-year, and we heard one bright-eyed damsel engage a "wall-flower" for the second and fourth dances. About half-past one the crowd began to lessen, and the shrill voices of men calling for their carriages echoed around the sanctum of Dr. Stille. The loving couples came down from the roof, the guests departed, and the University was left lonely and dark; while nothing remained of the festival save here and there a broken plate of ice cream and strawberries lying on the floor. The memory of '80's Ivy Day will live long, and our most friendly wish to other classes is, "May your ball be as pleasant and successful as ours."



Baccalaureate Sermon.

THE Baccalaureate Sermon of the Class of '80 was delivered at the Second Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Professor R. E. Thompson, on the evening of May 23d. There was a very large audience present with a considerable sprinkling of Alumni and students. At eight o'clock the Class clad in cap and gown and led by Profs. Muhlenberg and Thompson, marched up the middle aisle and occupied the front pews on each side. The exercises were opened by Dr. Muhlenberg, who read a chapter from the Bible and then offered a very touching and fervent prayer, invoking the blessing of God upon the exercises of the evening and upon the Graduating Class. After the singing of a hymn Prof. Thompson advanced and gave out as the text the passage "Verily I say unto you, they have their reward."—Matthew vi. 2.

The reverend gentleman spoke of the interest with which older people look upon the graduates as they are starting out in life. Their minds are still open to visions of beauty and truth. In the words of the great Grecian statesman Pericles, they are part of our spring-time. He then dwelt upon the beauty of a life devoted to use rather than to gain. The graduates should consider whether the professions in which they intend to engage are for the purpose of serving God or merely for gain. They should make it their duty to do their work well and faithfully, no matter how lowly it might be. So long as the love of gain is the leading principle in a man's life, he can not understand God or have any sympathy with him.

The Sermon was an excellent one, and was full of sound and profitable advice, and it is to be hoped that the Class will remember and act upon the advice given them on this occasion, by their highly respected and beloved Professor.

Junior Ball.



WHEN the Class of '80 last year abolished Junior Day, great was the condemnation, nor was '81 least loud in her protestations. But, with the advance of years, the then Sophomores have grown somewhat wiser, and as a graceful compliment to the independence of '80's action, have this year established an entertainment of a different sort in its stead, which bids fair to hold its place against all attempts to revive the old one.

The Junior Ball was one of the few things which '81 has done, on which she will in after years congratulate herself. She has done many things in her life; some very foolish things; very foolish, indeed—some absolutely insane. Her wise deeds are like angels' visits, few and far between. But we do not intend to discuss her, for the next Record will, no doubt, "display her virtues, and her follies hide." Junior Ball was a success,—we might almost say a success and a half. Friday, April 9th, the procession formed, and, marching out Chestnut Street, reached the University, and there young men and maidens gave themselves up to "youthful jollity."

To begin at the beginning, the invitations were very tasteful, original and artistic—so, at least, we thought—although some one remarked they looked like some spring millinery opening. The scaly viper crawled around the monogram in defiance and scorn of our Provost. But he would not bite. The dance cards were also elegant. There were seventeen dances in all, and between the schottisches the Class recited its motto, "First in Peace, etc., etc." The floors were waxed, and the roof of the University was nicely washed. The music was sweet, the young ladies were immense, the gentlemen were attentive, the dancing was vigorous, the refreshments were vile. Here is the synopsis of the Ball. All were delighted, and there have been few pleasanter entertainments given by our boys; few more enjoyed or longer to be remembered than Junior Ball.

Balls, by the way, seem to be growing more and more popular. We understand—but it may be only a rumor—that '81 intends to give two balls herself next year (including Ivy Day); but we have no doubt of the ability of the University to make them both, and the Junior Ball as well, thoroughly successful.





Cremation.

IT was on the night of the 17th of December, 1879. All the forces of Nature seemed to be in harmony with one another, and the spirit of peace brooded over the city, when from beneath that grand and imposing edifice known as the U. S. Mint, there issued the clamor of many voices, and the ominous and awful toot of a multitude of horns, "making night hideous." The natives collecting from various quarters, gazed with open mouths and staring eyes, at a number of youths; their bodies enveloped in a new species of night shirt; their craniums covered with barrel staves on which was tacked a layer of black cloth, and their hands grasping, like grim death, torches whose light revealed a number of faces working in the paroxysms of grief. At the head of this solemnoly procession, was a bier, borne by a number of pale, sad looking young men, and upon which were two small coffins, one bearing the euphonious name of Syllabus and the other the name of Plate. Upon these two objects the mourners were shedding a wealth of tears. Suddenly upon the air broke the sound of drums and

fifes, whose melancholy music melted the hearts of the sympathizing spectators as heat melts butter mild and strong. Around the corner came the heart-rending performers, and placed themselves at the head of the procession which then took up its march. Down Broad to Spruce and out Spruce to Twentieth went these gloomy mourners, followed by the wondering gaze of youths and fair maidens, old men and old women, Biddies and waiters, who lined the street, crowded the door-steps and peered from the windows. Up Twentieth and out Chestnut they went, marching to the sorrowful strains, ground out by the powerful lungs of that patient, enduring class of mortals, the members of a G. A. R. fife and drum corps. Out Chestnut to Darby Road, and out Darby Road to that beautiful and imposing group of buildings known as the University of Pennsylvania, proceeded these determined young men, when they assembled on the back campus, the scene of many stirring events, the stage upon which has been enacted many a blood-curdling tragedy. They collected around a large wood-pile, upon which was placed, tenderly and sadly, the coffins. Then the president of the class (for this procession was composed of the members of the class of '82,) addressed the mourners and endeavored to communicate to them some sad and tearful facts, which were unfortunately inaudible, owing to the wails of grief to which his audience were now giving vent. He subsided, and the torch was then applied to the funeral pile. Then there arose a gentleman of great oratorical powers, who eloquently described the many great and enduring qualities of their dearly beloved Syllabus, the friend of their Freshman and Sophomore years. Then followed a poem, which was succeeded by a "Carmen," and by an oration in praise of Plate, all ably delivered by prominent members of the class. Finally, after a few more ceremonies over the departed ones, the procession filed sadly away, and as they no more had the coffins to bedew with tears, they bestowed their superfluous affection and grief upon the beer. Thus ended the sad and affecting ceremonies of the cremation of the class of '82.



Class Suppers.

THE Class Suppers, very impiously, came this year during Lent. There is nothing in this fact startling to a scientific mind; and it is easily explained, for Lent came earlier this year than usual. However, several scrupulous persons remarked that "the viands would certainly stick in the throats of the young sinners." This prophecy was fulfilled, and the "Adam's apples" of many were changed for "Class Supper balls." The ladies who work at the University did not attend. Why, we can not conceive. It may have been native modesty. Modesty is a very indigenous plant that can not live in every soil, but it flourishes nowhere else so well as in co-educational institutions.

The Faculty and Trustees, generally speaking, do not come to Class Suppers in a body, but drop in in small companies of thirty or forty.

The Philomathean Society is always a favorite toast; also, the Magazine. "The Ladies" always brings every man to his feet and occasions much innocent dissipation. It is answered by a Professor, and the chivalrous sentiments those learned souls express are enough to make one's hair stand on end. In Ladies' Colleges, no doubt, "The Gentlemen" is the word to bring down the house. Sex is an ingenious invention, authorizing mutual admiration societies, and that very society has a strong chapter at Old Penn.

Well, the Class Supper came off very pleasantly. At half after nine the Freshmen adjourned, as their mothers had sent the servant girls around to bring them home. The Sophomores, who are more used to it, did not break up till a quarter of ten, and the Juniors actually staid till twenty minutes of eleven.

The Senior Festival was a model of sobriety and hilarity, of good feeling and fellowship, of speaking and eating. Pleasant memories! But memories alone, for nothing remains! No, not a thing. And even the last pack of cigarettes which you stole from the table has turned to smoke and been wafted away.

The Senior Supper was held at the Colonnade Hotel on the 13th of February. Mr. Lincoln, in the absence of the President, Mr. Junkin, answered

for "The Class." Prof. McElroy, who was the only Professor present, answered for "The Faculty;" Mr. Wadsworth for "Philo;" "The Fraternities" were surrendered to the tender mercies of Mr. Christian; Mr. Church spoke for the "Athletic Association;" Mr. Smucker eulogized "The Glee Club," and Mr. Dawson blushing responded for "The Ladies." As usual at Senior Suppers, the toasts were all remarkably fine.

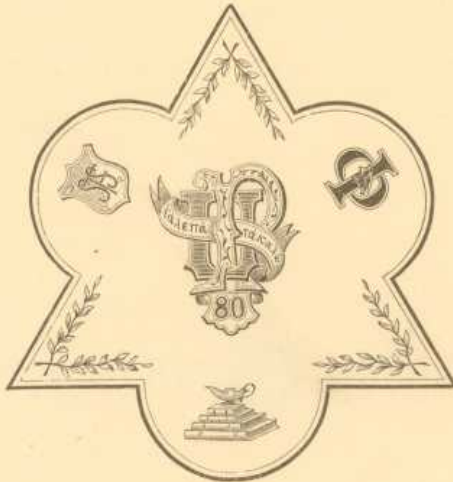
Mr. Prevost, the President of the Class of '81, not being able to be present, Mr. Bailey presided at the Junior Supper, answering, of course, to the toast of "The Class;" Dr. Koenig answered for "The Faculty;" Mr. Gross for "Fraternities;" Mr. Milne for "The Boat Club;" Mr. Robinson for "The Athletic Association," and Mr. H. A. Keller for "Philo;" while in answer to the toast of "The Scientific Debating Society of '81," Mr. Hall spoke highly of its advantages. Mr. Price, also, favored the Class with an impromptu recitation from Hiawatha, which was enthusiastically received.

On February 9th, '82 assembled at the Colonnade Hotel to celebrate their Sophomore Supper. As frequently happens at Sophomore Suppers, all of the Faculty were unfortunately prevented from attending by previous engagements. The toasts were as follows: "The Class," Mr. Townsend; "The Faculty," Mr. Hexamer; "The College," Mr. Westcott; "The Ladies," Mr. Hornor; "The Athletic Association," Mr. Thayer; "Fraternities," Mr. McArthur; "Philo," Mr. Remak; "The Franklin Scientific Society," Mr. Crawley; "The Committee," Mr. Birney.



COLLEGE **O**RGANIZATIONS.

Class of '80.



OFFICERS OF THE CLASS.

President,
First Vice-President,
Second Vice-President,
Recording Secretary,
Corresponding Secretary,

GEORGE JUNKIN, JR.
H. P. LINCOLN.
SAMUEL PELTZ.
JOHN PEROT.
CHARLES WADSWORTH, JR.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

WILLIAM D. CHURCH,
B. DE S. FRANK HARRAH,

HENRY H. BONNELL,

JOSEPH W. ADAMSON,
ERSKINE NEIDE.

UNIVERSITY RECORD.

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS

HARRY CLIFTON ADAMS,	Arts.
CHARLES ADAMSON,	Science.
JOSEPH WRIGHT ADAMSON,	"
EDWARD WATSON ANSTICE,	Arts.
SAMUEL MORRIS BARKER,	Science.
MORRIS REX BOCKIUS,	Arts.
HENRY HOUSTON BONNELL,	"
JOHN HENRY BURROUGHS,	"
JOHN TRAVIS COCHRAN,	"
WILLIAM DWIGHT CHURCH,	Science.
WILLIAM STAVELY CORNELL,	"
EDWIN FORD DAWSON,	"
CONRAD BAKER DAY, JR.,	"
JAMES STUART DICKSON,	Arts.
SAMUEL SEBASTIAN EVANS,	Science.
CHRISTIAN LEE GAUL,	Arts.
WILLIAM PURVES GEST,	"
GEORGE JESPER HARDING,	Science.
BERNARDO DeSOUZA FRANK HARRAH,	Arts.
JOHN WARNER HENDERSON,	Science.
CARL OTTO HERING,	"
OLIVER HOPKINSON, JR.,	Arts.
FRANK JULIAN,	Science.
GEORGE JUNKIN, JR.,	Arts.
EDWARD KNEASS LANDIS,	Science.
MARY THORN LEWIS,	"
WILLIAM ASHBEL LEWIS,	"
HENRY PHILIP LINCOLN,	"
HUSTON HAMMILL MILLIGAN,	Arts.
GEORGE HUNTER MURPHY,	"
ERSKINE NEIDE,	"
WILLIAM BAIRD PATTON,	Science.
SAMUEL PELTZ,	Arts.
JOHN PEROT,	"
WILLIAM CRESSON PRICHETT, JR.,	Science.
HARRY SHERMAN RIGHTER,	"
EDWIN FORD SCHIVELY,	Arts.
THEODORE EMANUEL SCHMAUK,	"
THOMAS WILSON SHARPLESS,	"

UNIVERSITY RECORD.

JOHN REED SMUCKER,
JOSEPH STOKES,
ABEL LUKENS STOUT,
ANDREW VOIGT, Jr.,
CHARLES WADSWORTH, Jr.,
ROBERT ERSKINE WRIGHT,

Arts.
"
Science.
Arts.
"
"

Department of Arts,	25
Towne Scientific School.	19
Total,	<u>44</u>



The Class of '81.

THE Class of '81, since the beginning of its Freshman year, has kept itself very prominently before the eyes of the College. Its Freshman and Sophomore years were one continual triumph, as '80* and '82 can testify, and it promptly assumed the supervision of the College, which it has ever since maintained.

'81 has been ably represented in every College enterprise, and its example to the other Classes has been a noble one. The establishment of the Gymnasium was largely due to '81, and the brilliant success of Junior Ball marks a new era in College customs. At the same time, the Class has always been distinguished for scholarship, and has attracted the especial notice of the Faculty. The co-operative system of working mechanical problems was certainly the most ingenious ever devised; but, ah! those recitations in Physics!

"Sorrow it were, and shame to tell
The awful flunks that there befel."

'81 will certainly make its mark in the world, including, as it does, students, scientists, athletes, boating men, politicians, one ballot-stuffer, *nine* who have elected German, one who won't shave, and one inventor of a system of Philosophy!

Verily, this Class is first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of the Faculty! Upon this latter point, "commentators differ. We leave you to decide."

*Inserted by courtesy of the Editors.

Class of '81.



OFFICERS OF THE CLASS.

President,
First Vice-President,
Second Vice-President,
Recording Secretary,
Corresponding Secretary,
Treasurer,

SEVERO MALLET-PREVOST.
RUFUS B. MARKS.
J. TROWBRIDGE BAILEY, JR.
J. CLAYTOR MONTGOMERY.
CHARLES B. LANE.
ELLIS AMES BALLARD.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

W. HEYWARD DRAYTON, JR.,
J. TROWBRIDGE BAILEY,
CHARLES B. LANE,
ARTHUR L. KNIGHT,

FELIX E. SCHELLING,
WILLIAM A. COCHRAN,
SAMUEL JAMISON.

UNIVERSITY RECORD.

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS.

WILLIAM LOUIS ABBOTT,	Arts.
RICHARD J. DOWNING ASHBRIDGE,	Science.
JOSEPH TROWBRIDGE BAILEY, JR.,	"
FREDERICK BAIN,	Arts.
ELLIS AMES BALLARD,	"
JOSEPH THOMPSON BARNHURST,	"
GEORGE BLOW BEAL,	Science.
ELIHU SPENCER BLIGHT,	Arts.
MORRIS WEYL BRINKMAN,	"
JOSEPH SILL CLARK,	"
WILLIAM ALLISON COCHRAN,	"
JOHN CHALMERS DACOSTA,	Science.
FRANK MADISON DICK,	Arts.
WILLIAM HEYWARD DRAYTON, JR.,	"
FRANCIS HOSKINS EASBY,	Science.
HOWARD BECK FELTON,	"
JOHN FRANCIS FOULKE,	Arts.
WILLIAM HENRY FOX,	"
GEORGE HOWARD FREEDLEY,	"
GEORGE CHRISTIAN GARDNER,	"
WILLIAM JONES GREGORY,	"
GEORGE HERMAN GROSS,	"
WILLIS EDWARD HALL,	Science.
ORVILLE HORWITZ,	"
SYDNEY PEMBERTON HUTCHINSON,	"
JOHN HALL INGHAM,	Arts.
SAMUEL JAMISON,	Science.
MORRIS JASTROW,	Arts.
HERMAN AUGUSTUS KELLER,	Science.
HENRY FREDERICK KELLER,	"
ARTHUR LYTTON KNIGHT,	"
CHARLES BRANDES LANE,	"
JOHN EATON LE CONTE,	Arts.
HOWARD JONES LUKENS,	"
EDWARD LOWNES,	Science.
RUFUS BICKNELL MARKS,	Arts.
ROBERT KENNEDY MATLOCK,	"
JOHN CULLEN M'CALL,	Science.
WILLIAM ALBERT MCGONAGLE,	"
DAVID MILNE,	Arts.
JAMES CLAYTOR MONTGOMERY,	"
LEWIS NEILSON,	"
CLIFFORD PEMBERTON, JR.,	"

UNIVERSITY RECORD.

FRANCIS LANIER POTTS,	Science.
SEVERO MALLET-PREVOST,	"
ELI KIRK PRICE, Jr.,	Arts.
DANIEL SMITH RITTENHOUSE,	Science.
JAMES HAMILTON ROBINS,	Arts.
WILLIAM THOMAS ROBINSON,	Science.
FELIX EMANUEL SCHELLING,	Arts.
PEARSON PETERSON SENTMAN,	"
HENRY CLEMENT SMITH,	Science.
HENRY SKINNER,	"
GEORGE CHAPMAN THAYER,	"
NATHANIEL WILEY THOMAS,	"
BENJAMIN CHEW TILGHMAN,	"
SAMUEL TOBIAS WAGNER,	"
LIENAU WALDEN,	"
WILLIAM CROWELL WATT,	Arts.
JOHN HAMBLETON WEBSTER, Jr.,	Science.
URIAH YEAKLE,	"

Department of Arts,	31
Towne Scientific School,	30
Total,	61



The Class of '82.

THE Class of '82 is, like every other Class, in its own estimation, the best in College; in the estimation of the Provost, the worst. The Fall campaign against the Freshmen was terminated by several of the members mistaking some Professors for Freshmen (not a surprising thing, however,) and "rushing" them, and consequently undergoing a forced absence of a week or two. If the Faculty would only suspend us all for two or three weeks, how pleasant it would be!

The Class is far more athletic than literary, although even in that respect it surpasses all others. We have four men on the University Football team, three on the Base Ball nine, two on the Crew, two on the Cricket eleven, and one on the Tennis two.

As to literary achievements, we have two or three first-honor men, one on the magazine's editorial staff, about twenty on the condition list (or about to be), and about sixty-five loafers. Yet, with all this literary array, we heard from one of the Professors: "Gentlemen, I must say, meaning no disrespect to this class, the compositions did not show that depth of thought which one would expect from your looks. And yet—" etc., etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

Our greatest success, however, was Cremation, which left its mark not only in College history but in the pocket-books of the Class. This latter effect was nothing, though,—to those who did not pay the assessment. In conclusion, the Class will permit us to remind them of their motto, *Νοῦ Καίρος* elegantly translated into English (used by Chaucer) by the phrase, "Go it while you're young!"

Class of '82.



OFFICERS OF THE CLASS.

President,
First Vice-President,
Second Vice-President,
Recording Secretary,
Corresponding Secretary,
Treasurer,

J. B. TOWNSEND, JR.
W. H. SMITH.
T. G. HUNTER.
THOMPSON S. WESTCOTT.
E. S. CRAWLEY.
MEYER SCHAMBERG.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. B. COWPERTHWAIT,
A. J. D. HAUPT,

J. B. THAYER, JR.

T. G. HUNTER,
G. REMAK, JR.

UNIVERSITY RECORD.

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS.

HERMAN BRYDEN ALLYN,	Arts.
ABRAHAM SHARPLESS ASHBRIDGE, Jr.,	"
FRANK SCHELL BALLENTINE,	"
DAVID BELL BIRNEY,	"
HARRY BRIGHT,	Science.
FRANK SPENCER BROCK,	"
CHARLES WARDELL BROWN,	"
JAMES BROWN COWPERTHWAIT,	Art.
EDWIN SCHOFIELD CRAWLEY,	Science.
HOWARD DEACON,	"
FRANK HALLETT DESILVER,	Arts.
WINCHESTER DICKERSON,	Science.
LEON PHILIP FEUSTMANN,	"
CHARLES WINROD FINCK,	"
THOMAS DICKSON FINLETTER,	Arts.
FRANK FLECK,	Science.
EDWARD BROWN FOX,	"
HENRY GIBBS,	Arts.
THOMAS BAIRD HALBERSTADT,	Science.
ALEXANDER JAMES DERBYSHIRE HAUPT,	Arts.
CHARLES HANFORD HENDERSON,	Science.
CHARLES JOHN HEXAMER,	"
WILLIAM THOMAS HILDRUP, Jr.,	"
BARTON COOKE HIRST,	Arts.
JAMES SWAIM HOPKINSON,	Science.
WILLIAM MACPHERSON HORNOR,	Arts.
THOMAS GUY HUNTER,	Science.
CHARLES EDWARD INGERSOLL,	Arts.
HENRY M'KEAN INGERSOLL,	"
JOSEPH JASTROW,	"
HAROLD KENNEDY,	"
LOUIS J. CUNNINGHAM KIMMEL,	"
GEORGE EDWARD KRAUTH,	"
JOSEPH CAMPBELL LANCASTER,	"
GEORGE MARISON LAWRENCE,	Science.
EDWIN FUSSELL LOTT,	Arts.
CHARLES PREVOST MACARTHUR,	Science.
JAMES FRANKLIN MCFADDEN,	"
DAVID MCKINNEY,	Arts.
CHARLES GORGAS MICHENER,	"
HARRY WILMER MOORE,	Science.
RICHARD THATCHER OGDEN,	"
FREDERICK ADOLPHUS PACKARD,	Arts.
FRANK NEWLAND PARIS,	Science.

UNIVERSITY RECORD.

GEORGE LEWIS PLITT,	Arts.
DANIEL DETWILER PRICE,	Science.
GEORGE HENRY RAPSON,	Arts.
GUSTAVUS REMAK, Jr.,	"
MEYER SCHAMBERG,	Science.
SAMUEL EDWARD SCOTT,	"
STEPHEN DECATUR SMITH, Jr.,	Arts.
WILLIAM HINCKLE SMITH,	Science.
FRANK FOUNTAIN SORVER,	"
HOWARD SINGER STETLER,	Arts.
WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSTONE TEAZ,	"
JOHN BORLAND THAYER, Jr.,	"
WILLIAM WATMOUGH THAYER,	"
JOSEPH BREVITT TOWNSEND, Jr.,	"
GUY COMFORT WALRAVEN,	Science.
CHARLES SPITTALL WALTON,	"
THOMPSON SEISER WESTCOTT,	Arts.
WILLIAM GHRISKEY WHITE,	Science.
ALBERT MAXWELL WHITMAN,	"
COFFIN COLKET WILSON,	"
ISAAC KEIL WISMER,	Arts.
SAMUEL BROWN WYLIE,	"

Department of Arts,	34
Towne Scientific School,	32
Total,	66



The Class of '83.

THE largest child which has yet been adopted by Alma Mater, the Class of '83, nevertheless, follows faithfully in the steps of its predecessors.

The corners, the canes, and the bowl have claimed their due proportion of interest and muscle, and the Class has already shown its native genius in the other and less important branches to which attention is given at the University.

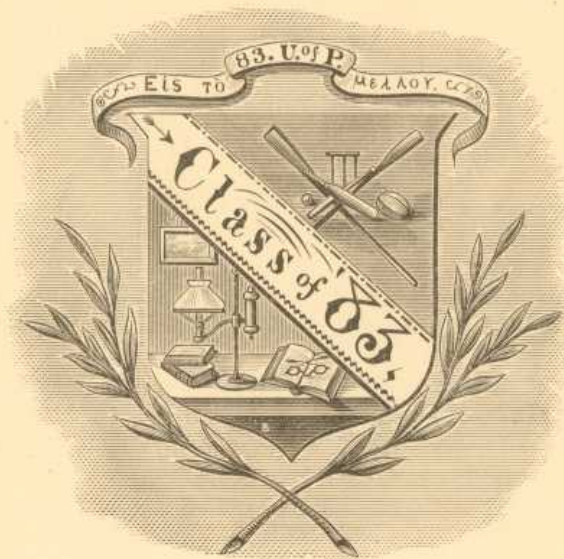
This genius is particularly developed in the direction of mathematics.

As proof of this, the Class has obtained the power of making five French exercises serve for the autographical papers of twenty-five fellows, and of ten Greek prose books that entered the room, upon close calculation, but one remained when "the preliminaries" were called for. Also, the number of times that a board in the Geometry room can be occupied and vacated again during five minutes has been brought to a maximum.

Class meetings show that there is a goodly number of orators among us, and some diplomatists. (Our Secretary, on taking the vote of a meeting of sixty members, reported fifty yeas and forty nays.)

Taking the Class altogether, it is an unusually good illustration of that saying "that each generation inherits the accumulated wisdom of all past ages;" but, unfortunately, like many other large inheritances, being divided among so many heirs, the portion that falls to a single individual is often somewhat infinitesimal.

Class of '83.



OFFICERS OF THE CLASS.

President,
Vice-President (Arts),
Vice-President (Science),
Secretary,
Treasurer,

J. F. CARSON.
C. B. BEASLEY.
C. W. BURR.
E. P. CHEYNEY.
T. L. MONTGOMERY.

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS.

WILLIAM ADGER,
CYRUS ADLER,
DORSEY ASH,
CHARLES YOUNG AUDENRIED,
GEORGE FALES BAKER,
MILO DIMMICK BALDY,
CHARLES MICHAEL BAUMANN, JR.,

Arts.
"
Science.
Arts.
Science.
"
"

UNIVERSITY RECORD.

CHARLES OSCAR BEASLEY,	Arts.
JOHN DALLETT BLISS,	Science.
LOGAN MCKNIGHT BULLITT,	Arts.
CHARLES WALTS BURR,	Science.
WALTER EMLÉN BURTON,	"
SANFORD KEYSER CAMPBELL,	"
ROBERT CULIN CANBY,	"
JOHN FLEMING CARSON,	Arts.
BENJAMIN CHEW,	Science.
EDWARD POTTS CHEYNEY,	Arts.
THOMAS COOKE,	Science.
HOWARD CRAMP,	Arts.
SAMUEL NORRIS CRAVEN,	Science.
AUGUSTUS DIZER CUMMINGS,	"
JOHN CHALMERS DaCOSTA,	"
RICHARD WSTAR DAVIDS,	"
HOWARD NELSON DAVIS,	"
FRANK MILES DAY,	"
MOSES De FORD,	"
LEWIS RYAN DICK,	Arts.
JACOB STEELMAN DISSTON,	"
CHARLES HAY DOEBLER,	Science.
LINCOLN GRANT EAKINS,	"
EDWARD HENRY EARNSHAW,	"
AMASA ELY,	"
CHARLES FREDERICK EVANS,	"
WILLIAM HOWARD FALKNER,	Arts.
SAMUEL KEEHMLEY FELTON, Jr.,	Science.
EDMUND MORRIS FERGUSON,	Arts.
WILLIAM MAGEE FIELD,	Science.
MURRAY FORBES,	Arts.
ISAAC FORD,	Science.
EDWARD GRIER FULLERTON,	Arts.
FRANK SYNWOOD GARRISON,	Science.
WILLIAM HALSEY GARRISON,	Arts.
ALBERT EDWARD GEISSEL,	"
WILLIAM DANIEL GROSS,	"
JAMES POWERS HAWKES,	"
JAMES ARTHUR HEATON,	"
HUGH THOMAS HENRY,	Science.
ARTHUR WASHINGTON HESS,	Arts.
WILLIAM MARSHALL HINKLE,	Science.
SYDNEY PEMBERTON HUTCHINSON,	Arts.
CHARLES BURR KELLOGG,	"
JOHN LAMBERT, Jr.,	"
ISAAC LEOPOLD,	Science.
CHARLES HINKLE MARPLE,	Arts.
JAMES RENWICK MARTIN,	"
SIMON MILLER,	"
THOMAS LYNCH MONTGOMERY,	"
ELLISTON JOSEPH MORRIS,	"

UNIVERSITY RECORD.

SAMUEL THEOPHILUS NEUBER,	Arts.
FREDERICK MARTIN NEWBERRY,	"
GEORGE WASHBURN NORRIS,	"
EDWARD BENJAMIN ORNE, JR.,	Science.
HOWARD WURTS PAGE,	Arts.
LOUIS RODMAN PAGE,	"
WILLIAM ALBERT PARRY,	"
GEORGE PETRY,	Science.
ROBERT HAINES PILE,	"
NELSON BURR POWELL,	"
ALFRED SCULL REEVES,	"
WILLIAM EARLY RHEIN,	Arts.
PETER WILLIAMSON ROBERTS,	Science.
ANTHONY WAYNE ROBINSON,	"
EMIL ROTH,	Arts.
PAUL JUDD SARTAIN,	"
JOHN WILLIAM SAVAGE,	"
GEORGE EDWARD SCHLEGELMILCH,	"
HERMAN SCHMITT,	"
HIRAM ABIFF SCHOFIELD,	Science.
WILLIAM JONES SERRILL,	"
JOSEPH SHERLOCK,	Arts.
FRANCIS EDWARD SMILEY,	"
HARRISON SMITH, JR.,	"
ALPHEUS WALDO STEVENSON,	"
JOSEPH STULB, JR.,	Science
WILLIAM DANFORTH SUPPLEE,	"
HENRY CHAPMAN THOMPSON,	Arts.
JOSEPH WHITAKER THOMPSON,	"
WILLIAM CONNELL TRIPLER,	Science.
WILLIAM REDWOOD WHARTON,	"
SYDNEY DREW WHYTE,	Arts.
EDWIN AUGUSTUS WOODWARD,	Science.

Department of Arts, 47
Towne Scientific, 44
Total, 91

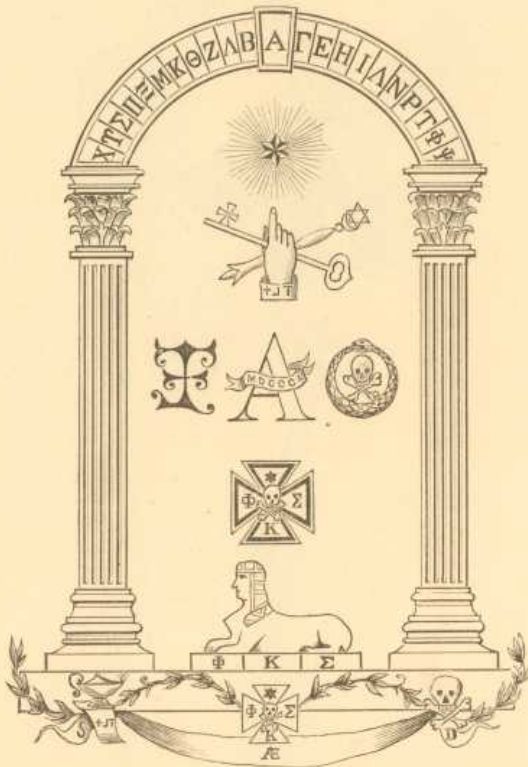


Fraternities.



IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ESTABLISHMENT AT THE UNIVERSITY.

Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity.



ALPHA CHAPTER.

FOUNDED AUGUST 16, 1850.

INSTITUTED OCTOBER 19, 1850.

Phi Kappa Sigma.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

MORRIS R. BOCKIUS.
CONRAD B. DAY, JR.
WILLIAM P. GEST.
HENRY P. LINCOLN.
T. WILSON SHARPLESS.
CHARLES WADSWORTH, JR.

J. TROWBRIDGE BAILEY, JR.
CHARLES B. LANE.

DAVID B. BIRNEY.

HOWARD CRAMP.
THOMAS L. MONTGOMERY.
ELLISTON J. MORRIS.
WILLIAM A. PARRY.
HARRISON SMITH, JR.

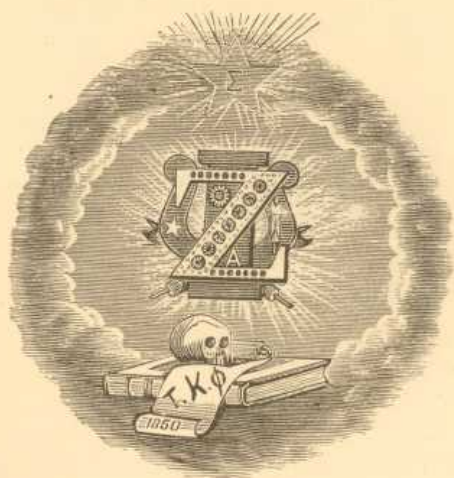
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

ROBERT S. CARTER.
CHARLES CLAXTON.
WILLIAM A. EDWARDS.
CHARLES M. FRANKLIN.
HENRY R. PRICE.
PRESTON E. STEM.
J. RIDGEWAY WRIGHT.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

CHARLES A. ALLISON.
HENRY B. BARTOW.
THOMAS A. EDWARDS.
BERTRAM HUGHES.
PHILIPPUS W. MILLER.
GEORGE S. PHILLER.
WILLIAM M. STEWART, JR.

Zeta Psi Fraternity.



SIGMA CHAPTER.

INSTITUTED SEPTEMBER 4, 1850.

Zeta Psi.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

ELLIS A. BALLARD.
ARTHUR L. KNIGHT.
WILLIAM T. ROBINSON.
LAWRENCE TOWNSEND.

JAMES B. COPERTHWAIT.
GUSTAVUS REMAK, Jr.
JOSEPH B. TOWNSEND, Jr.

RICHARD W. DAVIDS.
FRANK L. GARRISON.
LOUIS R. PAGE.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

E. COPPEE MITCHELL, LL.D.

J. BURKE HENDRY.
WILLIAM L. NEVIN.
F. LINCOLN WAYLAND.

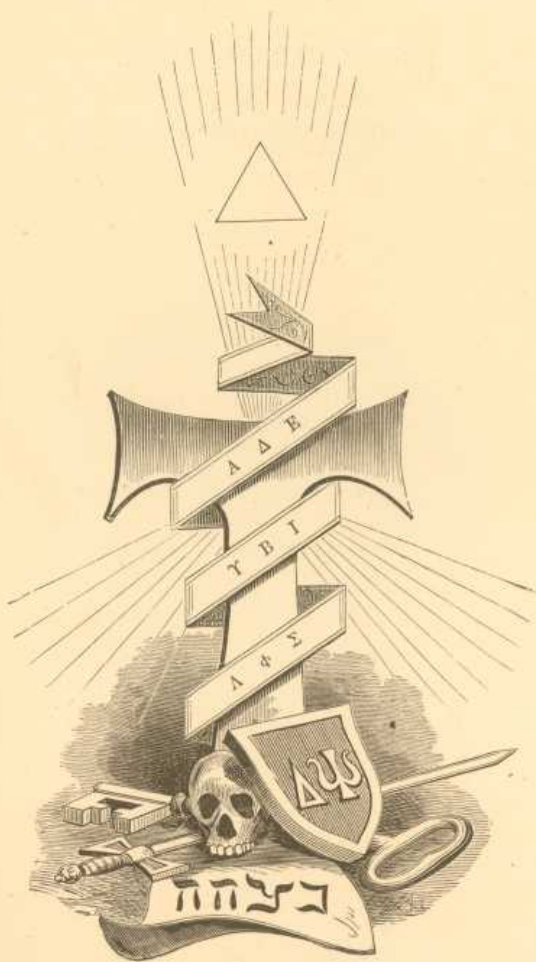
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

WILLIAM PEPPER, M. D.
LOUIS STARR, M. D.
ALFRED WHELEN, M. D.

WILLIAM M. HEPBURN, M. D.
THOMAS R. NEILSON, M. D.
ROBERT P. ROBINS, M. D.

SAMUEL L. CALDWELL.
HORACE F. JAYNE.
HOWARD A. KELLY.

Delta Psi Fraternity.



DELTA CHAPTER.

TRANSFERRED TO THE UNIVERSITY DECEMBER 27, 1854.

Delta Psi.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

WILLIAM D. CHURCH.
J. TRAVIS COCHRAN.
B. DE S. F. HARRAH.

E. SPENCER BLIGHT.
JOSEPH S. CLARK.
FRANK M. DICK.
W. HEYWARD DRAYTON, JR.
FRANCIS L. POTTS.

CHARLES P. MACARTHUR.
FREDERICK A. PACKARD.

LEWIS R. DICK.
CHARLES H. DOEBLER.
ALFRED S. REEVES.
PETER W. ROBERTS.
JOSEPH W. THOMPSON.

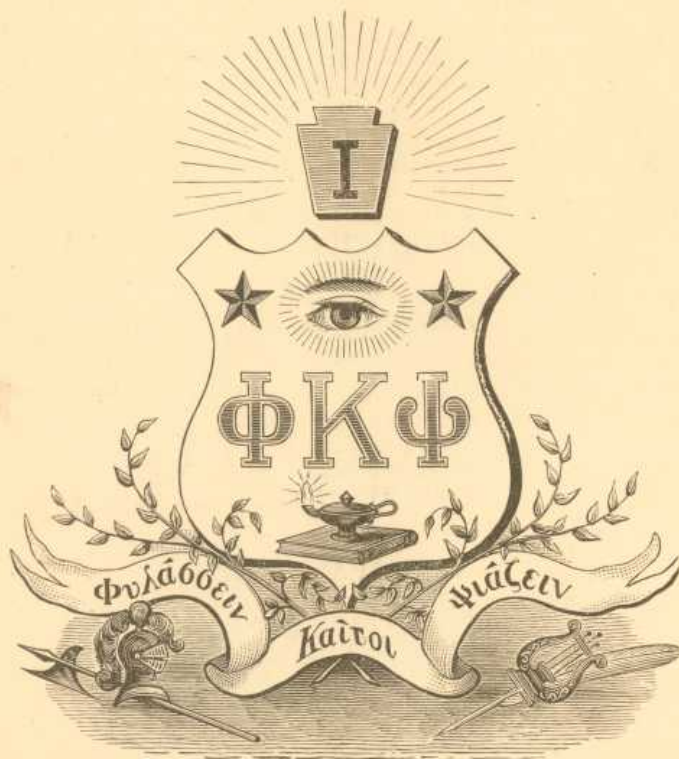
LAW DEPARTMENT.

WILLIAM S. BLIGHT, JR.
JAMES C. CORRY.
HENRY T. DECHERT.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

BERNARD BERENS.
CROZER GRIFFITH.
CHARLES A. CURRIE.

Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity.



ΙΟΤΑ CHAPTER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOUNDED OCTOBER 13, 1877.

Phi Kappa Psi.

COLLEGE.

Professor OTIS H. KENDALL.
Professor GEORGE A. KONIG.
Dr. EDGAR F. SMITH.

Professor WILLIAM D. MARKS.
Professor SAMUEL P. SADTLER.
W. L. ROWLAND, B. S.

FRANK T. FREELAND, B. S.

HENRY H. BONNELL.

ROBERT E. WRIGHT.

CARL O. HERING.

WILLIAM H. FOX.

FELIX E. SCHELLING.

GEORGE H. GROSS.

HARRY BRIGHT.
THOMAS D. FINLETTER.
T. BAIRD HALBERSTADT.
GEORGE M. LAWRENCE.

ELLWOOD C. JACKSON.

HENRY TODD.
S. DECATUR SMITH, Jr.
THOS. G. HUNTER.
CHARLES W. BROWN.

MILO D. BALDY.
JOSEPH STULB, Jr.

ROBERT H. PILE.

W. H. GARRISON.
HENRY C. THOMPSON.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

EDWARD G. McCOLLIN.

J. DOUGLASS BROWN, Jr.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

Dr. JOHN MARSHALL.

ZACCUR P. BOYER, Jr.
CHARLES E. HALLOWELL.
WILLIAM H. HALLOWELL.

FRANK W. THOMAS.
EDWIN VAN DEUSEN.
D. KING GOTWALD.

Delta Beta Phi Fraternity.



SIGMA CHAPTER.

INSTITUTED JUNE 1, 1878.

Delta Beta Phi.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

EDWARD W. ANSTICE.

W. ALLISON COCHRAN.
PEARSON P. SENTMAN.

LOUIS J. C. KIMMELL.
GEORGE H. RAPSON.
J. CAMPBELL LANCASTER.

PAUL J. SARTAIN.
FRED. M. NEWBERRY.
WILLIAM C. TRIPLER.
CHARLES B. KELLOGG.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

FRANCIS T. TOBIN.
JAMES W. SCREVEN.
M. WILLIAM BRADLEY.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

AUGUSTUS T. DORSON, Jr.
WILLIAM P. GRIFFITHS.

Beta Theta Pi.

FOUNDED AT MIAMI UNIVERSITY, OXFORD, O..

1839.

ESTABLISHED

AT

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,

1880.

Beta Theta Pi.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

CHARLES ADAMSON.
JOS. W. ADAMSON.
HOWARD S. STETLER.
CHARLES G. MICHENER.
WM. T. HILDRUP, Jr.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

Prof. SAMUEL P. RISELEY, M. D.
WM. W. JAGGARD, M. D.
HARRY M. ACHESON.
JOHN S. MABON.
THOMAS L. HAZZARD.
CHARLES F. BOYER.
THOMAS M. T. MCKENNAN.
WILLIAM P. S. HENRY.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

JOS. T. NOBLE.

The Society of the Alumni.

EXACTLY what the duties of an alumnus to his Alma Mater are is a question of individual opinion. Prof. Jackson, e. g., thinks every one graduates with a debt due the University of precisely six hundred dollars. If this money were paid over to the Trustees, as the Professor remarked, with charming *naïvete*, they would then be enabled suitably to reward the talent professorially engaged. As the payment of so large a sum all at once, is of course impossible to the majority, they join the Alumni Association and begin paying off their indebtedness in installments of a dollar a year.

The Society of the Alumni, whose members consist of graduates of the departments of Arts and Science, is one of the best of the University societies. It was founded somewhat over thirty years ago, and throughout its course has been of much service in creating a fellowship among our graduates. Its latest work is a catalogue of the graduates of the departments of Arts and Science, of which a new and much improved edition is shortly to be issued. It has founded several prizes, also; and, in fact, has so fulfilled its object, which is "to sustain and advance the interests of the University," that it is much to the advantage of all graduates to keep up their membership.

When every graduate *is* a member, and all take the interest that they ought to, then, perhaps, we shall see the graduates of late years represented systematically on the Board of Trustees, as is done at some of our sister Colleges. This, however, is in the good time coming (alas! that the good time is so often only coming!)—that good time when dormitories will be built, the scientific course lengthened, co-education really introduced, and the Provost *ex-officio* President of the Board of Trustees!

OFFICERS.

President,	THE HON. GEORGE SHARSWOOD, LL.D.
Vice-Presidents,	“ JOHN WM. WALLACE, LL.D.
	“ HORATIO GATES JONES,
	JOHN R. GEST,
	H. LENOX HODGE, M. D.
Corresponding Secretary,	CHAS. M. CRESSON, M. D.
Recording “	JOHN G. R. McELROY.
Treasurer,	EFFINGHAM B. MORRIS.

MANAGERS.

ALFRED STILLE, M. D.	HENRY BUDD, Jr.
WM. S. BLIGHT.	HENRY GALBRAITH WARD.
THOMAS STEWARDSON, Jr.	JAMES P. TOWNSEND.
REV. JAS. W. ROBINS, D. D.	COLEMAN SELLERS, Jr.
ALFRED G. BAKER,	JNO. RODMAN PAUL.
JOSEPH G. ROSENGARTEN,	JOSEPH DE F. JUNKIN.
E. COPPEE MITCHELL.	BENJAMIN M. NEWBOLD.
JOHN C. SIMS, Jr.	J. HOWARD GIBSON.
I. MINIS HAYS, M. D.	EDWARD G. McCOLLIN.
ARCH'D R. MONTGOMERY.	EDWARD H. BROWN.

The Philomathean Society.



WERE a stranger to happen in at the University and ask the Assistant Janitor where the rooms of the Philomathean Society were, after greeting him in the classic tongue of his ancestors—"Why, in the blank blank, don't you blank blank to blankety blank?"—"Alfred" would lead the way up one flight of stairs after another till the visitor begins to understand the motto, "Sic itur ad astra," and to see that Philomatheans are Philomatheans by being attic philosophers. Philo is a strong society. She is now in her seventh decade and has enrolled many illustrious names, including the Marquis of Lafayette and Prof. McElroy. May she long continue as prosperous as heretofore, with a biennial regularly every four years, and may the "bust of nobody in particular" look benignly down on her meetings even from generation to generation.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

Moderator,
First Censor,
Second Censor,
Secretary,
Treasurer,
Recorder,

JAMES H. ROBINS, '81.
WILLIS E. HALL, '81.
JOSEPH C. LANCASTER, '82.
GUSTAVUS REMAK, Jr., '82.
ALEX. J. D. HAUPT, '82.
WILLIAM H. FOX, '81.

'80.

HARRY C. ADAMS.
MORRIS B. BOCKIUS.
HENRY H. BONNELL.
WILLIAM P. GEST.
GEORGE JUNKIN, Jr.

ERSKINE NEIDE.
JOHN PEROT.
THEODORE E. SCHMAUK.
JOHN R. SMUCKER.
CHARLES WADSWORTH, Jr.

'81.

ELLIS A. BALLARD.
WILLIAM A. COCHRAN.
GEORGE H. FREEDLEY.
GEORGE H. GROSS.
JOHN A. HENRY.
HERMANN A. KELLER.

ROBERT K. MATLOCK.
DAVID MILNE.
SEVERO MALLET-PREVOST.
ELI K. PRICE, Jr.
FELIX E. SCHELLING.
WILLIAM C. WATT.

'82.

HERMAN B. ALLYN.
FRANK H. DeSILVER.
THOMAS D. FINLETTER.
EDWARD B. FOX.
HARRY A. FULLER.
GEORGE E. KRAUTH.

EDWIN F. LOTT.
JAMES F. McFADDEN.
WILLIAM W. THAYER.
THOMPSON S. WESTCOTT.
ISAAC K. WISMER.
SAMUEL B. WYLIE.

'83.

LOGAN M. BULLITT.
JOHN F. CARSON.
HOWARD CRAMP.
WILLIAM H. FALKNER.
EDMUND M. FERGUSSON.
EDWARD G. FULLERTON.
CHARLES B. KELLOGG.

ELLISTON J. MORRIS.
GEORGE W. NORRIS.
HOWARD W. PAGE.
JOHN W. SAVAGE.
HARRISON SMITH, Jr.
ALPHEUS W. STEVENSON.
JOHN P. WOOD.

The Franklin Scientific Society.



WITH '80 at the helm, this Society has sailed safely by the shoals, the quicksands, and the syrens. Fortune seemed, for a time, adverse, and the roll-call became almost unnecessary. It has, however, recuperated; the old pulse beats strongly again, and there are many signs of activity and interest.

Activity is shown by the subjects chosen for debate. They are deep and daring, involving all the great questions of the day, and ambitiously stretching far into the future. The following are a few of average peculiarity:

Resolved, That Science is knowledge; and, as such, includes all wild and unproved hypotheses.

Resolved, That ballooning has hitherto been founded upon radically wrong principles; the true way to rise being to make the surrounding atmosphere heavier, and not to make the inclosed gas lighter.

Resolved, That condensed lumeniferous ether is the long-sought-for philosopher's stone.

Resolved, That the inside of the earth should be flooded, and the world run by steam.

Resolved, That the finding of Mammoths in the bowels of the earth is a proof that there are more where they came from.

Resolved, That the North Pole is likely to be discovered.

Resolved, That the man in the moon was evolved from a lunar baboon.

Such are some of the soul-stirring questions decided by the members; and these questions, we hold, show great activity.

Increased interest is manifested in the numerous additions to the museum of the Society. It contains, among other things, the pet lizzard of Socrates (a correct picture of which is given below), some eggs of pre-Adamite men, a *Pollyhoc*, or animal evolved from Dr. Krauth's inner consciousness; also, a living creature manufactured by Dr. Barker out of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. This wonderful production, the admiration of sages, is the result of great labor, and may be considered *the* triumph of Science. It can assimilate food, and gyrate like anything, being covered, moreover, by fine red hairs. Thus the chasm between life and death is bridged. Let all unbelievers come out and examine Dr. Barker's animal.



The Franklin Scientific Society.

OFFICERS.

President,
Vice-President,
Recording Secretary,
Corresponding Secretary,
Treasurer,
Curator,
Librarian,

WM. T. HILDRUP, Jr.
EDWIN S. CRAWLEY.
HOWARD S. STETLER.
WM. M. FIELD.
CHAS. F. EVANS.
CHAS. J. HEXAMER
WM. J. SERRILL.

MEMBERS.

JOS. W. ADAMSON.

'80.

CARL O. HERING.

'81.

MORRIS W. BRINKMANN.

'82.

FRANK S. BROCK.
EDWIN S. CRAWLEY.
FRANK FLECK.
CHAS. J. HEXAMER.

WM. T. HILDRUP, Jr.
H. W. MOORE.
FRANK N. PARIS.
MEYER SCHAMBERG.

HOWARD S. STETLER.

'83.

WALTER E. BURTON.
JOHN C. DA COSTA.
WM. M. FIELD.

CHAS. F. EVANS.
WM. J. SERRILL.
WM. D. SUPPLEE.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Prof. EDWARD S. MORSE.
" J. S. NEWBERRY.
" WALTER N. HILL.
" THOS. R. LOUNSBURY.
Dr. JAS. McCOSH.

Prof. WM. H. BREWER.
" C. A. YOUNG.
" ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.
" DANIEL C. GILMAN.
" THOS. C. MENDENHALL.

Prof. EDWARD E. COPE.

The Literary Association.

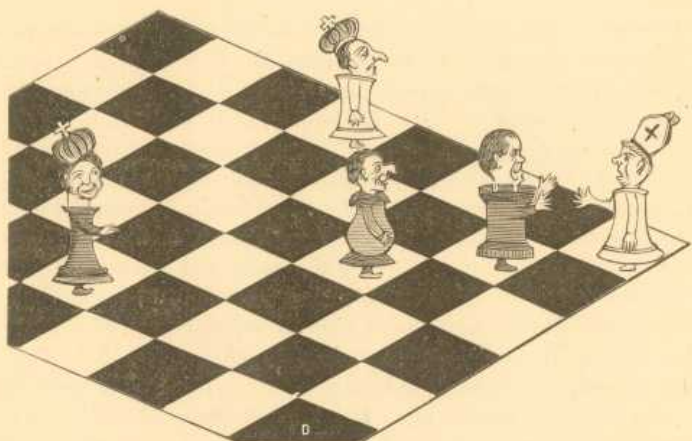
THE Literary Association is a branch of the Inter-collegiate Literary Association (Secretary, H. B. McCauley, Jr., C. C. N. Y.). Some of our readers, perhaps, have never heard of the Inter-collegiate Literary Association (Secretary, H. B. McCauley, Jr., C. C. N. Y.). Well, if not, so much the worse for—for which? Shall we say for our readers, or for the I. L. A.? We are sorry now we commenced this notice quite in this way. In such a quandary as this, however, there is but one thing to be done: to imitate the example of the popular novelist, who leaves the whole matter with the brilliant imagination of the reader and resumes the thread of his narrative. The Literary Association, then, is an institution. Its existence is an undoubted fact; for its birthday was February 20, 1879. Its age, consequently, is a little over a year. Its mother was the I. L. A. Its father was Jefferys. Its object is literary culture. Its members are—every one. Its supporters are—no one. It really *has* officers, however, as will be seen below. Wadsworth submitted to the honor of the Presidency with laudable self-sacrifice; Gest and Freedley could hardly be expected to withstand the attractions of such a pleasing title as “Regents;” and as for the Vice-Presidents, they are the Presidents of the several classes, and, consequently, could not help themselves.

We do not wish to be satirical; we do not like satirical people; but still, were we asked our candid opinion we would hardly call the Literary Association a live organization. We may be mistaken in this, but still, this is our opinion; yes, this is our opinion, perhaps.

OFFICERS.

President,	CHAS. WADSWORTH, JR.
Vice Presidents,	GEO. JUNKIN, JR., '80. SEVERO MALLET-PREVOST, '81. J. B. TOWNSEND, '82. J. F. CARSON, '83.
Senior Regent,	WM. P. GEST.
Junior Regent,	G HOWARD FREEDLEY.

The University Chess Club.



PROBABLY no college organization has had more to contend with than the Chess Club. The advantages of its membership are of a purely technical kind, and it presents neither literary nor scientific attractions, save those which are connected with the "noble game" whose name it bears. Despite these facts, and the loss of several useful members at the commencement of the present year, its progress and prosperity have been truly satisfactory. The places of the retiring members have been filled by others, who have proved themselves no less active in its behalf, and the membership during the past year has almost doubled. A tournament between the members has just been ended, with thirteen entries, in which Mr. Miller, '79, took the first prize, and Mr. Miller, '80, the second. Nor has the club been inactive abroad. Games have been carried on with Union and Columbia Colleges by correspondence, and challenges have been received from Haverford and Harvard, which, however, will probably not be played before the next fall term. The outlook for the future is certainly of the most hopeful kind.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

President, JOSEPH STOKES.
Vice-President, J. CLAYTOR MONTGOMERY.
Secretary, EDWIN F. SCHIVELY.
Treasurer, DAVID MILNE.

'78.

STEPHEN F. RUSSELL.

'79.

J. DOUGLASS BROWN, JR.
JOHN M. GEST.

H. LABARRE JAYNE.
HORACE F. JAYNE.

EMLEN H. MILLER.

'80.

EDWARD W. ANSTICE.
WILLIAM S. CORNELL.
WILLIAM P. GEST.
E. SPENCER MILLER.

JOHN PEROT.
GEORGE R. SAVAGE, JR.
EDWIN F. SCHIVELY.
JOSEPH STOKES.

'81.

JOSEPH T. BARNHURST.
GEORGE H. GROSS.
ORVILLE HORWITZ.

MORRIS JASTROW.
DAVID MILNE.
J. CLAYTOR MONTGOMERY.

'82.

LEON P. FEUSTMANN.
CHARLES P. MACARTHUR.

S. DECATUR SMITH.
WILLIAM W. THAYER.

SAMUEL B. WYLIE.

'83.

MILO D. BALDY.
SIMON MILLER.

T. LYNCH MONTGOMERY.
HOWARD W. PAGE.

JOHN W. SAVAGE.

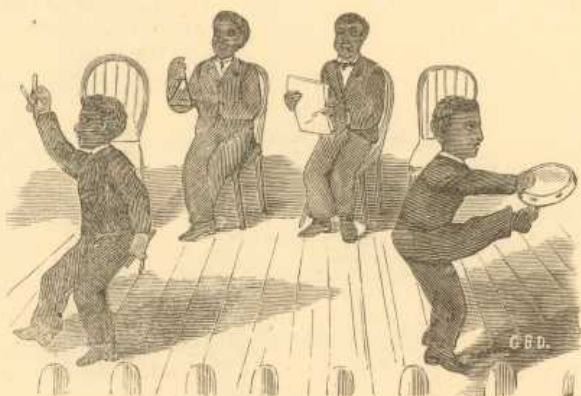
LAW DEPARTMENT.

NORCOM L. SEGUIN.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

Dr. FRANK S. SAVAGE.

The University Dramatic Club.



THE Dramatic Club is yet alive, but like certain cold-blooded animals is in rather a torpid state. Let us hope that it may soon wake up.

The Club has produced nothing this year for want of something to produce that would be suitable for a male club. "Fair Rosamond," a play produced by Harvard College, was suggested, but it was considered not advisable to produce it.

If any member of this college has, or knows of any first-class play for male characters, they would do the Club a great favor by informing them of it. The difficulty the Club labors under is the almost entire absence of good plays for male characters only, and yet many object to admitting ladies as associate members.

Cannot some one of old Penn's sons write a good play or travesty for the Club? It will be thoroughly appreciated, and can be made very interesting, as local allusions might be introduced, which could not be found in any play produced elsewhere. Certainly, we have enough talent here to produce such a work. Now who will be the first man to distinguish himself by writing a good play and allowing the Dramatic Club to produce it?

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

Director,	WM. L. ROWLAND.
Manager,	WM. P. ELWELL.
Assistant Manager,	GEO. R. SAVAGE, JR.
Secretary,	B. B. COMEGYS, JR.
Treasurer,	C. HOWARD COLKET.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

B. B. COMEGYS, JR.	H. A. FULLER.
WILLIAM L. ROWLAND.	WILLIAM P. ELWELL.
CHARLES F. MOORE.	
<hr/>	
JAMES BOND.	WILLIAM E. HELME,
HARRY BRIGHT.	GEORGE JUNKIN, JR.
A. L. CHURCH,	SAUNDERS LEWIS, JR.
C. H. COLKET.	Dr. JOHN MARSHALL.
B. B. COMEGYS, JR.	C. P. MACARTHUR.
E. V. D'INVILLIERS.	E. G. MCCOLLIN.
WILLIAM P. ELWELL.	CHARLES F. MOORE.
H. A. FULLER.	W. L. ROWLAND.
Dr. H. HAUPT.	GEORGE R. SAVAGE, JR.
N. ALLEN STOCKTON.	

The University Glee Club.



UNIVERSITY RECORD.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

PROF. HUGH A. CLARKE,
A. J. D. HAUPT,
DAVID MILNE,

President.
Secretary.
Treasurer.

PROF. HUGH A. CLARKE, Leader.

First Tenor:

H. A. FULLER, '82.
GEO. C. GARDNER, '81.
W. M. BORNOR, '82.
CHAS. I. JUNKIN, '77.
L. S. LINSON (Law).
W. C. RODMAN (Law).
W. W. THAYER, '82.

Second Tenor:

J. S. DICKSON, '80.
C. P. MACARTHUR, '82.
B. T. OGDEN, '82.
H. B. ROCKWELL, JR. (Med.).
J. R. SAVAGE, '83.
W. H. SMITH, '82.
J. R. SMUCKER, '80.
N. A. STOCKTON, '79.

First Bass:

E. V. D'INVILLIERS, '78.
G. H. FREEDLEY, '81.
A. J. D. HAUPT, '82.
E. G. MCCOLLIN, '78.
W. T. ROBINSON, '81.
F. E. SCHELLING, '81.
A. D. SMITH (Med.).
S. D. SMITH, '82.

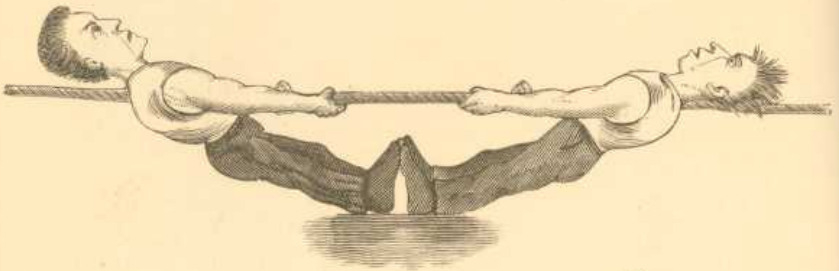
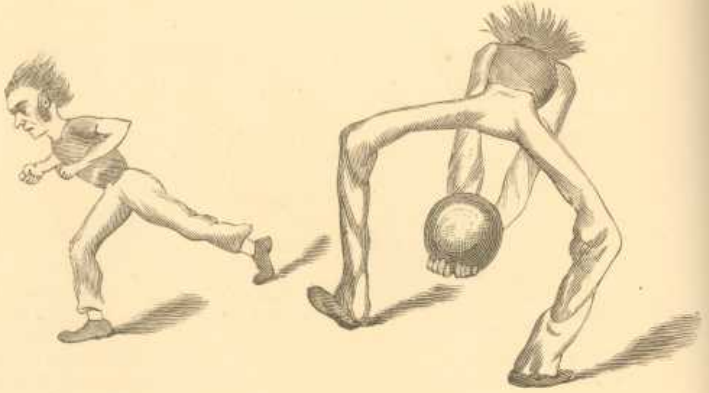
Second Bass:

A. L. CHURCH, '78.
B. B. GOMEYS, JR., '79.
E. D. FAIRËS, '77.
GEO. JUNKIN, JR., '80.
DAVID MILNE, '81.
T. S. WESTCOTT, '82.
I. K. WISMER, '82.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. S. DICKSON,
GEO. JUNKIN, JR.
H. A. FULLER.

The Athletic Association.



UNIVERSITY RECORD.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

President,
Vice-President,
Recording Secretary,
Corresponding Secretary,
Treasurer,

WM. T. ROBINSON.
GEO. C. THAYER.
CHAS. B. LANE.
H. H. BONNELL.
THOMAS G. HUNTER.

'80.

H. C. ADAMS.
H. H. BONNELL.
J. T. COCHRAN.
W. D. CHURCH.
W. S. CORNELL.
C. B. DAY, Jr.
J. S. DICKSON.

W. P. GEST.
G. J. HARDING.
B. DE S. F. HARRAH.
GEO. JUNKIN, Jr.
W. A. LEWIS.
H. P. LINCOLN.
G. H. MURPHY.

E. NEIDE.
S. PELTZ.
J. PEROT.
W. C. PRICHETT, Jr.
T. W. SHARPLESS.
J. R. SMUCKER.
A. L. STOUT.

'81.

J. T. BAILEY, Jr.
F. BAIN.
E. A. BALLARD.
J. T. BARNHURST.
G. B. BEALE.
E. S. BLIGHT.
L. C. BRASTOW, Jr.
J. S. CLARK.
W. A. COCHRAN.
F. M. DICK.
W. H. DRAYTON, Jr.

W. H. FOX.
G. H. FREEDLEY.
W. H. GREGORY.
W. E. HALL.
O. HORWITZ.
S. JAMISON.
H. A. KELLER.
A. L. KNIGHT.
C. B. LANE.
J. E. LeCONTE.
E. LOWNES.
D. MILNE.

W. A. MCGONAGLE.
L. NEILSON.
C. PEMBERTON, Jr.
F. L. POTTS.
S. M. PREVOST.
E. K. PRICE, Jr.
J. H. ROBINS.
W. T. ROBINSON.
G. C. THAYER.
N. W. THOMAS.
B. C. TILGHMAN.

'82.

D. B. BIRNEY.
J. B. COWPERTHWAIT.
H. DEACON.
F. H. DeSILVER.
W. DICKERSON.
T. D. FINLETTER.
F. FLECK.
E. B. FOX.
H. A. FULLER.
A. J. D. HAUPT.

C. J. HEXAMER.
W. T. HILDRUP.
T. G. HUNTER.
C. E. INGERSOLL.
G. E. KRAUTH.
J. C. LANCASTER.
C. P. MacARTHUR.
J. F. McFADDEN.
F. A. PACKARD.
G. REMAK, Jr.

M. SCHAMBERG.
W. H. SMITH.
H. S. STETLER.
J. B. THAYER, Jr.
W. W. THAYER.
J. B. TOWNSEND, Jr.
G. C. WALRAVEN.
R. A. WURTZ.
S. B. WYLIE.

'83.

M. D. BALDY.
L. M. BULLITT.
C. W. BURR.
H. CRAMP.
J. C. DaCOSTA.
R. W. DAVIDS.
H. N. DAVIS.
F. M. DAY.
L. R. DICK.
J. S. DISSTON.
C. H. DOEBLER.

E. M. FERGUSSON.
M. FORBES.
E. G. FULLERTON.
F. L. GARRISON.
J. P. HAWKES.
S. P. HUTCHINSON.
A. W. HESS.
C. H. MARPLE.
G. W. NORRIS.
T. L. MONTGOMERY.
E. J. MORRIS.

H. W. PAGE.
L. R. PAGE.
W. A. PARRY.
G. PETRY.
A. S. RIEVES.
P. W. ROBERTS.
H. W. ROBINSON.
J. W. SAVAGE.
H. SMITH, Jr.
J. W. THOMPSON.
H. C. THOMPSON.

UNIVERSITY RECORD.

FALL RECORDS.

Young America Cricket Grounds, October 25th, 1879.

	1. ONE MILE WALK.	
J. B. TOWNSEND, JR., '82,		Time, 8 minutes, 41 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.
	2. RUNNING HIGH JUMP.	
WILLIAM T. ROBINSON, '81,		Height, 5 feet, 1 inch.
	3. QUARTER MILE RUN.	
FRANK M. DICK, '81,		Time, 71 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.
	4. PUTTING THE SHOT (16 lbs.).	
THOMAS G. HUNTER, '82,		Distance, 29 feet.
	5. 100 YARDS DASH.	
WILLIAM T. ROBINSON, '81,		Time, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.
	6. RUNNING BROAD JUMP.	
GEORGE C. THAYER, '81,		Distance, 18 feet, 10 inches.
	7. HALF MILE RUN.	
ELLS A. BALLARD, '81,		Time, 2 minutes, 37 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.
	8. GRADUATES' 100 YARDS DASH.	
HORACE H. LEE, '79,		Walk over.
	9. GRADUATES' MILE WALK.	
EDWARD S. McILVAINE,		Walk over.
	10. POLE VAULTING.	
CLIFFORD PEMBERTON, JR., '81,		Walk over.
	11. 220 YARDS DASH.	
FRANK M. DICK, '81,		Time, 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.
	12. THROWING THE HAMMER.	
HOWARD DEACON, '82,		Distance, 70 feet.
	13. QUARTER MILE HANDICAP.	
E. SPENCER BLIGHT, '81, (35 yds.)		Time, 55 seconds.
	14. TWO MILE WALK.	
J. B. TOWNSEND, JR., '82,		Time, 16 minutes, 46 seconds.
	15. HURDLE RACE.	
WILLIAM T. ROBINSON, '81,		Time, 20 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.
	16. ONE MILE RUN.	
P. HUTCHINSON, '83,		Time, 5 minutes, 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.
	17. STRANGERS' 100 YARDS DASH.	
HORACE H. LEE,		Time, 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.
	18. TUG OF WAR.	
'81 vs. '82,		'81; time, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.
'81, vs. '83,		'81; time, 4 seconds.

UNIVERSITY RECORD.

SPRING RECORDS.

Young America Cricket Grounds, May 15th, 1880.

	1. HUNDRED YARDS DASH.	
GEORGE C. THAYER, '81,		Time, $10\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.
	2. ONE MILE WALK.	
J. B. TOWNSEND, Jr., '82,		Time, 8 minutes, $38\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.
	3. STANDING HIGH JUMP.	
JAMES F. McFADDEN, '82,		Height, 4 feet, $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.
	4. 440 YARDS DASH.	
WILLIAM H. SMITH, '82,		Time, 56 seconds.
	5. RUNNING HIGH JUMP.	
WILLIAM T. ROBINSON, '81,		Height, 5 feet, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
	6. STRANGERS' MILE RUN.	
WILLIAM WILCOX,		Time, 4 minutes, $57\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.
	7. 220 YARDS DASH.	
WILLIAM T. ROBINSON, '81,		Time, $24\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.
	8. THROWING THE HAMMER.	
HOWARD DEACON, '82,		Distance, 69 feet, 6 inches.
	9. HALF MILE RUN.	
ELLIS A. BALLARD, '81,		Time, 2 minutes, 12 seconds.
	10. TWO MILE WALK.	
J. B. TOWNSEND, Jr., '82,		Time, 21 minutes, 5 seconds.
	11. POLE VAULTING.	
WILLIAM W. THAYER, '82,		Height, 6 feet, 1 inch.
	12. RUNNING BROAD JUMP.	
GEORGE C. THAYER, '81,		Distance, 29 feet, 11 inches.
	13. MILE RUN.	
GUSTAVUS REMAK, Jr., '82,		Time, 5 minutes, $15\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.
	14. STANDING BROAD JUMP.	
HARRY C. ADAMS, '80,		Distance, 9 feet, 7 inches.
	15. PUTTING THE SHOT (16 lbs.).	
THOMAS G. HUNTER, '82,		Distance, 28 feet, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
	16. HURDLE RACE.	
GEORGE C. THAYER, '81,		Time, $29\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.
	17. BICYCLE RACE.	
JOHN E. LeCONTE, '81,		Time, 7 minutes, $25\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

The College Boat Club.



UNIVERSITY RECORD.

OFFICERS.

President,
Vice-President,
Secretary,
Captain,
1st Lieutenant,
2d Lieutenant,

W. R. PHILLER.
BERNARD GILPIN.
J. T. COCHRAN.
JAMES BOND.
R. L. HART.
DAVIDSON KENNEDY

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

JAMES BOND.
W. B. BOULTON.
T. A. EDWARDS.
J. R. FELL.
BERNARD GILPIN.
F. I. GOWEN.
A. M. HANCE.
E. HEBERTON.
R. L. HART.
WALTER HORSTMAN.
W. H. HORSTMAN.
LINDLEY JOHNSON.
DAVIDSON KENNEDY.
CALHOUN MEGARGEE.
LOUIS De L. MOSS.
R. W. NEILSON.
W. H. PATTERSON.
J. C. PATTERSON.
J. T. BARNHURST.

W. R. PHILLER.
EMLÉN PHYSIC.
THOMAS REATH.
CARROL SMYTH.
WALTER WEBB.
BERTRAM HUGHES.
J. T. COCHRAN.
DAVID MILNE.
R. S. CARTER.
H. C. GROOME.
CHAS. D. BELL.
WALTER CLARK.
LEEDOM SHARP.
W. M. STEWART, JR.
LOGAN M. BULLITT.
T. G. HUNTER.
G. H. FREEDLEY.
F. F. HALLOWELL.
W. M. HONOR.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

W. S. MASSEY.
A. W. BIDDLE.
J. H. GIBSON.
D. GUITERAS.
G. W. HUNT.
EUGENE TOWNSEND.

W. D. KELLEY.
S. T. KERR.
J. W. O'NEIL.
WILLIAM W. PORTER.
C. T. STEWART.
EDWARD ROBERTS.

DAN'L BRAY.

The University Orchestra.



WE had intended writing a brilliantly humorous article on the Orchestra, —in fact, we had one written, but the subject was too tragic to joke about, so we abandoned it; and that, too, though music is so easy to be rather funny about. We might describe how the Orchestra came to a rest after a long diminuendo; or remark that it broke violently down in a grand finale. But jokes (even if they were good) are here out of place. No levity on such a subject.

Ilium, Ilium fuit; the glory of the orchestra hath departed. No more will Mr. Junkin (alas!) favor us with the "Elegie, Ernst." and college airs are now seen rather than heard. The T square and funnel have taken the kingdom of the sackbut and the tom-tom; "things" have conquered "strings," and the score with the bat cut out his musical brother. Let us live in the hope, however, that when some musical sun shall rise on the University, the Orchestra shall, like the statue of Memnon, again give forth the sounds so justly famed.

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MISCELLANEOUS

A Tour Through Our Lecture Rooms.*

Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquamne responam?—JUVENAL.

THINKING it might be interesting, to some few of our readers, at least, to read a little more definitely than they can in the annual catalogue, what we really learn at the University, we made a tour of the lecture rooms once this year, and from our verbatim reports, as well as from an old notebook or two, we gleaned the following "chunks of wisdom" on various interesting subjects. And first then, in a notebook of Sophomore year, we found Lecture I, on Rhetoric:

Gentlemen, the subject we take up this morning is one on which—by-the-way, gentlemen, is there too much light in here? No? Well, never mind, then, let it stay as it is—well, as I was saying, is one on which there is a good deal to be said on both sides—you notice. So that, while I always try, of course, to give you the best—ah—best—the—best—what is the word I want, gentlemen? It has just slipped my memory—can any one give it to me? Well, anyhow—let it go—I'll try and think of it after awhile—but, anyhow—oh, now I have it, gentlemen, best *information*—that's it—yes, that's it exactly—I give you the best information I can get, yet there is always something to be said on the other side—you see. Well, then, Rhetoric—I wish you would take this down very carefully, gentlemen; it's very important—has been, and, on the whole, I think, correctly, defined—at least, it is the best definition that has yet been given—to be the "Art of Discourse," or, in other words, a body—or statement—or syllabus of rules—or canons—laws, in other words—extending in their force—and character—to

*A list of Books from which lectures may be cribbed with profit and safety.—Lectures on History may be stolen from Guizot, Gibbon, Green, and, in short, any history. Lectures on Social Science are to be copied, with advantage, from Henry C. Carey, Schultze-Delitzsch, Thornton, Leslie, political pamphlets and speeches. Lectures on Rhetoric can be found in any defunct text-book designed for ladies' schools. Lectures on Mathematics can be read from Todhunter. In short, there is no need for originality; all that is required is considerable cheek. Whatever you do, do boldly, for college students are often deceived by the exterior.

all communication—by language—written—oral—or otherwise, and designed—for the express purpose—of making it, in all its relations,—more nearly adapted—to the ends—for which it is pursued. Have you all got that down? By-the-way, gentlemen, just mark that paragraph I.—Roman numeral, you know—wait, I'll write it on the board, so you all can see what I mean—there! I'll wait a minute or two, so you all can finish writing. Well, then come some other definitions—but I don't think you need take them down—that one will be sufficient, I guess,—no, by-the-way, gentlemen, I believe I've made a mistake—not a Roman numeral at all—just change that, if you please—I have that marked A.—well—ah—I'm wrong again, gentlemen—I was right a minute ago, I believe—pshaw! which *is* right?—never mind, I'll find it in a minute.

Finding nothing more of enough interest to record in the notes of former lectures, we commenced a tour of the lecture rooms. When we entered the room of the Professor of Physics, we found the class already waiting, and just as a motion to adjourn was being carried, the Prof. emerged from his private room in the rear, with the business look of a man who has just finished a hurried lunch, and leaning his hands on the counter paused a moment for inspiration, and began:

Subject—'prose—take up—'smornen—'slight. As I say in one of my public lectures—beautiful, beautiful light—what is it? Ah! who shall riddle us that conundrum?—coming to us from a nunknown whence and going to a nunknown whither; just paying us a visit, as it were, on its way from eternity to eternity of space. H'm! But b'fore—coming to—subject—'self—I want to show you—Mr. Junkin, take your hands out of your pockets!—this experiment. Dr., just get me my five thousand dollar lens. I don't know exactly what this is I hold in my hand—found it on the premises when I came here—but, anyhow—no, not that one, Dr.—that's my three thousand dollar one—the *University*, gentlemen, can not afford these things—but, anyhow, I am going to use it this way—whatever my predecessor thought it was good for. Here is a candle—I can see its light—as you can, too, I have no doubt whatever—if you can't you must be dumber than most classes I have had here. But now I put this here, and I don't see it any more. I do this again, and with the same result—well, what does this prove? you say—simply this, that there are two kinds of light—better: light is of two kinds, subjective and objective; but if you tell me this next Friday at recitation I won't take it. When Mr. Edison was in town last week, we happened to be

talking together Sunday evening, and he mentioned this very thing, and I have a letter from Prof. Proctor in the next room—which just came this morning—and I find he approves of my idear exactly, so you see—but at this point, while the Prof. was in his private room getting his piece of Iceland spar, (which “I never let go out of my hand, gentlemen,”) we stepped out to go to our next lecture.

We were late, however, at the Social Science lecture, and reached the room just as the Rev. Professor was saying: What, then, is the cause of this scarcity of money? Money tends where money is. Start a shilling in Central Africa, and it will turn up in Thibet, because in these centres the accumulation of labor has produced an accumulation of capital, which, added to the labor and capital already accumulated, outweighs all other considerations. How does this work in our country? A man whose lands rightly tilled would feed a New England town, will live in a log hut of two rooms, with a loom and a spinning-wheel on the front “stoop,” and ride to a Hard Shell church with a saddle of raw hide and stirrups of straw. Every family has its package of quinine, and “the Egyptian shakes” are a proverb. The effect of this scarcity of money is still more evident. In early times when, as Henry C. Carey has shown, the government was the patriarchal, it was not so much felt, because then there was not so much money to be scarce. J. S. Mill, indeed, maintains the contrary, but Mr. Mill does not seem to be aware that even now, as plenty of money produces a rise in prices, so a scarcity of money makes money more valuable; all of which proves that the less money a man has, the better; that Mr. Malthus had eleven children, and that a protective duty should be put on Professors. * * * * * For we are at last come to the enlightened time when silver and gold are seen to be the fleeting dreams of a savage fancy—the barbarous idols of a by-gone age? What ground is left, then, for the English school? Let him who has no money draw a check—a check, that vehicle of transportation through the air, moving with electric swiftness and impelled by some of those subtler physical forces whose mastery is yet to be achieved. Napoleon saw the force of these remarks when he said, “If a nation were made of adamant, political economy would grind it to powder.”

After waiting some time at the door of the lecture room of metaphysics till the distinguished Professor had finished his early morning confab with our Provost, not President, we at length gained admission. On the desk was a vase of flowers, and on the front row were some beauties of nature. The

shutters being satisfactorily arranged, and the glares fixed to perfection, the discussion began: I wish to-day, gentlemen (and ladies), to speak of a very interesting topic, that of the Transmigration of Souls, as foreshadowed or clinched by the Darwinian Theory. First let me call your attention to the subject of Butler's Analogy and the generic meaning of Idealism. They are, "The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature," and the "Recognition by the Mind of its own states." I am determined that my classes shall know this much, at least. And now, having this point in common, we can argue; for all argument requires that men shall reason from some common ground to some disputed position. Evidently, if *men* be descended from baboons, then must also ladies be similarly derived. I trust no gentleman here would be so debased as to suppose that the bright daughters of Eve who grace our drawing-rooms once climbed the Palmetto in the far-off South. Who could imagine that the Alsatian Polka could bear the slightest resemblance to the unseemly gyrations of gibbering apes? But, lest there should be any one here wavering and full of doubt, I wish to demonstrate clearly the impossibility of the hypothesis. Let me ask the class to pay close attention, while I show that woman, at least, is not a transformed baboon. If woman be conscious at all, she must be conscious that she is conscious, for otherwise her lack of consciousness will overbalance her certain consciousness; and so her own self-consciousness will be obliged to choose either a plus and minus or a minus and plus. But that this is impossible is easily demonstrated from the *transcendental unity of apperception*. For, let each ego now posit itself, thus equalling the *non-ego*; here are the *plus* and the *minus*, and the question of *personality* is at once involved. But the ego is equal to the non-ego, and the non-ego is equal to the ego, wherefore, the minus and plus are cancelled. Personal entities are but the superfluous breathings of a most remarkable impersonality; and, as Fichte says, most truly, "The ego is limited in its positings." And now we see the true position of Hegel, who held that "Ens und nicht ens sind dasselbe." Furthermore, and finally, if two straight lines can be drawn to the moon, then falls to earth that great proof of an absolute posse in esse. Now, from these grounds, how does Darwin escape? Behold his subterfuge. It is by a furtive shifting of the negative from the subject to the predicate. So, then, to sum up all, I would say,—between the absolute and the infinite there is an infinitesimal. Let the evolution have its perfect work. The atom may perform one more wonder, i. e. *abolish*

itself. We shall then stand gazing upon space, truth plain and certain; consciousness, dreams, plus, minus, ego, icheit, philosophy, *all* will be one, and the *ape shall fall*, so he shall!

Next we hurried to the lecture on History, though, hurry as we might, we found the Centennial Professor, the "Doctor," and the ladies assembled there before us, all making themselves thoroughly at home. Knowing the importance of this course, we had engaged a special reporter to take the lectures down; but, no! the reporter gave it up, and left in the midst of an exasperating anacoluthon. Here was truly a dilemma; if a professional reporter broke down, we despaired of doing it ourselves. Happy thought! The ladies are all taking notes, some on tinted paper, some even on the back of the "Outline." So much, in fact, are the ladies absorbing, that nothing reaches us but something about "cusk eur ler tiare saytah," a sound something like "isch," and an exclamation point. Shall the ladies then fail us? Not they! They kindly put their notes at our disposal.

Well, then, as one of our fair notetakers remarked, the lecture began "with a dignified tapping for silence;" when silence was procured, it was immediately broken by the information:

It is part of the duty of the John Welsh Centennial Professor to deliver a course of lectures on such subjects as he shall think most suitable to the year in which they are delivered. (Every lady had this down exactly, but here the notes of nearly half terminated abruptly.) The year 1453 is a convenient date; I take it as others do—from which, or rather, when Modern History com—or rather I should say,—when the middle age ends—as the French say, the *mwahang aje* (evidently our fair friends could report phonetically, whether they knew French or not.) One of the most important things to look at is the jography—put in 17, Doctor, will you? A little more light if you please; is that the best we can do? Well, never mind. What I want to show you is this—I'll explain the colors presently; I can't go into the details, of course, though these things are very puzzling; however, I'll try and make them as clear as I can. Now 18, please—no, wait a moment; never mind, though—I'll come back to that. But, first, I ought to tell you the barbarians brought in that love of personal independence, as my—hem—young friends may remember in Guizot—hem;—and then, of course, you are familiar with the Roman system; and from the two grew up the relations of modern government, as Guizot says. And then—isch—there is another aspect in which the barbarian hordes may be looked upon; I mean religion.

Well, now, of course, I can't go into the details, but you can well enough see how strangely the gospel of peace must have sounded to—to those strange persons! And you know what Clovis declared when he was being, or rather when he was told about the crucifixion; how he started up and said, "If I and my Franks had been there" (here a long pause, followed by "isch") we would soon have put those—those personages who had charge of the matter, in—in such a condition that they could't have done it!" You all know these things; they're all in Gibbon.

In this map, which is taken from Laberton's Atlas—and here just let me recommend that book to you all as—as indispensable to you if you really want to know what all this is about—here you see the great empire of Charlemagne. Charlemagne called all the German princes around him and told them "Either become Christians, or have your heads cut off"—isch—well, as you may suppose, a good many of them concluded to become Christians.

The growth of France is the next important step I want to explain. This was the period when so many little states were absorbed; Frons Contay, Provence, Sangtonge, Pwahtoo, Onjoo, Aveenyong, Roosilyong, Lamoosang—all these states were absorbed. (Bell rings.) Well, I shall have to stop. I would like to ask those who come here from another room to get here as quickly as possible, for these lectures are very important. Next Friday I will give you some very interesting information about the Condottieri, illustrating the Destructive Force of the Theory of Nationalities.

The class then hasten away, leaving the Prof. to his Condottieri and the congratulations of "those who have honored us with their presence this morning."

We then pass on to the Geological Room, where we find the professor explaining, in a most fluent manner, the organic forms found in the lower silurian formation. We are just in time to hear the following conversation, going on between the professor and two of the members of the Senior Class, Mr. P—t and Mr. H—d—g.

Dr. K—. The Gasteropods, gentlemen, are animals that propel themselves upon their stomachs, as, for instance, snails.

Mr. P—. Doctor, would you call a snake a gasteropod?

Dr. K— (in an irritated manner). A snake? certainly not. The motion of a snake is worm-like, and not like that of a snail. A snake can wind itself round a tree, while a snail cannot. A snake can even climb a tree.

Mr. P—. Doctor, cannot a snail climb a tree? (*Dr. K—* goes into

hysterics, and, after recovering, takes up the subject of the oyster, upon which he is dilating with great eloquence, when he is suddenly and sadly checked by another question.)

Mr. H— Doctor, can an oyster see?

Dr. K— No, he cannot, for he has no eyes.

Mr. H— How, then, can an oyster tell when salt is thrown into a barrel? (*Dr. K*— subsides in disgust.)

In considering the subject of stratigraphical geology, *Dr. K.* gives an interesting account of the exploration of one of our western canyons by a party of scientific gentlemen. On account, says the doctor, of what seemed to be the interminable length of the canyon, two or three of the party separated from the rest, and attempted to reach the nearest habitation, but were unfortunately killed by the Digger Indians. The others continued their route in the canyon and emerged in safety; for in the canyon there were no Digger Indians, nor anybody else except a few owls.

Upon entering the lecture room of the lecturer on Classical Archæology, we found the obliging Professor Richards already busy with his lantern and slides. Over against us sat numerous beings which we at first supposed were images to illustrate the extreme beauty of ancient Syrophœnician art. Our speculations on this point were cut short by the lecturer saying:

To-day we take up the goddess Venus or Aphrodite. As you see by the screen, the first representations of her were all clothed. You notice the triumph and scorn expressed on the brow, the eyes are decidedly squinted to denote cynicism, the hair is soft, the hands are spread, and the whole figure denotes excitement. As Art grew more perfect, however, the drapery grew more and more scanty. In this picture, you see, taken from a frieze of the Parthenon, the clothing is almost altogether blown away, producing this—this fine effect;—please do not look at the rest of the picture, it has nothing to do with the main figure. Praxiteles was the first to represent the Cyrian goddess entirely nude—and you see he tried to make up for it. This picture is from a coin of the Knidians, dug up by Schlieman at Mukenai. The favorite bird of Venus was the dove—as the poet says:

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Here amidst great applause the lecturer closes, for, as Prof. Richards at his lantern remarks, the "gas" has all given out.

As we went down stairs, however, we picked up one of the ladies' note-

books, in which a facile pen had made a sketch of Venus number one, a facsimile of which we have reproduced below.

After making the round of the rooms, we were about leaving the building, when an oily note was placed in our hand, and we learnt that our presence was requested in room 41. We at once set out for the room, and found there the Juniors already assembled, with wild smiles playing about their malignant faces. The Prof. sat solemnly nursing his cold, and we sat down where we could. "Hem, hem, ha, hem!" began the Prof. "Haaa-a-a hem! I have called you upon what I conceive to be a very serious matter" (here Schively & Co. began to cry violently). "Never—no *never*, since I have been Professor, has any one refused to take the roll. It is a time-honored custom, one *never* to be forgotten. I look to you for its revival; meanwhile, it is my duty to sit in the back of the chapel and mark the roll. I shall not look at you; I shall have cotton in my ears; and yet if I do see anyone I will report him. If I call upon anyone to tell me if he or anyone else was in chapel, I shall expect him to answer me—*truthfully*." He was here interrupted by the sobs of the class, during which we withdrew, regretting exceedingly that the course of *moral* lectures was not open to young ladies and the public.



An Incident.

AT the examination in History of the Senior Class conducted by the Provost, a member having finished his paper before the whole time had expired, took his work up to the Doctor. He was thus addressed—"See here, I gave you five questions to do, and I want five essays on them—all in two hours. I want you to do all you can. Look at that 1st; you only have a page and a half on it. This won't do. You had better take your paper back." The member remarked that, being an ordinary mortal, he could not write five essays in two hours. "Don't stand talking to me! Take your paper and get to work, that's all! The idea of handing in your paper before the time had expired. The idea!" "But," said the member, "I have said all I knew." "What of that? Are you going to stop because you said all you know? Are you crazy? What do I do? Why, when I have said all I know, I just go right ahead and talk at least a half an hour. Didn't you ever notice that?" The member said he had, and took his paper.

Answers to Correspondents.

TO SUB-FRESHMAN.—Pomp is the name given to the assistant Professor who hears the Freshman Class recitations. He is also Chairman of the Committee on Discipline.

ALUMNUS wishes to know more about the new system of roll marking; also, where the laws of the University are to be found. 1. Two platforms have been raised in the rear of the chapel, on which sit two Professors who mark the roll while the Scripture is being read. 2. The laws of the University will be found scattered through the minute books of the Faculty.

OUTSIDER.—The best and only perfect system of Punctuation is that invented by J. G. R. Mc—, and for sale at the Provost's office.

ALICE.—The *University Magazine* is a paper published monthly by the Philomathean Society. It is devoted to the interests of "Old Penn." It is open to all, and the editors would be delighted to receive your poem.

ETHEL AND EVANGELINE wish to know who is the handsomest member of the Faculty. H'm—we can't say—among so many, you know, it is *rather* difficult * * *. However, we'll look it up.

INNOVATOR writes:—"Is there any chance of establishing a chair on Politics in the University?" If this is a conundrum, we give it up.

COCKNEY, from Derbyshire, England:—"Where is the University of Penn. situated?" Pennsylvania is a small inland town of about 65° of north latitude. The Schuylkill flows into the Bay of Funday. The University is in the sixth story of the *Ledger* Building.

NEKISCTHIEOFF writes, from St. Petersburg:—"Is the Provost appointed by the Pope?" Not yet.

MATHEMATICIAN.—The "tit-tat-too machine" is an instrument made according to the principles of Integral Calceules and Determinants, for solving the Gem Puzzle of 15. Its solution of the puzzle is second only to Dr. Barker's, which is as follows:

G' E' O' R' G' E' F. B A R' K E' R' M. D.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

An Ivy Day Conversation.

(A leaf from our Reporter's Note-book.)

IT was just at the conclusion of a waltz, and in the the hubbub that succeeded the scream of the violins, we heard a silvery voice crying :

"O! Mr. Dash, I just think to waltz round and round with you to such delightful music!—I could do it forever—it's *too* delightful."

"O, not *too* delightful, I hope, Miss Flyaway. I would rather—"

"He-he! I stand corrected, Mr. Dash. Just delightful enough, I mean, of course. O, there are Mr. Blank and Miss Lightweight; let's go over and join them. O, Mr. Blank! I think this is just perfect. I declare, I wish I could come to College. These buildings are too lovely for anything."

"If you came out to them every day you wouldn't like them so much, perhaps," said the cynical Mr. Dash.

"Oh, you don't mean that, I know; does he, Mr. Blank?"

"It's awfully hot here," said Miss Lightweight; "I declare, I'm melting—just look at my face!"

"Terribly hot," said Mr. Dash.

"How did you like the oration?" asked Miss Lightweight.

"Pretty well," said Mr. Blank.

"Only tolerably," said Mr. Dash.

"I didn't listen," said Miss Flyaway. "But the idea of taking such a subject! Why, he might just as well have written about—ah—philosophy, or something."

"That is what philosophy is for," said Mr. Dash.

"Or idealism," said Mr. Blank.

"What is idealism?" asked Miss Flyaway.

"Why, idealism," said Mr. Blank, "is—is—what is idealism, Dash?"

"Idealism," said Mr. Dash, "is—is—well, it's where nothing sits down on nothing and imagines he feels something under him."

"Oh, yes; I understand," said Miss Lightweight; "ideas are phantoms; no—phantoms are ideas, and the ideas go—go flitting by—ah—ah—"

"Looking for something by which to flit," said Mr. Dash.

"There is but one ego, you know," wisely put in Mr. Blank.

"Whose is that?" asked Miss Flyaway.

"Well, that—ah—I'm sure—I don't think that's been decided yet."

"I should think it would make some difference," said Miss Flyaway.

"I hope it isn't I," said Miss Lightweight. "I couldn't stand it, I know. Just think! to give up all society, and just go and—and—well, you know."

"I guess it *would* be pretty lonely," said Mr. Blank.

"Imagine," said Mr. Dash, "that Professor you see standing over there made ego, and hunting through the empyrean void for some one to talk to, or that other member of the Faculty—I pointed him out to you down stairs—when he has called a fellow a fool, remembering that he has applied that opprobrious epithet to a modification of himself."

"I wish we girls had the chance of learning all you young men do. Do young ladies ever come out here?"

"Well, hard—"

"Oh! Oh! Horrible! It's lucky for you you didn't get that out."

"I—I mean, only occasionally," said Mr. Blank.

"And—well—do they ever—ah—"

"Ever what, Miss Flyaway?"

"Never mind; I forget what I was going to say," said Miss Flyaway.

"I think planting the Ivy is a beautiful custom," said Miss Lightweight; "and then when you have to leave, the Ivy twines about the University, and—and goes on twining—up and up—"

"Yes, some few of them do," said Mr. Dash.

"And your Class Days; the music was *perfect*," said Miss Lightweight.

"And the speeches weren't so bad," said Mr. Blank.

"The speeches? Oh! yes, I believe there *were* speeches. Yes, they were good, too."

"'80 didn't have a Junior Day, you know," said Mr. Dash.

"Eighty what?" asked Miss Flyaway.

"Why, the Class of '80, you know—graduates in '80, this June—"

"Oh, yes, of course; how stupid of me!"

“My! but it is hot! Let’s you and me go up on the roof, Mr. Blank,” said Miss Lightweight.

“Good-evening, then,” said Mr. Dash. “Would you like to go over the building, Miss Flyaway?”

“Thank you; yes, I should be delighted,” said Miss Flyaway.

“Do you know,” said Miss Flyaway, “it was just in this very passage-way at the last Ivy Ball, that I saw Mr. Tuffington and Miss Downy, and he—he—”

“No! Did he?” said Mr. Dash.

“Yes, he did,” said Miss Flyaway; “and it wasn’t half as dark as it is now, either.”

* * * * *

“Sir! What! Mr. Dash,” cried Miss Flyaway, “you forget yourself! I am surprised at you, Mr. Dash!”

* * * * *



Syllogisms.

We clip the following "Sillygisms" from this year's *Columbiad*, published by the Junior Class of Columbia College, New York:

1. MOST BARBAROUS.

A person who will not start when a pistol is fired near him, is a very brave man.

The Philadelphia whang-doodle who had hold of the stern of our boat at the June Regatta, did not start (us) when the pistol was fired.

(*Ergo.*) The Philadelphia whang-doodle who had hold of the stern of our boat at the June Regatta is a very brave man.

2. IS THIS A FALLACY?

Some Philadelphians are stuffed monkeys.

The Penn. University students are some Philadelphians.

(*Ergo.*) The Penn. University students are stuffed monkeys.



Epilogue.

NOW that all our work is done, what can be more pleasing than an epilogue? Epilogue is perhaps not quite the correct word; *Prolegomena* would have been good, only it did not mean the right thing; *Addendum* was stilted, and we did not know exactly what *L'Envoy* meant; so "Epilogue" had to stay.

Goldsmith says of the Vicar of Wakefield, "There are a hundred faults in this thing, and a hundred things could be said to prove them beauties." In regard to the RECORD we might say, "There are a hundred beauties in this thing, but we have no doubt a hundred things will be said to prove them faults."

But some of the things they may complain of are really not our fault. Now take that frontispiece, for example; that was the printer's doings altogether. At the last minute he sent up the proof with that hieroglyphical drawing in it. We went down to remonstrate. "Why, my dear Mr. Record," said the printer, "I couldn't leave that page blank—the first page of all—just think, a book which never began! It would be a—a *lusus avis!*" exclaimed he, getting confused. "Sir, it would ruin my business completely." Well, we did not want to ruin his business (poor fellow), so we had to let it go in, though we don't in the least understand what it means.

We tried to invoke the muse to our aid for a parting salutation; but the muse would not invoke. She had had a hard time of it lately, she said; had passed two awfully long evenings with Wadsworth, and two more with a Freshman who would persist in putting Horace into a more modern dress. So, when we found what her last inspirations had been, we did not press her. As, then, there is nothing more to be said, though it would doubtless make very good poetry, it would not sound very well in prose; so please allow us, kind reader, to make our bow immediately, and then pull down the curtain ourselves.



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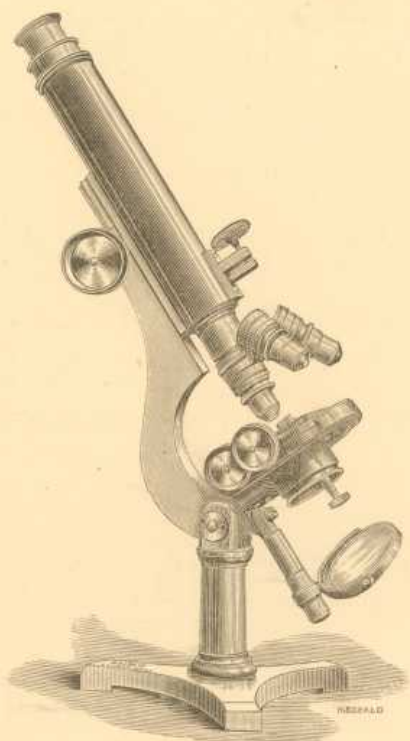
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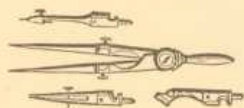
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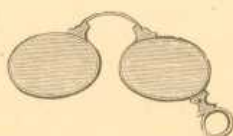
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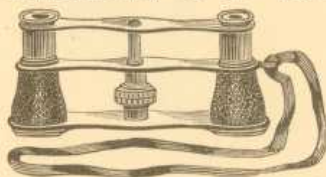
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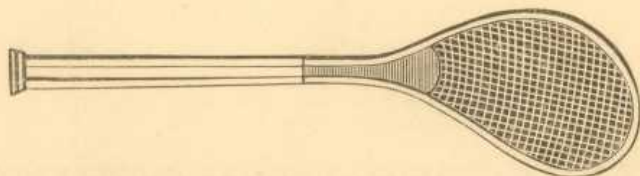
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