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T. B. STOKES, CHAIRMAN.

W. WILKINS CARR.

ALFRED LEE, Jr.

SEVENTY-THREE.

We number sixty-six members all told—short, tall, fat, thin, serious, "gay," good, naughty fellows. We were born one 15th of September in the year of grace 1869; we shall die—never: Seventy-three is immortal. She has passed through four years of struggle now to place her name beside those of her predecessors, and, side by side with '72, '73 takes her place among the Alumni.

And isn't she just the best class ever graduated? Why,
of course she is; and he would be but a sorry fellow who
didn't think his class the very best of classes and his class-
mates the nicest of classmates.

Seventy-three has always been pre-eminent in every
department. Even while yet a Freshman class, she
showed remarkable interest in zoology, and went en
masse to a circus in search of knowledge on that subject.
She has always been a favorite with the professors: when-
ever there is a row or any other disorder, she is affection-
ately asked after, and even individual members are solic-
ted to see the Provost! But '73's strong point—her forte
—lies in her gentlemanliness: other classes have been
classes of gentlemen; '73 is a gentlemanly class. In the
recitation-room, on the street, on public occasions, as a
body '73 is essentially gentlemanly. She prides herself
on this, and has been frequently complimented there-
upon.

The name of '73 will be long known in the annals of
the University for her enterprise and good fortune. She
has done what no other class has ever attempted, and has
lent a name to the University it never before enjoyed.
Her ball in January and her Ivy Day in June passed off
with a success that cannot but reflect credit on Alma
Mater; and we venture to predict that quite as many
students will be drawn to her fold by these lighter attrac-
tions as by the more solid advantages afforded in the new
buildings. To our successors of '74 we can but say, "Go
and do likewise;" while our own class we can only con-
gratulate on its achievements.

Although, as we have said, '73 is the gentle class, yet
that she has never been deficient in pluck, let her many
athletic feats bear witness. She has fought countless foot-
ball battles, has raced and beaten the Freshman ('74) boa-
tclub (one of the few boat-races our college can boast).
The course rowed was from Peter's Island to Turtle Rock,
which '73's crew made in nine minutes and thirty seconds,
beating her opponents by fifty-nine seconds. In baseball
she has beaten the college, and in cricket also has distin-
guished herself.

Ever true to her reputation, when Mr. Smith, a tutor
much given to spitting, was reduced to using a chalk-box
for a spittoon, she generously supplied him with that
article, which Mr. S. acknowledged in a neat speech of
acceptance. When, too, De la Cova, of blessed memory,
declared his intention of kicking—"not sending, gentle-
men, but kicking"—any one out of the room that shied
a piece of chalk at his head, '73 obligingly substituted
beans for the obnoxious chalk.

Her Sophomore supper and her Junior Exhibition
passed off smoothly, and did her credit; while her Class
and Ivy Days surpassed the brightest anticipations. In
but one respect has '73 appeared to fall short: she has not
given to her Glee Club that prominence which is usual
on Class Day, and this not from any fears for its perform-
ances, but merely in the interests of good taste, which
has been safely used by Class songs unheard or drowned
by the roar of brass pieces. For our own part, we know
that among the pleasant memories of college life the Glee
Club will always hold a conspicuous place. Its sociable
drinks and rollicking fun, and its little escapades as we
walked home under the stars, will not soon be forgotten.

In short, '73 is a class of which all of us, when we meet
in after-years (either classmates or friends of other
classes), may be proud to say, "We belonged to Seventy-
three!"

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

An attendance at Junior Exhibitions for the last four
years has suggested to us a question in meteorology
of especial interest to undergraduates, and which might
well claim the attention of "Old Prob." himself, viz.: "How is
the weather arranged on these occasions?" Our
own theory, founded entirely on the inductive method,
and hence very scientific, is, that classes blessed with an
uneven number are destined to smiling weather, while
those bearing the title of an even number must be always,
like the father of a family, on the lookout for squalls. '74
kindly confirms our theory.

May 3d dawned upon a wretched waste of streets any-
thing but inviting to pleasure-seekers; but towards noon,
touched with pity for the woes of innocent youth, Jupiter
turns off the spigots long enough to allow a fair audience,
ought not a large one, to assemble at Horticultural Hall
for the Junior Exhibition of '74. The move from Musical
Fund to the newer hall is certainly a desirable one, though
we cannot leave the scene of so many triumphs and so
much jollity without a sigh. After some delightful music
by Wolfsohn's orchestra, the class entered in gown and
gown and marched as usual to the stage. At this point
the audience were supplied with the bore bills which the
Juniors had been anxiously expecting for months past,
and which seemed to afford them vast delight. The
President, Mr. Lane, after an appropriate welcome, intro-
duced Mr. Addicks, whose easy manner and thorough
control of gesture peculiarly fitted him for his theme,
College Life. Mr. A. seemed in particularly fine voice,
and at one point of his oration, unable to restrain his over-
whelmed feelings, burst forth into song. With such mate-
rial '74 should have a fine glee club.

The motto oration fell to Mr. L. F. Benson, whose
tough and earnest style was admirably fitted to deal with
the sentiment contained in "Nunc est laborandum."

Mr. A. B. Carver, Jr., treated "Growth" in his usual
graceful manner, but, we thought, not with his usual
power.

The programme was completed by Mr. Bockoven, who
had substituted "Inconsistencies" for the speech first
announced, "Mrs. Grundy." The title indicates the char-
acter of the speech, which was in the speaker's peculiarly
sarcastic vein. Some of his strictures, indeed, upon
fashionable follies were received with very poor grace,
and led to so much noise as seriously to annoy the speaker
and listeners. Mr. Bockoven bore himself very coolly,
however, and even had thepluck to administer a well-
merited rebuke to the noisily disposed of the audience. The reduction of the number of the speeches to four is a move in the right direction, as Junior Exhibitions have always manifested a tendency to drag. Altogether, '74 may feel well satisfied with her début, and may look forward with confidence to the higher glories awaiting her in the future.

CLASS DAY.

O UR impression of Class Day is that it was a complete success; let us hope that our friends can agree with us! True to our tradition, we were favored with the clearest of skies, whose influence on the house was clearly shown in the sea of pink and blue cheeks, eyes, and bonnets which awaited our entrance. Shortly before four o'clock the class entered in full academicals and proceeded to the stage, the orchestra playing a Grand March dedicated to the class by Mr. Hassler. The President, Mr. Walter G. Smith, after extending a graceful welcome to the assembled guests, introduced the historian, Mr. Charles P. Keith, who portrayed most amusingly the ups and downs of our college course, our scrapes and escapes, our triumphs in the intellectual field with professors, and in the athletic with rival classes. Of defeats not one could be found to be chronicled. Before closing, a feeling allusion was made to our connection for a year with Prof. J. P. Frazer, and to our loss in his death. Mr. Randal Morgan, the orator of the day, did not disappoint the high expectations of his many friends, displaying the same oratorical and rhetorical powers observed so widely at our Junior Exhibition. The difficult and honorable office of Sagaman was performed most agreeably by Mr. Henry C. Lewis, who quite surpassed himself in his delineations of college experiences. The last, and certainly crowning effort of the day, was that of Mr. Coleman Sellers, Jr., whose prophecy places him side by side with the worthies of antiquity. Le Prophete handled his classmates without gloves, and yet with so much good humor that his well-directed blows hurt no one seriously, and elicited roars of laughter, as well as the heartfelt thanks of the audience. With such an introduction to the public as '72 gave it last year, and with this seconding, the Prophecy should certainly retain its place as one of the most enjoyable of the Class Day exercises. On behalf of '73, Mr. Sellers then presented the wooden spoon to Mr. W. Wilkins Carr, as the most popular man of our number. Mr. Carr received it in a few well-chosen words, assuring his classmates that he valued the gift merely as a testimonial of their friendship, and that as such it would be a comforting companion through life. Mr. Broek then stepped forward and tendered Mr. Esler a magnificent silver fire horn of Brobdinogian proportions, as a slight token of his heroism in organizing himself impromptu into a volunteer fire department on a certain occasion, and at great personal risk saving the college from the devouring element. Fred, though little prepared for such munificence, and frequently interrupted by mysterious squeals coming from some in visible source, accepted the trinket, but modestly evaded all the credit of the action. And now the squeals increase in shrillness and frequency, and the mystery is explained. Behold Mr. Pleasants advancing, supported by others of the class, from the side scenes, bearing in his arms a genuine Chester county white, young and enthusiastic, as its frantic gestures and pleading tones indicated. This promising party was solemnly delivered to Mr. Wells, our member from Porkopolis, both as evidence of our care for his creature comforts and as a delicate reminder of "home." Mr. Wells received piggie, decked with the class colors, with open arms, and with a look of keen desire which made the poor creature squeal worse than ever, assured Mr. Pleasants that he should never look into piggie's honest face without thinking of him, Mr. P. It was emphatically a moving scene, and the class poet might have been heard muttering,

"Welsy had a little pig, its bristles white as snow."

A few words of thanks from the President to the audience for their kind attention, and the Class Day of '73 was over.

THE following lines, composed by our friend Wells in a moment of intense poetical fervor, indicate his feelings during and after the exciting events of June 6th. No further explanation is necessary to those who witnessed the affecting scene of Class Day.

Squeal, squeal, squeal,
In these fond arms of mine, O Pig!
And I would that my palate could taste thee,
When thou'rt grown big.

O well for the Fisher boy
That he gives me a beautiful shoot!
O well for the Esler lad
That he blows his big horn on one note!

And the stately Senior's on go
To their haven at Petry's so civil;
But O for the curl of a vanished tail,
Which has now, alas, gone to the d——1!

Squeal, squeal, squeal,
Till thou'rt sausage and ham, Porcule!
But the tender ribs of this pig when he's dead
Will never be tasted by me.

THE COLLEGE YEAR.

O UR reign, Seniors of '73, draws to a close, and the interregnum that elapses between our surrender of the college sceptre and the ascension of '74 to the vacant throne, is at hand.

It has been a year full of events for the University: not only has she entered her new home and added many professors to her faculty, but she has suffered in the death
of her honored Vice-Provost, Prof. John Frazer,—a loss which has cast a gloom over these bright prospects. His death in the early part of the college year seriously crippled the University throughout the session.

Since the removal to the new buildings, the students have taken greater interest in athletic sports. A college boat club of no mean powers has been organized; baseball nine's and cricket elevens are more numerous than ever; while the intellectual activity has also been great. A mineralogical society has been formed; a Philo-Biennial has been held, at which Judge Sharswood delivered the address to a crowded chapel; the formal opening of the new building in October, the Junior Exhibition, the Class suppers, have all kept alive an interest in the University. The removal of the Exhibition and Class Day to Horticultural Hall, as more accessible, has been generally approved; and this change, we trust, will be a permanent one.

The discipline of the college has been once or twice exerted to good purpose in restraining the athletic propensities of the students within the building; but the friendly relation that has always subsisted between the undergraduates and professors of "Grandma" Penn has been, if anything, stronger than ever.

Some of the pleasantest hours in college have been those spent in voluntary exercises with the professors. Such especially was the hour spent each week in reading Pindar with Prof. Allen, and the hour given by Prof. Persfor Fraser to experiments with the spectroscope. These voluntary studies, tending as they do to give a broader and more generous culture than compulsory recitations, have done no small part toward raising the intellectual status of the University. While speaking of voluntary exercises, we cannot omit the prize speaking which took place in May last under the auspices of Prof. Cleve-launt. The contest, in which both Juniors and Sophomores participated, each for their respective prizes, was a close one,—both classes being represented by able speakers.

The class spirit of the various classes is far stronger than formerly. The class of '75 deserves especial mention for her unity; while there is also a general fraternization between the members of all the classes that promises well for the future of the undergraduate body. The literary and secret societies contribute much to this, binding, as they do, parts of different classes together for special objects.

Thus has our college year slipped round in pleasant study and enjoyment until once more comes Commencement, the crowning event of college life. "The hour strikes" (12.30 p.m.), the curtain falls, we have played our part, the Seniors' occupation's gone. Farewell!

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REVERIES OF A BACHELOR (A. B.)

It was the day after examination, I was sitting in my old armchair by the well-worn desk and luxuriously enjoying the sweetness of doing nothing. (N. B. The first time in several months.) Anthon's Unabridged lay peacefully on the table, on top of which well-thumbed companion of my cramming hours its Greek brother, Liddell & Scott (another of the great unabridged) had contrived to climb, while my Horace, with a dim consciousness of being no longer wanted, had taken refuge in the waste basket. Under the table there was transpiring a general mêlée of books. Aristophanes was attempting to dive off the edge of a ponderous Dictionary of Classical Antiquities which had ruthlessly planted itself on a small Buripides, meanwhile Taine and a Geometry with Guizot had got into a corner by themselves and were mutually stripping each others backs and damaging covers. Gazing at all this debris, and lazily puffing my pipe and glancing at the pages of Charles O'Malley, I fell to thinking of the various adventures I had seen in company with these books.

The clouds of smoke wreathed themselves into pictures of bygone scenes. I sat once more in the well-known seat, listening to the familiar voice reading over the jolly, rare old Greek, the "bosky" page so full of life and fun.

"Do you remember that flunk in Allen's room?" Don't I though! "And the time when poor — made that awful mistake that set the class in a roar?" And the familiar quotation (I suppose it's a quotation, I have heard it so often), "That's as far as I got, Professor," or those equally celebrated words of the ancient worthy (I suppose they are the words of some worthy, and I am sure they are very ancient), "That part's torn out in my book, sir!" And then—but hark, I hear music. It's the well-known strains of "1001 Nights," and my eyes are dazzled with the raptures of the "Dear Danube," and memories of a certain pair of dark eyes, white dresses, chicken salad, champagne, bottles, terrapin, and terrible nightmares consequent thereupon, dawn on my consciousness.

Ah! more glorious even than this were the opera nights at the Academy, when we (jolly college boys) sat with the "gods in the gallery" hats jammed on our heads, thumbs stuck nobbily in pockets, and feet beating our applause. Oh! those gay wild nights of winter, when Lucca, or Nilsson, or Parepa sang us into a very heaven of delight, when the grand tones of Faust, or the light, airy music of Don Giovanni held us spellbound; forgotten were Horace and Euclid, forgotten the flunks we are sure to make to-morrow, until every Professor is ready to bless us. The charm of the footlights is on us, the tones of the prima donna in our ears, and we are boisterously happy. Scarcely less pleasant was the long walk home, humming over the bars of a favorite air and talking; but, old classmates of '73, we know all this far better than any one can.
express it; we, who have so often sat side by side in the usual place, first tier, left division.

But, breaking rudely in upon this delightful vision, comes a shrill, harsh voice; it is the voice of the preacher, crying, "Is it absolutely necessary?" involuntarily I reply, "It is, sir;" and then strikes my ear in dulcet tones, "You may go," and I do go. Hardly had I recovered from this shock, and I assure you it was a shock, when a strange apparition burst upon my view. It is the figure of a man, his countenance as black as thunder—I speak not profanely—and dirt can make it. It is the messenger of the gods, Pompeius is his name. And then goes forth the fatal mandate, "Mr. So-and-So, the Provost would like to see you."

And now what sound breaks the stillness? it is the echo of subdued swearing, a stifled "By Jove," a half-smothered "Me Hercule" (classic, you know), and I instantly recognize "our young friends who have recently come among us," the interesting and guileless freshman. Many of their too susceptible hearts have succumbed, alas, to the charms of West Philadelphia beauty; but let us not anticipate. The sophomores appear gorgeous in new neckties and clean shirts, "a holy, happy band," singing, "Rig a jig-jig," or something to that effect. And then—but who shall describe the Juniors, walking staidly out to college, books under both arms, and a serious-business look in their eyes? I despair of giving any notion of one. The Junior must be seen to be appreciated.

I come to a point of tender interest to every feeling heart in '73. It is the damsel who dwelleth near Fifth and Arch, she who dispenseth photographs and smiles to "ye Seniors." She is as playful as—well, I don't know what. The sportive turn which she gives to the business of photography is truly touching; she speaks of "touching up your eye a little," makes remarks not always flattering to your vanity, calls you college fellows, &c.

But what beauteous form blesses my eye now? Why, if it ain't the all-absorbing form of the stout gentleman, the Diocletian ghost of times (dinner-times, probably) long past. Ah! modest youth, a blush suffuses his maiden cheeks, a certain coyness dwells in that contemplative eye. But why do I delay, i.e., why the deuce am I fooling my time away here? The Darby ear approacheth, and it is my firm purpose to get on it, so help me—car tickets and seven cents.

"Farewell hedges, farewell ditches, Farewell all the Darby witches."

College days, college days, I reflect, as I gaze out of the car window, how at your name a thousand memories crowd upon the old college boy. College days! you are over for us; your pleasant companionships, your genial, far-fetched jokes, your careless ease, your short-lived troubles, your numerous flunks are all gone, never to return for us. College days, fare thee well! Good-bye, fellows! "Auld Lang Syne," boys, once more before we part.

What, asleep! Confound it all, my pipe's gone out; and, by thunder, I shall catch a fearful cold, sitting by an open window that way. Asleep, too! Bless me.

CHARGE OF THE TIGHT BRIGADE.

(A CLASS SUPPER.)

I.

"Half a square, half a square, Half a square!" grumbled Seniors at Class Day; and towards Supper they stumbled. "Drink," was the captain's cry; "Treat," did they all reply, Theirs not to stand there dry, Theirs to root, hog, or die, Into old Petry's saloon Seventy-three stumbled.

II.

Bottles to right of them, Bottles to left of them, Bottles behind them, Glistened and rumbled; Popped at by cork and foam, Bold 'round the room they roam Unto the festive board, Seniors so far from home, Seventy-three stumbled.

III.

Clashed all their glasses bright, Getting so very tight, Hideous they made the night, Roaring and singing, while All the world grumbled: Gorging the victuals there, Eating a "meal" quite "square," Drinking to ladies fair— Under the table now Half of them tumbled. When they came back, of course Far worse they stumbled.

IV.

Bottles to right of them, Bottles to left of them, Bottles behind them, Glistened and rumbled; Popped at by cork and foam, They could no longer roam.

* This is really a first-class joke, we assure the reader, if he but knew how to appreciate it.

**
How many toasts were drunk
They were too drunk to tell—
Now on the way towards home,
All that was left of them
Seventy-three stumbled.

v.
Honor the temp'rance crowd!
And be their praises loud,
For they could stand up proud
When the rest stumbled.

CLASS-ROOM NOTES.
BY OUR SHORT-HAND REPORTER.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE.

Professor of Blowing (not handy with his Anglo-Saxon): "Now, Mister Shones, youst take dat plowbip between your lips, shoot your mood, and perspire through your nose."

J—s: "Hahaha! ha, ha, ha!" [Conventional method of representing a smile.—Eds.]

Professor (a little perplexed): "I mean you should aspire thro your nose."

J—s grins [Don't know exactly how to express it—it shows forty-nine teeth—Eds.], and then remarks: "Don't you think, Professor, the ultimate effect would be quite as good if I were to inspire through my nasal appendage?"

Professor (much happier): "Ah, dat is it!"

This remark is accompanied by severe convulsions in the Professor's expansive waistcoat and by a gurgling sound which, after five minutes, gradually dies out in a low rumbling as of distant thunder.

Professor of Earthquakes (unnaturally calm with suppressed ire): "Mr. E——r, how many are one times one, sir?"

Mr. E——r (confidently): "Why, two, sir!"

Professor of Inclined Planes: "Now, suppose vence, for instance, Miss Vells, you should make a liddle example on de board vence, to explain dat 78 figger." Wells secretes "Weisback's Mechanics" in his left coat-sleeve, and proceeds to copy the part indicated; while the Professor continues: "Vell, I suppose vence, I might ask ano der vone, hey? Vell, den, Missr Hegbert, if you vas to have a peam suspendid mid bod ends and dat weight abbilled two de whole lengt, what curve would dat pe vone, hey?"

E——r: "Yes, sir. I think it would, sir!"

"Vell, den, suppossed vones, for instance, you show dat on de board, hey?"

Professor (despairingly): "Mr. S——, do you know anything about the lesson?"

S——: "Yes, sir."

Professor (encouraged): "Well, sir, what do you know, sir?"

S——: "I know something about an eagle, sir."

Professor: "What do you know about the eagle?"

S——: "The eagle soared, sir!"

CLASS SUPPER.

No law of hygiene finds more general and undisputed acceptance than this: That the waste of the animal tissues requires a constant supply of nutriment. This axiom is especially dear to 73, and it was with a laudable intent to illustrate this great law of science that the class assembled at Petry's, on the evening of June 6th, to repair, as far as possible, the wear and tear incident to our vigorous celebration of Class Day. (We may remark, that all the experiments in Mr. Petry's gastronomic laboratory, particularly those with the glasses, which were frequently repeated, in order that results might be compared, proved highly successful, calling forth the unqualified admiration of a dignified audience of waiters.) The class was favored with the presence of four members of the faculty, Professors McElroy and Barker, Dr. Koenig and Mr. Chatard, who added much to the pleasure of the occasion. After a hearty welcome from the President, the business of the evening began in good earnest. The removal of the cloth was followed by the toasts, the first of which, "Our Alma Mater," was responded to by Prof. McElroy, who feelingly alluded to the relations of college and student, and exhorted the Class to support and forward the University in her new life.

To the "Faculty," Prof. Barker, the latest, but already one of the most valued additions to that body, responded in an exceedingly happy manner, alluding to the burlesque presentations of Class Day. A new toast, was that of the "Mineralogical Society," formed during the past year, and already giving evidence of much vitality. Replied to by Mr. Young. A number of impromptu toasts followed, to one of which Dr. Koenig replied, giving us to understand that he did not find the young men of America quite so worthless as they are held to be in Germany, and that he expected yet to see the European standard fully attained in this country. Some time during the small hours the company separated, and soon after, guided by instinct superior to reason, found themselves at home.
THE JUNIOR SUPPER.

The class supper of the Juniors was held on Saturday, May 3d, at Augustine's. About nine o'clock the guests assembled, and after the usual preliminary matters, including that interminable five minutes' wait, through which not one of the polite and elegant Juniors could be induced to take a seat, the President, Mr. William B. Lane, gave a hearty welcome to those present. It is unnecessary to say that justice was done to the bill of fare. But, in this connection, we cannot refrain from speaking of the Executive Committee's shrewdness and foresight. They, in giving their directions about the supper, gave orders especially that the bill of fare should be in French. Now, the Juniors, as a class, know as much about French as a young lady does about punctuation; but the Executive Committee came prepared with dictionary and compendium. Of course, they made it by; but it was a shabby trick. Not that the Executive Committee are to blame, not at all; but the reproach should fall on other shoulders. Yes, gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, I speak to you directly: Shall boarding-school misses eat in Italian, French, German, and sometimes English, and yet our sweet Juniors be "bound hand and foot," when it is a mere matter of French? See to it. Let the crying shame be removed.

The following toasts were disposed of:

"Our Class," Mr. Helfenstein. "Our Motto," Mr. Benson. "Our Speakers," Mr. Addicks. "Our Faculty," Mr. Snare. "Our Sweethearts." This sentiment requiring a man of experience and sensitive intuitions, was given, with discretionary intelligence on the part of the Executive Committee, to one who is generally supposed to have suffered, Mr. C. A. Ashburner; and nobly did he fulfill his position. In his reply he portrayed in terms approaching the sublime, "the love which is in the breast unquenchable (not the breast, but the love, of course), even by the neglect of the selfish and self-indulgent man," but when in the midst of the distresses of Strephon and Delia, alas! his feelings were too much, far too much for him, and with an "ego quoque," and a touch of dyspepsia, he sighed and sat down, amid an impressive and commiserative silence.

The next toast was, "Our Glee Club," responded to by Mr. Junkin. So long as the reply was pitched in the key of tenor C it was intelligible—no, not intelligible—it was heard; but unfortunately the speaker gradually "flatted," until, owing to a position under the table being taken, he reached a minor key, and the connection was lost.

"Our Mineralogical Society," responded to by Mr. Money. This young gentleman is a good speaker, fluent and graceful, and demands not so much attention as silence. This time the silence was profound; the class had gradually dozed away. His reply was good, though, very good, and about as interesting and accurate as a duodecimo volume of statistics on latent heat; and we regret the impossibility of giving a more detailed account, for here our reporter, a freshman, enamored of Dr. Johnson, and placed with care in close proximity to the keyhole, was kicked down stairs by one of the waiters. A reporter is unnecessary, however. Junior suppers are always a success; '73's was, and although left out in the list of the bidden, we beg leave to offer to '74 our congratulations on their class supper and on their class spirit.

SOPHOMORE SUPPER.

A Class so distinguished in aquatic and athletic sports as '75 has proved herself, was not the one to omit the good old custom of Sophomore supper. Accordingly they assembled at Jones's—we needn't say that is—on the evening of May 29th. After a neat introductory speech by President Megargee, and after the customary courses had been discussed in that semi-Indian style peculiar to the "Soph," the following toasts were given: "The University," responded to by Mr. Cohen. "The Faculty;" no response, as no member of the Faculty felt like risking his person with a class bearing the reputation of '75. "The Class." To this Mr. Castle replied in poetry; has he eloped with the Muse of his brother? "Athletic Prowess of '75," Mr. Sherlock, who, we are assured by himself, "catches for the nine behind the bat." "The Ladies," Mr. Porter. "The Successful Exit from Examination," responded to by Mr. Smyth, in tears, drawn forth by the last word of the toast. "Happy repetition of to-night in Junior year," Mr. E. B. Morris. Over the separation of the Class let us draw a veil.

BACCALAUREATE.

The Baccalaureate sermon, which so appropriately precedes the departure of the graduating class from college, was preached by the Rev. Dr. Currie, of St. Luke's, at St. Mark's Church, on Sunday evening, June 15th. Upon assembling in the parish school-room, the class marched up the middle aisle to the pews reserved for their use, preceded by the choir, singing the beautiful processional, Holy, Holy, Holy. After the usual Evening Prayer, the anthem, "Come, let us sing," from Mendelssohn's XCV Psalm, was given with great spirit.

Dr. Currie's sermon, a most impressive one upon the text found in Acts 17:26, was listened to with deep attention by a large congregation, and we doubt not that his words of loving exhortation will prove of lasting benefit to many who heard them. We can remember no more solemn moment in the history of our class than when it rose to receive the preacher's earnest charge.

The sermon was followed by Handel's magnificent Hallelujah Chorus, and the service concluded with the well-known recessional hymn, "Jerusalem, the Golden."

We feel under great obligations to Dr. Currie and the other officiating clergy for giving such interest to the Baccalaureate of '73. We also desire to express our acknowledgments to the choir of St. Mark's and to their talented and efficient leader, Dr. S. Austen Pierce, for their happy selection and admirable rendering of the music of the occasion.
IN MEMORIAM.

In approaching the subject of the death of one we have loved, we must always feel keenly how inadequate are any words of ours to express, as we would, emotions whose very depth and earnestness naturally protect them from intrusion. How must this feeling be intensified when we are called upon to consider such a character as that of Prof. Frazer!

Fully alive as we are to the delicacy of our task, yet we cannot bid farewell to our Alma Mater, without adding our humble tribute to the memory of one whose life was spent in her service, and to whom our class, as the last under his care, feels peculiarly endeared. The intercourse of professor and student in lecture- and class-room is so intimate and constant, that it can hardly continue long without their respective traits becoming somewhat known to each other. In this view, our testimony may be not without value. We knew Prof. Frazer as a master of science, thorough, profound, whose balance could never be disturbed by the wild speculations of weaker men, submitting every proposition to the same severe tests inculcated to his pupils. We knew him as a refined and cultivated gentleman, whose lectures and conversation were enriched with the results of vast experience and observation. We knew him as a teacher, whose enthusiasm in his subject and patient sympathy with those under his instruction rendered success certain. We knew him as a man; and it was in this simplest but noblest of characters, as the exemplar of all honor and manliness, that he was particularly appreciated alike by students and Faculty.

In the words of the motto upon the memorial which it was our privilege to erect, "Seu centurio seu praefectus incorruptum facti testem habebat," to which we venture to add, "Justum et tenacem propositi virum."

IVY DAY.

I METHINKS I see some graduate of former years, listlessly turning over the leaves of our Record, start slightly as his eye lights upon the words "Ivy Day." If of a conservative spirit, he heaves a sigh as he reflects that things must be somewhat changed since his day, when the brightest jewel in the crown of our Alma Mater was a grim consistency with herself in her humdrum life. But we hope to show this stanch adherent of old-time traditions that the change now going on is not connected with decay, but is rather that heralding a fresh and more vigorous vitality.

The first class to graduate from her new abode, and associated with her both in her old and new life, it seems peculiarly fitting that '73 should leave some memorial to bear witness in the future to her devotion to the University. With this idea in view, it was resolved early in the year to revive the picturesque custom of planting an ivy upon graduation. With some difficulty, the best spot about the building, on the front with northern exposure, was obtained, and, with a piece of ivy from Kenilworth, kindly supplied by Prof. Jackson, we were fully prepared for our task.

Our invitations were necessarily limited in number; but on the evening of the 7th of June, just after Class Day, some two hundred of the immediate friends of the class, besides a number of graduates, assembled on the lawn (more classically known as the campus) in front of the college. Hassler's music beguiled the time till seven o'clock, when the class marched out from the building and arranged themselves about the speaker's stand, which was placed beside the ivy. The situation of this highly interesting but at present insignificant plant was further designated by a neat marble slab, in the form of a shield, fixed in the wall directly above it, which bore the inscription: "Ivy planted by the Class of '73, June 7th, 1873." President Smith welcomed the guests briefly, and introduced the orator of the occasion, Mr. Carr.

The oration was not a long one, and enlarged especially on the value and strength of college friendships, closing with an appeal to the noblest feelings of his classmates, in the words of the great man who so dearly loved the place from which our ivy came.

The oration over, the audience passed the time in looking over the building till the music struck up, when the evening, up to a late hour, was devoted to Terpsichore. The assembly-room, handsomely decorated with bunting, society badges, flowers, and ivy wreaths, was completely metamorphosed, and made a fine ball-room; while the long corridors furnished unrivalled promenades.

Too much praise cannot be awarded the Executive Committee, to whose exertions, under the able chairmanship of Mr. Joseph S. Neff, the success of the occasion is chiefly due.

Indeed, during the entire year this body, upon which so much depends, has displayed a most untiring devotion to its arduous duties.

During the evening we were pleased to observe the presence of several of the Faculty, including Dr. Stillé and Prof. Barker. We hail with delight the evident disposition of the latter gentleman to identify himself with the students, and can only anticipate from it the happiest results in his intercourse with them.

The remark was frequently made that this festivity should be repeated in succeeding years, and we cannot doubt that such a course would conduce to the pleasure of all parties concerned, as well as redound to the reputation of class and college.

The Society of the Alumni desires to obtain Catalogues of the University for the years 1850-51, 1852-53, 1855-56, and 1857-58, in order to complete a set. Graduates, or others, will confer a favor by sending copies of these issues to the Recording Secretary, at the new University, Thirty-sixth and Locust Streets, West Philadelphia.
CLASS SONG.

Brothers, ere the chains are broken
Which were forged by College years,
And the parting words are spoken
While with joy are mingled tears,
Let us chant the farewell strains,
Raising high the parting strain.
Then as life unrolls before us
Cheering echoes we retain.

Heart for heart now deeply yearning,
Brothers striving for the goal,
Hand in hand our love is burning,
Welding closely soul to soul;
On a rock our friendship founded,
Firm shall stand while planets roll;
Though with night and storm surrounded
'Twill be ever strong and whole.

Thus in life, when shadows meeting,
Faith shall cast away all fear,
Gloom and sadness fast are fleeting,
And we know that Home is near;
Gleaming brightly, waving o'er us,
"Ad Augusta" yet before us,
"Per Augusta" now we pass.

NIHIL!

YOU may, gentle reader, wonder what, with such a title,
I can have to say. Well, if you expect anything more than what the title says, believe me, you shall be disappointed; so take the advice of one who knows, skip the article and pass on.

But I will let you into a secret: I am a disappointed man. For, having passed safely through the age of measles and "atheistic tendencies," it had been my hope to have regaled you with the metaphysical article of the Record (and who of my class, I say it with modesty, is better qualified?), but my effusion was rejected. What a sigh of relief! Let me tell you, my friend, one who has safely weathered Butler "on general information" can well be called a metaphysician. I was not to be outdone, however; I told them my services for any style—and I am equally master of them all—were at their service. But, with a snappish, business-like manner, I was told to write on—nothing; and on nothing I am going to write. So you may expect nothing, and be assured you shall get nothing. But above all, do not expect from me to hear secrets of college life. I am weary of the theme. But in connection with college secrets there is something which always worried me particularly: why is it that the "old boys," as they affectionately term themselves, when living over college days, begin invariably with, "In my sophomore year"? It is their show-card; the blast which opens the gates to the Sans Souci of college fun; and how wonderfully well it takes, too, with the uninitiated. But for me there can be no greater insult. You see I know the trick, and woe betide the story; well, my laugh don't come in in the right place. Now in my sophomore year the crisis of a seven years' passion for cricket came. Oh, what visions of wonderful "plays" and triumphs I had! Yes, cricket was my first love (would that I had never crossed the suit), and many is the long walk she has given me—every cent of money gone for lunch—tired and hungry. Oh, I wonder what would tempt me to do it now? And then those delightful evenings afterwards over Analytical Geometry, when, worn out body and soul, I would start from some thundering applause from a magnificent hit of my own, only to find that my Analytical had fallen to the floor.

"Of all the girls I ever knew,
The one I've most neglected
Is called Miss Anna Lytical,
For her I've least respected."

Yes, Anna "went back on me" at that sophomore examination, but I have been "partial" ever since. Now do not tell me what a waste of time cricket was, for I will shriek peccavi as loudly as you please; but what jolly, healthy fun it was!

But goodness! the sophomore year was not a whit more jolly than the junior. And then the senior year! Now, in my senior year—well never mind what I did then—but she was a nice girl. By the way, I wonder what has become of that——; oh dear! here it is now. Yes, blue was very becoming to her. But somehow ever since that evening I have had a dim consciousness of having made an awful fool of myself. I am not what you would call a very great ladies' man; in fact I am all which is expressed by the term "sheepish." But on this particular evening my great friend, who has his Delphis—why Delphis was a man, wasn't she? But still, he used to speak of her in that way—love never sticks at trifles. Anyway, nothing would do but that I should accompany him this evening—I believe in my heart he anticipated a sanguinary meeting with his rival—and go I did. There I saw her—not Delphis, but my gal—and entre nous, I really did not
see anything in her; and you must admit that she is affected.

She's all your fancy paints her;
She's lovely, she's divine!

but describe her I cannot. We passed safely through the introduction. How well I remember those mystic words, "This side up with care." Did you ever find yourself opposite a pretty face when you were a little green? How did you feel? Well, I felt exactly that way. I am, as a rule, a very fluent conversationalist, but just then I was busily engaged in a calculation on the number of stitches on the back of my glove, and was just about putting it in the form of the "rule of three"—and here allow me one minute. Let me give expression to a brilliant idea that has just come upon me. Could not some one invent a kid glove with the back or palm covered with a decalcomania, or some other work of art—say two lambs led by a small boy, represented with wings, and seemingly with no sense of decency—it would be such a help to society people in a tight place. I throw this idea out gratis, and no sense of decency it would be such a help to society people in a tight place. I throw this idea out gratis, and no sense of decency it would be such a help to society people in a tight place.

Did you ever notice a society man I mean a young fledgling—say a senior in the second term? We had several in our class. Do you know my imagination even dared to place me in imagination among them. I longed to say, O beatissimi fratres! Yes, so great was my desire that I did not scruple to give one of Lord Chesterfield's anecdotes, French and all, as one of my personal experiences. But all for naught—any parrot could do that; but to catch that air of pompous superiority, those manners of easy unfed terms, I feared was beyond me. On Ivy Day the blow came. On that day I saw our class beau in his element, and then my pleasing vision with a taunting "nascitur non sit," fled.

Now, kind reader, have I bored you with my griefs? Be not angry. Pity me for my weaknesses. Judge me not harshly. Let it be "nil nisi bonum."

UNIVERSITY BALL.

"The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell."

CLASS Days, Junior Exhibitions, and Philo Biennials are all very well in their way, but shades of Old Penn! forgive me if they are not, after all, dull affairs when compared with the pleasures of the University Ball. The fellows may forget the next day what the Prophet prophesied unto them on Class Day afternoon; they will bury in the first ice-cream soda they take all the good advice of the class orator, and turn from the classic strains of Our Poet to the last new minstrel song; but where is the fellow who will forget the sweet things his partner whispered between the bars of one of Strauss's waltzes, or the interesting confessions murmured by an angel in lavender silk between mouthfuls of croquet and oysters? Perish the thought of such forgetfulness. With her hand on her heart Seventy-three declares that she never will, no never, forget her ball.

But let us return to facts. On Friday night, January 10th, 1873, came off the University Ball with great success. Many members of the Faculty and of the Alumni were present, while the beauty and fashion of Philadelphia graced the occasion. The whole affair was an honor to the class, and gave so much pleasure to those present that they look forward with no small expectations to the Ball which it falls to Seventy-four, as Senior Class, to give next year; for we hope to see this new institution continued with an ever-increasing glory.

It is but justice to the able Committee on the Ball, to say that the success of the ball was entirely due to their efforts.
CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

CLASS OF '73.
"Per Augustam ad Augustam."
President—W. G. Smith.
Vice- Presidents—W. Boyd, Jr., James Fisher.
Secretary—W. M. Smith.
Treasurer—P. H. Hickman.
Executive Committee—Joseph S. Neff, Chairman; Lester Wells, Samuel T. Bodine, Hugh J. Fagen, H. R. Wharton.

CLASS OF '74.
"Nunc est laborandum."
President—W. B. Lane.
Vice-Presidents—C. A. Ashburner, A. B. Carver, Jr.
Secretary—L. E. Benson.
Treasurer—J. Junkin.

CLASS OF '75.
"Tuadat Kanon."
President—C. Megargee.
Vice-President—William Elliott.
Secretary—L. Johnson.
Treasurer—E. P. Cohen.
Executive Committee—William Elliott, Chairman; E. P. Cohen, Lindley Johnson, Wm. Buckman, J. W. Townsend.

CLASS OF '76.
"Palma non sine pulvere."
President—Frank H. Field.
Vice-Presidents—William A. Dick, B. M. Newbold.
Secretary and Treasurer—Walter A. Fellows.
Executive Committee—Frederick V. Little, Chairman; Lawrence Lewis, F. A. Genth, E. Hazelhurst, S. F. Prince.

PHILO.

When, on a certain Friday evening in June, 1872, Philo's sons gathered around the festive board to celebrate, by a cold cut, the Society's last meeting in the old building, they repressed all expression of the vague fear that with that meeting Philo's prosperity, perhaps, would end. Indeed, there were many grave doubts as to the possibility of assembling in the new rooms a sufficient number of members to constitute a business quorum.

September came, and with it the occupation of the new building. For many weeks Philo's rooms lay desolate, but by the most strenuous exertions of the committee in charge of the removal, on the day during which the building was open to the public, was Philo comfortably settled in her new quarters.

The Trustees had kindly borne the expense of the removal of Philo's effects, and had given us, to furnish the hall, a sufficient number of the benches which formerly graced (?) the recitation-rooms in Ninth Street.

At last the time for the first meeting in the rooms arrived. With heavy hearts, Philo's faithful saw the rain pour down, but mourning was changed to joy when 8 P.M. found a larger assemblage than would have been found in the old building on a similar night.

The first term was one of unexampled prosperity. The exercises began promptly at the time appointed (a thing unheard of in old times), and were well sustained. Notwithstanding the heavy strain on the Society's treasury made by the appropriations for the window on the removal, Philo made her biennial of 1872–3 the most brilliant of all her celebrations.

Our sorrow in parting with Philo is not unmixed with pleasure; pleasure to know that we leave her in good hands. '74, '75, and '76 are represented in Philo by men of energy, who, feeling the responsibility resting upon them, will work not a whit less nobly for her than their predecessors.

C. A. Y.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

First Censor—Chas. A. Ashburner. Secretary—Wm. W. Porter.

LIBRARIANS—John W. Townsend and Frederick D. Baker.

MEMBERS.

SENIORS.

Wm. M. Barker.
J. L. Fisher.
H. Pleasants, Jr.
E. J. Bell.
P. H. Hickman.
C. Sellers, Jr.
W. Boyd.
C. P. Keith.
R. M. Smith.
J. W. Brook.
H. C. Lewis.
Lester Wells.
J. C. Egbert.
W. F. Whitaker.
C. A. Young.
H. J. Fagen.
R. L. Neff.

JUNIORS.

W. H. Allison.
J. E. Hatton.
W. P. Patterson.
G. A. Ashburner.
J. de F. Junkin.
N. F. Robinson.
G. P. Burgin.
J. W. Kaye.
H. E. Smith.
G. H. Christian.
J. E. Maher.
M. W. Smith.
F. A. Cunningham.
Samuel Money, Jr.
A. B. Williams.
J. F. McGhee.
Ed. Dillon.
J. G. Mercer.

SOPHOMORES.

F. D. Baker.
E. L. Miller.
W. W. Porter.
F. Eyre.
D. J. M. Miller.
J. C. Sherlock.
C. W. Freedley.
Calloum Megargee.
J. W. Townsend.
W. H. Hollis.
E. B. Morris.
F. H. Woodrow.
S. T. Kerr.
C. Morris.

FRESHMEN.

H. R. Biddle.
Ed. Hazelhurst.
Lawrence Lewis.
W. A. Dick.
F. W. Redell.
F. V. Little.
W. A. Fellows.
W. F. Fagen.
W. H. Patterson.
E. W. Genth.
W. L. Kneedler.
R. P. Robins.
E. G. Hammerley.
ZELO.

While our generous rival, the Philo, seems to be flourishing in her new quarters, Zelo has been very much afflicted by her removal from the classic precincts of her old halls. The gloomy, barren elegance of the saloons in which she now holds court seems to have cast a shadow upon her usually bright and laughing features. The tessellated pavements and lofty corridors of her modern tabernacle have never rung with the merry laughter of Freshmen and jovial Sophia. This unappreciative class of collegians seem to be awed by her majesty, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." But her old admirers, the ease-loving Juniors and grave and revered Seniors, still stand by their old love. Her once blooming features, although sadly changed by time and misfortune, still retain a sweet severity of expression, which has a charm for their melancholy natures. Like the "Lotos-Eaters," they think "there is no joy but calm," and Zelo will afford this blessing to all who desire it.

Although her enemies seem to take a fiendish delight in tormenting her children; although they are scoffed at and taunted with their allegiance; although the "finger of scorn," only less terrible than the little finger of the Faculty, points at them from the boisterous youths who throng the assembly-room, yet will they obey the doctrines she has inculcated with all the tender devotion of the best of mothers, and forever bear in mind her beautiful and suggestive motto, "Cherish the flame."


Gustavus S. Benson, Jr. Joseph S. Neff. W. B. Lane.

ZELOSOPHIC SOCIETY.

President—C. A. Ashburner. Secretary—W. A. Fellows.
Vice-President—L. T. Benson.
### COLLEGE BARGE CLUB OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

**Organized October 1st, 1872.**

**OFFICERS.**

**President—Calhoun Megargee.**
**Vice-President—[Francis J. Gowen]**
**Treasurer—Effingham B. Morris, 225 S. Eighth St.**
**Secretary—William R. Philler.**
**Club Coxswain—Frank Eyre.**
**Elective Committee—Francis J. Gowen, Samuel T. Kerr, Calhoun Megargee.**

**ACTIVE MEMBERS.**

- Calhoun Megargee
- George Maris
- William H. Horstmann

- Effingham B. Morris
- W. W. Porter
- Eugene Townsend

- Frank Eyre
- W. R. Philler
- J. R. Fell

- Bernard Gilpin
- S. Morrison
- Walter Horstmann

- Samuel T. Kerr
- Wm. D. Kelly, Jr.
- Walter C. Gibson

- Carroll Smyth
- A. W. Biddle
- Stuart

- W. H. Patterson

**HONORARY MEMBERS.**

- Charles H. Townsend
- William Wayne, Jr.
- John G. Sherlock

**CONTRIBUTING MEMBER.**

- Joseph de F. Junkin

**73 CREW.**

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<td><strong>'73 NINE.</strong></td>
<td>J. C. Sherlock, H. B. Hall, W. R. Philler</td>
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<td>G. H. Christian, H. Constable, F. A. Cunningham</td>
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<td><strong>'75 NINE.</strong></td>
<td>L. Johnson, William H. Hollis, F. P. Gowen (capt.)</td>
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<td><strong>'75 ELEVEN.</strong></td>
<td>C. Morris, W. Wayne (capt.), L. Johnson</td>
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**Φ Κ Σ NINE.**

- A. Lee, Jr.
- L. Johnston

**BOAT CLUBS.**

**COLLEGE BARGE CLUB OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.**

**OFFICERS.**

- **President—Calhoun Megargee.**
- **Vice-President—Bernard Gilpin.**
- **Treasurer—R. Morgan.**
- **Secretary—Elliott.**

**ACTIVE MEMBERS.**

- Calhoun Megargee
- George Maris
- William H. Horstmann

- Effingham B. Morris
- W. W. Porter
- Eugene Townsend

- Frank Eyre
- W. R. Philler
- J. R. Fell

- Bernard Gilpin
- S. Morrison
- Walter Horstmann

- Samuel T. Kerr
- Wm. D. Kelly, Jr.
- Walter C. Gibson

- Carroll Smyth
- A. W. Biddle
- Stuart

- W. H. Patterson

**HONORARY MEMBERS.**

- Charles H. Townsend
- William Wayne, Jr.
- John G. Sherlock

**CONTRIBUTING MEMBER.**

- Joseph de F. Junkin

**74 CREW.**

2. Sterling Morrison. 5. Carroll Smyth
3. Frank Eyre. 6. Lindley Johnson (coxswain)

**SECRET FRATERNITIES.**

**PHI KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY.**

**ALPHA CHAPTER.**

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**MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.**

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**LAW DEPARTMENT.**

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THE Editors of the Record step before the footlights a moment to apologize for the lack of fun in this department. The truth is, for we shall tell the truth and shame the gentleman in black, our funny man is sick; he was at the Class supper. Our funnier man has been sent to Vienna; hence a preternatural solemnity dwelleth upon him; while our funniest man is engaged to be married—fact, we have it from reliable sources—and hence his lack of cheerfulness!

But don't let us delay the performance any longer. Ring the bell, pull up the curtain, trot out the jokes. "Here they are!"

LATIN SOCIETY OF EIGHT MEMBERS OF '73.

OMNIBUS (i.e., Carr) per presentes Pat-cat nostrum (medicinalem) V (5 yrs. old)-Rum delectabilem.

1. ROBERTUM HYDROMELI FABRUM, M.D., in numero eorum sociorum Universitatis Pennsylvaniensis eius Almo Matris, qui causa bone [not to be rendered "cow's bones"] voluntatis & amoris Annie Lxxii Classis sociati sunt, admissum esse.

In cuinis rei testimonium nos eius College nominam subscripsimus.

2. GULIELMUS DE CARBONARI AULA, Magnus Dux.

3. CAROLUS P. DE KETH, Diaconus Katorum cantorum eorum, Cantator.

4. RANDAL AP MORGAN, Sub mensa.

5. GULIELMUS VILKINS CARR, Silenus.

6. GAULFURUS GEORGIUS FABER, Boreas.

7. ALFREDUS LIA-CHOO-TWANG Filius, Paganus "Ah Sin."

8. HENRICUS DE CARLTON HI-ADAM, in toto abstinens, Aquarius.

THE SOPHOMORE GLEE CLUB

Has, by assiduous practice, attained such proficiency that each member can dispose of 1 lb. avoidalpols of mixed cake and half a quart of vanilla cream. It is but just to the other glee clubs, who have not reached this degree of excellence, to state that they have not been training as long; but it is hoped that with practice they will even surpass this. The Freshman Club is, we hear, especially promising in this respect.