

1873/74

Hierophantes

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THE

HIEROPHANTES

FOR 1873-4.

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Vol. I.

No. 1.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

THE

**HIEROPHANTES**

FOR 1873-4.

Board of Editors.

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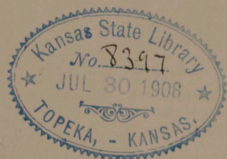
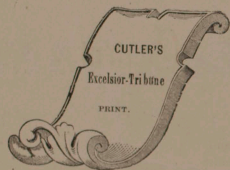
E. B. NOYES,  
C. W. SMITH, } Beta Theta Pi.  
H. S. TREMPER, }

LAWRENCE, KANSAS:

*Published by the Secret Societies.*

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## Salutatory.

*"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."*

Last June the Board of Regents and Members of the Faculty affixed their signatures and official seal to the first "Sheep-skins" awarded to graduates of the University of Kansas. Three sons and one fair daughter said good bye to "Alma Mater," and were passed out into the world with the crash of a brass band, the eloquent advice of a live United States Senator, the congratulations of friends, and the pleasant memories of an elegant table spread with substantial and delicacies by the hands of the good ladies of Lawrence. The occasion was duly dignified with suitable toasts and proper responses, which, barring bad grammar from a quarter where it ought to be least expected, were "high-toned," and suitable to the occasion.

The University of Kansas, therefore, is at last full-fledged, and occupying the same plane with the other collegiate institutions of our country. It is the hope and expectation of its friends that it will soon rise to a position of commanding pre-eminence among the colleges and universities west of the Mississippi. Whether it shall do this or not, depends much on the courage, enterprise, and devotion of its students. Of course our respected friends, the Faculty, flatter themselves that the burden of making the University a success, is to a large extent, resting upon their shoulders. It is probably better to permit them to continue in this belief, as it will incite them to furnish us with purer mathematics, more palatable physics, and less bitter decoctions of the Greek root.

But, after all, the future success of the University must depend much on the action of the State Legislature. To so shape the policy of the University as to get possession of that important body, is evidently the labor of the Students, and one with which our Professors, (if they set much value on their official heads,) can have but little to do. To accomplish this result, it will be the duty of our gentlemen graduates to secure their own election to the Legislature as soon as possible after graduation, and, if in the mean time a liberal amendment to our State constitution should not make our lady alumni eligible to seats in the Legislature, it will only remain for them to do the next best thing, and marry members elect of that honorable body whenever the opportunity offers; provided, always, that such member elect possess intellectual calibre sufficient to enable him to distinguish properly, between the body politic and a last year's bird's nest. By this means, it is fair to believe that our beloved institution will eventually attain to some influence in the Legislature, and secure such action in that honorable body as will enable it to compare favorably with the University of Michigan, Cornell, Yale, and other prominent universities and colleges of America.

But, as the above method of absorbing the Legislature, like the accretions of the earth's crust, is somewhat slow, meanwhile, our only hope is in grappling on to the hearts of the people. This can only be accomplished by dispensing such light and information as will enable them to know something more of our University and its organization than they can learn through the stiff details and curricula of the "Annual Calendar" published "By Authority."

With the hope then, of getting on the sunny side of the affections of our people, we send out to them the first number of the "Hierophantes" expecting that it will be perpetuated through all the years of the future furnishing much authentic and interesting information that can be obtained from no other source.

## Xu Memoriam.

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set; but all—  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Within the past year we have been called to mourn the death of two of our fellow-students, one taken from our midst while actively engaged in his studies; the other, who had not returned to her studies this year, while at her home in Wyandotte.

ARCHIE L. REED, of the present Freshman class, died November 21st, 1873, aged 17. Although his stay with us was but short, he endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact by the beauty of his character, and the uprightness and stability of his principles. Rarely do we find in any walk of life so great a promise for the future as was his. Truly, in thinking of the death of such an one, we find it hard to say

"It is well!  
God's ways are always right."

NELLIE TOWNSEND, died in Wyandotte, February 13th, 1874, aged 18. In the midst of the school year 1874, we are called upon to record the death of one of our number, who, less than one short year ago bade us good bye and left us for her home in Wyandotte. Little did her classmates think they would be called upon so soon to say of her "She is gone! Gone to return to us no more." It is true that death does not always reap the "bearded grain." Nellie, our pretty, black-eyed Nellie, was just budding into womanhood, full of bright hopes for the future, when suddenly, a cloud gathered, the rose withered, and we, with the many friends who knew her "but to love," are left to gather up and treasure in our hearts the fragrance of her short life.



*Sile et philosophus esto.*

SECRET SOCIETIES.



KAPPA CHAPTER -- ESTABLISHED 1873.

## I. C.

RESIDENT MEMBER,  
SARA RICHARDSON, OF LOMBARD UNIVERSITY.

GRADUATE,  
FLORA E. RICHARDSON.

SENIOR,  
HANNAH OLIVER.

JUNIOR,  
A. GERTRUDE BOUGHTON.

SOPHOMORES,  
MAY RICHARDSON, CLARA L. MORRIS.

FRESHMEN,  
ABBY A. HOLT, MOLLIE GAMBLE,  
LIZZIE YEAGLEY.

PREPARATORY STUDENTS,  
MARCIA WOOD, FLORENCE NEVISON,  
JO. MARCH, ALMA RICHARDSON,  
VINA LAMBERT, NETTIE ROBINSON.



ALPHA NU CHAPTER, 1873.

## Beta Theta Pi.

RESIDENT MEMBERS,

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REV. T. Y. GARDNER, OF WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

GRADUATES,

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SENIOR,

E. B. NOYES.

JUNIORS,

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SOPHOMORES,

C. F. BASSETT, J. D. LAMBERT,  
C. W. SMITH, H. S. TREMPER.

N. J. STEPHENS.

FRESHMAN,

ARCHIE L. READ.

**Faculty.**

JOHN FRASER, A. M., PRESIDENT.  
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

DAVID H. ROBINSON, A. M.,  
Professor of Latin Language and Literature.

FRANK H. SNOW, A. M.,  
Professor of Natural History and Meteorology.

FREDERICK W. BARDWELL, B. S.,  
Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.

E. P. LEONARD,  
Professor of Modern Languages.

D. O. KELLOGG, JR., A. M.,  
Professor of History and of English Language and Literature.

FRED. E. STIMPSON, B. S.,  
Professor of Experimental Physics.

S. W. Y. SCHIMONSKY,  
Professor of Engineering and General Industrial Drawing.

BYRON C. SMITH, A. M.,  
Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

ALBERT NEWMAN, M. D.,  
Instructor in Human Anatomy and Physiology, and Hygiene.

J. E. BARTLETT,  
Instructor in Vocal Music.

**Undergraduates.**

COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

**Senior Class.***Semper Plus Ultra.*

Colon—Light Blue.

**OFFICERS.**

<i>President and Historian,</i>	- - - -	E. B. NOYES.
<i>Secretary and Orator,</i>	- - - -	IDA BLOOD.
<i>Treasurer and Poet,</i>	- - - -	HANNAH OLIVER.

Ida L. Blood,	Hannah Oliver,	E. B. Noyes.
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**Junior Class.**

Colon—Buff.

**OFFICERS.**

<i>President and Poet,</i>	- - - -	KATE STEPHENS.
<i>Vice President and Orator,</i>	- - - -	F. P. McLENNAN.
<i>Secretary and Chorister,</i>	- - - -	GERTRUDE BOUGHTON.
<i>Treasurer and Critic,</i>	- - - -	MATTIE CAMPBELL.
<i>Historian,</i>	- - - -	E. H. BANCROFT.

E. H. Bancroft,	A. Gertrude Boughton,
F. P. McLennan,	Mattie Campbell,
Kate Stephens.	



**Sophomore Class.***Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum.*

Color—Dark Blue.

**OFFICERS.**

<i>President,</i>	H. S. TREMPER.
<i>Secretary,</i>	C. F. BASSETT.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	JAS. WICKERSHAM.
<i>Historian,</i>	CHARLES W. SMITH.
<i>Poet,</i>	MAY RICHARDSON.
<i>Biographer,</i>	E. B. TUCKER.
<i>Scientific Lecturer,</i>	GEO. F. GAUMER.
<i>Orator,</i>	N. J. STEPHENS.
<i>Secr.,</i>	W. F. SERGENT.

Charles F. Bassett,	Nelson J. Stephens,
George F. Gaumer,	H. S. Tremper,
May E. Richardson,	Elmer B. Tucker,
W. F. Sergent,	James A. Wickersham,
Charles W. Smith,	

**Freshman Class.**

Color—Lavender.

**OFFICERS.**

<i>President,</i>	W. OSBORN.
<i>Vice President,</i>	J. W. BALL.
<i>Secretary,</i>	ABBY A. HOLT.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	MAY HARRIS.
<i>Historian,</i>	F. T. BOTSFORD.
<i>Poets,</i>	( GERTRUDE BULLENE. FRED A. ROGERS.
<i>Secr.,</i>	KATE SCHMUCKER.
<i>Chorister,</i>	ALICE GOSS.

Andrew Atchison,	Jonathan W. Ball,
Fernando S. Barber,	A. Gertrude Bullene,

Alice Goss,	Charles H. Harris,
L. L. Harris,	Mary E. Herrington,
May Harris,	Abby A. Holt,
Kate G. Jenkins,	Frank H. Morgan,
Kate M. Schmucker,	Grace E. M. Scoullar,
Kate S. Smead,	J. W. Stringfield,
S. C. Usher,	De Etta E. Warren,
Carrie M. Watson,	Clementine M. Wilson,
Lizzie Yeagley,	Salina Wilson.

**PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.****Senior Class.**

Color—Pink.

**OFFICERS.**

<i>President,</i>	C. TIMMONS.
<i>Vice President,</i>	FLORENCE NEVISON.
<i>Secretary,</i>	ISAAC GOFFE.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	ALMA RICHARDSON.
<i>Historian,</i>	VARA GUNN.
<i>Poets,</i>	( MOLLIE HERRINGTON, MARY EDIMILLER.
<i>Secr.,</i>	MARCIA WOOD.
<i>Sergeant,</i>	R. D. PROTZMAN.

**Middle Class.**

Colon—Scarlet.

**OFFICERS.**

<i>President,</i>	- - - -	CHARLES H. CONKLIN.
<i>Vice President,</i>	- - - -	JO MARCH.
<i>Secretary,</i>	- - - -	DE ETTA WARREN.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	- - - -	KATE WILLIAMS.
<i>Historian,</i>	- - - -	F. MONTGOMERY.
<i>Poet,</i>	- - - -	FRED GOFFE.
<i>Secr.,</i>	- - - -	MOLLIE MONTGOMERY.
<i>Sergeant,</i>	- - - -	ARTHUR BLOOD.

**Junior Class.***Work and Win.*

Colon—Light Green.

**OFFICERS.**

<i>President,</i>	- - - -	V. F. BROWN.
<i>Vice President,</i>	- - - -	NELLIE THACHER.
<i>Secretary,</i>	- - - -	DAVID STREET.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	- - - -	H. H. WRIGHT.
<i>Historian,</i>	- - - -	OLON WILLIAMS.
<i>Poet,</i>	- - - -	ELMIRA WOOD.
<i>Secr.,</i>	- - - -	J. W. RAINES.
<i>Sergeant,</i>	- - - -	W. H. SIMPSON.
<i>Marshal,</i>	- - - -	W. McCHANN.

**Appointments for Commencement,  
1874.**

<i>June 5,</i>	- - - -	Orophilian Society Exhibition.
<i>June 7,</i>	- - - -	Baccalaureate Address.
<i>June 8,</i>	- - - -	Oread Society Exhibition.
<i>June 9,</i>	- - - -	Class Day.
<i>June 10,</i>	- - - -	Commencement Day.

**Degrees Conferred**

IN 1873.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Miss FLORA RICHARDSON, and Messrs. L. D. L. TOSH and RALPH COLLINS.

The degree of Bachelor of Engineering was conferred on Mr. MURRAY HARRIS.

# Literary Societies.

## Oread Society.

*Esto Perpetua.*

### OFFICERS.

<i>President,</i>	H. OLIVER
<i>Vice President,</i>	E. B. NOYES.
<i>Recording Secretary,</i>	L. GOFFE.
<i>Corresponding Secretary,</i>	LOLIE BELL
<i>Treasurer and Librarian,</i>	C. F. BASSETT.
<i>Critic,</i>	ALMA RICHARDSON.
<i>Editors,</i>	JAMES WICKERSHAM, MARY GAMBLE.
<i>Sergeant,</i>	LOLIE BELL.

### MEMBERS.

#### RESIDENT GRADUATES.

Flora E. Richardson,	L. D. L. Tosh.
----------------------	----------------

#### COLLEGIATE STUDENTS

Hannah Oliver,	E. B. Noyes,
A. Gertrade Boughton,	Lizzie Williams,
May Richardson,	C. F. Bassett,
E. B. Tucker,	James Wickersham,
Alice Goss,	Abby A. Holt,
Vina Lambert,	J. H. Long,

Mary Gamble.

#### PREPARATORY STUDENTS.

Lolie Bell,	Alma Richardson,
Kate Harris,	Isaac Goffe,
J. H. Nowlin,	Carrie Goss,
Fred Goffe,	C. F. Likens,
C. H. Conklin,	Solon Williams.

# Orophillian Literary Society.

*Eloquentia Mundum Regit.*

### OFFICERS.

<i>President,</i>	C. W. SMITH.
<i>Vice President,</i>	WM. OSBORN.
<i>Secretary,</i>	H. S. TREMPER.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	N. J. STEPHENS.
<i>Editors,</i>	F. P. McLENNAN, DARIUS LUCAS.
<i>Critics,</i>	H. C. BURNETT, A. ATCHISON.
<i>Marshal,</i>	C. P. GROVENOR.
<i>Chorister,</i>	GEO. GAUMER.
<i>Sergeant at Arms,</i>	J. A. ENDSLEY.

### NON-OFFICIAL MEMBERS.

#### COLLEGIATE STUDENTS.

E. H. Bancroft,	Mattie Campbell,
F. F. Dinsmoor,	Kate Stephens,
Kate Smeed,	W. F. Sergeant,
May Harris,	J. W. Ball,
L. L. Harris,	Fred A. Rodgers,
	Frank T. Botsford.

#### PREPARATORY STUDENTS.

E. F. Barnett,	Lou Rankin,
Colin F. Timmons,	C. H. Gunn,
Mollie Herrington,	B. H. Barnett,
E. Owens,	R. D. Protzman,
F. L. Weaver,	J. B. Davis,
A. E. Blood,	V. F. Brown,
J. W. Raines,	E. E. Erskine,
S. E. True,	W. C. McCann,
D. C. Haines,	C. W. Cox,
	S. G. Mason.

**Hetaraia Philhellenike.****OFFICERS.**

<i>Proedros,</i>	Prof. B. C. SMITH.
<i>Grammateus,</i>	KATE STEPHENS.
<i>Tamias,</i>	C. F. BASSETT.
<i>Criticis,</i>	E. H. BANCROFT.

**MEMBERS.**

Prof. B. C. Smith,	W. F. Sergent,
E. H. Bancroft,	N. J. Stephens,
Kate Stephens,	H. S. Tremper,
C. F. Bassett,	E. B. Tucker.

**Historical Society.**

The Chairman is appointed each evening.  
The membership is restricted to Collegiate students.

**MEMBERS.**

Prof. D. O. Kellogg,	E. B. Noyes,
H. Oliver,	Ida Blood,
F. P. McLennan,	Kate Stephens,
E. H. Bancroft,	Mattie Campbell,
C. F. Bassett,	C. W. Smith,
May Richardson,	W. F. Sörgent,
N. J. Stephens,	H. S. Tremper,
E. B. Tucker,	Jas. Wickersham,
Grace Scoullar,	Kate Jenkins,
Abbie A. Holt,	H. C. Burnett,

Darius Lucus.

**Natural History Society.****OFFICERS.**

<i>President,</i>	Geo. F. GAUMER.
<i>Vice President,</i>	A. C. SCOTT.
<i>Secretary,</i>	J. W. BALL.
<i>Corresponding Secretary,</i>	Prof. F. H. SNOW.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	C. H. HARRIS.
<i>Editor,</i>	WM. OSBORN.
<i>Critic,</i>	ANDREW ATCHISON.
<i>Marshal,</i>	R. D. PROTZMAN.

**MEMBERS.**

Prof. F. H. Snow,	Geo. F. Gaumer,
Wm. Osborn,	Andrew Atchison,
J. W. Ball,	Bion Barnett,
A. C. Scott,	R. D. Protzman,
C. H. Harris,	Isaac Goffe,
John H. Long,	E. F. Burnett,
	Colin F. Timmons.

## ATHLETIC.

### BASE BALL CLUB.

#### OFFICERS.

<i>President,</i>	- - - -	H. S. TREMPER.
<i>Secretary,</i>	- - - -	W. F. SERGENT.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	- - - -	F. A. RODGERS.
<i>Captain,</i>	- - - -	F. T. BOTSFORD.

#### FIRST NINE.

F. T. BOTSFORD, Captain, 1st b.	
F. A. Rodgers, c.	W. J. Anderson, s. s.
H. S. Tremper, p.	W. F. Sergeant, l. f.
Colin Timmons, 2d b.	C. W. Smith, c. f.
E. E. Erskine, 3d b.	W. Osborn, r. f.

## University Legends.

### PART I.

Upon a mount was built, not far away,  
 A University, which stands to-day;  
 Of all the ologies beneath the sun,  
 Its students get a smattering of each one.  
 Its walls majestic, rising from the ground,  
 Are seen by travelers many miles around.  
 Once, in an angle of its mighty wall,  
 Some "grads" set out a trumpet creeper small.  
 At first, ambitious, it essayed to climb;  
 But cattle nipped it in its youthful prime.  
 The more it grew the more they nipped the shoot.  
 Till now there's little left it but its root.

But, what is wonderful, that hill, they say,  
 Is haunted or enchanted to this day:  
 And fearful tales are told of midnights' hour,  
 And deeds committed by some unseen power.  
 Of silence broken by unearthly hoots—  
 Of pumps from cisterns pulled up by the roots,—  
 Of wagons pulled to pieces, standing still,  
 Or running without horses down the hill,—  
 Of sidewalks gone, and fence-gates leveled low,—  
 The town-clock sometimes hours too fast or slow.  
 Such strange reports, such superstitions, seem  
 The wild, weird fancies of some feverish dream,  
 And show the need of such a college here,  
 To educate those people from such fear.  
 Of societies this college has its share,  
 All that it can support, and some to spare.  
 They're stubborn, staunch, and resolute—in fact,  
 In *resolutions* they display much tact.

The first is Oro—I forget the rest—  
 By "Orful-feeding" it is known the best.  
 Their greatest boast, although it may seem strange,  
 A constitution that will bear no change.  
 "Strangers, the others are of little worth;  
 This is the only chartered," and so forth.  
 Though they "don't brag," Oh, no! " 't is not their trick,"  
 Their modesty has never made them sick.  
 Next comes the Oread, of sexes both,  
 A new departure of some three years' growth.  
 Their talents vary, but their greatest rage  
 Is for low comedy upon the stage.  
 They wished a library all to themselves,  
 And filled one corner of their room with shelves.  
 This step accomplished, the next easy looks:  
 To "raise the wind" and fill those shelves with books.  
 As "ten cent socials" could no money bring,  
 An entertainment must be just the thing.  
 So they began rehearsals, got a ghost,  
 Costumes, advertisements, and bills to post,  
 And marshaled on the stage in wondrous show,  
 And dished up "Bluebeard" to the crowd below.  
 This done, they found, when they would count their gains,  
 They were ten dollars minus for their pains.  
 And to this day their shelves, as I have heard,  
 Are without books,—a cage without the bird.

Next a fraternity comes on the ground  
 With California diamonds all around.  
 From some Greek letters Beta's take their name,  
 Though champion Eta's they could rightly claim.  
 'T was oft remarked by some, I know not why,  
 "'T is wonderful to see those Et-a Pi."  
 Their aim, 't is thought, is to supply the drain  
 That's made upon the stomach by the brain.

The next, a sisterhood they claim to be,  
 Such high pretensions never did I C.  
 Irresistible Charmers they call themselves,  
 And who knows better than those sprightly elves?  
 To keep a corner on old maids they try,  
 And make the market better by and by.  
 But then their banquets,—O, ye gods, what fare!

The dainties of the season all are there:  
 Cakes, ices, pickles, strawberries and cream,  
 Surpassing any hungry mortals dream.  
 Then let them form their plans whate'er befall,  
 Once at their table we forget it all.

Last, but not least, there comes a nameless crew,  
 Their banner the black flag; their numbers few.  
 A secret sect in more respects than one,  
 Their numbers, names, and meetings are unknown.  
 Their chief ambition is to raise a row,  
 And kick the devil up—no matter how.  
 On theories those Ishmaelites don't go,  
 But are for *practice*, as a tale will show.

One night there gathered in the college hall,  
 A band of "undergrads," select and small,  
 And, though supposed to be the studious few,  
 The object of their vigils no one knew.  
 Perhaps, to gain fresh scientific facts;  
 To study lightning with catskin and wax;  
 Or, as it was a lovely night in June,  
 To gnaw Greek roots beneath the silvery moon.  
 However that might be, they sternly stood,  
 Holding low converse in no pleasant mood,  
 Of having, after study hard, to watch  
 Their grades marked down below the lowest notch.  
 When suddenly was tolled the midnight hour,  
 A door swung open by some unseen power,  
 And standing on the threshold in the gloom,  
 There stood a ghastly spectre from the tomb;  
 And, as he stepped out in the moon's pale light,  
 Their limbs were palsied by the fearful sight.  
 Of clothing he had none at all to spare;  
 His dry bones rattled in the midnight air;  
 His gait was stately, and his form was tall;  
 His footsteps echoed through the silent hall.  
 Those students thought when first they saw him pass,  
 'T was Father Time, without his scythe and glass.  
 "'T is our old skeleton," at length one said.  
 "Taking his nightly ramble ere he goes to bed."  
 Then said another, "We have had for days,  
 Political economy in various ways,

As far as theory goes we're not denied,  
 But thus far practice has been ill supplied.  
 You see that skeleton upon his walk?  
 Now, then, as grades are down, and student's stock  
 Will soon be worthless to the man who owns,  
 Let's trade it off and speculate in bones."  
 This hint succeeding, they advanced with care,  
 The skeleton was cornered then and there.  
 The stock thus gobbled proved a lucky prize,  
 For quickly after bones began to rise.  
 The bones in market the next day were few,  
 The premium offered paralyzed the crew.  
 Instead of selling they shed joyful tears  
 And poured congratulations in each others ears.  
 But ah, a day will oft suffice to show  
 How closely mingled are man's weal and woe.  
 That very night, as rumored through the town,  
 The "undergrads" went up and *bones came down*.  
 This contretemps closed an eventful day,  
 And, with its record, I shall close my lay.

## Commencement Week,

1873.

For weeks before the eventful time arrived the great topic of conversation, the principal theme of newspaper editorials, and the warp and woof of the day and night dreams of students was *Our First Commencement*. It came at last, but did the realization of dreams come too?

Sunday night brought the Baccalaureate sermon, and the "gentle showers," which, totally unmindful of those new plugs, and the silks, laces, ribbons, and false curls, came down with a force and fury which made us doubt the *gentle* part of the appellation and wear our old hats. Monday was cold, cloudy, dreary, and the possessors of the new white dresses began to look blue, grow restless, and gaze impatiently out of the windows as they listened to the lecture by Major Ransom before the Oread Society.

When we awoke on Class day morning, to our great surprise and joy the sun was shining brightly, and all nature seemed refreshed and beautified after the rain, but I felt weak—my head was confused—and where had I been the night before—I have a dim recollection of supper, and cards, and wine— But Tuesday was grand! Long orations by the Seniors, great applause, bouquets, grand smash, big band. Oh, happy day, when I shall be a Senior gay!

It was evening. We had all assembled once more within the halls of our Alma Mater, but we marched out again to the soul-stirring strains of music and took a station favorable for witnessing the planting of the vine,—alas! "it is gone where the woodbine twineth"—the band played, the students sang a farewell to the departing ones, (Seniors, not the vine), and the Seniors all handled a spade for the first time in their lives, thinking the while of the *Grave-Diggers* in Hamlet. We then repaired to the hall and "tripped the light fantastic toe" for two hours, after which the exercises were resumed in the hall, and the University enriched by the parting gifts of the class. During the music which followed "IT" fell

Confusion and depression ensued. It was heart-rending thus to remind us, in the bloom of our youth and beauty, of the inevitable that awaits us all.

The dignified Prof's grew excited :

They found a clue;  
Only a bit of green ribbon,  
Now *Mazarine Blue*.

But the search was vain, and after nights of reflection and days of cogitation, we have decided that it was the spirits of the departing—Seniors! After "IT" was raised once more to its resting place on high, the Juniors modestly said "thank you ma'am" for the *Spring Hat* and the advice graciously bestowed on them by their predecessors.

Commencement Day opened with a grand march, in which the floating white dresses, streaming class colors, and *useful umbrellas* played a conspicuous part. Then each of the victims was summoned and received the "*sheepskin*" for which he had labored so faithfully and wished so ardently. Oh, moment of supreme satisfaction when it was actually in his hand! The oration by Senator Ingalls next claimed our attention till dinner was ready, which was *the event of the day* (to some folks,) and we were happy. (The toasts did not reach as far as the student's table.)

But, as to all things, there came an end, we said good bye, and shed a tear, and went home tired out, cross, and almost sick, and fully made up our mind that Commencement was grand, glorious, next to Fourth of July, but we were glad it only came once a year.

## University Legends.

### PART II.

September third arrived at last,  
The sun rose full and clear,  
And from the heavens seemed to announce  
The coming college year.

A few days passed and all was done,  
Each to his class consigned,  
Vacation o'er, again, the mind  
Must be to books confined.

How hard at first: the summer romps  
Before their minds arise,  
Excursions, picnics, parties, balls,  
Green grass and sunny skies.

With foot-ball on Mt. Oread's height  
The boys spent leisure hours;  
Each class was represented there,  
To illustrate its powers.

But mishaps waxed, and foot-ball waned,  
Which conquerors remained,  
The preps or the collegiates,  
Was never ascertained.

As time passed on, among them all,  
A studious spirit grew,  
But forth three broke at various times,  
Adventures not a few.

A few congenial spirits met  
By special invitation,  
To ease some poultry of their cares  
By a kind of elimination.



A banquet! what a glorious sound!  
 Before my furnished eyes  
 A generous board with pastry spread,  
 And turkeys twain arise.

The horn of plenty overflows  
 With Rosebrook's sparkling wine;  
 The toasts are given, the laugh goes 'round,  
 With mirth the faces shine.

Lo, now the sound of music's heard,  
 Scraped on a rusty fiddle,  
 And "T. C." bummers form a set,  
 "Dan Trucker" in the middle.

Oh! Father Bacchus, if thy heart  
 Was e'er for mortals warmed,  
 This "T. C." banquet of the boys  
 Thy senses must have charmed.

But a great event of the passing year  
 Was the trip the Beta's took,  
 With their ladies, down to Coffeyville,  
 Which we must not overlook.

What a gay and happy group they were,  
 Who, on that Friday morn  
 Were, gathered in their palace car,  
 Away from Lawrence borne.

"Cast books and studies all aside,  
 Let joy be ours to-day,  
 We'll laugh and joke, and play and sing,  
 And drive all care away."

Night brought them to their journey's end,  
 How short it seemed to all;  
 A steaming supper welcomed them,  
 And then began the ball.

'T would take a Shakspeare to describe  
 This gay and festive hop,  
 How they waltzed, and danced the Boston march  
 Till weariness bade them stop.

Sadly they left this mirthful place  
 To return on the morning train,  
 With a longing hope that ere very long  
 They might come back again.

The war that for a time raged strong  
 Between the Preps and Sophs,  
 The clamor of whose battles loud  
 So much disturbed the Profs,—

Forgotten was at any time  
 When mischief could be hatched,  
 And in a friendly league they joined,  
 Till it was well dispatched.

And one day when two luckless wights  
 Called in, to see the sights  
 About the building, ere the train  
 Left for the Eastern States,—

They were to heights enormous led  
 By crafty Sophs or Preps,  
 Who locked them in a room, and fled  
 Like lightning down the steps.

Victims of misplaced confidence,  
 They only could remain  
 Till Heaven released them from their fate.  
 But, oh! they missed the train.

Last but not least of the merry times,  
 Which we shall here record,  
 The banquet of the I C's is,  
 'Mong memory's treasures stored.

Here every clime contributed  
 Its delicacies rarest,  
 And Flora and Pomona sent,  
 Of specimens, the fairest.

Wit sparkled, and the merry laugh  
 Resounded on each side,  
 At last 't was o'er, the feast was done,  
 And then for toasts they tried.

"The girls of our University;"  
 "The sisterhood, I C.;"  
 The famous "Young America;"  
 And "Beta Theta Pi."

Full many deeds we might relate  
 Of valor, and of jest:  
 But *think* you're tired, and *know* we are,  
 And so we'll take a rest.

L. B. F. G.

Quatuor youths ad suburbs venunt,  
Quatuor lads their cursus tenunt,

Versus granger's domum.

Nunquam stop to rest their pedes,

Nunquam find sequestered sedes.

Sub the shades arborum.

Sepe look in partis omnis,

Fearing quidam, waked from somnis,

Eos sequiturus.

Gallus from some far off tectum,

Tabu sounds with great effectum,

Putit day futurum.

Mox they reach a procul valley,

Round a fallen trunkus rally,

Nubes expecterunt.

Tum with cordes faintly beating,

Nunc advancing, nunc retreating,

Castris repererunt.

Now ad portum Crito venit,

Captures hostem, duos tenunt,

Whispers "cave canem"

Wild the pugna charge they fecunt,

Wilder tamen viam maktunt,

Homeward primam lucem.

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Like a  running down hill to the puddle.  
Then on **Burt's** look! behold her pass along.

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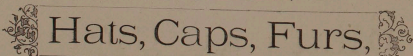
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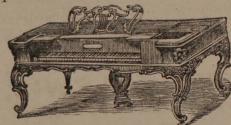
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