The College Librarian has secured the services of an assistant, in the person of Miss Anne Shaw. This will give him more time for purchasing new books, and for increasing the already great facilities of the library. The preparation of a catalogue, for which hitherto he has not had time, may now be expected to proceed.

The authorities should receive the thanks of every student who rooms in the dormitories, for putting the grounds and buildings under the protection of policemen. Those outside of the College who have been in the habit of making the campus a place for loafing, organ grinders who have been accustomed to grind out their ear-tiring melodies under our windows, and suspicious-looking persons who, heretofore, have prowled, unmolested, in and around the dormitories, are to be put off the grounds. Visitors will be conducted to the rooms or buildings to which they may desire to go.

We have never, as yet, told our politics, consequently (?) Hayes still clings to his southern policy. Maybe it is well that we have done so. Taken all together, they are rather of a miscellaneous character. Take for example the financial question. We approve of greenbacks and all kinds of currency. We are heartily in favor of specie (and immediate) payments for a year's subscription to The Princetonian. We are willing to receive the dollars, be they of "our daddies" or of anybody else—what's the use of being particular. We have "resumed" for another year, and are now waiting for the legal tender, specie or "spondulix," to "resume" this way. Last June some of our exchanges gave the circulation of many of the College papers. Without exception they all put The Princetonian as having the smallest subscription list. This, like a good many other things said about Princeton, is not and was not true. It is true, however, that the number of our subscribers is smaller in proportion to the number of students than in many other Colleges. This should not be so. The Lit. and Princetonian are managed by no cliques. The profits do not go into the pockets of the editors. We do the work and have the "cussings" thrown in, for what—why, for the "honor of the thing."

Our Treasurer has his office now in 4 S. E., and will be glad to receive subscriptions for the present year.

* * * "Whereat my nose is in great indignation."
—Tempest.

The leisurely Senior now congratulates himself and his coterie of friends without annoyance, beneath the 'customed elm. All his anxious forebodings or unpleasant recollections are forever put to flight at sight of the College policeman pacing his majestic rounds. No more shall be such offensive intrusion on the part of snobbery as whilom.

"Unmannerly and uninvited crept
Into his haunts of most select delight."

The purity of the moral atmosphere within the classic precincts of our campus, shall henceforth
receive no taint from thence; nor shall the tender sensibilities of the under-graduate experience any shock from viewing horrid symptoms of the disorders whereof the outside world is sick. But man’s nature is complex. Directly one absorbing desire is satisfied he becomes conscious of lesser wants before unfelt. No sooner is the mind of the average student relieved from apprehension by this disciple of the peripatetic school, who is to purge us of all moral ills, (always the prime consideration to a Princeton man,) than the physical part of him becomes sensitive to the influence of malaria, and he begins to reflect upon the awful capabilities within him in the way of typhus fever and the like. He even thinks upon his latter end, and reckons the expediency of a College undertaker. Why not have a proper and authorized personage to superintend his obsequies? The present writer recollects, with mingled emotions, the torturing anxieties upon this head, which disturbed him during the lucid intervals of a dangerous fever, through which he passed a year ago. It was his first year at Princeton, and he is now acclimated, so to speak: albeit, the ordeal was severe, and the remembrance of it is a constant reminder of what a luxury a fever is.

But then, too, why not have, meanwhile, a resident College physician to smooth this brief, steep pathway to the tomb? Surely, were ever a special and skillful workman needed, it were in such a case. Such are the strange and weighty thoughts borne to us by these pregnant winds. The smells emitted from the sink at the end of North, and from elsewhere as we pass along, are certainly fructifying to our brain, and we shortly lose ourself in sombre musings. Presently the gleam from the policeman’s silver badge illuminates us with the thought of how vastly our condition is ameliorated by his presence, and we dismiss all with the assurance that, with these two great desiderata we have mentioned, we could, so far as now appears, go on our way almost rejoicing to inhale the reeking air. Our outlook were then no longer bodeful; and our souls would certainly rest in satisfied placidity, even though Nose-gate were so insulted as might well provoke the indignation and remonstrances of twenty thousand Trinculos. That the sanitary arrangements of Princeton do not exhibit the highest results that science and art in this department have yet achieved, we nowise suspect. This of getting the physician and the undertaker is undoubtedly our ultimatum.

The Freshman has so long been the subject of disquisition at the opening of the year, that it may be well, for the sake of the variety, to direct attention to the other end of the course, and inform the College public who and what the Senior is. It is peculiarly necessary at this time to detail the marks of the Senior in order to save from repetition the very common mistake of last year in taking Seniors for lower classmen. We had hoped that by this time the cap and gown would have been a regular article of apparel with the uppermost classman, if for no other reason, to save us the trouble of writing him up. The average Senior would be differently described according to the different standpoints from which he is viewed. In the eyes of the Freshman he is the embodiment of all that is manly, intelligent and dignified—a very cyclopaedia of knowledge—knowing, in fact, “all that is worth knowing.” In the consciousness of him who wears the dignity, he is merely the fortunate who has by some chance or mischance succeeded in passing the Junior Finals. The Freshman’s is the ideal Senior. The other is the actual production of a three years’ College course. The ideal is tall and finely proportioned, cultivates the whisker, carries a fine cane and bows to you, if he bows at all, with a patronizing air. The actual production is just ordinary in his appearance; if Providence has blessed him, raises the whisker, if not, does the best he can without one, carries no stick at all, or, if so, a common one, and addresses friends, whether classmates or not, with “how are you, old boy.” His knowledge is fugitive. He is like the other genius the world produced in knowing “little Latin and less Greek.” His habits are gregarious. The days of isolated entertainments and midnight meditations, with Latin and Greek texts, with him, are o’er. If he takes the classics at all, he takes them mildly, and rides rather than walks along. He belongs to a crowd. If it is literary in its tone, Shakespeare is often the subject of discussion, if not, boating, base-ball, or possibly Carl Helleman’s beer. He takes naturally to easy electives. Hence he has heretofore quite generally patronized history and astronomy. Chapel stage is his occasion of show-
ing himself. If he's polling for the Historical Fellowship, he takes a portion of his hundred-page essay as a speech; if he contemplates running for Congress after leaving College, he prepares an invective against the opposite party, and heads it "Civil Service Reform;" if he doesn't know what to write about and has nothing particular to say, he puts a high-toned subject on the programme, hands in an old essay to the Professor, and gets excused from speaking. If he has used his time well, his experience in class meetings has made him an accomplished wire-puller, an acquirement not the least useful in life. As being the organ of the expression of College sentiment, he is heard at most every general gathering of the students, where those who wish to know him further must resort.

It is scarcely to be expected that the average Sophomore will forego the noble pastime of hazing Freshmen, without a struggle. He derives the instinct from ancestral Sophomores, and to forbid its normal exercise would be as unwarrentable an invasion of prerogative as would be the taking away of his cane, or the curtailing of his privilege of yelling whenever the spirit moves him.

Since, therefore, the practice is so deeply "writ" in the Sophomoric constitution as to be likely to withstand all the fiery darts of indignant reformers, the writer of this article deems it advisable to view the subject from the calmer and more dignified standpoint of the historian and philosopher.

The origin of hazing is buried in obscurity. It is most probably, however, of semi-barbaric or even simian extraction. The latter hypothesis, though no demonstrative evidence is accessible, is rendered highly plausible by the apish manner in which the custom is perpetuated from year to year, as well as by the predatory disposition from which it takes its rise.

This a priori proof is strengthened by a posteriori evidence of the strongest kind. Among orders of being lower than man, the preying instinct has every circumstance to favor its development. The struggle for existence renders the most intense selfishness an essential condition of success in life. The survival of the fittest would tend to preserve those individuals that show the least hesitation in destroying life in order to support their own.

From long association of the sufferings of others with personal pleasure and well-being, a spirit of cruelty would be generated, and the animal that at first inflicted pain in order to satisfy its own wants, would come at length to take pleasure in it for its own sake. Thus, by an obvious law of association, the genesis of a very interesting proclivity may be explained. Any doubts as to the paternity of the hazing instinct that may still linger in the minds of the reader of this article, will be dissipated by the further consideration that, even in this enlightened age, the savage Australian and others of his ilk whom Providence has seen fit to endow with but half of the ordinary quantity of brains, show an evident partiality for such amusements as burning or burying alive a refractory parent, or torturing to death an unfortunate missionary, whose flesh is more attractive to them than his doctrine. Sociology points to such examples as illustrative of the preying instinct in its simplest form.

(It may be noted here, in parentheses, that the savage's lack of compassion for his victim is to be attributed to his inability to represent to his own mind the feelings of another. Sympathy springs up when the imagination has developed sufficiently to form a vivid picture of that which is not immediately experienced by the agent himself. This power no savage possesses.)

Eventually, however, a feeling of genuine humanity is awakened: the lower, selfish instincts give way to compassion and generosity. A regard for the rights and feelings of others springs up, and gives rise to an incipient code of honor and social morality. This ripens in time into that delicate and chivalrous spirit which is at once the crown and the glory of our modern society. It would be folly, however, to imagine that the primary instincts had been driven entirely from the field. With the refinement of tenderness, a parallel refinement of cruelty may be traced. Such delicate pastimes as the gladiatorial combats of the old Roman, the Auto da Fe of the Spaniard, and the bull-baitings and prize ring of the Anglo-Saxon, bear ample testimony to the rigor of the aboriginal propensity.

The origin and genealogy of the hazing instinct is, therefore, plainly traceable. It has played a very important, if not a dignified, part in the experience of the race. It would, consequently, be
the height of presumption to attack so venerable an institution with the shaft of ridicule or the battle-axe of reform. To speculate on the causes of its longevity is, however, both legitimate and praiseworthy. Judging from a philosophical stand-point, the practice seems to be due to arrested development. It is a well-established principle, as hinted before, that sympathy depends on the vividness of the imagination. In proportion as the cerebral hemispheres increase in size, and the facility of representative thought becomes developed, the ability to ideally picture the mental state of another grows more marked. A stage is finally reached in which the representation is so vivid as to cause pleasure or pain in the mind of the beholder, according to the nature of the emotion witnessed. This is the foundation of sympathy. Where the conditions are supplied, it inevitably springs up. It is logically inferable, then, that a lack of sympathy arises from the absence of the requisite conditions. The conclusion is forced upon us, that the survival of such practices as hazing is due to arrested development in the upper region of the cerebral hemisphere.

The true nature of the so-called evil having been discovered, it follows that it is a subject for pathological rather than moral treatment. The quasi criminal is the innocent victim of a not very uncommon freak of nature, his responsibility has been fully established, and henceforth he is to be regarded as an object of commiseration rather than a target for ridicule and invective.

As the season for playing foot-ball approaches, it becomes us to see what we must do in order to gain success. In the past we have had a success in this game which has been wanting in all others, and we can, with truth, claim the championship. During last year, however, a change was made which necessitates a new start if we would again win success. In addition to the natural pride of the College, and consequent desire to be victorious, there are new reasons this year for energetic action in foot-ball.

We have before alluded to the prize which the Polo Club of New York intended to offer to the victorious team in matches between Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton. We are glad to be able to confirm this rumor, and state some of the arrangements.

The matches for the prize will all be played on the Polo Grounds in New York, and will probably occur in the first part of November. The teams will consist of fifteen men, and play under the rules adopted at last year's convention. A meeting of the captains will soon be called to arrange the dates of the games.

This will undoubtedly prove the most exciting contest which has occurred for many years. We will meet our equals on the field, and will have hard work to prevent their proving our superiors. In order to acquit ourselves with credit, hard and steady practice will be necessary. We are glad to see that the directors have commenced at once, and are making the most of the time gained by the early opening of College. Let the players support them, and let all who have any desire to play, try the game; they may be better players than they think. We are glad, too, that a ball has been placed in the hands of the general crowd, as that has always been the training school for our players, and the danger was that the Rugby Rules would be played only by the team. There is no reason why we should not gain success, if the fellows will only display some energy in the matter.

There is another subject which it is due to the foot-ball directors should be mentioned. During last year great expense was incurred, and a large debt still overhangs the directors.

This would have been considerably less but for the action of one of '77's directors. The directors have been at much personal expense, and have had recourse to loans from students to avoid trouble. This hampers their movements, and they justly look to the College for financial assistance. A new class has entered, and it is hoped that many new players will appear upon the field. It is hoped, also, that they will assist in defraying the expenses of the College athletics.

If the debt could be paid at once, and the management relieved from all embarrassment, we would have reason to expect a new interest, and success as the final result.

—In an article on the habits of the fly, the New York Tribune ably says: "Great care has to be taken in eating huckleberries, because nothing pleases a fly so much as to be mistaken for one; and if he can be baked in a cake and pass himself on the unwary as a currant, he dies without a regret." —Detroit Free Press.
CONTRIBUTIONS.

[From the N. Y. Herald, June, 1920.]
FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.


This is Commencement Day at the institution located here, and crowds of solemn strangers fill the halls of Old Nassau. Hundreds of veloci-pedes pass up and down the broad avenues of this delightful city, and knots of students are seen here and there in eager conversation upon some topic of vital interest to the College community, or to the country. Nothing can be more admirable than the method and decorum with which all the exercises are conducted. None but the prophetic could have imagined, twenty-five years ago, that pleasure could be so systematized and regulated as it now is. Few can imagine how all customs and habits have changed here within the last twenty or thirty years. I was to-day conversing with an old gentleman who graduated here in the year 1870, and I was much interested in the account he gave of the College customs during his course. I was also much gratified to see the salutary change which has occurred, and the present perfect operation of College discipline. It seems that in old times there always existed a deep-seated though not satisfactorily explained hatred between Sophomores and Freshmen. This hatred frequently resulted in inhuman collisions between large bodies of young men from these two classes, and in other equally ungentlemanly manifestations of enmity. Sophomores, with a meanness of spirit which Sophomores of our times can ill understand, were formerly in the habit of endeavoring to prevent the Freshmen from enjoying the privilege of carrying canes—a privilege which is now considered every citizen's birthright in this our free and glorious country. The spirit of disorder was sometimes wont to take hold even upon upper-classmen, breaking forth in the form of unseemly disturbances during the quiet of the night, when the College laws required that all students should be in their rooms. The College authorities seemed powerless to prevent the kindling of bon fires upon the very campus, and the singing of noisy and idle songs along the halls of the very buildings.

What a happy contrast now! Nothing can exceed the indulgence and kind attention which the Sophomores now extend to their younger brethren, the Freshmen. I was, last night, present at a very interesting ceremony, in which the new spirit which now pervades the two lower classes was pleasantly manifested. The Sophomores and Freshmen had gathered together in the College Chapel to witness the presentation by the Sophomores of a gold-headed cane to the President of Freshmen Class. Thus is a brotherly feeling constantly exhibited between the Classes. Almost all the students are gentlemen of exemplary conduct, who blush at the thought that the College ever witnessed such scenes as are said to have taken place at the ancient "cane-sprees." Whenever any slight disturbance takes place upon the campus, (which seldom happens,) every student who is near enough to be aware of the disturbance, immediately hurries to his room, and there remains until quiet has been restored by the Proctor, who is only too glad to find something to do. At night no sounds are heard in or around the buildings, but, perhaps, now and then, the hurried step of some anxious student as he paces his room in deep thought or excited speculation. My old friend agreed with me, that all these changes in College life have been for the better, but still seems to remember, with strange pleasure, the gay experience of his youth and under-graduate life.

[Here follows a detailed report of the Commencement Exercises, but we cannot quote further at present.]

BASE-BALL.

"Here's to Nassau Hall,
For she's bully at base-ball,"

Is a little couplet which we begin to fear will not soon be heard again in Princeton, unless it comes from some alumnus in a moment of forgetfulness after a class re-union. Why we have failed in our efforts to gain the College championship, has been too often asked and answered in The Lit. That venerable organ would be justly incensed should we enter into the discussion of the whys and wherefores of past defeats. We simply offer a few suggestions respecting the management of base-ball affairs for the coming year. We have discussed the plan with several prominent base-ball men in College, and it has been received by all with apparent favor. We trust it will have the consideration of those who have
authority to decide such matters. We must play nothing but class games in the fall—university games alone in the spring. This should be the rule of future action. We have now in College just four men who were on the University Nine of last year. It would be foolishness to put these men in the field, supplying the vacant places with men picked almost at random. Practice now, and, in the spring, play other Colleges. Let all idea of a University Nine for this fall be given up. Let every man who plays base-ball at all try for a position on his Class Nine. Establish a system of class matches for the championship of the College. Class matches are exciting enough if well played. Witness that between '77 and '78 in the spring of 1876. At the end of the season let the association elect a captain, who shall this winter work in the gymnasium fifteen of the best men taken from all the classes, and in the spring, when the University Nine is chosen, even if defeat comes, there will be the satisfaction of knowing that we have in the field the best nine the College can afford.

Y.

A WORD IN DEFENCE OF THE CLASS OF '8o.

The class of '8o has acquired a novel but rather unenviable reputation. Virgil's horrid monster, Fama, has been abroad, sometimes herself starting a report, sometimes giving huge proportions to a thing of little moment, knowing well that some newspaper editors bite readily enough when the hook is baited, no matter with what.

Allow us to say a word in defence of '8o. The doings of the last few days of Freshman year, whose tragic termination has made them famous, were hardly such as the faculty would be likely to approve, but surely the conduct of the class was not of such a character as to merit their especial wrath, which, to say the least, is inconvenient.

It is true they were boisterous, and, in some cases, ungentlemanly. It would not be easy to prove that it is sensible for an entire class to form in line and shout "Fresh" at the top of their lungs to every new comer among us. But it is unfair to base an opinion concerning a class on their proceedings during three days. In his farewell speech one of the tutors remarked that so gentlemanly and well-behaved a class had never before, as far as his observation had gone, graced Freshman year.

After having endured in this truly remarkable manner the annoyances and restraints of an entire year, culminating in a week of severe examinations, what was more natural than a re-action? And placed in such peculiar circumstances, how else could they have given vent to their high spirits? Call this "fresh" if you will. Freshness is, to a certain extent, inherent in human nature, and the question is whether it is not preferable to throw it off at one burst in Fresh year, when it is in place, than tranquilly to emit it throughout the College course. It saves time.

Hazing is objectionable. It may result in harm, and cannot do much good. But it is vastly preferable to shouting, groaning and stamping in Chapel.

When one reads of an entire class suspended for hazing done by a few of its members, and that shouting at Freshmen and shooting fireworks are the characteristics of a "Molly Maguire" in embryo, he can but think that it would be advisable for these papers to use a little common sense in making their reports, if they care nothing for truthfulness.

THE LAND OF THOR.

An American is impressed at first with the average Norwegian's capacity for his beloved "aquavit;" then his devotion to his pipe, and, mingled with these more sensual loves, is his devotion to old Norway. It was our good fortune to pass the vacation in the land of the midnight sun, and to penetrate a little way into the stillness of the Arctic seas. In going from Throndhjem to the north, we had on board representatives of many classes. There was the elegant German naval officer, traveling for pleasure; three explorers, one of them on his way to Greenland; the omnipresent commercial traveler, going to Archangel with his samples; then, too, we had a Russian consul, who smoked his national cigarette and made his own tea at every meal; but quite different from all, a man who enjoys the distinction of being a member of the Storting or parliament, elected by the most northern constituency of Europe. He was on his way home from Christiania. If curiosity prompts you, look for Tana on the map. Your eye strikes Throndhjem; now
BOATING.

A year has elapsed since Princeton retired from an active membership in the "Inter-collegiate Boating Association." The main reason for this retirement was the debt which rested upon us. We withdrew in order to remove, if possible, those obligations from our shoulders, and start anew this year, unencumbered by pecuniary affairs. Today, however, we are not much better off than we were a year ago. There is a deadness concerning boating matters in the College which it is our duty to shake off. Let us give up the idea of a University crew this fall, as any rate, and see what can be done with the class crews. Now the way to bring out class crews is not by bumping races, that is almost a universal fact. To begin with, the water in the canal is too lifeless for a straightaway race, even; much worse then is it for bumping races, where one crew gets the wash of another. What we would advocate is that the class races be held this fall at New Brunswick; that we have there a straightaway race of as great a distance as the river will allow. The shells can be taken to New Brunswick, without much cost, on canal boats. The men can go down a day or two before the race, to row over the course, and thus no time will be lost from College duties. The plan is not an expensive one, and will give much more satisfaction than the bumping races. Each crew will have a fair chance, and what there is in the different men will be developed. By this means more interest will be taken in boating matters, and, if it be a possible thing, Princeton can once more take a position among the boating Colleges.

R.

We have received from the committee appointed by the class of '75 at their annual meeting, June 20th, the following resolutions of respect to the memory of Mr. Blinn:

Whereas, God, in His infinite wisdom, has, during the past year, removed by death our classmate, William H. Blinn;

Resolved, That while we sincerely lament his early death, we nevertheless recognize the hand of a merciful Providence, and are confident in the hope that his life of suffering has been exchanged for one of eternal health and joy.

Resolved, That we hereby record our appreciation of the many estimable qualities that, in years
of pleasant association, endeared him to us all, and express our heartfelt sympathy with his bereaved relatives and friends.

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, and published in the College journals.

J. P. Coyle,
W. V. Louderbough,
H. Moffat;
Committee of the Class of ’75*

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A FRESHMAN’S SAGACITY.

One cannot help feeling a sort of pity for some of the Freshmen as they stumble, amid all sorts of queer mistakes, through their first term of College life. And yet these blundering ones very frequently astound and humble upper-classmen by transient flights of shrewdness and foresight. A friend of ours recently came under the withering influence of the mind of a Freshman, suddenly illuminated by a fleeting ray of intelligence. Our friend is not easily imposed upon. He is a man wise in the ways of the world, and especially in the ways of the College world: He is a man of a long head as well as of long legs—a man of commanding presence and keen intelligence. An affable companion and a sharp business man, our friend knows well how to assume either the easy manners of the drawing-room or the business-like politeness and tact of the first-class salesman. Like most of his class-mates, he was recently engaged in disposing of his old text books to the rising classes below him. His collection of books was varied, and his diligence and patience in suit ing the tastes of various purchasers were exemplary. But an hour came in which he was to be humiliated.

To while away the time, we presume, and certainly to enhance the comfort of his person, he was stripped to the waist and indulging in a sponge bath when there came a knock at his door, and in walked a Freshman, whose eyes spoke inquiry and confiding trust in the person he was about to address. Our friend bowed from behind his towel and the Freshman bowed from behind his trusting eyes.

“I am desirous of purchasing some books,” quoth the Freshman in answer to our friend’s inquiring glance.

“I have several books on hand of which I wish to dispose, and shall be happy to serve you,” answered our friend, with as much dignity as if he spoke from the depths of a broadcloth coat instead of from the damp folds of his towel.

“At present I want only an Euclid.”

“Ah!” said our friend, producing two small books from his somewhat remarkable collection of bound and unbound works; “I think I can easily suit you. Here is a copy of the work of Mr. Todhunter, which is without cover, and the leaves of which are rather loosely held together. You will find it an excellent copy from which to prepare for the ordeal of examination. Its price is only twenty-five cents. Here, on the other hand, is the same work, bound and complete. It is in good condition, and is intended for hard students. You may have it for fifty cents. Both are great bargains, especially the former.”

The Freshman hesitated. He shifted from foot to foot; he backed and filled and hove-to, and then, bearing up for the door, announced his intention of ascertaining from a certain well-known firm in this quiet village the original cost of the work. Our friend was well content, and, during the Freshman’s short absence, continued his rubbing, well satisfied that his new friend could not but see that he had offered his second-hand copies at a great sacrifice, and that he would return prepared to buy at once.

The Freshman returned; the towel was again brought to the front.

“New, the book costs one dollar and thirteen cents,” exclaimed the Freshman.

“Ah! my perfect copy is only fifty cents.”

“But I am in the book trade myself, and have concluded to send home for a Euclid.”

“Good morning,” growled the man behind the towel.

“Good morning,” said the Freshman, hastily retiring, with the look of victory in his eyes and the towel-clad form of vengeance behind his back.

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*Boston policemen no longer carry clubs. When they want to arrest a ricter, they arrest his attention by a sad, sweet smile, and say:

“Accursed and unquiet wrangling days! Either be patient and entreat me fair, Or with the clamorous voice of outraged law, Here will I apprehend thee, and immure Thy lawless carcass in the sullen walls.”
REPTORER.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEJDITION.—The party which left here on June 21st, to travel for scientific purposes, has returned, and we would extend to them a cordial welcome.

It would be, of necessity, impossible to give any detailed account of their doings; but we will give an outline of their trip, as obtained from one of their number.

Leaving here on Thursday, June 21st, at 8 P. M., they journeyed directly to Denver, Col. Here they immediately proceeded to obtain their outfit of ponies, wagons, guide, provisions, etc., and then travelled south seventy-five miles to Colorado Springs. This ride was the most severe in the whole trip, and the fellows were effectually "broken in" thereby. The course lay along the edge of the prairie, and was extremely hot and dusty. The end, however, was reached, and camp pitched in the "Garden of the Gods," near Manitow, the Saratoga of the West. From this point their road lay right among the mountains, and the scenery was grand, and opportunities for work abundant. One of the most interesting things found in the whole trip was discovered here. This was a pre-historic fire-place, consisting of four corner stones, with charred bones and wood between them. The whole lay under a bed of lignite. We hope to obtain a full account of this at some later day. The party moved west through Ute Pass and South Park, and then across to the Valley of the Arkansas, following this up to Twin Lakes. Here, on July 21st, the party divided, the paleontologists and topographers going with General Karge, to the Green river region, Wyoming, while the rest travelled through the mining regions of Colorado, with Professor Brackett. By this division, both parties were able to go to the places adapted to their own branch, and do much more effective work.

The party in Colorado travelled through Colorado, and reached Denver again about August 1st.

In the meantime the Wyoming party proceeded to Fort Bridger, and went forty miles into the bad lands. Here they found some fine fossil beds, the fruits of which cannot be specified until the boxes are opened.

The whole party met at Cheyenne, on August 5th, and on the 6th started for home, reaching Princeton on September 11th, at 6 A.M.

The health of the party was perfect during the entire trip, and no delay was caused by any misfortune.

Of the success of the party but little can be ascertained as yet, since many are absent, and the few here are extremely reticent. When their goods are opened, however, each one can see for himself. From what we can learn, it would seem that no very grand discovery had been made, but that good steady work had been done, and fine working collections gotten. The party seem to be satisfied with their work, and we do not doubt that they have done their best for the College.

It is to be hoped that another party will be sent out next year, either to the same or another region, for many are anxious to go, and much work can still be done. If a party is to be sent, let it be settled at once, so that they may be freed from the uncertainty that attended the winter work last year. A party commencing to study now, could go out twice as well prepared as the party of last year. We hope this expedition has been successful enough to warrant the repetition of the experiment.

ACCESSIONS TO THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.—The College Librarian has spent his vacation in buying books, and in putting them on his shelves. In Boston, just after commencement, he bought twelve hundred volumes, for something over $2000. They have passed through every stage of preparation, and, being located with the rest, are now indistinguishable from those we had before. The entire library now numbers something more than thirty-seven thousand (37,000) volumes. This does not include Prof. Alexander's library, lately bought for the observatory.

The chief expenditure, on this occasion, has been in the two departments of natural history and the fine arts; but far the greatest number of volumes have been added to the departments of biography, English literature and general information. About forty lives of artists, statesmen and scholars have been added to what we had last year. Nearly twenty poets and ten essayists appear in those alcoves for the first time. Constable's Miscellany, in seventy volumes, 16mo.; Harper's Magazine, in fifty-five volumes; the Atlantic, thirty-eight volumes; Scribner, thirteen volumes; the Popular Science Monthly, ten volumes. Sparks' American Biography and Granger's English Biography are among them. Bancroft's Native Races of the Pacific Slope is one of the accessions; so is Johnston's Royal Atlas and Smith's Atlas of Ancient Geography, both handsome and costly folios. Nearly seventy new titles in history and exploration are scattered among the alcoves having geographical names, and some of the loveliest books ever published, abounding with engraved and colored illustrations, fairly illuminate the alcoves of natural history. But it will be felt to be not unreasonable that some of these, like the beautiful books on the fine arts, should be kept in the eastern wing-room, where access will be allowed to them by one or two at a time.

The principle of alphabetical arrangement on the shelves, which has proved so convenient in respect to biographies, has now been extended into other departments. The alcoves of English and American poetry, essays, science and religion have been thus
arranged, and now it will be necessary only to look for the alphabetical place of the author's name in order to find all the editions we possess of his works, consisting of this sort. Miscellaneous collected works, it will be remembered, are in the alcove of his country.

Improvements Throughout College.—During the past summer, the following improvements have been made in the various buildings and on the grounds: The extension to the School of Science building has already been commenced. The plan is to enlarge the building to twice its present size. In the extension will be accommodation for Professors Young, McMillan, Rockwood and Lindsay. Prof. Brackett is to have a completely mounted physical laboratory, besides rooms for photography and photometry.

Dickinson Hall has been thoroughly repaired from turret to foundation, and is now perfectly secure. It will contain additional rooms for the new classical professors, besides having the Examination Hall enlarged.

East and West Colleges have each undergone a complete overhaul. Re-union, too, has been put through a process of renovation, and what was once apparently the most insecure of all the dormitories is now one of the best in the grounds.

Improvements have been made in the grounds which will, it is hoped, soon be finished. One in particular is highly commendable. The proper authorities have at last authorized the putting down of flag-stone pavements throughout the grounds, covering over a mile altogether. Prof. Young’s observatory is rapidly approaching completion, and when finished will be one of the best equipped in the United States. The instruments will be ready for use as soon as the building is finished. Of this observatory Princeton can well be proud, for now, with its unusually fine equipment and its new professor, we will expect to hear of a position being once more taken by Nassau Hall in the astronomical world.

The number of students admitted this year is unusually large. So far as we have been able to ascertain, four have entered the Senior Class; ten the Junior; seventeen the Sophomore, and one hundred and thirty-two the Freshmen. The names of the new Sophomores are as follows:

J. H. Cooper, D. C. 
J. A. Creech, N. C. 
H. B. Davidson, Md. 
M. Dunn, N. J. 
H. F. Green, Md. 
G. F. Johnson, Md. 
A. E. Johnstone, N. J. 
S. T. Knox, Pa. 
W. L. Lowrie, Pa.

The Freshmen are—

J. E. Archer, Md. 
A. C. Armstrong, N. Y. 
W. J. McCoy, N. Y. 
A.McCune, N. Y.

W. S. Bacot, N. J. 
E. R. Bateman, N. J. 
W. E. Berkaw, N. J. 
F. L. Bedell, N. J. 
B. B. Blydenburgh, L. L. 
W. J. Boyer, N. J. 
T. B. Bradford, Del. 
D. C. Breckinridge, Wis. 
H. L. Brant, N. J. 
S. Brown, Ill. 
A. T. Bruce, Jr., N. Y. 
T. W. Cauldwell, N. Y. 
F. D. Cooley, Pa. 
R. B. Coulson, N. Y. 
W. A. Courson, N. J. 
C. E. Craven, N. J. 
R. Creswell, Jr. 
E. F. Crosby, N. Y. 
F. M. Davis, N. J. 
L. U. Dennis, Md. 
E. A. Dix, N. J. 
W. S. Dodd, N. J. 
W. A. Dongal. 
A. C. Dougherty, N. J. 
H. G. Duffield, N. J. 
C. E. Dunn, N. J. 
T. H. Farr, N. Y. 
P. Fiske, N. Y. 
R. O. Fowler, N. J. 
P. Gledhill, N. J. 
C. N. Gosman, N. J. 
A. Guillon, Pa. 
R. Haddow, Canada. 
R. D. Harlan, Ky. 
C. E. Harris, N. J. 
D. A. Haynes, D. C. 
H. C. Hepburn, N. Y. 
J. H. Hubbard, N. Y. 
J. D. Hubbard, Iowa. 
A. M. Hudnut, N. J. 
W. Ingham, Pa. 
P. N. Jackson, N. J. 
R. F. Jones, Pa. 
A. L. Kimball, N. J. 
J. L. Kirk, L. I. 
J. S. Lambeth, Pa. 
L. J. Lang, N. Y. 
P. W. Lauterborn. 
F. Loney, Md. 
R. Lowrie, N. J. 
C. W. Lynde, N. J. 
E. M. McCauley, N. J. 
C. H. McCormick, Ill. 

W. S. McDearmont, O. 
C. A. McKee, Pa. 
W. S. McMurtry, N. Y. 
J. A. McWilliams, N. Y. 
B. L. Miller, N. J. 
G. W. Minor, N. Y. 
J. L. Moore, N. J. 
C. A. Munn, N. Y. 
S. H. Myers, Ga. 
W. B. Myers, Pa. 
H. M. Payne, D. C. 
J. L. Phillips, D. C. 
S. K. Pruner, N. Y. 
J. Pitney, N. J. 
D. Price, Pa. 
O. Rafferty, N. J. 
A. T. Reed, N. J. 
M. Rhine, Pa. 
C. R. Robbins, N. J. 
G. O. Roberts, O. 
W. H. Roberts, N. J. 
F. Roseberry, N. J. 
C. D. Ryle, N. J. 
T. B. Schniedman, Pa. 
J. B. Schultz, Pa. 
A. H. Scribner, N. Y. 
H. S. Scribner, N. J. 
H. C. Selheimer, Pa. 
J. P. Shaw, O. 
R. R. Shleideraberger, D. C. 
G. M. Sinclair, Pa. 
H. G. Smith, N. Y. 
W. N. Strong, D. C. 
E. R. Swasey, N. Y. 
F. R. Symmes, N. J. 
T. O. Taylor, N. J. 
H. C. Thorne, Mo. 
G. C. Titsworth, N. J. 
G. L. Van Alen, Pa. 
W. H. Vanderburgh, Minn. 
P. Van Dyke. 
W. T. Vlymen, N. J. 
J. P. Voorhees, N. J. 
B. L. Wallace, Pa. 
H. B. Walsh, N. Y. 
H. D. Warren, N. J. 
T. D. Warren, N. Y. 
J. A. Weaver, N. Y. 
J. A. Webb, Jr., N. J. 
H. B. Welles, N. Y. 
H. White, N. J. 
P. Whitehead, N. J. 
R. Williams, N. J.

W. M. Wolfe, N. J.

We are unable to give the names of those who have entered the School of Science.

HERE AND THERE.

—Over 160 new members.
—Heiniken is back.
—C. Blydenburgh, of '74, leading American team at Creedmoor.
—The collections of the scientific party are not yet unpacked.
Kent, class photographer for '78, has been chosen to the same position in several other Colleges.

Some few members of '80 are said to be on their last probation.

 Prof., (describing ancient Greek theatre,)—"And it had no roof."  Junior, (sure he has caught Prof. in mistake,)—"What did they do, sir, when it rained?"  Prof., (taking off his glasses and pausing a moment,)—"They got wet, sir."

The foot-ball matches for the polo club will probably be played in heats.

Women for servants in all the College dormitories.

Scene—R. R. car in act of crossing Delaware at Trenton; an aged party leans over and asks a Princeton Seminole—"What state are we in, sir?"  Sem., log., (with a sigh,)—"The state of sin and misery."

A prominent '79 gymnast was doing himself proud, the other day, when a "gentlemen of the class of '81," walks up, scrutinizes his bivalves, pats him on the back, and tenders encouragement.  With a ghastly attempt to rise on offended dignity, the Junior subsides and is carried out.

Better was the straight and narrow flagging and "Injin file," between Nassau street and the Phila. Rooms, than the broad way and miry clay of last week.

Popular prejudice, at last, appears to be in favor of decorum and decency in Chapel.

The "spellers" were too many for '81, last Friday.

Prof.—"Please to pronounce the Greek, sir."  Student pronounces till told "that's sufficient; now please to translate, sir."  Student, (not expecting to be up, had not prepared the lesson,)—"Not prepared on the translation, sir."

"Sallie" Schriver, we are told, was in a Maryland regiment during the riots.

D. and S. Bratton, and several others of '77, are pursuing P. G. courses.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Vacation! Gone, all gone. Three months' dreaming—now, nothing but the remembrance of our fancies and the harsh awakening.  We had almost begun to believe that our life was to be one perpetual summer, spent under the spreading maples, with now and then a cigarette to soothe our mayhap anxious spirits and afford us real, pure and unalloyed enjoyment. But now—all passed, all changed.  We dimly remember hearing some one bellow in our ears—we were on the cars, we think—"The next station is Princeton Junction," and then we saw the brass buttons and blue coat of the train-agent, and away off, through the open window, the peaks, gables, spires and towers of the dear old College buildings—oh! yes, very dear—and then our heart leaped within us, and we burst forth into a psalm of rejoicing, and tears of happiness ran down our cheeks and bedewed our ponderous moustache, so happy were we.  Oh! yes; we were very glad.  And now we are back in the old room, and we suppose our happiness ought to be complete; here where the many stars, great and small, in the firmament of College literature shed their beams upon us.  We bask in these beams, and still we are not happy.  Strange, too.  The trouble is, we are unable to discern any beams of light emanating from most of these remarkable periodicals.  Guess they must be under a cloud.  Perhaps it is our fault.  Our intellect may not be sufficiently active to fully appreciate all the good therein contained—perhaps.  Still we feel a certain sort of pleasure in meeting again with our old acquaintances.  What a heap!  Here is the chaste Courant (for the satisfaction of the Crimson, we whisper that "chaste" is meant to be ironical;) and here is that literary god at whose shrine we all worship, the Courant's nobler brother, the electrifying Record; and here is the Cornell E—no, a mistake, a lapis oculi.  Thank Heaven!  Hello! here is a new one, the Co-lum-bi-a S-p-e-c-t-a-tor.  Well, come again.  We will read you next time.  And here is a whole stack more.  We submit.  We are overcome.  Let every College send us a paper.  We are powerless to escape the punishment.  We remember once how long ago we endured it; we suppose we can again.  Who knows?

The New York World has decided to mark the opening of the new academic year by increasing the size and scope of its weekly College record, and by changing the time of publishing the same from the first to the second day of the week.  Henceforth the Monday paper will regularly devote a liberal space to the affairs of the College world.  The Monday issue will be mailed separately at the rate of $1.50 a year, or fifty cents for four months.  Present College patrons of the Sunday World can have their unexpired subscriptions transferred to the Monday paper by forwarding to the office a request to that effect.

We acknowledge the receipt of a pleasing little piece of music entitled "Don't Put the Poor Working-man Down," published by F. W. Helmwick, 50 West Fourth street, Cincinnati.

We have also received two tracts, "Hold the Fort," and "The Hard Times," both containing fresh facts and arguments in support of the policy of protection, published by the American Iron and Steel Association, 265 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.
PERSONAL.

--'73, C. Ė. Lathrop, M. D., at Denver, Col., about to be married.

--'74, J. G. Reed, pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Boulder, Col., and doing well.

--'75, L. Karge, practicing law in New York.

--'75, W. H. Underwood, studying law in Denver, Col.

--'76, D. Jones and Riker, returned from Europe during the summer.

--'76, H. Schenck, in Theological Seminary.

--'77, McNell, professor in a College at Palmyra, Mo.

--'77, Riker, who left on account of sickness, enters '79.

--'77, J. S. Ely, studying chemistry in Iowa, and going to San Juan, Col., in the spring.

--'77, D. Laughlin, in Princeton Seminary.

--'77, B. Nicoll, engaged to be married.

--'77, W. Libbey, Jr., formerly treasurer of The PRINCETONIAN, pursuing P. G. course.

--'77, J. Potter, teaching at Lawrenceville, N. J.

--'77, J. Moore studying medicine in Philadelphia.

--'77, H. S. Stuart, sailed for Europe Saturday last, to study English branches.

--'78, Brandt and Emery, formerly of '78, have joined '79.

--'79, F. S. Presbrey has left College and gone to southwestern Kansas.

--'79, D. Reid, going to join '80 next year.

--'79, A. E. Johnstone, joined '80.

--'79, Baird and Betts do not return till Christmas.

CHIPS.

"The wise daughter is the pride of her father; yea, her mother doth also delight in her; but the foolish maiden bringeth sorrow." She bangeth her hair over her right eye; she tippeth her hat on the back of her head. When evening cometh, she walketh on the broad street, and with her left eye she glanceth at the patient youth who cougheth on the curbstone and wipeth his nose with a red bandanna. Her handkerchief also is seen. Then the youth smileth to himself and followeth in her footsteps. She setteth a snare and scoopeth the wayfarer in. Selah!

—Newark Call.

Better to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—An exchange tells about a Senior somewhere, who excuses himself for studying on Sunday on the ground that if the Lord justifies the man for helping the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more will he justify the ass for trying to help himself out.

—There was a young scalawag spry,
Who fooled on the Fourth of July
Till he tackled a rocket
That slipped from its socket
And carried him up to the sky.

Gone to be a comet.

Puck.

Three men were found hanging from a tree in Texas, and one of them was placarded: "They stole horses; here is where we found them, and here is where we left them."

John Henry, reading to his wife from a newspaper: "There is not a single woman in the House of Correction. There, you see, don't you, what wicked creatures wives are? Every woman in the jail is married." "It is curious," said she; but don't you think, John, dear, that some of them go there for relief?"

After several years uv reflection, I have come to the konklusion that the three most diffikult things in life are—1st. Carryin' an arm-full uv live eels up a steep hill without spillin an eel; 2d. Aktin as a referee at a dog fight without gettin mad; 3d. Editin a newspaper.

"I hear you are desperately courting the chambermaid," said a man to his servant. "That is my business," was the reply. "But I hear, too, that she favors your attentions." "That is her business." "But do you know that I shall instantly put you outside the door?" "That is your business."

As the dew falls noiselessly upon the tender herbage, as the present passes silently into the past, as the perfume of a kindly act rises Heavenward unseen, so the hired girl slips out the back way nights with a little tea and sugar for her relatives.—Norwich Bulletin.

Scene in a recitation room: "The ancient Egyptians were in the habit of sacrificing red-headed girls to the devil." Auburn-haired student: "What did they do with the red-headed boys?" Professor: "They supposed they would go of their own accord."

One cannot be too careful in this weather. A student recently exchanged his heavy winter cane for a light bamboo, and the consequence was a severe cold that laid him up for a week.

What's the difference between a girl and a nightcap? One is born to wed and the other is worn to bed.

A little boy being asked, "What is the chief end of man?" replied: "The end what's got the head on."