

STUDENT LIFE.

Vol. I.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, JANUARY, 1878.

No. 1.



WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

COMPRISES THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS:

I. THE ACADEMY.

DENHAM ARNOLD, PRINCIPAL.

A Preparatory School, for College, Polytechnic School and Business.

II. MARY INSTITUTE.

C. S. PENNELL, PRINCIPAL.

A completely equipped School for girls.

III. THE COLLEGE.

M. S. SNOW, DEAN.

DEGREES.

- I. Degree of "Bachelor of Arts."
- II. Degree of "Master of Arts."

IV. POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.

C. M. WOODWARD, DEAN.

DEGREES.

- I. The degree of "Civil Engineer."
- II. The degree of "Mechanical Engineer."
- III. The degree of "Chemist."
- IV. The degree of "Engineer of Mines."
- V. The degree of "Architect."
- VI. The degree of "Bachelor of Philosophy."

LAW SCHOOL.

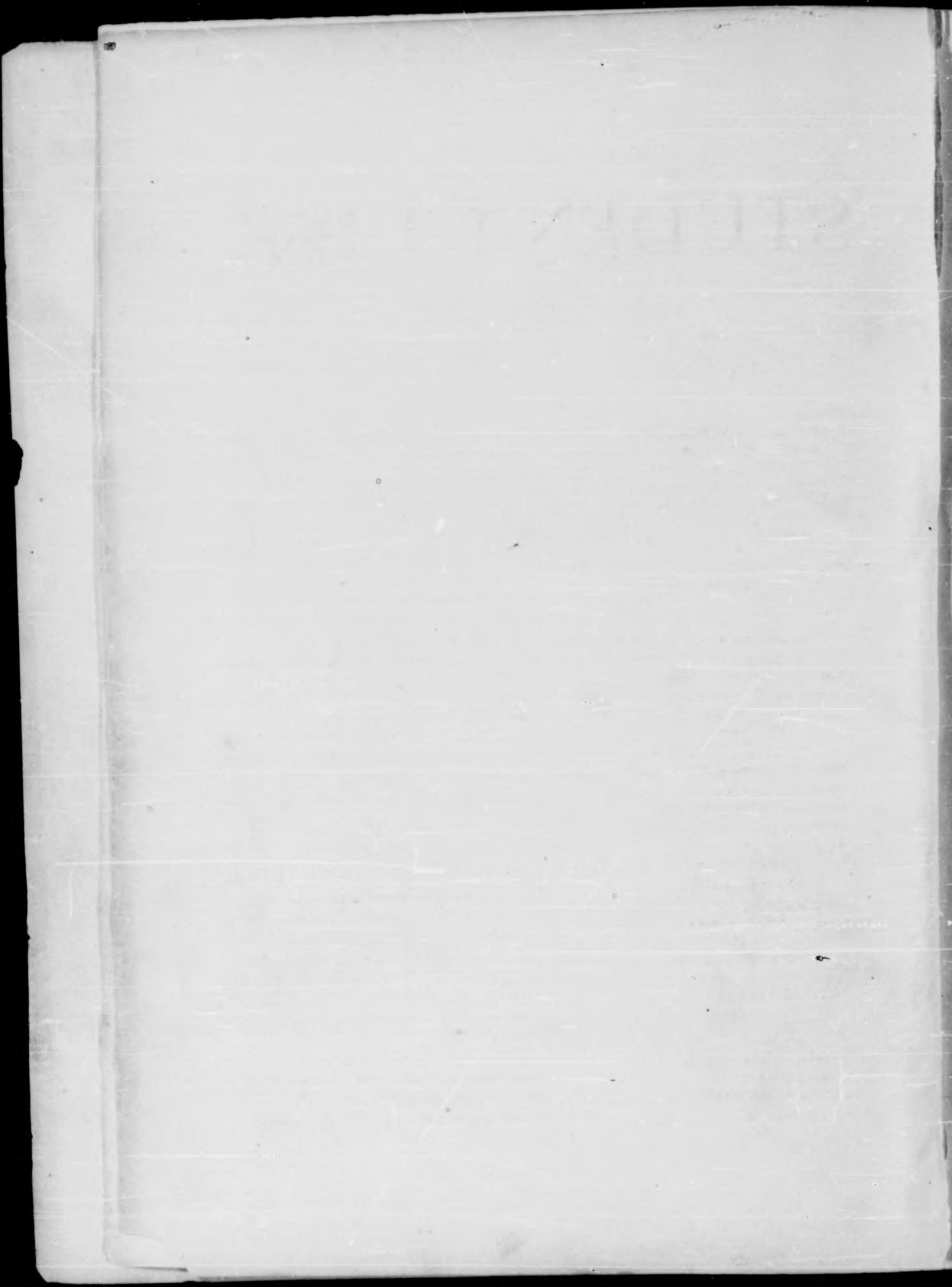
GEO. M. STEWART, ESQ., DEAN.

Degree of "LL. B.," conferred at the completion of the two years' course.

For admission, catalogue or any further information apply to the officers named above, or to

WM. C. ELIOT, Chancellor.

*Rowe book
LD 5796
356
v. 1-2*



STUDENT LIFE.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, JANUARY, 1878.

No. 1.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
AFTER ALL	1
THE SMOKER'S MILLENNIUM	1
THE ORATOR OF THE REVOLUTION.....	3
THE OCEAN OF LIFE.....	4
EDITORIAL.....	6
LOCAL ITEMS.....	7
SCIENTIFICALS.....	9
THE ACADEMY.....	12
MANAGEMENT INSTITUTE.....	12

AFTER ALL.

YOUTH.

Will the seed that I have planted ever grow?
 Will the spring to bring it water ever flow?
 I will wait from year to year,
 In my heart a constant fear,
 In my eye a lingering tear,
 Till I know.

MANHOOD.

Will the vine that grows so stately ever bear?
 Shall I see its purple clusters hanging fair?
 I will watch each tender shoot,
 While my trembling lips are mute,
 Till I see the precious fruit,
 Hanging there.

AGE.

I have gathered all the fruit, from my vine,
 I have tasted of the sparkling ruby wine;
 In my heart has died the fear,
 In my eye has dried the tear,
 And my lips ring out the cheer,
 That is mine.

So I've seen my spring-time seed growing tall,
 I have plucked the precious fruit in the fall;
 There is no impending ill,
 As the golden cup I fill,
 For God is with me still,
 After all.

W.

THE SMOKER'S MILLENNIUM.

One morning in June, in the year 18—
 I sat by my window, comfortably ensconced
 in my ideal easy chair, with my feet perched
 at just the proper angle for sublime medita-
 tion upon the cushioned window ledge.

It was with sensations of extreme satisfac-
 tion that I gazed out over the green lawns,
 and let my eyes follow through the shrub-
 bery, the graceful windings of the red cinder
 approaches till they wandered out through
 the arched and pillared gateway to the quiet
 street beyond; and there finding nothing, on
 that quiet morning, to excite interest, natu-
 rally, I let them wander back through the
 trees, until they rested at length on the rows
 of handsomely bound volumes that gazed
 back to them from their rich cases.

No wonder I felt satisfaction; I was
 young, for thirty-five is young to a man with
 so many calm, pleasant years to look forward
 to, and yet, owing to my perseverance and
 energy, call it luck, if you will, these spread-
 ing lawns, these winding road-ways passing
 out of the stately gateway, this princely man-
 sion, filled with all the comforts and all the
 luxuries that taste could suggest, art supply,
 and money purchase, were mine, and every
 breathing thing, from the avenue in front
 to the orchard wall behind, from the Irish
 setter that was sunning himself beyond the
 elms, to the lovely being I had chosen to
 grace the whole, looked up to me as rightful
 lord and master.

And so, as I sat on that summer's morning
 while the long shadows crept up the lawn, I
 fell to musing, as one will, who has no cares
 to worry him, upon my pet hobby; my own

invention, in fact, which, beyond any other of my many comforts, afforded me most pleasure and satisfaction. I know it is natural for men of an ingenious turn of mind, such as myself, to cherish and uphold their own inventions, however useless they may be. For instance, my neighbor Picklebrier, having invented a rope ladder fire escape, although he inevitably skins his knees in the use of it, insists upon its merits, and, as a proof of its efficacy, has, for some time past, despite the agony of peeled knee pans, descended by means of it from his bedroom window for his usual morning walk.

I am no such idiot as this, and, moreover, *my* invention is not a failure, but a delightful success, and lends to my library the one charm that was needed to make it complete. It is nothing more nor less than this:

During the construction of my house, as I was arranging my many plans, for furnace tubes and speaking tubes, for water pipes and air pipes, a bright idea struck me. "Happy thought!" I exclaimed to my architect, one of the very incredulous type. "Why not, while you are putting in my porcelain furnaces and cold air conduits, why not," and I chuckled with pleasure at my own inventive genius "why not build a furnace of smaller dimensions for tobacco?"

"For tobacco?" said he, evidently much puzzled. "Yes," I said, "for tobacco; why not for tobacco? While you are putting in all these tubes and pipes these furnaces, burglar alarms, and so on, why not build a huge pipe, divided into apartments for different kinds of tobacco, and from each apartment conduct a tube to my library?"

The architect was dumfounded; the idea was evidently new to him; but he understood at once, and, grasping my hand with the greatest enthusiasm, he exclaimed, "Your genius has astonished me; your idea shall be carried out to the letter; it shall be done; I myself will do it." I was likewise quite overcome by my own genius, and spared no effort to have all arranged to my satisfaction.

So, as I sat musing six months afterwards,

on the morning above mentioned, inhaling in dreamy ease the fragrant smoke of "Sweet Robin" from the tube by the window, I was much pleased to see my old college chum, Charlie Sharp, coming up the walk.

Charlie was a great smoker while we roomed together at H., and together we often made our cosy little room redolent with blue hazes; so it was not without a feeling of pride—for I foresaw his delight—that I established him in the big chair opposite mine, and proceeded to initiate him into the luxury of my pet invention.

"My dear fellow," I said, "I cannot wonder at your astonished looks, as you see me drawing from its invisible source this delicious aroma, but the Lone Jack tube is just behind you, and if you will indulge with me, I will explain everything to your satisfaction."

Without a word, Charlie inserted the mouth piece between his teeth, and with a look of utter bewilderment was soon blowing forth clouds of the fragrant smoke. I proceeded.

"Down stairs," I said, "in my furnace room, I have had constructed an uncommonly large pipe of clay, which is divided into eight compartments, each calculated to hold a pound of tobacco, and from which come the light tubes, which you see coiled on their pins in the wall in various parts of the room. The eight compartments are for different kinds of tobacco, and should a mixture be desired, the adjustable mouth-pieces are arranged so as to receive two tubes into one stem and there you have it. Saying this, I lifted a tube protruding from the end of the mantle, and adjusting it to the mouth-piece that I was using, assured him by the delightful odor, that I was now inhaling a mixture of Honduras and Turkish Green Seal, and that he might enjoy the same from the tubes on the left, above which were the numbers 6 and 8.

"A servant," I said, "is in attendance below, who lights any one of the eight compartments as may be indicated by the eight bells, rung by the electric knobs on your right.

"For instance, you see, that from this tube,

marked 4, no smoke exudes, but upon pressing the fourth knob and drawing, thus, for a moment, I have, you perceive, a plentiful supply of 'Balm of Gillead.'"

Charlie sat for a moment, wrapt in deep thought, while he hid himself behind a cloud of Hondurades and Turkish Green Seal; then leaning toward me, and regarding me with his old time look of affection, he said, "Tom, you are a genius; you have rendered a service to your fellow-men and have made a thousand bachelors happy, and as one of them, I embrace you." He gave me an affectionate hug, and proceeded, "Listen to my idea, one that has suggested itself while I listened to your account of this astonishing invention.

"It is a grand idea, my dear boy, and should be made known to the world at large, that every man, fortunate enough to own a house from garret to cellar, may enjoy the fruits of your genius. But we poor mortals, living in our bachelor quarters, could hardly induce our landlady, kind hearted though she were, to turn her basement into a clay pipe for our benefit, and to hire a man to keep the bowl alight, and to say nothing of the electric bells, and so forth. 'But why not?'" said he, unconsciously using the same phraseology with which I had astonished my architect, "Why not get up a company? Why not have a huge pipe, centrally located, and from it lead pipes to the houses of all who desire to indulge in the luxury? Why not lay down, besides the gas pipes and water pipes, tobacco pipes, to every house?"

"Let a company be organized called the 'Millennium Smoke Supply Company,' or some such attractive name, which, at a moderate rate, can supply any variety of smoke, and keep the great bowl in a constant glow; then, upon returning home, tired and worn, all cares could be laid aside, and all trouble forgotten under the influence of the soothing weed, simply by taking one of your ready tubes in hand, and turning on the smoke as you would your gas.

"Smoke meters of course would be necessary

to measure the amount consumed, and a cheap luxury thus afforded to all. Then the mortification of inviting a friend to your room, and finding that your tobacco had just given out, would be done away with; but you need simply ask, 'What is your favorite brand?' and on receiving his answer, hand him, with graceful courtesy, the proper tube."

Having unfolded at such length his vaster project, he came to a pause, and then, as he adjusted the tubes for Perique and Virginity, exclaimed: "Well, Tom; what do you think of it?" My answer, as he afterwards said, was the key-note to his success.

Ten years have passed since that morning, and Charlie Sharp is now living near me in a house as elegant as my own, having in his basement a pipe after the model of mine, to which he owes so much. His Company proved a grand success, and now, as he sits in his beautiful library, enjoying his Hondurades, Perique, Virginity or Turkish Green Seal at will, he often thinks with joy of my big clay pipe, for which he has, ever since that memorable morning, had an unbounded affection.

NICOTINE.

THE ORATOR OF THE REVOLUTION.

"If there be one attribute of man supreme in dignity and worth, it is that of oratory." A true orator is not the actor of his subject, but its organ. The orator should be familiar without being vulgar, original without being eccentric, natural and withal highly artistic—with apparent carelessness "snatching a grace beyond the reach of art." He must be fluent in language, yet elaborate in thought, speaking at once to the faculties that are most profound, as well as those that are most superficial. The popular orator must be lucid, would he be influential.

He who has something to say, feels no longer bound down by hypercritical restraints; more latitude is needed for the expansion of his genius; and, in the

moment of fortunate daring, he creates happy emotions in others, and foretells fame for himself. The era in which that natural orator, Patrick Henry, lived was exceedingly favorable for the cultivation of the most exalted order of eloquence. It was a period where the public mind was strongly agitated by popular discussions of interests, the most comprehensive and important. As it is times of imminent danger that call forth the strongest men, so it was in those lowering revolutionary perils which "shook the very souls of men," that his sun rose with a splendor which, in America, had never before been witnessed. He exhibited a species of eloquence entirely new and altogether his own. He had formed it after no living model, for there was none in the country. His eloquence was so unexampled, so unexpected, so spontaneous, and so transcendent in its character, that it had the appearance of supernatural inspiration.

He it was who had long since read the true character of the British court, and saw that there remained no alternative for his country but abject submission or resistance the most heroic.

It was not for a soul like Henry's to halt between these two courses. He had offered "upon the altar of liberty" no divided heart; the gulf of water which surged before him was indeed fiery and fearful, but he saw that for the salvation of his country the awful plunge must be taken, and he did not hesitate. The people cast around "a long, lingering look" on the flowery fields where peace and ease and joy were still sporting, and it required all the energies of men like Henry to show them the dangers of longer delaying active preparations for war.

Like the mountain torrent, Henry swept every opposing obstacle before him. It was Patrick Henry, who awakened at his pleasure the stormy wave of the multitude; who by his oratory aroused the ardor of the whole American people from North to South and put the revolution in motion, the result of which has been so glorious.

The revolution was an Alpine undertaking, under circumstances even more unpropitious than those of Hannibal, for Patrick Henry had not only to fight hand to hand the powerful party, which was already in possession of the heights, but at the same time to cheer and animate the timid band that was trembling and fainting and drawing backward. During all these difficulties he had but one lamp by which his feet were guided, and that was "the lamp of experience." He was, in short, the orator of nature, and such a one as nature might not blush to avow.

Time may erase all impressions from the crumbling marble, but the fame of Patrick Henry remains, for with American liberty it rose and with American liberty only can it die.

C. W. G.

THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

How excellent a thing it is, in sailing over the tempest-tossed ocean of life, to be able to put one's hand to the helm, and with a steady nerve and calm, unruffled mind, to guide our little bark across the dark and surging billows, and anchor it safely in the serene harbor of eternity. But, oh! how difficult and almost impossible it is to do this. How few, how very few, there are who reach the farther shore without disaster.

The ocean of life is not like earth's oceans, in which the pilot is informed by maps and charts of the exact location of each crag and rocky promontory, for from over that sea no one ever returns to guide a second vessel across the waves, at least never without first drinking a draught from Lethe's watery labyrinth:

"———whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets."

True it is, that many a ship-wrecked sailor has left a signal of warning upon the rock which has been the cause of his destruction; but the fog is very heavy, and the next mariner, being unable to discern the

danger through the thick mist, is stranded upon the same crag which has wrecked hundreds before.

No two have ever been able to traverse the same pathway over this great ocean. Many have attempted to follow in the wake of larger, stronger crafts, but the seas have been too high, and the rough waves, beating heavily upon the sides of the weaker vessels, have compelled them to turn aside into smoother waters, and, as the smoother the waters are the less honor there is to the steersman, so he battles with the tide as long as possible, often using illegal means for propelling his vessel.

There are torpedoes, too, planted in every pathway, just out of sight—for life's high seas are infested by enemies and outlaws of every description, who seek the destruction of honest people in all conceivable ways. To pass over these obstructions requires the greatest skill and the closest observation. Darts and arrows are shot about in all directions, the missiles generally taking effect and doing very material harm, friends as well as foes frequently being injured. The stronger and most successful crafts are very naturally the ones whose demolition is most sought, for they contain the richest of spoils. Over these spoils the ravagers gloat with a fierceness which can hardly be described. And they seem to take the greatest delight in worrying and tormenting to the last extremity the poor victims who are unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. But there has been prepared for all who will take the trouble to wear it—for it is no easy task—an impenetrable coat of mail, upon which, although the missiles may fall "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa," yet they will fall in vain, and leave the impregnable ones more honored for having successfully withstood the fierce attacks of those seeking their ruin.

But, fortunately, mingled with the multitude of evil doers, there are a few who go about trying to comfort and cheer

the helpless and to repair the injury which has been done. They strive strenuously, also, to win over the wrong-doers from the dark and dismal paths of sin, and to induce them to launch out into the bright, sunlit waters of virtue. But these paths, although dark, are exceedingly fascinating—the very darkness itself seeming to possess a charm—and when once one falls beneath their magic spell, persuasion seldom has the power to draw him out.

These philanthropists all profess to belong to the same family; but in view of the fact of the petty strifes and contentions continually existing between them and the manifest malice which some of them bear toward others, grave fears are excited, and many doubts are expressed as to the truth of this statement. For it is urged that good brothers and sisters would have more love and respect for their father than to allow themselves to wound his feelings by such unfilial conduct. Be that as it may, despite their little internal divisions and disturbances, they do a great deal of good, and many a "forlorn and ship-wrecked brother" will stand forth a living witness of their benefactions.

There are others also coasting around, professing to be seeking to do good. The splash of their oars can be heard at a great distance, the noise itself warning all to beware. Others steal silently about, clad—"ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes"—in the holy vestments of virtue, thinking under this disguise to be able better to accomplish their designs. Let us, then, bind on the impenetrable armor of *honesty*, and with that bright fixed star, *duty*, as a guide, to place our hand upon the helm, and turning neither to right nor left, to steer directly for the opposite shore.

On a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he naively replied, "Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"

STUDENT LIFE :

*Published Monthly during the School Term,
by the Students of
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY.*

EDITORS.

W. M. CHAUVENET, '79.

M. P. DORSEY, '80.

W. C. GOODLETT, '79.

A. C. GLASGOW, '78.

R. N. WILSON, '79.

G. D. MARKHAM, '80.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

J. B. SHAPLEIGH, '78.

ASSISTANTS.

W. O. COMSTOCK, '80.

E. FLADD, '81.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1/2 Column, outside, per annum.....	\$10 00
1/4 " " " per month.....	1 50
1/2 " inside, per annum.....	8 00
1/4 " " " per month.....	1 00

SMALLER SPACES AT SAME RATES.

WE warmly welcome the Local Column from the Mary Institute, and offer our thanks to our fair sisters for the interest which they have manifested in our paper. We have long felt the need of their gentle influence to increase the circulation of our former paper, and feel assured that the new feature they bring to the *STUDENT LIFE* will be the key-note to its popularity.

THE Academy has come bravely to the front, and helped us with their subscriptions and their local items. Let us express our thanks for their aid, and our hopes that it will continue.

WE call particular attention to the advertisement of Prof. Malmene, on the fourth page. Prof. Malmene has been connected with our University for eight years, during which period his kindness to the students, in offering to lead their glee clubs, and assist them in other musical projects, has been unceasing.

WITH the first issue of the *STUDENT LIFE* begins a new era in our University publications. The *Irving Union*, which has so long been our representative, is no more, but the *STUDENT LIFE*, representing as it does all the departments of the University, is destined, we hope, to fully take the place of our old paper, of which it is the natural outgrowth. It may be well, here, to say a word to the members of the organization, and to whatever outsiders choose to listen, as to the manner in which they can most aid us.

In the first place, a paper published, as ours must be, by students whose interests are much the same, and whose daily occupations vary but little, is apt to be dry and uninteresting, on account of the sameness of many of its articles.

Essays written for class work and made to serve a double purpose are dry to everybody but the writer, and few either within or without our college walls care to read a rehash of Julius Caesar, Solon and Lycurgus, Hannibal and Scipio, drawn out to wearying length and taken probably from some familiar history.

Again, literary criticisms on Shakspeare or any other writer are very much out of place in a college paper, and we must admit that our old paper had altogether too much of this sort.

With a thousand magazines and periodicals devoted to such work, whose reputation for excellence is world-wide, it is folly for us to attempt to rival them.

If our object be to show our knowledge of literature, or our progress in this or that study, such articles would be well and good; but we are expected to interest our readers and give our subscribers something which they can get nowhere else.

Do not be afraid to write original articles; they will show better than any other, just what progress you are making, and what your course is doing for you, and will be interesting from the very fact that they are not old and worn threadbare.

Do not, however, imagine that an article made up of scraps from great writers, ingeniously woven together, is an original article. Write from your imagination, if you have one—and you probably have—and if the result does not suit you, tear it up, take a walk round the square, and begin over.

Don't write long prosy articles on heavy subjects. We know that you are familiar with the career of William of Orange, and as for Elizabeth, you undoubtedly appreciate her good points. But, Mr. Motley has written us a little sketch of the former, and Mr. Froude and Mr. Macaulay have spoken at some length, concerning Her Majesty, the Queen; enough at least for a few years to come.

Let us have more humorous articles, that the paper may have some life.

We would much rather publish an article on "The Aerial Cow," than on "Whether Rhetoric or Metaphysics is of most advantage."

Lastly, don't leave the paper in the hands of one or two men, and expect to see a sheet bristling with news and interest, and crowded with advertisements.

Let each member interest himself for the benefit of the locals and pick up scraps of college gossip, and let no one think that because he is not an editor an article from him will not be accepted.

The editors are but your mouth-pieces, men of your own choice. The *STUDENT LIFE* is yours, and its columns are always open to you.

The organization should command the editors, and not the editors the organization.

Wake up, and, what is of more importance, keep awake.

At the marriage of an Alabama widower, one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour. "Dunno, sah; when ole misses 's alive he tuk a paddle to 'er; dunno if he take a bridle to de new one or not."—*Ex.*

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Prof. of Chemistry to M—d, handling a hot crucible rather tenderly—"Mr. M—d, I'm afraid you won't be able to stand the heat in the other world." M—d seizes the hot crucible violently, animated by new ambition.

—New Year's Day was well spent by the students. One called on one hundred and six ladies. Isn't that immense.

--The Smith Lecture Fund is giving out. Only the two smaller classes of the College have tickets to the course on Russia and Turkey.

—The elevator still travels, and Hermann is gaining in weight. The influence of ladies' society is good for him.

—During the recent cold weather, the skaters held high carnival. Ask S—b, '81, if three students didn't have a good time at Lafayette Park.

—The ardent patriotism of the Freshmen has recently been shocked by learning that one of their honored body did not know what the Revolutionary War was, or when it happened.

—It is strange to see what an attraction French History has for the Coll. Soph. Class. The majority of them seem to have decided to take it next term, even in preference to their favorite study—Greek.

—A mighty feud is reported to be raging in the Junior Class. We hope there will be no duel. They might settle it by a walking match, or, perhaps, by a trial in pronouncing Greek.

—A College History Class was "electrified" the other day by the answer given to the Professor's following question: "How does the derivation of the term Jacobite show the political tendency of the class to which it was applied?" Student—"It is from Jacob; they were the Jews."

—The Seniors have passed a resolution to lynch any man in their class who studies Hegel, and belongs to the Kant Club.

—One of our promising French students had some difficulty in applying the rule, "The material from which any thing is made, etc.," to the latter part of the clause, *peaux de chevres* (skins of goats). Professor, fiercely—"Well, W., if you can't be bright at a recitation, it is a comfort to know that you can sin-till-iate (scintillate) at night."

—Miss Ada C. Fisher, '76, is teaching in the Public Schools.

—W. E. Conzelman, '75, is in the employ of the Harrison Reduction Works, a branch of the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Co. His address is, care of the above, Leadville, Lake Co., Colorado.

—George Burnet, '75, is working in the St. Louis Sewer Pipe Department.

—Mr. Thomas Edwin Price, of the Senior Class of '75, Collegiate Department, is engaged as Principal of the Public School, at Black Jack, a thriving suburb of St. Louis. He has filled this position during the past year with great credit.

—Paul C. Coste, of '75, has entered into a law partnership with Mr. Andrew Price, of Jefferson City, and has hung out his shingle in the insurance building, on 6th and Locust, where he may be found by those unfortunates who have need of a lawyer's services.

—Our old friend, McKee, of '75, looked in the other day, and while here tackled the scroll saw. Like many other things of that nature, it looked easier than it went. Mc. has been spending the summer on the Arkansas line, having to determine the boundary line between that State and Indian Territory.

—We understand that Prof. Arendt was rather successful the other day in a little game he got up against the lottery companies, proving the superiority of mathematics in computing the chances.

—G. H. Pegram, '76, who has ben rail-roading in Montana Territory, was driven in by the cold, and is now wintering in the city.

—We had the opportunity to hear, Wednesday, Jan. 9, a lecture on "The Archaeology of Missouri," by Prof. Hilder, delivered in the Reading Room of the University. It was given under the auspices of "The Society of Useful Knowledge," and was a credit both to the body and to the lecturer. This is a subject upon which very little is generally known, and yet is one of vast extent and importance. The science of Archaeology is destined to be of the very greatest importance in the next generation, and will rank with embryology and ethnology, with which it is intimately connected, as one of the best text books for the study of the great problems of life, with which the present generation is contending. Prof. Hilder showed that there were some very remarkable and striking resemblances between the implements and utensils found in the ancient "mounds" of Missouri, and those found by Dr. Schliemann at Troy and Mycenæ. He did not theorize upon the fact, but merely showed that in shape, mode of manufacture, and especially in symbolic ornamentation, the buried pottery and stone and copper tools so clearly resemble those found at Mycenæ, and also in India, that there must be some explicit cause for the coincidence. Altogether, the lecture was a very enjoyable one, and was appreciated by a small, but attentive audience.

This audience, as it passed down the College stairs and departed from the College door, might have heard an indistinct sound as of some one tugging and pushing on something behind the closed door of the Chancellor's room. If they had stopped and listened a few minutes, they would have heard muttered ejaculations of surprise, disappointment or joy; such incomprehensible phrases as "Screw her up!" "Shove her this way!" "Get her in the funder!" "By George, I've caught her, boys," etc. What could it mean? It was the Seniors at work at the telescope, attempting their first observation. The "old thing" didn't seem to work, and hence the tumult and expressions above alluded to. Whether the fault was in

the telescope or in the "boys" (it is uncharitable to ascribe it to the telescope) is not decided; but something must account for the enormous amount of double stars and satellites to Sirius, nebulae, etc., that they "saw." They were inspired, no doubt, with the hope to find a stray comet or something, for the way they used that telescope was something wonderful: not that they injured it, but then *two can't look* through the same telescope at once, even when the star is "smeared all over the glass," and there are better objects to look at than lamp-posts, even though there might be some satellites hugging them. Suffice it to say, that by the time they got through, they had learned that terrestrial, as well as celestial objects, are turned up side down, and that it is not so easy to be an astronomer, after all.

SCI. LOCALS.

—"And secure the blessing of posterity to ourselves and liberty," is the Seniors version of the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States.

—We desire all our graduates and any who may have been associated with us to keep us informed of their movements and of any change which may take place in their business. It is unnecessary to say that we are all interested in their success, and shall gladly welcome any news of them.

—The *University Missourian* sagely concludes that we have an elevator, not because we have anywhere stated that we have. O, no; but because "every alternate local is a joke on the elevator." To set at rest the mind of the editor of the *University Missourian*, we will state that we have an elevator—however, don't be envious, "only for the use of ladies."

—The Senior Civil Engineers are making grand resolutions about beginning work on their theses. Whether all this talk will result in their being ready, sooner than usual, is questionable. The miners don't say much on that subject.

—Prof. Snow will deliver a course of ten lectures, on Monday evenings. The subject will be: "Russia and Turkey." They will commence on the 14th of January. The rule about locking the doors, after five minutes past eight, will be rigidly enforced. This is rendered necessary by the fact that the lights must be put out in order to show the panoramic views, of which two hundred will be exhibited. Course tickets, \$2.00; single tickets, 25 cts.; to be had at the book stores or of Mr. Snow.

—Now that we have a new bowling alley, perhaps a few hints in regard to how it should be used would be in order: Always walk up and down on the alley. If possible, make a few dents in it with your heels. When bowling, let the ball come down with a thump, and throw it as hard as possible, so as to let lookers on know that you understand the game.

If you are "setting up," always roll the balls back on the alley, and try to break in the front of the bench at the other end. It makes a noise, keeps the other players on the lookout for broken shins, and adds interest to the game. Be sure to make it a point, when you are through playing, to pitch all the balls down to the other end of the alley. It is also an excellent plan to throw the blackboard rubber and chalk after them.

DIED.

SNAKE.—On January 3, 1878, of a scant diet, *Crotalus Durissus*, in the 10th year of his age. The spirit has gone from his body, and his body has gone into spirits. Friends are invited to call and examine.

—After scrutinizing the features of the members of the Editorial Staff, the Business Manager came to the conclusion that he (always excepting the Local) was the best looking man of the lot. He therefore constituted himself a committee of one to call at the Mary Institute, and request the young ladies to subscribe for the paper, and furnish items for the same. They readily agreed to do so, and one column of the paper will be reserved for them.

—*Doctor*—“Did you add Ammonia in excess?”

Student—“I guess so. I added a whole bottle full.”

Doctor—“Great Fathers!”

—A Senior says that the difference between Heaven and an assay laboratory is, that there is no parting there.

—School duties have crushed the pugilistic spirit out of the Junior Scientific Class. At the beginning of the term, before the different courses of study had split it into separate sections, the boxing gloves were in constant use; but who knows where they are now? The “solid men” of the class have taken to mining, and say that they have time for only two meals a week. Their enthusiasm formerly impressed on the minds of their classmates that boxing was just the exercise suitable to their age and condition, and they kept these unfortunate ones, most of the time, in a crippled condition. But now those good times are over, noses and lips have regained their natural sizes, eyes once darkened, are again their original color, and, altogether, the class seems to be on the downward road to effeminacy and ruin.

—There is a new lady student in the Scientific Department. She is tall and slim, and looks a good deal like a flagstaff with a bull's eye watch on one end of it. She spends most of her time on the roof, recording the force of the wind. Prof. Nipher informs us that her name is Anna Mometer. He will be glad to introduce any student wishing a further acquaintance.

—A Scientific says that since he has begun to prepare for examinations, he has had the following remarkable dream: “The differential of a radical is equal to the differential of the sulphides insoluble in acids and alkalis divided by the horizontal stress on a bar with half the similar parts similarly and simultaneously modified by a conventional tint on the responsibility of the moral agent times the insoluble residue from the fused mass on the horizontal projecting plane

through the point of sight”—and so on till morning.

—*Prof. (exhibiting specimen)*—“This mineral is called Apatite. Its presence always indicates the presence of organic matter.”

Student—“I thought apatite generally indicated the absence of organic matter.”

Student is squelched.

—Prof. Rees has lately been engaged in converting the pile of lumber in the Chancellor's room into a telescope. The instrument was presented to the University a number of years ago, but for some reason no work could ever be done with it. Prof. Rees proposes to work it on a new plan. He says that if you cannot see stars through it, all that is necessary is to loosen a screw, and allow one end of it to fall on your head. As the end can be heavily weighted, he finds no difficulty in making an impression on even the Senior skull. Already some remarkable observations have been made. One Senior pointed the telescope at a lamp-post, and after gazing intently at the inverted image, declared that he saw a comet. Another, on pointing the instrument toward the starry vault, was astounded to find that his vision could penetrate far into the regions of absolute space. Nothing at all was visible. The blackness of the darkness of everlasting night was everywhere. When some one remarked that it was customary to take the cap off of the telescope before looking through it, he wanted to know who was making the observation.

—Having got the work-shop in good running order, the next move in the right direction will be to convert the gymnasium, or some other convenient place, into a hospital. Nothing serious has happened yet, but the future prospect is promising. One individual, who says he “works in iron,” thinks his left hand will not have to be amputated for a week, at least. The Sophomores keep getting tangled up in the lathes, and the manner in which the Freshmen handle edge tools should forewarn those in authority that ample preparations ought to be made for any horrible catastrophe.

—The Business Manager of the *Irving Union* requests, as a special favor, that old-time subscribers and editors of that paper shall examine their files with reference to the existence therein of any of the below-stated numbers. If any of these numbers are found, he furthermore requests that they may be sent to him, in return for which he will make such compensation as is in his power. After much labor, and no little trouble, the Business Manager has filed all issues of the *Irving Union* in his possession, but though there are many copies of some of said issues, he finds that the following are totally wanting to the file:

1869—January and December.

1871—April.

1872—April, November and December.

1873—March and June.

1874—February 15th.

1876—January.

Of course it is of great importance that there be a complete file of the *Irving Union* in possession of the Society. Though we have dropped the paper, we still have pleasant recollections of it, and would not neglect to perpetuate what we have done in and for it. If a complete file were made, the Society would probably have it bound and placed in the University Library. The Business Manager also wishes to announce that he has prepared several files of the paper for 1877, and that he is ready to sell them at \$1.00 each. The year is one of the best, in a literary way, that the *Irving Union* has ever lived; and we think that the amount of real good reading matter contained in this volume is hardly appreciated by either students or professors. Outside of all local concerns, there are many articles of very great interest and profit.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY is one thousand years old, and has an annual income of one million dollars. It has a library of five hundred and twenty thousand volumes.—*Ex.*

Now that the elevator's done,

That we so patiently relied on,

Alas, we find the pony one

That we are not allowed to ride on,

The female student only there,

While Herman meekly plays dumbwaiter,

Avoids the long and winding stair,

And calls Her-man to elevate her.

So, when we see the rising cage,

With all its pretty freight upon it,

Who wonders at our smothered rage,

That Herman is the man to run it?

And after all, we miss the fun

For which so patiently we waited,

And though the elevator's done,

Yet none of us are elevated.

JUNIOR, translating — "Et divina opiei rodebant carmina mures;" "And the divine songs of the barbarians wore away the walls." The originality of this young man is only equalled by that of a student at a fitting school, who translated "Hic patriam vendidit aurum," "This one hung up his father by the ear."—*Ex.*

A SCOTCH law lord was seated one day on the hill side of Bona'ly with a Scotch shepherd, and, observing the sheep reposing in what he thought the coldest situation, he observed to him: "John, if I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered: "Ay, my loard, but if ye had been a sheep, ye wad have had mair sense."

A COMICAL instance of a man playing upon his own name sprang out of absent-mindedness. Sir Thomas Strange, calling at a friend's house, was desired to leave his name. "Why, said he, "to tell the truth, I have forgotten it!" That's strange, sir," exclaimed the servant. "So it is, my man; you've hit it," replied the Judge, as he walked away, leaving the servant as ignorant as before.

THE ACADEMY.

—Behold; this is our first attempt; hope it will succeed.

—Hard trials and great tribulations; the time to cease whispering has come.

—The boy who put that tack in the key-hole of the Academy piano had better beware, or Prof. M. may try a new tack, and do damage.

—What means this sudden influx of pointers and rulers? Somebody has made a mistake.

—Our artist, J. P. H., has not been sketching lately. What's the matter, Phil?

—Prof.—“J—r, do you spit on the floor at home?”

J—r.—“Generally have spittoons there.”

—Prof. A. made a raid on the Billiard Hall last week; by the “Billiard Hall,” we mean Dr. J—’s room, where the boys had secured the dissecting table, and with rubbers for cushions, pointers for cues, and marbles for balls, they were forgetful of all else. When the Prof. came in, it was cu(e)rious to see how quickly the halls were pocketed.

—Didn't announce the holidays in Chapel; guess they were afraid we would knock the plaster off the ceiling below.

—A class in shop work has been formed from the Advanced and Prep. Sci's. This is an excellent move, and will familiarize us with the use of tools, with—only four hours a week of actual labor.

—The A. A. D. C. has fallen through, owing, no doubt, to the laziness of the ‘Sport,’ the Captain who took no interest in it.

—It is really strange that the Latin compositions of the Advanced Class coincide almost exactly with the “Sports.”

—If chalk dust and waffles were only nourishing, how fat the Academy boys would be.

—It is a *painful* thing to see the state of the windows of the Academy. Old Benz was the last man who washed those windows; let me see—in December, 1868, I think.

MARY INSTITUTE.

We regret that our arrangements with the Institute could not be made in time to enable them to prepare a local column for our first issue. The following note, however, received just as we went to press, will show the kind intentions of our sisters and their interest in our work:

MARY INSTITUTE, Jan. 17th, 1878.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The Senior Class, in the name of the Academic Classes, writes to tell you how much they appreciate your wish to have their aid in the publication of the *STUDENT LIFE*, also to assure you that they will unite their best endeavors, with their poor abilities, to add to the interest of the paper. If the results of their first attempts are not as brilliant as those of the Mary Institute should be, they crave your pardon.

We naturally feel very proud over the above communication; first, because we have achieved a long wished for end; secondly, because we are the first corps of Editors who have had such assistance, and perhaps a third reason lies in the privilege we now have of stepping occasionally within prescribed ground, and on a plea of business, enter the halls hitherto untrod by the timid Editor.

In fact, one of the Editors has already taken advantage of his privilege, and banishing his old time timidity, has crossed the sacred threshold, and though somewhat bewildered by the fluttering of light wings, and the gliding of graceful forms, had an audience of the presiding Editresses. This took place in one of the lower Sanctums, and so he is still to experience the thrilling sensation, after climbing the celestial steps, of being ushered into the “Sanctum Sanctorum,” where the six Editresses and one hundred assistants will turn their wondering eyes upon him.

We have no Editor bold enough for that; even our Chief Editor refuses the undertaking, on the plea, that he is not good enough to enter such sacred precincts.

A. S. MERMOD.
C. F. MATHEY.

D. C. JACCARD.
GOODMAN KING.

Mermod, Jaccard & Co.

Cor. FOURTH & LOCUST STS.

(ODD FELLOWS' HALL.)

Invite you to inspect their magnificent stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks and Artistic Bronzes, Solid Silver and Plated Ware, Music Boxes, etc., and the low prices at which they are offered.

Badges and Class Pins, a specialty. Designs and estimates furnished on application.

SCHLUETER & BRO.

Merchant Tailors,

DEALERS IN

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

408 FRANKLIN AV.,

St. Louis, Mo.

CHAS. J. RICHTER,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

ARRANGES MUSIC TO ORDER.

2200 Morgan Street, S. W. Cor. 22d Street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FRED. MEYROSE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

1637 FRANKLIN AVENUE,

N. E. Cor. 17th St.,

ST. LOUIS.

J. M. POLACK,
Clothier, Gent's Furnisher, Shirtmaker & Merchant Tailor,
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Olive Streets, ST. LOUIS.

SCHARR BROS.

ENGRAVERS,

STATIONERS,

AND PLATE PRINTERS.

N. E. Cor. Seventh and Olive Sts.

SAINT LOUIS.

Wedding Cards, Visiting Cards, Dance Programmes,
Party Invitations, Crests, Monograms, etc.

1878.

1878.

Now is the Time to Subscribe for the

STUDENT LIFE,

A Monthly Journal published by the Students of

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY.

And devoted to literary and educational interests, containing COLLEGE NEWS from all parts of the Country.

ADVERTISE IN THE

STUDENT LIFE.

RIVERSIDE

Printing House

N. T. GRAY, Proprietor,

302 NORTH MAIN STREET,

ST. LOUIS.

SUPERIOR FACILITIES FOR FINE

BOOK AND PERIODICAL PRINTING.

JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch.

GRAY & GUERDAN, HATTERS.

LEADERS OF STYLES.

REASONABLE PRICES.

Cor. SECOND and MARKET.

THE LEADING AND FASHIONABLE

TAILORS

OF ST. LOUIS.

BROWNELL & SMUCKER

716 OLIVE STREET.

Fine Dress Suits a Specialty.

INVALUABLE TO SHAKESPEARE STUDENTS.
RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

SYSTEM OF

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS

By DENTON J. SNIDER.

Two Volumes, large 12mo., pp. 920. Price, \$4.50.

WHAT IS SAID OF IT.

"It certainly ranks with the works of Gervinus and Hudson,"—*The Western.*

"WE RANK THIS WORK OF MR. SNIDER AMONG THE GREAT WORKS OF LITERARY CRITICISM."—Dr. WM. T. HARRIS.

"An earnest attempt to fix the intellectual and ethical laws which governed the poet in his labors."—*New York Tribune.*

"An original study of Shakespeare. Mr. Snider holds his ground with good nerve and ability."—*St. Louis Republican.*

"Neither Goethe nor Schlegel has shown so convincingly how the poet fashioned his marvellous works."—RICHARD SOULE.

"The production of a thoughtful, scholarly and earnest mind. The work is able, suggestive and interesting."—*Boston Advertiser.*

"Mr. Snider's work is, indeed, a valuable contribution to Shakespearean literature, and will be found of great use to students of the wonderful master."—*Boston Globe.*

"Mr. Snider has written a very scholarly and ingenious work, of great interest to Shakespeare students, whether his views be adopted or not."—Prof. JAMES K. HOSMER.

"The purpose and movement of each play is defined in an altogether fresh and familiar way. We do not know a writer on Shakespeare who is more clear, direct and readable than Mr. Snider."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

"Mr. Snider's work is not disfigured by any fine-spun or moonshiny theories."—*St. Louis Times.*

"The greatest greatness of Shakespeare we had not seen before Mr. Snider enabled us to see it. I think his work will be recognized as a discovery. The criticism on Hamlet is certainly the best that has been written."—Rev. R. A. HOLLAND.

"Each play, in turn, is treated in detail, clearing up much that critics have found obscure, and discovering and compelling the recognition of the plan upon which the poet, whether consciously or unconsciously, worked."—Dr. JOHN GREEN.

For Sale at the Bookstores, and by

C. I. JONES & CO., Publishers,

208 S. Fourth Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.



MOUND CITY Shoe Store,

411 N. FOURTH STREET,

ST. LOUIS.

All of the Latest Styles and best qualities of Gent's Shoes, at low prices, can be found at the Mound City Shoe Store.

GRAY, BAKER & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

BOOKS & STATIONERY,

Keep a full stock of all the text books used in Washington University and Mary Institute, as also those used in all the public and private schools in the city, all of which will be sold at the lowest rates.

They also keep a stock of the leading PAPERS, MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS which will be furnished to subscribers at publishers' prices.

407 NORTH FOURTH STREET,
ST. LOUIS.

Fine Stationery in all the latest tints and designs a specialty.

WALDEMAR MALMENE, PROFESSOR OF VOCAL MUSIC,

Washington University, Central High School, etc.

Instruction in VOCAL CULTURE, PIANO AND COMPOSITION, \$20 per Term.

1502 OLIVE STREET.

Connected with Washington University nine years.

ERNST SPIERING, PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

OFFICE:

Balmer & Weber's and P. G. Anton's Music Stores.

RESIDENCE: 1104 Chambers Street.

Concerts, Parties, Weddings, Clubs, Soirees, &c.

Furnished with Instrumental Music, at most reasonable rates.

A. S. ALOE,

Optician and Mathematical Instrument Maker,

300 N. FOURTH STREET (N. E. Cor. Olive),

SAINT LOUIS.

Drawing Papers, Tracing Linen, Magic Lanterns, Barometers, Microscopes, Engineers' Supplies, And all kinds of Drawing Materials.