

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

THE SAGA OF LAKE.

I am the great Lake,
Harvard's pet half back,
Smasher of rush-lines,
Maimer of Heroes;
Where I go blood flows,
Noses are broken,
Rushers roll writhing,
Grim is the slaughter;
Vainly men tackle,
Vainly would stay me,
I, the Bull Headed,
I, the Pile Driver,
The Fearless, the Tough one,
Plough on undaunted,
Shouting my war-cry,
Thor, in his cloud car,
Chuckles to see me
Bucking the center,
Winning my five yards;
I am the great Lake,
Harvard's pet half back,
Nightmare to Yale men.—*Harvard Advocate.*

It seems like a paradox, that the person who is of the smallest calibre is generally the greatest bore.—*Yale Record.*

A PROPOS(AL).

The maiden blushed and hung her head
"What do you take me for?" she said,
The young man spoke up eagerly,
"For better or for worse," said he.
—*The Palladium.*

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"How doth the busy little bee
Improve each shining hour?
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower?"
It's largely done by industry,
By hustling around the earth;
And working everything that's green
For all the thing is worth.—*Brunonian.*

At Boston University the faculty have voted to permit work on the college paper to count as hours work in the course, allowing seven hours per week to the managing editor and two hours to each of his assistants.—*Ex.*

A FABLE.

One day some flies, with sad surprise
Flew into fragrant glasses,
Wherein, tho' fleet, they found their feet
Held fast by tempting 'lasses.
So, may the swell, on whom flies dwell
In large or smaller masses,
Take careful heed to mend his speed,
Or he'll flounder 'mid the lasses.

THE THREE UNITIES.

A tennis court, the place for sport,
A net and rackets two,
A summer day, the time to play,
A maid with eyes of blue.
The ball she serves. Alas! it swerves—
Goes bounding down the hill.
"A fault," I call; but yet with all
Her faults, I love her still.—*The Inlander.*

The recent death of Parnell calls to mind the long list of great men who have passed away since the year was ushered in. George Bancroft, Sherman, Barrett, Joseph E. Johnston, Hannibal Hamlin, Von Moltke, Lowell, Boulanger and Charles Stuart Parnell. What a catalogue of great names! Historians, poets, dramatists and statesmen. Who shall fill their places? Does the *income* equal the *outgo*?—*Ex.*

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."
Perhaps the poet might have changed his mind,
If, in a crowd one day he chanced to find
A fellow feeling in his coat behind.—*Ex.*

Enthusiastic professor of physics discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms: "Now, if I should close my eyes—so—and drop my head—so—and should not move at all, you would say I was a clod! But I move! I speak! I start! what now do I become?"

Excited student—"A clod hopper." It takes five minutes to regain *proper decorum*.—*The Undergraduate.*

Is this debating club where boys dispute,
And wrangle o'er their stolen fruit,
The senate, erewhile cloister of the few,
Where Clay once flashed and Webster's
cloudy brow
Brooded those bolts of thought that all the
horizon knew.—*Lowell.*

ALUMNI AND FORMER STUDENTS.

'88—Married at Freetown, on October 29, Mr. Roy G. Coddington to Miss Alma Benedict.

The following is an extract from a letter from the bride, part of which was written on shipboard and part after her arrival in Africa.

S. S. ANGOLA, ATLANTIC OCEAN, October 24, 1891.

It is a month since we left New York and still we are sailing, with four or five days more of it before us. I suppose we are due at Sierra Leone to-morrow or next day, but we had such a stormy passage from Liverpool to Maderia that we are behind time. This is never a fast boat and we were more than two days crossing the bay of Biscay, the roughest part of the way. The last few days have been very fine, with an extremely calm sea and we are making about eight knots an hour. It seems slow to us compared with the Chicago, which made fourteen or fifteen. * * * Most of our passengers left us at Maderia and the Canary Islands and there are only fifteen of us now. We four are the only women on the ship, but we do not feel lonely. The men are gentlemanly, most of them, but nearly all drink, which seems very strange to us prohibitionists. However, the drinking has fallen off largely this week, and we are very glad of it. We came into the harbor of Grand Canary Wednesday morning, the 21st. The island is mountainous and rocky, with great hills of sand near the seashore. As we had not been ashore since we left Liverpool, we decided to spend a few hours at Las Palmas. So about 2 o'clock we got into one of the little boats that came alongside the Angola and were rowed to land. * * * We took a carriage and drove through the town and saw a number of things to interest us. There seemed to be only two or three wells in the lower part of town, and we saw the women walking away from these in all directions with great earthen jars on their heads. They all had a great deal of fun at our expense, and they never hesitated to laugh right in our faces.

The houses were all just alike, so there was not much to see in the way of architectural beauty, except the cathedral, which is several hundred years old and is quite imposing. The banana orchards were queer enough and looked more tropical than anything we saw there. * * * The last sentence was written at Isles de Los where we have been stopping several hours. This island is a beautiful spot, but they say it is nothing like Sierra Leone. A number of the natives have come on board and are buying things of the sailors. They are togged out in all sorts of costumes. I see two or three dandies with watch chains and canes. It has been quite warm the last few days and we have all put on summer clothing. The sea was very calm last week, but day before yesterday it was crowded with white caps, and in the evening each one of these shone like a bluish-white flame, making one of the loveliest sights I ever saw. There is no describing it. As it is like nothing else, we watched it until late