

A SUMMER IDYL.

Quiver of heat o'er the meadow's breast,
Glimmer of gold where the reapers rest,
The drooping leaves hang breathlessly;

Shifting of clouds in the azure blue,
Golden light where the sun shines through,
The placid stream flows noiselessly.

Stir of the winds in the quickened leaves
Ripple of gold in the un-bound sheaves,
The silver stream moves restlessly;

Dash of rain in the reaper's eyes,
Lo, with the rain-bow in the skies,
Our thoughts melt into eternity.

LIEBIE C. BAER.

Then and Now.

Girls didn't do that way when I was young—I dunno what they're a comin to!

Now there's Susan Brown's Liza—you know she's away to school—down't the Academy at Peakville—'n as I was comin' through thar tother day—I'd been down to brother Joseph's nussin his wife—I jes thought I'd stop 'n see her,—I know'd Susan'd be tickled to death to have me—

I inquired roun' till I found out whar she stayed 'n then I went right over—I'd had my dinner to the tavern—the girl as came to the door said “Right up stairs No. 15” when I asked if Liza was thar.

I hearn voices in the room before I knocked—an' thought twas some o the girls most likely—an' I rapped right smart. Some one said “Come in” so I made bold to open the door—an there sot Liza an' two young fellers—the fellers was a smokin'—an' on the table was a box o-tobaccer and a little roll o-that paper they'd been a usin to make them slim white cigars—I was struck all of a heap at the sight—'n wus'n that, thar lay a deck o playin' cards right in Liza's room—an her Susan Brown's daughter n' brought up a Baptist.

That's what comes o' havin' the boy's n' girls gittin' their schoolin' together.

ESTHER SMOYER.

Twenty-Five Years Old.

When one gets to be twenty-five years old he feels that he has accomplished something. He is safely through measles and hooping cough and has cut his wisdom teeth. The big world isn't any too big for him, but it does not cramp him as it did when he was a little fellow in dresses. He is a “grown up.”

So when a society celebrates its quarter-centennial anniversary it feels the weight of years and dignity, nothing will suit but the best.

The Palladians, therefor, have been making preparations for the last six months for their celebration on October 16. They wish that this anniversary of the beginning of student organizations in the University should be fittingly commemorated, and all students are invited to take part in this students' celebration.

The anniversary address will be delivered by our honored ex-chancellor, E. B. Fairfield, second chancellor of the University, a man of high attainments and wide experience, and always spoken of by students who knew him, with affection. He has a high reputation as a speaker.

This address will be delivered in the Lansing theatre and if all university people are not present it will be because there is not room for them.

The Palladians will hold a reception in their hall on Friday afternoon. A general invitation will be extended to all students and the public in general to attend.

Other events will fill out the day and make the occasion enjoyable to all. When you hear “John Jones” late Friday night you will know that the Palladian celebration is over and another quarter century begun. Wait for it.

Lines for a basket ball court have been marked out in the gymnasium. Also goals have been erected which may be elevated out of the way so as not to interfere with drill.