

course, as proposed by Professor Osmond, the trustees have supplied a long-felt want. Many of the students of the college had contemplated leaving the institution on account of the inability to obtain the desired knowledge of physics and electricity, but now we are not only assured of retaining these students, but feel confident of an inflow of new students, who otherwise would never have considered the advisability of attending the college. Electrical engineers are in demand, as the electrical world is an ever widening field, and Pennsylvania State College, through the able instruction of Professor Osmond, expects to send forth some competent workers to this field.

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A COLLEGE paper without the whole and undivided support of the students is as a partition with insecure props, and we are sorry that we have to make allusions to the effect that our journal has not received this full and undivided support. Pecuniarily, this paper has no cause to complain, as almost every one of the students, if not all, has sent in his subscription cheerfully, but unjust criticisms have been proclaimed in meetings of a public nature and by persons who we little thought would be traitors to the cause. Let it be borne in mind that the editors of this sheet are not paid for services rendered; and, besides, when persons

desire to make criticisms which may benefit us, let them come to the proper persons and privately make suggestions, and not give an exhibition of their rhetorical abilities by proclaiming them abroad to the public, thus lessening our outside influence.

LITERARY.

THE OLD TRAMP.

[MR. EDITOR: The dedication of this poem is purposely omitted here. I have, however, made arrangements to have it printed on wall-paper, and will be able to supply any of my friends—lovers of the sad and pathetic—by the bolt, half bolt or yard.

Yours truly, THE AUTHOR.]

Here's a rhyme to that dead-broke tourist,
 Who as long as he lives will roan;
 Whose "cheek" is his principal treasure,
 Where night overtakes him, home,
 Whose hair is sadly neglected,
 Whose clothes are ragged and thin,
 And who takes a couch in the station-house,
 When the "copper" runs him in.

What part of the country hasn't he seen,
 What great man hasn't he met;
 What story worthy remembrance
 Was he ever known to forget?
 When told of his lowly position
 He saddens, like one in a trance,
 And says without fear, as he drops a tear,
 "I'm a victim of circumstance."

Then a rhyme to the dust-stained trumper,
 A verse to the knight of the road,
 Whose collar-box Saratoga
 Don't constitute much of a load,
 Whose whiskers are sadly neglected,
 Whose clothes are ragged and thin,
 And who takes a couch in the station-house,
 When the "copper" runs him in.

J. H. S. GIBBS, *Sad Poet.*

It is somewhat probable that Johns Hopkins will be removed to Clifton, just outside of Baltimore, in accordance with the wish of its founder.