

of the incumbent ?

Two gross and painful cases come to mind as I write : first that of Matthew S. Quay, the owner and proprietor of the Republican party of Pennsylvania, and second that of Stevenson A. Archer, the pride and idol of the Democratic party of Maryland ; both guilty of the same crime, committed in the same positions of trust. Quay to-day represents the commonwealth of Penna. at our national capital, while Archer's presence graces the hospital of the Baltimore Penitentiary. Quay in the outfit of a sportsman seeks his health in the "land of flowers," but Archer in prison garb looks after the health of his fellow convicts. This represents some of the phases of American politics.

This is the deplorable condition into which the public affairs of our nation have fallen. It certainly cannot be a realization of the glowing visions of purity and virtue, unselfish devotion to public good, high statesmanship and generous patriotism given by orator and poet when welcoming the annual return of Freedom's natal day. To portray our moral and political degradation would be of little benefit were there not at least a ray of hope that when the true state of things is shown up there might grow some suggestion for good.

In my mind there is no surer remedy than for our colleges and schools to make a greater speciality of politics in their course of instruction, with an aim at instilling into the minds of the rising generation the high and noble principles which should characterize our politics. Until some such step is taken with the right object in view we need look for little improvement in the administration of our government. W. F. S.

LIFE ON THIRD FLOOR.

As I sit in my room of an evening,
 Writing a letter or two,
 Comes the mingling of many noises
 Which makes me feel very blue.
 Above me the verdant Freshman,
 With his "pony" rides over the floor ;

His roommate with both fists thumping,
 Keeps time on the closet door.

To my left is a bold, bad Soph'more
 With his hair all ablaze and aflame ;
 They say he is very quiet,
 ' But he gets there just the same."

To my right is an honest Junior,
 Struggling with Physics hard ;
 From his struggles with "Simple Harmonic"
 His brain is all aching and tired.

His ponies all seem to have failed him,
 And recitations are even refused,
 For the Prof. in the Physics Department
 Mechanically cried out, "Excused."

Beneath in the old ladies parlor
 Still gather the maidens so bright ;
 When in song their noises do mingle,
 I think of a "Thomas cat" flight.

Next to them, Oh ! Horror of horrors !
 Is a woman with a terrible "squawk ;"
 All day she thumps the piano,
 I scarcely can hear myself talk.

She thumps all through the day time,
 She thumps till eleven o'clock,
 And starts again in the morning
 Along with the crowing cock.

Now all of my Profs and Tutors
 One question I'll ask if you please :
 How can you expect me to study
 With horrible neighbors like these ?

LA SALLE.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.

Every year half a million of Europeans emigrate to the United States. Of this number we receive, especially from Great Britain, Germany and Sweden, an intelligent, industrious and peaceful class of people, who come with the intention of seeking homes here, and to work for the general good of the country by becoming its citizens. Of such a class of foreigners were our forefathers, and such a class is to be desired among us now ; but of late years such immigrants have been in the minority.

The great majority of immigrants to-day comprises the poor and degraded, the lowest classes of Italians, Hungarians, Slavs and Poles. Almost without exception they come here with the intention of earning a sum of money and then to return to their native lands, This is a great evil,