

coming in absorb these old ideas, and they are perpetuated till they become almost traditions of the College. It is especially bad when the feeling is directed against some student or instructor as is unfortunately very often the case.

Some unreasoning fellow conceives a dislike to a professor who has in a moment of thoughtlessness injured his feelings. He starts to harp on his dislike and at every opportunity makes a parade of it. Without waiting to inquire into the justice of it, the others take it up, and it soon becomes quite the fashion to dislike and speak contemptuously of the professor, who may often be one of the finest men in the faculty. A fellow who stands up for him comes to be looked upon with suspicion as one who is trying to curry favor, and in extreme cases the student often becomes unpopular himself from that very fact. This is not only senseless. It is grievously wrong, and we would caution new men not to take these second handed ideas. If you can possibly do so, wait till you are in a good position to judge. You will often find that your own candid opinion differs very widely from the prevalent one, and, if you are a true man, you will be glad you waited.

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IN this issue we publish the first of what we intend to make a series of college songs.

With our ever widening life as a student body, we should have our own distinctive State College songs. We have our own favorite and popular airs, but the words are not ours. That beautiful negro melody, "Nellie was a Lady," is one of them, and we might mention a number of others. The boys take to them and seem to feel a degree of patriotism and pride in singing the familiar airs. How much better would it be if we had our own songs, the words and thoughts of our own men set to these measures?

It is true that our work is so purely scientific and technical that we have little time and less training to devote to literary work, and that we thus suffer a disadvantage. Still we will try the

experiment. We might add that we have a few songs of our own. Those so called football songs might be classed as college songs, but the airs to which they are set, are so atrociously common and worn out by use that they could hardly be dignified by that name.

UNE AFFAIRE DE COEUR.

It was during the fall of eighteen hundred and eighty-one, that cards were sent out announcing the engagement of Miss Julia Livingston, of New York, to Mr. James Church, of Philadelphia. I had known Mr. Church for years, and naturally received an invitation to his wedding which was to be an exceedingly swell affair, to take place in New York at the home of Miss Livingston, on the twenty-fourth of October, at half past eight in the evening.

When I received my invitation, I was living in Albany, and, as it was such a short run down to New York, I decided to obtain if possible, a week's leave from the firm for which I was working, and go down to the wedding. Naturally for such an occasion as this, I was obliged to look over my wardrobe and see what was needed, and as it was necessary for me to leave Albany at one o'clock on the twenty-fourth, I was very much hurried indeed, as I only had one day in which to make my preparations.

I immediately went to my wardrobe, took out my dress suit, sent it down to the tailor's to have it pressed and cleaned, and while waiting for it made use of my time by packing my trunk, after which I retired.

The next morning there was a knock on my door which awakened me, and upon going to the door, I found my dress suit on a chair in the hall. I put it in my trunk and then went down. As I walked into the dining-room, I noticed that the family appeared to be very much excited, and I could not account for it at first, but saw in a moment that it was all owing to a telegram which was at my place on the table. It looked as if it