

COLLEGE WORLD.

"THE girls," says the London *Spectator*, "have taken a remarkable place in the London University honours list of the B.A. examinations. Of the six in the English honours list the first and two others were girls. In German, two of the four in the honour class were girls. In mathematics, the first of three in the honour class was a girl. In the examinations for bachelor of medicine the first of three honours in anatomy went to a girl; and one of the three honours for materia medica and pharmaceutical chemistry went to a woman. Maybe they will be allowed to practice medicine in England by and by."

TALKING about lady students giving their pet names for publication: The *Heidelberg Journal* prints a concert programme, in which the first part song is given by Nannie Bott, Prudie Fenneman and Ammy Myers.

ATHLETICS.—We notice and commend the taste for athletic sports which is developing in the weaker sex. At New Haven ladies turn out *en masse* to see a Yale football match. In one of the English Universities there is a four, composed of the most muscular girls in the University; but whether they row in a shell or a yawl is not definitely stated. While in Hellmuth Ladies' College, London, there are two flourishing baseball clubs, captained by the best catchers in the College.

CLASSICS have become optional as a study at Victoria University, Manchester, England. The degree of Bachelor will in future be awarded without a compulsory knowledge of Latin and Greek.

BON MOTS.

IT is now claimed that the first time the expression "Eureka" had been used, was when Socrates sat down on a tack for which he had been looking.—*Ex.*
Did Xantippe ask what Eureka meant?

At a camp-meeting lately, a venerable sister began the hymn: "My soul be on thy guard; ten thousand foes arise." She began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried a stock broker present.—*Student Life.*

WILD OSCAR, THE ÆSTHETE.

THERE is hardly any such opportunity for a quiet, satisfactory talk, for a small flirtation, or a real old gossip, as there is over a cup of well mixed tea. It was while sipping some of the decoction of this celestial herb, that we had an opportunity to talk to Wild Oscar, the English Æsthete. Our interview occurred as follows:

One day, as his familiar figure was seen entering the Hotel Brunswick, the idea occurred to us to learn from his "Early English" lips his opinion of American colleges and their possibilities, æsthetically considered. A little while after we strolled into the office of the Brunswick, and asked to be shown to his room. Following the bell-boy, we finally came to a narrow hall-way, which he entered. As we did so, a waiter passed bearing upon a tray a glass holding a faded lily, a plate of withered violets, and a soup-tureen supposed to contain a sunflower. "The remains of Mr. Oscar's breakfast," we were informed.

Opening one of the numerous doors, we were ushered into a sitting-room, which the owner had seemingly just quitted. The attendant informed us that he would return in a few minutes. So we commenced a cursory examination of this temporary abode of æstheticism.

In one corner stood a flower-pot in which a large sunflower was growing. The wild poet's overcoat, hat and

gloves were lying upon a chair. The very air had an æsthetic fragrance. Lying upon the table were some books, pens, paper and some fragments of verses which had evidently been jotted down in the inspiration of a moment.

We picked up the sheet on which one of these was written. It ran:

"Sunny days and summer skies,
(Oh! for thoughts rainbow'd that lag.)
Existence is short, and time fast flies,
When lithesome maids, with turquoise eyes,
Pulsing and throbbing from Nature's dies,
Longing and yearning to know the whys,
(Bosky and weird is the gruesome hag.)
E'en light is sombreness in disguise."

"How beautiful!" we thought. "The passion of a 'Paradise Lost' contained in eight short lines. He is divine." Then we turned over the paper and saw on the back of it:

"MRS. MACDUNEY,

Please send home my 'Lord Byron' collars as soon as possible. I have two lectures to deliver here and three out of town this week. If you have not all three ironed send one at all events. I will remit am't of bill.
In haste,

WILD OSCAR."

Then he was really human! Very much so, as he had forgotten to mail the note. We laid it down with a sigh. At that moment he entered. We introduced ourselves, and he was delighted to see us. He rang for his dinner. In a few moments it was brought in. There was a glass containing a small leafy sprig, the sunflower tureen, a large bunch of tulips, a water lily, and a mass of loose rosebuds.

"You see," he said, "as far as the *public* are concerned, I live upon the ethereal beauty of flowers, but, *personally*, let me show you." From underneath the rosebuds he abstracted a small loaf of bread; the water-lily contained in its centre a pat of butter; in each tulip was a small piece of tenderloin and one Saratoga potato; and the leafy sprig was found to be mint, reposing in a julep. From the tureen he took a steaming little tea-pot, from which he poured two cups of tea.

"Mr. Oscar," we said at last, "what is your impression of America?"

"Well," replied the poet, reflectively, "it appears to be a country inhabited solely by newspaper reporters, and the population is large. Moreover, each is more impertinent than the last."

"What are the possibilities of æsthetic growth in American colleges?"

"Small," he replied; "it cannot grow in Harvard. Æstheticism and co-education cannot be co-existent. They could never understand it at Yale. At Princeton it would probably be forbidden by Dr. McCosh as being too worldly. You do not need it at Columbia. It seems to me that Trinity is the only place where it would prosper. They are fond of tennis suits there, their hair is long, and their legs generally thin. These are two indispensable attributes of æstheticism. Then out there in the country they can grow sunflowers. What more do you want?"

"Nothing," we said; "exactly so."

"Did I understand you to say that you wanted anything more?" he asked.

"No, nothing more."

"Oh! you don't," said the poet, displaying considerably more energy than before. "Oh! you don't. Well, then, as I want to take a nap, may I trouble you to close the door from the outside?"

Before we reached the passage, he was snoring sonorously, if not æsthetically, and that was the last we heard of Wild Oscar.—*Columbia Spectator.*