

✽ DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS. ✽

CELEBRITIES OF '89.

No. 1.

IT is somewhat difficult to catch a glimpse of No. 1. His visits to college are irregular and spasmodic and he is, moreover, usually late. But the scientific observer need not despair if after several days of stalking, he fails to meet the object of his search. The daring Nimrod in pursuit of the coveted Bighorn on the summit of the great Divide, considers himself in luck's way, if, for a fortnight's or perhaps a month's wearisome watching, he is rewarded by a single head. So we would again impress on the students of humanity the necessity of perseverance and untiring energy. To those, however, who have neither the time nor the inclination to devote to this, we purpose to offer a few remarks. To begin with, we shall endeavor to portray faithfully the subject of this sketch. Imagine to yourself a rather tall, slim youth, whose cast of countenance reminds you neither of a Spanish troubadour nor of an Esquimaux; whose figure might seem to your wondering gaze to approximate nearer to Bunthorne than to Apollo Belvidere; whose chronic semi-abstraction of manner might bespeak the venerable Professor were it not for the few straggling bunches of virgin fluff that one can see manfully pushing their way through the folds of his epidermis; whose shoulders have already, in well developed embryo, that well known stoop so redolent of midnight oil and Greek roots. His careless, swinging walk, with each limb pointing simultaneously to north, south, east and west, would sufficiently vindicate his merry, childlike, independent eccentricity of disposition did not his guileless, far-away smile confirm instant that impression. His large, dark eyes, which, in justice to their happy possessor, we must admit come nearer to our own ideal than anything we have ever seen, with the exception perhaps of those of a favorite bull dog, now long since dead (rest his soul!) light up with almost celestial brilliancy when he gets his prose back marked "very fair." We have known No. 1 ourself for several years and can say *coram omnibus* that we have never heard the breath of scandal blowing through his youthful whiskers. This is a reputation that not every student can boast of. But while the fair sex have, time after time, in vain assaulted the citadel of his affections, it must not be supposed that he is callous to the nobler feeling which possess the true genius—No! We have authority for the statement that, at school, he has been known to invade fearlessly the sacred precincts of the girls' exit hall—when the boys' door has been locked. No. 1 is not what one might call an athlete. He rejoices more in the exquisite beauty of the Odes of Horace (expurgated edition of course) than in the reckless impetuosity of the ubiquitous quarter-back. At the same time we refrain from disseminating the idea that he is a book worm, blown-in-the-bottle. We ourself can testify to having seen him on the Campus

picturesquely scraping the real estate off his right boot after an abortive attempt to connect with the mysterious drop-kick. It is whispered also that he occasionally visits the gymnasium and disports himself with a pair of clubs. He usually has the gymnasium to himself soon after he starts swinging. But in spite of all these shortcomings he is a very good fellow. While he never unnecessarily obtrudes his opinions on others, he is ever ready for an argument, and any smart Alec who contemplates playing our friend for a sucker will find his victim with his loins girdled and his lamps burning and a tolerably wide range of information. The Professors themselves will bear witness to this. We know of no other individual, at this moment, with a corresponding inoffensive appearance who can so effectually rattle a Prof. and his class as our No. 1. His questions are all of the most pointed and searching character; and when, in addition to this, we add an aggravating pertinacity and a restless desire to sift the whole question to its uttermost depth, we can imagine the result on all concerned. A stranger coming into the lecture room and finding the Prof. nervous and agitated and the class hovering between hysterics and superstitious awe, could nine times out of ten stake his big dollar that No. 1 has been asking a few questions. We cannot leave our hero without remarking that he has a brother, and one of those brothers that we don't find in hollow trees. Long after the names of students whom we now see passing to and fro are lost in the twilight of years gone by, the name of the "brother" will shed its undying lustre on the scroll of fame as the only man on record who ever succeeded in getting the maximum in junior philosophy without direct collusion with the professor.

WHAT THE MEDS. ARE SAYING.

JUST gaze on our moustaches.

ADAM H-LK-R.

H. G. T-LLM-N.

ART. E-I-TT.

M. E. McG-TH.

Truly de "Royal am a moverin' along."

BEVY OF STUDENTS, ADMIRINGLY.

To propitiate the gods. I make an offering of my beard.

ALEX. ST-W-RT.

Double bezique counts five hundred, doesn't it?

G. J. N-I-H.

Be a pattern to others, and then all will go well; for as a whole city is infected by the licentious passions and vices of great men, so is it likewise reformed by their moderation.—*Cicero*.

After a tongue has once got the knack of lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impossible almost it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice.—*Montaigne*.