together as they may wish. The condition of
the students the day after this "Kneip" is very
amusing; they appear about the middle of the
afternoon in carriages with their dogs, but the
dogs are the only sober ones in the crowd, and
very often the street-urchins may be seen climb-
ing up on the backs of the carriages, and having
fun with the sleepy occupant.
This kind of life is by no means carried on all
the time, but, as I said before, it lasts for the first
year or two, and it is a hard thing to find a stu-
dent who has not spent some time in this way.
It would be well to explain here, that it is not
necessary, in the German university, to attend
one all the time, but the student may change
about as often as he likes without injuring his
course of study. He is obliged to take no exam-
ination until he thinks he is ready to begin his
profession; then he passes in his certificates from
the different universities which he has attended,
giving the number of terms that he has been a
member in each, and if the number meets the
requirements, he is allowed to take the exami-
nation for his degree. So, after the student has
made up his mind that he must at last settle
down and do some work, he generally leaves the
university, to get away from his old associates,
and goes to another, and begins work in earnest.
This is the reason why a German student is so
much older than the student in this country—
the average age of those taking courses which
are taken up during the second and third years
at the Institute being twenty-three or twenty-
four.
The facilities for work are very poor, the
buildings and apparatus being old, and, as a
rule, cheap. The Chemical Laboratory at Heid-
elberg will accommodate only sixty students,
and is a mass of inconveniences, so that it takes
a student there as long to get ready for an anal-
ysis as it does here, to finish it. Notwith-
standing the inconveniences which have to be
contended with, a man obtaining his degree
there commands a better position than one
obtaining it here.

A hard smoker — the chimney.

A Soph's Lament.

Why is it that we feel so queer,
And oftentimes so sad,
When we have reason to rejoice
And feel exceeding glad?
While Sophomores we ought not grieve.
As we have done of late,
Because we miss the good old times
We've had as '88.

Alas! we mourn the happy hours
We used to while away,
In marching up and down the "gym"
On every other day,
And how our tender bosoms swelled—
With manly pride, no doubt—
When on those days, in uniform,
We Freshmen all turned out.

And oh! that we might once again
Use zinc and H C L,
And now and then make H 2 S,
Because we like the smell.
And how we wish we could once more
Our microcriths revive,
And still as Freshmen take our seats
In Kidder 35.

The privilege we grieve for most—
It's ours, we all maintain—
Has been transferred to '89,
And so we weep in vain.
What is this boon for which we crave?
What dear right can this be?
It's climbing up five flights of stairs
To Rogers 53.

This year we have to live on links,
On dynes and poundals, too;
And now " ils sont " becomes " sie sind ";
That's why we feel so blue.
But we must reconcile ourselves
To this, our adverse fate,
For never can we have such fun,
Though still we're '88.

M. E. C. H.

Count Rumford.

O what man of science that this country has
produced, has less honor been done, here,
than to Rumford? The contemporary of Frank-
lin, and second only to him in his scientific attain-
ments, he is now all but forgotten in his native
country. Benjamin Franklin and Benjamin
Thompson were born within twelve miles of