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The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson



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WESTMINSTER ABBEY AS AN EMBODIMENT OF FORM.

TO the casual observer who looks upon the north front of Westminster Abbey raising itself one hundred and seventy feet against the dim daylight of a London sky, the outline and mass of the structure suggest but little; if he sits beneath the arched roof surrounded by the noble dead who lie buried beneath the consecrated floor, very likely the over-ruling sensation within him is one of depression at the solitude and gloom, and he feels nothing of the thrill that a more sensitive and observing nature experiences

“Where Loves no more, but marble Angels moan,
And little cherubs seem to sob in stone.”

For Westminster Abbey is not a mere triumph of architectural skill, but is an embodiment of the hopes and aspirations of a master builder's mind. The building itself is the product of growth, is the result of the best thoughts of centuries of builders. As completed, it consists of a nave, transepts, and choir, with aisles throughout, having that which is very uncommon in cathedrals, aisles on both sides of the transepts. The nave has twelve bays or divisions, and the whole structure has the general characteristics of Gothic architecture, being very high and with the prominent pointed effects, having innumerable turrets and three large towers. The interior is lofty, graceful, and seemingly infinite, while in unity of design it closely resembles Salisbury Cathedral.

To one who thoroughly understands architecture there is more than beauty in the elaborately foiled ornamentation of the walls above the arches, in the beautiful mosaic pavements, and in

"The storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light."

But all these outward impressions are as meaningless without an inward susceptibility to the meaning of it all, as are beautifully blended colors to a man who is blind. As a structure, Westminster Abbey is a perfect illustration of what Aristotle describes as "form" when he says: "But I mean by form the essence or very nature of each thing," and the "essence" of Westminster, the "very nature" of the edifice can only be understood by the person who has religious, moral, and artistic, as well as poetic, sensibilities to the meanings which every arch and every flying buttress convey. There is a religious symbolism in the different parts of the structure, first in the very shape of the building, which is cruciform, and symbolizes the cross on which the Saviour suffered and died, reminding us of the atonement.

As to the more minute details, a careful study of them confirms us in the truth of the statement made by one who designated it "a theology in stone." In all things the prevalent number is three, triple height, triple length, triple breadth, signifying the doctrine of the divinity. Other numbers which predominate are four and seven, the former the number of earthly perfectness, signature of the world and of divine revelation, and the latter the signature of the covenant, the seven spirits of God, and the seven pillars of the house of wisdom. The geometrical designs lying at the base of the ground plan are also symbolical, being combinations of the triangle, circle, and oval, which symbolize Trinity, Eternity, and the saintly aureole. No one can take in all the significance of the elaborate emblems which are everywhere, which extend even to the minutest details, in brief, it is practically impossible to understand "the form by which the thing is what it is."

One must have many of the elements which went to make up the nature of Shakespeare or Dante, in order to enter into the true meaning of parts of the structure, and there must be the instincts of insight, knowledge, and sympathy, to gain much from a visit to the Abbey.

In this magnificent example of Gothic architecture there are many traces of that period of transition when life became richer and more settled, and the range of sentiment and thought began

to widen. Men had begun to realize anew how pleasant was the world in which they lived, and to take a fresh delight in the beauties of the changing seasons, in the birds and fields, and the inexpressible charm of changing lights and shadows, and had begun to study the harmonies and contrasts of line and the symmetries of form. So love of beauty, as symbolized in nature and the world about us, became a controlling method of expression, and so gave direction to the moral and intellectual energies, and we have it to-day expressed in the structure of the Abbey as an example of patriotic and religious sentiment. The awakened sense of beauty filled the consciousness of the artist with a definite conception and he embodied that conception in stone, for he found it capable of realization in his art, and he became unconsciously "the interpreter to itself of his own generation."

"For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."

The sources of the inspiration or series of inspirations which built Westminster Abbey were the sources of spiritual life common to all men, but from which some one or ones drew more deeply than the rest, revealing by art the true inner nature of man himself, and enlarging the scope of his imaginings.

Westminster Abbey illustrates, with a simplicity that is as peculiar as it is noticeable, that morality and beauty are never separated in the very highest forms of human expression, and a study of nature develops and augments the instinctive love for the charm of the beautiful.

Of all previous forms of architecture the Gothic contributed more toward enhancing the power and effect of the beautiful, so far as sculpture and painting were called into play. In Westminster, from the curious mosaic of tiling on the floor, straight up to the highest point of the arched roof, each separate part contributes to the organic unity of this wonderful conception, of this great expression in stone of the flights which the imagination of man may take. It is truly the embodiment of man's imagination and is the true form of religious enthusiasm and patriotic pride, and in it the deepest feelings of individual minds found poetic expression.

In the church the faith of the community took visible form, and the ideal of beauty kept pace with the moral ideas of the time, while in the gleaming spires and tall pointed arches, so very tall that one gets an overwhelming idea of parallel and horizontal lines, we see expressed the aspirations of an awakened people,

and in the idea of climax visible throughout, the stages of moral and intellectual development. The advance from monasteries to grand church edifices and cathedrals, gave evidence of the religion which had become the experience of all civilized mankind. Monasteries for the few, gave place to churches for universal worship, and thus new and broader conception of Christianity was the basis of the very dimensions of the artist's plans, and the structure stood for the universality and ever-increasing prominence of religious belief. As the workman carried in his very soul the form of that which he was about to build, he was moulding and giving expression to man's hopes and fears, binding all together with the cord of a perfect harmony.

—BLANCHE BURDIN SEARS.

Yale University, February 27, 1901.

THE DISCOVERY OF A HEART.

“**N**OW, mamma, let's sit down and make out that list. We must have just eight to fill the cottage comfortably.” Ethel Heywood was in one of her imperative moods, and her mother obediently recognized the inevitable with a little good-natured grumbling.

“There is plenty of time yet, Ethel. It is only April now, and you don't intend to have the party until August.”

“I know that, but the invitations have to be out before they make other plans for the summer. If you will hand over that piece of paper I will put the names down. Now let's begin with the girls. We positively must have Maude Ellis and Edith Barton. They are bright enough to put life into everything. Of course I shall have to invite Freda Walker if we have Ted Ashton. That goes without saying. Then last, but not least, comes my beautiful, stately Helen Dalton to keep up the dignity of the crowd.”

“That is very well for the girls, my dear. Whom are you going to have for the young men?”

“Well, to begin with, there are Ted Ashton and my dear brother Jack, who doesn't count in the four. George Fuller is Edith's most devoted admirer at present, so I suppose he will have to come next. Now, what shall I do about Mr. Douglas? Jack insists that we invite him, and I haven't the slightest idea what sort of an addition he will be.”

“I think you need not fear about him, Ethel, from Jack's description. He says he is one of the foremost men in his col-

lege in athletics and, beside, is extremely popular everywhere. I believe that is the kind you girls like."

"But, mamma, Helen doesn't care for that sort of a man unless he has the brain and heart to back it up. That is her hobby and, on that subject at least, she is perfectly immovable."

"Why do you relegate Mr. Douglas to Miss Dalton, my dear? You might take charge of him yourself if he is left desolate." Miss Ethel seemed somewhat confused for a moment and then remarked that, as long as the list was finished, the invitations might as well be written.

"But, Ethel," insisted her mother, smilingly, "you have only four young men counting Jack. Who is the fifth to be?"

Ethel blushed this time as she said in assumed carelessness, "Oh, Jack said I had better invite Arthur Morris."

"Very well. Give me the list and I will see about the invitations. You and Jack can be making your plans for the summer."

When Ethel left the room, her mother read over the list with a smile. Mrs. Heywood was a widow whose one aim was to make the lives of her two children, Jack, a Cornell student, and Ethel, as happy as possible. Having plenty of money, she succeeded in this pretty well. Every vacation something new was planned, and for the following summer there was to be a house-party at their beautiful cottage on the Maine coast.

As the weeks passed by, numberless plans were made. Two weeks before the appointed time, Mrs. Heywood, with her son and daughter, went to the beach to have everything in readiness for their guests. The day on which they were expected was stormy, much to Ethel's disappointment. She soon recovered, however, when her first guests, Maude Ellis and Edith Barton, appeared. They were special friends of the family and stood upon no ceremony. After the usual greetings were over, Maude was all impatience to know about every one else who was invited. Before Jack had given her all the information, another carriage drove up with several others,—Freda Walker, Edward Ashton, and Mr. Douglas. George Fuller and Arthur Morris were to come on the next morning's train.

"When do you expect Miss Dalton?" asked Edith Barton.

"On the evening train," answered Ethel. "By to-morrow at ten our party will be complete."

Helen Dalton was a stranger to all except the Heywood family, who had met her through mutual friends. Ethel, in her usual impetuous fashion, "adored" her with all her heart, and the

affection was warmly returned. Ethel's rapturous descriptions had fully excited the curiosity of her guests, but they were not prepared for the vision of beauty which descended from the carriage that evening. Her dignity of carriage and ease of manner rather overcame some of the young men who were rather used to Ethel's overflowing spirits. Mr. Douglas, however, after his first involuntary glance of admiration, was a perfect match for her in self-possession.

The first evening was devoted to the task of becoming acquainted, as two or three were utter strangers to the others. The next morning the remainder of the party arrived, and all began to do their best to have a good time. Boating, fishing, and driving were enjoyed to the utmost. From the first Mr. Douglas fell gracefully into his place as slave to Helen Dalton, and, in fact, seemed to rather enjoy the position.

Ethel, one day, asked her how she liked him.

"He is very pleasant," she answered, simply.

"Why, he is simply superb, Helen! There is not a single thing to find fault with in him. He is handsome, gentlemanly, good, brave, and kind. What more can you ask?"

"I'm afraid, my dear Ethel, that you have not observed him very closely or you would not say he is 'kind,'—that is, in the sense of being gentle, and pitying the suffering. That is the only fault I find with him, but in my eyes it is a great one."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, I will tell you and let you judge for yourself. The other day we were walking past a little, tumble-down house near the village. A dreadfully deformed little cripple was sitting there, and he called to Mr. Douglas. He excused himself and went back for just a moment. When he returned I asked him if anything was the matter and he said that the fellow wanted help. Thinking, of course, that he had not refused, I made some little remark, when I was surprised to see him turn very red, and to hear him say, 'One can't always be helping every wretched cripple one sees. How can you tell whether you are being imposed upon or not?' I am not an advocate of indiscriminate almsgiving, but that jarred upon me as being utterly unfeeling and heartless. There was no doubt that that poor cripple was in a wretched condition. In fact, I cannot understand why the village people leave him there. Do you wonder that I am disappointed in Mr. Douglas, Ethel?"

"If there is no mistake about it, no. I can hardly believe it, though."

"Never mind him, now, Ethel. Let us talk of something else."

After this conversation things went on much as before, except that there seemed to be a slight restraint between Miss Dalton and Mr. Douglas. Ethel understood that Helen had been obliged to show that his very obvious attentions were not welcome.

One evening all were seated around an open fire-place, telling stories. Only two days more remained, and they were making the most of them. For an August night it was very chilly, as there had been heavy showers all day. A servant came in and spoke to Mrs. Heywood, who left quickly. On returning she spoke to Mr. Douglas and Miss Dalton, who were sitting near each other. Helen called to Ethel and asked if she wished a walk, explaining that Mr. Douglas and she had been sent for by the cripple she had seen the day before. Arthur Morris volunteered to make a fourth to the party.

While the girls were getting ready, Helen expressed her surprise that they should be sent for.

"What can it mean?" she asked. "How did he know our names, anyway? I confess I am exceedingly nervous."

"I'm sure I don't understand it," replied Ethel. "People of that sort take strange notions now and then. Is he sick, or what excuse was sent?"

"He is dying," answered Helen.

As they came near the old house, they noticed that Mr. Douglas seemed more and more nervous. At the house, instead of knocking, he opened the door for them, and then followed them in. Excusing himself, he went into a farther room, from which they soon heard voices.

"He seems strangely familiar with this place," said Ethel in surprise.

Just then an old woman came out of the room and told Helen she was wanted in there. In wonder, but no longer nervous, Helen obeyed. There, to her surprise, was Mr. Douglas sitting on the bed with the cripple's head pillowed on his knee. The poor creature looked more deformed than ever. His face was drawn with suffering, and the unmistakable mark of death was imprinted upon it.

"John," said Mr. Douglas, gently, "here is Miss Dalton. What is it you wished to say to her?"

At the words the closed eyes opened and a smile went over his face.

"Come nearer," he whispered. "Before I died, I wanted to"—for a moment the voice died away,—“ask you to—to be good to him. He—told me about—you—and—I guessed you made him unhappy. He has been—awfully good—to—me.”

With that his voice died away completely and, after a short struggle, the soul left the weary, twisted body.

At his last words a great light came into Helen Dalton's heart, and she quickly held out her hand. As Ralph Douglas took it, he knew that, through the death of the poor wretch he had secretly befriended, the best thing of his life had come to him.

After sundry directions had been left with the old woman, a silent man walked home under the starry sky, which had cleared since their start.

That night when Helen was telling Ethel what it all meant, she exclaimed, "And to think that I called him heartless! He has been helping that poor fellow both morally and financially, ever since we have been here, and has only been afraid we would discover it. He even hired that woman to take care of him when he was taken sick."

"I suppose the stage of saying, 'He is very pleasant,' is past now," said Ethel, mischievously.

Helen blushed, but when the party went their separate ways, it was understood that they were to meet at a future date to celebrate an occasion in which Miss Dalton and Mr. Douglas were to be the most interested parties.

—1902.

HOW A SOPHOMORE FEELS.

"There are moments in life one can never forget,"
That is true, for a poet cannot lie.
And for one of those moments—I'll ask you to note—
When your Soph'more debate drew nigh.

To be sure for a year we'd been given our theme,
But a year is a long time ahead.
Why, so long that for months there is no need to work,
And no cause whatever for dread.

So 'tis left and 'tis left till the very last thing,
And then—O, 'tis sad to relate—
Those debates are right on us and nothing is done,
And—we grumble a little at fate.

Then the sleep that is lost and the temper that's spoiled,
As one reads with the most doleful looks,

Of the dryest of subjects that ever was found
In the dryest of dryest of books.

Tell me, why did we leave them, O some of ye gods?
O why did we p'crastinate so?
If our year's work is "encored" have we learned,
Or will we forever be slow?

Though advice is cheap produce, I'll give some right here
To any who after me come.
Don't leave your debates till the very last thing;
To begin when they ought to be done.

—A. L. M., '03.

FISH STORIES.

THERE is, on the coast of Massachusetts, a small town which is quite noted as a summer resort; but its desirability as a place to get rid of the cares and heat of city life and incidentally, your cash, is not its only bid for fame. For the fish stories which have originated there are justly celebrated.

The first of these, and the most widely known, is that of Jonah and the Whale; for this is the identical place at which he took his rather hurried departure from the stomach of the leviathan; the rock on which he landed is still called Jonah's Rock, a fact that should convince the greatest sceptic of the truth of this legend. When nature does not provide the necessary materials, imagination is called into play; and the "greenhorn" who seeks information from the old fishermen that loaf about the dock, learns wonders of the deep which, to say the least, are not mentioned in the standard ichthyological works. One old retired fisherman who has a wide reputation as a natural-born liar, has been presented by his admiring friends, with a duly sealed and attested license to lie; he uses it. On one occasion, I overheard him talking with an elderly man, evidently a farmer, who was complaining of the wet weather which prevented the crops from ripening. Whereupon he was gravely informed that singularly enough the lobsters had failed to ripen this season; and, as he appeared somewhat incredulous, he was shown a basket of green ones. Surely, there was no confuting this sort of argument!

Generally, however, there is some foundation for these marvelous tales, though nature is, perhaps, improved on a little. What do you think of a mermaid, "caught with hook and line," exhibited at ten cents a peep? Though mermaids are generally thought of as very beautiful, this one was excessively ugly; perhaps this accounts for the low admission price. A large skate,

whose head and mouth, though perfectly flat, resemble the human face somewhat, had been cleverly distended and, with the addition of a head of sea-weed hair, made a very presentable mermaid;—of the old hag order.

But not quite satisfied with these petty deceptions, affairs sometimes reach a larger scale. A fisherman hauling his trawl one morning was startled by the appearance of a large shark, instead of the usual line of gleaming white haddock. Needless to say, he left his unexpected catch severely alone. But numbers give courage, and the great fish was soon towed ashore. This specimen was a "ground shark," a species which is perfectly harmless, and he was thoroughly tired out by his long struggle with half a mile of trawl line with its accompanying hooks. Besides, he was nearly drowned by being towed tail first. Now an enterprising hotel-keeper appeared on the scene, purchased the creature, tied him to the wharf before his house and advertised, "a twenty-foot, man-eating shark, captured after a desperate encounter in which several boats were destroyed and one man lost his life, would be on exhibition at the Ocean House, free of charge." This last in capital letters. The boom lasted as long as the shark did: about a week; for the shark, like the landlord's milk, had taken too much water.

This collection of stories would not be complete without mention of that much-talked-of monster, the sea-serpent. The following tale, unlike most stories of his snakeship, is true; I, myself, being an eye-witness, can vouch for it.

It was a calm, pleasant, summer afternoon, and quite a number of people were gathered on the dock, waiting for the Boston boat. Suddenly, about five hundred yards out, a dark head was thrust above the surface, almost immediately followed by several gleaming, black coils, in all extending about fifty feet and rolling on with a peculiar, undulating, snaky movement. For an instant all was silent; then a woman screamed, everybody turned and, following her agonized look, their eyes became fixed on that uncanny object. "The sea-serpent," gasped one; a cold chill passed down my vertebræ, and I felt my hat rising. I have a dim recollection of seeing the others take on a sickly green hue, and their knees made a rattle like the patter of rain-drops on a tin roof. While we stood as if paralyzed, the creature reared his head up so high as to show his neck and part of his body, for his neck, contrary to the general belief, was very short; then slowly sank and, after a few more twists, the dark coils followed.

Slowly my hat settled down, my knees ceased to tremble, and I turned to the others. Instead of the gay, laughing crowd of a few moments before, I now saw a group of silent, pallid, awe-struck men and women, as they should be, having looked upon the rarest monster left to the world from prehistoric times. After all was over, a few wiseacres got out some cock-and-bull story to the effect that the head was only a seal; and the body a school of porpoises, who, by some strange coincidence, happened to come up in a line behind him. But as they were the most terrified while the monster was in sight, the story was put down, as it deserved to be, for a weak attempt to cover up cowardliness by a display of know-it-all-ism. The fact remains that several old fishermen, who certainly know a seal or a porpoise, are ready to take oath that it was a genuine sea-serpent; and they tell the story with a guileless simplicity that is more convincing than a thousand protestations of honesty.

—C. B. F., 1904.

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF COLLEGE LIFE.

ONE seldom, if ever, finds a person whose college course has meant to him the most possible. Poverty, sickness, natural dullness or depravity, something has kept him from making it what it might have been.

If every college man in America should make the best use of his time at college, there would be a great change for the better. Well educated men would be worthy of being looked up to. They would make America a better country, more deserving of all its traditions. We should have a race of men as noble and heroic as any knights of long ago.

If every college woman in America should make the best use of her time at college, the professions would welcome women more eagerly than they do now. There would be happier homes, because the mothers and sisters in them would be as worthy of devotion and honor as any fabled queen. The best of the youth of the land are the college-bred youth, and the best would be even better if all used their opportunities as they might.

How much a college course should mean, then, if the right use of it can accomplish such wonders. How much responsibility rests on the shoulders of every student, a responsibility too often shaken off and left neglected. Life is serious; and in spite of all our fun and frolic we must think earnestly sometimes.

How to make the most of a college course—that is the question, and a most difficult one. The successful solving of it means

a great deal to one's self and to the world, while a failure in solving it means that both one's self and the world will be so much the worse off.

All this may sound extravagant, even untrue. But no one can have a chance to prove it so, since, alas, the time will never come when all will make the best use of their education. Students of this generation and also of generations to come will do as their fathers and mothers have done, some well and some poorly.

Some do poorly because they really have not learned how to use their college opportunities; some because they do not put into practice what they know. It would be helpful to a great many young people if a part of their college preparatory course were lectures and other instruction upon how to make their education of the best possible use to themselves and through themselves to the world.

How should the student go to work if he is to be an ideal student? He should determine to make of himself all that he can, to use every talent or ability to the best advantage. He must have this purpose at the outset, or he cannot hope to accomplish much.

He must keep his purpose before him always. He must not take it up and lay it aside as he likes, but must try constantly to work toward it, as patiently as the inventor works at his favorite invention, as untiringly as the consecrated missionary works to save the souls of the heathen.

He must do this, and yet he must not be a crank. He must have a healthy mind, a clear head, and if possible a strong body.

He must study hard, for through this his mind is disciplined, his wisdom is increased both for practical use and in reserve power. Study, however, is not the only reason for going to college. The facts learned from books and from lectures are by no means all that one hopes to get. But they are a most important part; and it is through them, or at least in connection with them, that all the other college benefits come.

One must study not only what he likes, but also what will do him the most good. If he is dreamy and inclined to be unpractical, he probably needs to study physics or chemistry as well as Browning. If he is matter-of-fact and lacking in imagination, he probably needs to study something besides mathematics. He must study what will help him to reach his ideal and to make the best of himself, whether the studies are pleasant or distasteful to him.

He must enter into the social life. If he neglects this, he misses more than he knows of college helps. Especially if he is timid and bashful, afraid of making advances and awkward in society, he must drag himself to places of amusement, must make himself prominent in debate, in extemporaneous speaking, must persevere in spite of sensitiveness, or snubs, or failures, or anything else. If he wants to succeed in the world outside he needs to know men, to have tact in approaching them, and ease in addressing them. Since men make up the world and influence the world, one cannot hope really to succeed without knowing them thoroughly, even if he has to overcome Goliath and Apollyon to do it.

He must be interested in sports, in amusements, in everything good that belongs to college life. To be an "all-round" man he must take interest in all, in proportion, of course, as they appeal to him. Whether or not he can sing a note, whether he is a famous ball player or is only able to cheer, he must be interested in both glee club and athletics, just because both are worthy parts of the college and because college loyalty demands an interest in them. It is college loyalty that helps the college to be and college loyalty that helps it to be good.

He must not waste time in idleness or folly, for surely, if any moments are precious, they are those of youth. Golden opportunities and helpful, enriching thoughts are likely to slip by anyway; and every moment wasted means so much gone out of one's usefulness to himself and to other people and to the world in general.

But he will make a mistake if he does not have recreation. He must have plenty of this, or both mind and body will get tired and refuse to do their work. The popular saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is just as true with a college student as with anyone else.

Before everything else he must be a Christian. He must try first of all to serve God. The man who to-day tries to serve God will just as surely be helped and strengthened to do both religious and other work as ever the Israelites were helped thousands of years ago. He who serves God will make of life a surer success than he who does not, because he will choose the better ideals and will cast aside the lower ones. Both pleasure and usefulness mean more with a Christian than with anyone else.

—D., '04.

HOMES AND HOME-LIFE IN INDIA.

CLIMATE may be said to be the determinator of the customs and manners of the different countries of the globe. For instance, in a cold country like America, the houses and the whole manner of living are entirely different from those of a warm country like India. We have no snow there, except on the summits of the Himalayas, which are from 26,000 to 29,200 feet high, and seem to touch the sky with their snow-white peaks. It is this fairy-land, India, whose homes I am about to paint in words, for I was born and brought up in one of these homes.

All our houses are built of baked bricks, like those used in America, clay-bricks and stones. It would be difficult to find even one wooden house there. I never lived in a wooden house till I came to America, and you cannot imagine how afraid and unsafe I felt in such a house at first. It seemed to me then that if a wooden house should catch fire, it would burn to the ground in the twinkling of an eye. The majority of our houses are one story high, except in large cities, where some buildings are four and five stories high. Because of the high winds, heavy rains and extremely hot weather, low houses are preferable to high ones, and besides, they are more comfortable to live in. Our houses do not have more than three or four rooms. In some houses the number is even less. They all have flat roofs, which are usually made of mud, sometimes of straw. These are very useful in the summer time, for when it is too hot to sleep in the houses we sleep upon the roofs, where the air is much cooler.

As a general thing, Hindu houses do not contain as much furniture as American homes. If you should go into a Hindu home, you would not find chairs, tables, china dishes or beds, but three or four large plates, two or three small plates, and five or six drinking mugs, a large copper or brass water pitcher, and half a dozen earthen vessels which are used for storing the grain, sugar, and other such things. Our dishes are made of copper, brass, and a material almost like silver, which is very costly, therefore we cannot afford to have a large quantity of dishes. We use no knives, forks or spoons; we do not need them, because our ten fingers serve us for the same purpose much better than knives or forks. When I first began to learn to eat with knives and forks, my arms ached and it seemed as if I could never satisfy my hunger. I imagined then how hard it must be for the Chinese to eat with chop sticks. I was glad I

was not one of them, for to learn to eat with chop sticks would have been even worse than to eat with knives and forks.

We sit on the floor and sleep on rugs. Every morning the rugs are folded and laid aside till it is time to use them again. We have no stoves in our homes, but small fire-places. It does not take very long to cook our simple food, which consists of unleavened bread, curry, and different kinds of vegetables, for we live mostly on fruits and vegetables. The whole family never eat together; the father with his sons eats first, then the mother with her daughters. It is against the Hindu custom for a man and his wife to eat together. After each meal the wife polishes the dishes and puts them on a shelf for ornaments. In case of company; if it is a woman, the wife has the privilege of talking; but if a man, she draws her veil still farther over her face and keeps silent unless some questions are asked her. A woman after her marriage, lives in the house with her father-in-law and mother-in-law. She has very little or practically no voice in the household affairs. The mother-in-law is the mistress of the house, who makes her work hard and often beats her if she does anything contrary to her wishes. She is thought no more of than a slave. The husband has nothing to say while his mother is living; he, too, has to obey her. So it takes a long while for the husband and the wife to get acquainted. They do not see each other till their marriage day, all previous arrangements being made by their parents.

When a girl is born, she is not welcomed by her parents with as much joy and happiness as a boy is. The birth of a girl is considered rather an evil omen. The father is always dissatisfied, while the mother's sorrow cannot be expressed. She is afraid that her husband will be displeased with her and get himself another wife. So with the very beginning of a girl's appearance in the world, her unhappiness begins, which is made still more unendurable as she grows older and comes under the care of her mother-in-law. The boy is the pet of the family, and everything is done for him. All the educational advantages are given to him, because the Hindus believe that the women are not capable of learning. Thus practically the boys are indulged much more than the girls. They become the favorites of their father, while the girls become good companions to their mother.

—A. D. O., '02.



BLUNDERARE EST HUMANUM.

A few days after a big snow storm, not many years ago, a certain young lady in a certain college town, took the afternoon train for her home, not a hundred miles distant, to fulfill an engagement which she had for the following day.

Now Miss Blank knew that there had been a fall of snow and that the wind had blown for the past five days, but her mind was so occupied with her studies that none of these things made any great impression upon her. She boarded the train with the thought of how pleased the people of her native town would be to see her.

The train had not gone far before she noticed the mountains of snow on either side of the track, and now and then a dash of the same substance against the pane.

"What if, after all, she should not be expected?" she thought; and this thought was strengthened as the distance lessened and the size of the snow-mountains increased.

But to make a long story short, Miss Blank arrived at her destination just at dusk, and as she stepped upon the platform she was met by the station agent, who greeted her with, "Why, be you crazy?" Before she had time to reply to this question, her brother appeared on the scene, and after eying her for a second, said, "Well, Sis, you must be crazy; didn't you know we've had the biggest storm of the season and the roads have been impassable for a week? We'd have sent word to you, but couldn't get to the post-office." Then the postmaster spake thusly: "Well, little girl, are you out of your head?" And neighbor Jones' son, who had come for the mail, asked her if they'd had any snow where she was before she came away, and hinted something about college ideas versus common sense; also added

that girls in that part of the State knew enough to stay in when it—— “Well, you must be losing your senses,” he said.

“We are what people take us to be,” sighed Miss Blank; “am I really out of my head?” “Well, anyhow,”

“If I be sane, as I do hope I be,
I have a papa at home and he will see”——

and she plodded along behind her brother.

“Papa’ll think I’m brave to come home in this blockade, and the station agent said I never could get up home to-night, but I have,” and she stamped the snow from her feet as she reached the piazza. Just then papa opened the door, and with a pitiful look on his countenance, said: “Why, you crazy little girl!”

—P., '02.

A REVERIE.

The spark of day is slowly dying. From the distance the sound of cow-bells is wafted to me, softly through the dusk—so softly that no distinct note can be heard, only one sweet cadence, which, slowly rising, as slowly dies away. Gently the little waves, themselves as musical as the sound of the bells, beat upon the shore before me.

But hark! what melody is that, mysteriously sweet yet strangely human? Ah, 'tis the fisher-boy whom I saw go out this morning, now returning, himself hardly more than a speck in the uncertain light. The song grows louder and the little boat becomes more distinct with its sole occupant swaying like a reed as he urges it on.

Suddenly the song ceases, and, leaning eagerly over the side, he peers earnestly into the depths below. What sees he there? What impulse bids him stay? Then as if in answer to the question the old legend of the place comes to my mind.

.....

Ages ago, upon the very spot where now the boat rocks idly to and fro, a city of wealth and power stood, a city which in some manner now forgotten, angered Neptune, who vowed in his wrath that it should be destroyed. Accordingly, one pleasant Sabbath morning as the bells were pealing forth their sweet notes and the people were going to church, the whole city was buried beneath the swelling flood.

And now, just at the close of a beautiful summer's day, the fisher-boy, returning, sees again the magic city, hears its bells, and sees its people going to church.

.....

For some time he sits there gazing intently into the waters, until finally the last bit of daylight fades from the earth. Then taking up his song again, with a slower, idler stroke he reaches the shore just as darkness sets in and Night broods o'er the waters.

—'04.

A YOUTHFUL PHILOSOPHER.

In my Sunday-school class there is a little boy who always wants a definite, tangible answer to any question asked. It is very hard for him to see how God, whom he cannot see, can have anything to do with birds and boys, whom he can see.

One Sunday I said to him, "Charlie, was it a man who made this robin's nest we've been talking about, and fastened it onto the tree?"

"No. A robin made it."

"Who taught the robin to make it?"

"O—her mother."

"No, sir!" piped up another little voice, "No, sir! God taught her!"

"No, sir! He didn't! Her mother taught her 'n' her mother taught her 'n' her mother taught her 'n' so how could God?"

"Yes, He did, too," said the second, "the very first robin that was made, God made, and He taught her how to make a nest and she taught her baby robin 'n' she taught her baby 'n' so God *did* show the robins how to make a nest, didn't He Miss —?"

"Yes," I said, trying hard to look as serious as the subject under discussion demanded.

—B., '02.

Alumni Round-Table.

PERSONAL.

'71.—H. W. Lincoln died recently at his home in Meredith, N. H., after a long and severe sickness.

'79.—Professor Walter E. Ranger of Johnson, Vt., State Superintendent of Education, has been appointed by the Governor chairman of the committee which has charge of the collection and arrangement of the Vermont exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition.

'83.—Stephen A. Lowell of Pendleton, Oregon, has been appointed by the Governor a member of the State text-book

commission, which has full charge of the selection of books to be used in the public schools throughout the State.

'83.—Cyrus H. Little, LL.B., one of the most influential lawyers in Manchester, N. H., has recently been elected Speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives.

'92.—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Eugene Walter have written a small pamphlet on "Wild Birds in City Parks," having special reference to Lincoln Park, Chicago. This interesting and valuable little book is original in plan and methodical in arrangement.

'93.—Miss Grace Conant, who is teaching in the Woman's College of Baltimore, gave a reception on the evening of February 28th to the Faculty and friends of the college and to about two hundred of the students in the English department. The reception was given in honor of Dr. S. S. Curry, President of the Boston School of Expression and Professor of Oratory at Harvard University. Miss Conant was the guest of Congressman and Mrs. Taylor at the recent McKinley inauguration.

'94.—Sherman I. Graves of Bowdoinham, who is now principal of the Wellington Street School in Springfield, Mass., has been appointed supervising principal of the Strong district school of New Haven, Conn. There were fifty applicants for the position. Mr. Graves will begin duties on April 8th with a salary of \$2,000.

'94.—J. W. Leathers is practicing law in Machias, Me.

'97.—Miss Mabel C. Andrews has recently become pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Madison. She preached a very interesting missionary sermon at the Anson Quarterly Meeting.

1900.—Miss Blanche B. Sears, who is now taking graduate work at Yale, has been elected to teach literature and light gymnastics at Thayer Academy, Braintree, Mass.

1900.—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Rodick of Bar Harbor announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Aimee, to Mr. U. G. Willis, formerly of Bates, and now teacher in the Volkmann School, Boston. His many friends will tender him their sincere congratulations. Miss Rodick is a graduate of Kent's Hill, 1899, and one of Bar Harbor's popular teachers.

Around the Editors' Table.

AGAIN we come to the close of a college term when every student is crowning his term's work with a week of solid "plugging." As one student meets another almost the only subject for conversation is tests. Everybody is wondering what he will have in his different exams., and filling his head with facts of every kind which he thinks he may need. His one thought for the present is to "pass," and toward this he bends all his energies.

If a student has done faithful work during the term, he can do nothing more profitable than to review his studies thoroughly. But if, as is too often the case, he has neglected some parts of his work, the result of this final "plugging" is to fill his brain with a jumbled collection of facts which, while they may get him through his tests, are soon forgotten and amount to nothing. This, no doubt, is the result of thoughtlessness. No student comes to college with the purpose of wasting any of his opportunities. He cannot afford such an expensive luxury, for the great majority of college men have their own way to make in the world. But almost before he knows it he lets one thing after another "slide" and he comes to the close of the term unprepared for examinations. Is this the case with us? If so, let us stop for a moment and think.

WE do not wonder that pessimism still holds sway in men's minds to-day, when they analyze life and see how much impurity and vileness exists and thrives even in classes of society where one would imagine such conditions would be shunned. The principle that the boys must sow their wild oats is absurd and contradictory to the law of the universe, whether in the material, intellectual or spiritual sphere, that seeds bear fruit after their kind. If one sows wild oats, the harvest will be wild oats. The man who has wasted his early years in idleness and indigence does not mature into a man with keen intellect and developed ability. Never were truer words spoken than those of Wordsworth, "The boy is father of the man." As a tree, injured when young by the severing of a branch or in some other way, bears the scar till it decays and crumbles to dust; so the life, even touched by impurity either of thought or action, is scarred for eternity; for man is not the creature of a day, but of everlasting eons. The idea that man has lower heights to attain and hold in this moral question than woman is an idea fast losing its hold

on the best minds of the day. Society is beginning to demand as much of men as of women. Purity is like the ruby. Its clear spark of fire shines from its very heart, or center of its being, and has no merely superficial beauty. Allow not a film to obscure its ray. Let us guard this virtue well. Let us no longer be hypocrites, appearing that which we are not. Let us at least live up to our good name; and if wild oats have been sown, let us hasten to transplant into our lives the thrifty, perennial seeds of true, noble character, and at least, the fundamental one of purity.

AS spring is now so near at hand, we are beginning to wonder what sort of a team Bates will furnish this year for the tennis tournament. We are all justly proud of our past record along this line; and we feel sure that, if the boys will improve the coming weeks with good, faithful practice, we shall be able to see some very interesting and hard-fought games during the college contest for championship; and that also the men who shall represent the college at the intercollegiate tournament next May shall be able to win as great honors for us as were secured by our last year's team. But before this practice can commence there is a great deal of work to be done in preparing the courts for use. So let us each be ready to lend a helping hand, and thus give our hearty coöperation and support to the players, so that the coming season will not fall below the high standard which Bates has already established along this line.

WITH the improvement of nearly every other branch of our college, social life ought not to be overlooked. It plays too important a part in the development of a student to be neglected or allowed to degrade. Bates' social life is at its worst in its gymnasium sociables. The building is suitable for such purposes neither in location, appearance or conveniences. There is nothing in our sociables there to inspire a desire to grow socially as well as spiritually and intellectually. No girl cares to wear a dainty dress in such a place, the floors of which never boast of cleanliness, and of course if the girls do not don their best the boys will not. So all attend the "gym." sociables attired in plain, every-day costume. All the refining charm of attractive dressing is thus lost. Though suitable reception rooms are prime necessities for well-carried-out college functions, Bates still lags behind in having them. Cannot something be done to remedy

this evil? As a mere suggestion, we might speak of the basement of Hathorn Hall, soon to be vacated, which might be made very suitable for such occasions.

AS the Junior girls reach the end of their gymnasium course, it may be well to stop a moment and think what a course in gymnastics means to college girls.

It means, like all other systematic work, discipline. It helps to teach the lesson that exercise is necessary in order to have good brain power. It often clears foggy minds and rests tired heads. In spite of many "cuts" and much unfaithful work, it means a growth in physical strength, in muscular development. It helps lazy girls to be a little more energetic, and active girls to be more active. It is a harmless outlet for too great animal spirits. It will make the awkward girl less awkward and the plain girl less plain.

Athletics do not mean so much to a girl as to a boy; but they ought to mean something. In order to be ideal women, girls certainly need the increased bodily strength and vigor that the gymnasium will give them.

WITH the extension of the elective system a weakness of human nature is making itself evident among us,—to get through life with the least work possible. In choosing our electives it seems to be the sole aim of most of us to have just the minimum number of hours required; we think not whether the combination which we choose is what we want,—what we need, but whether it has just fifteen hours in it. Now is this either right or sensible,—to choose studies which we neither want nor need just because we will be obliged to work less thereby?

Work, work, whence this fear of work? By work only can we rise; many a great man when asked to what he owed his success has answered—"to work." And to the pleasure in work Phillips Brooks bears witness: "The man who knows indeed what it is to act, to work, cries out, 'This, this alone is to live!'"

Local Department.

GLIMPSSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more
 Create the old delightful things;
 And woo the frozen world again
 With hints of heaven upon your wings!

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

We offer our congratulations to Willis, 1900.

Have you joined the "Buffaloes"? 'Leven cents, please!

And what a changeful spring it is, with sunshine and storm,
 smiles, showers, and sprinkles.

Professor—"Mr. M., why does phosphorus not occur in the
 free state?" Mr. M.—"Because it occurs in combination."

If you feel all tired out and exhausted, you may know it isn't
 because of the hard term's work you did, but only because it is
 spring.

Chapel exercises have been conducted recently by Professor
 Anthony, Dr. Salley, Rev. W. J. Taylor, and Rev. N. M.
 Simmonds.

It is claimed that the first robin appeared on March 12th, truly
 not as a herald of spring, but of the big winter snow-storm that
 came March 14th.

Miss Hanley of Monmouth, a graduate of Boston University,
 spoke to the girls about social settlement work, on Saturday
 afternoon, March 2d.

The judges for the Sophomore debates were Dr. Leonard,
 Mr. Nutt, and Mr. L. S. Metcalf. The Freshmen have begun
 already to think about theirs.

Professor Hartshorn held a Junior exhibition in the English
 room for several days, at eleven o'clock. He and the class
 served as judges.

We notice that Bowdoin has received a library fund, the
 income of which is to buy books on rhetoric and literature. We
 congratulate Bowdoin and wish that some one would do the same
 for us.

Under the auspices of the Social and Literary Guild, Profes-
 sor Anthony lectured at the Main Street Church, Wednesday,
 March 13th, on the "Action and Reaction Between Christianity
 and Art."

We copy the *Lewiston Journal's* description of gentlemen's new spring hats: "Not much larger than liver pills whittled out and finished with an invisible curl." Have you seen any such around the campus?

A number of recent graduates have been in town during their school vacations. Among them were Misses Files, '98, Coan, '99, Lowell, Avery, and Beal, 1900, and Messrs. Eaton, '96, Landman, '98, Merrill, '99, Healey, 1900, and Packard, 1900.

A Freshman was seen recently crossing the campus with a rocking-horse under his arm. It is to be hoped that he (the rocking-horse) will be able to leap safely over those Britannic and Germanic ditches.

Why did the editor rave
And tear his hair in dismay?
The college news was far too dull,
And he hadn't a thing to say.

Why did the editor smile
And clap his hands in glee?
He made some news, the very best
His inventive brain could see.

Why did the editor groan
And creep away to hide?
The college wits picked him to bits
Because, they said, he lied.

A mandolin club has been formed among the young ladies of the college—Miss Pingree, '03, Miss Norton, '03, and Miss Donham, '03, playing mandolins; Miss Merrill, '02, and Miss Smith, '03, guitars; and Miss Ames, '02, the violin.

Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores all have extra work in the summer term, with Commencement, Junior Parts and Ivy Day, and Sophomore Essays and Debates. So the literary societies will be expecting a great deal from their Freshmen members.

The Bates Round Table was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Boothby on Friday, March 8th. The speaker of the evening was Miss Emily B. Cornish, Bates, '95. She took as her subject Sidney Lanier, briefly treating of his life and reading several of his poems.

The Seniors chosen to take part in the Exhibition are Misses Dow, Caroline Libby, Gertrude Libbey, Neal, Noyes, and Towle, and Messrs. Bachelder, Clark, Ellingwood, Moore, Rand, and Wilson. The judges were Dr. Leonard, Dr. Salley, and Professor Purinton.

The right to wear college sweaters with the "B" has been, by the rules of the Athletic Association, lately allowed to Jordan, '01; Moody, '02; Hunnewell, '02; Hamlin, '02; Blanchard, '02; Hunt, '03; Baldwin, '03; Allen, '03; Towne, '03; Ramsdell, '03; Munro, '03; Cole, '04; and Dennett, '04. Without the "B" to Piper, '03; Williams; Holden; Briggs, '04; Dunfield, '04; and Hayes, '04.

The Wednesday afternoon lectures continue at the Divinity School: February 20th Rev. C. S. Patton, of Auburn, lecturing on the subject, "Elements of Success in the Christian Ministry"; February 27th Rev. Everett Leshner, of Augusta, on the subject, "Relation of Heredity to Character and Conduct"; March 6th Rev. A. I. Davis, of Bath, on the subject, "Applied Christianity the True Socialism."

The regular meeting of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held at Lewiston, Saturday, February 23d. Representatives were present from Colby, University of Maine, Bowdoin, and Bates, Ham, '01, representing Bates. The meet is to be held Saturday, June 1st, at Orono. It has been decided that hereafter the meets shall be held in rotation at Lewiston, Brunswick, Waterville, and Orono.

The following are the recently elected officers of the Ladies' Glee Club; President, Miss Allen, '02; Vice-President, Miss Stratton, '03; Secretary, Miss Freeman, '03; Treasurer, Miss Pettengill, '02; Executive Committee, Miss Allen, '02, Miss Pettengill, '02, and Miss Thompson, '02. Much "good hard work" is being put in at the rehearsals under the direction of Professor Mower, which, it is hoped, is and will be appreciated by the student body. The club numbers fifteen at present, and is steadily growing.

The Freshman prize declamations were held in the chapel, Saturday, March 9th, at two o'clock. This was the program:

Thrush, the Newsboy.—Lucille Lowell.	Miss E. M. Reynolds.
South Carolina and Massachusetts.—Webster.	A. K. Spofford.
The Ghost Story.—Anon.	Miss A. L. Barker.
Heroes of the Land of Penn.—Lippard.	F. W. Wallace.
Toby's Monument.—Elizabeth Kilham.	Miss S. M. Davis.
Napoleon the Little.—Victor Hugo.	J. A. David.
Joan of Arc at Patay.—Mark Twain.	Miss E. A. Bray.
The Trial of Warren Hastings.—Macaulay.	M. B. Gay.
The Arena Scene from the Last Days of Pompeii.—Bulwer-Lytton.	Miss B. L. Bray.
The Better Part.—Booker Washington.	G. A. Ross.
The Ruggles' Dinner Party.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.	Miss A. L. Sands.
Freedom or Slavery.—Patrick Henry.	J. C. Briggs.

The committee of award, Rev. W. J. Taylor, Miss Alice M.

Brackett, and Dr. Salley, gave the prizes to Miss Bessie L. Bray and Mr. David. The committee for preliminary declamations was Miss Varney, Moore, and Bachelder.

After the long and hard task of reading their parts, the Seniors enjoyed themselves at the home of Miss Gertrude Libbey. They had a delightful social time and listened to the following program:

Vocal Solo.....	Mr. Marr.
Reading	Miss Bailey.
Vocal Solo.....	Miss Irving.
Readings	Miss Vickery.
Account of Snow-shoeing.....	Mr. Roberts.

Ices, cakes, fruit, lemonade, and crackers were served.

College Exchanges.

"You in your small corner,
And I in mine,"

Is the whispering echo of our hearts as we look upon the many magazines before us, representative voices of colleges which are scattered all over our fair land. We are parts of a whole; kindred spirits, pulsating with like hopes and aspirations; corner-stays, as it were, in a great cob-web whose threads of college spirit, of enthusiasm, of youth, of future fame, of meditation, of research for the deeper mysteries of science and art, are spun by the flitting, busy, noiseless worker, Ambition. These threads form not fatal snares; but mere pathways in a labyrinth of knowledge through which the golden thread of life's purpose guides with unerring accuracy to the broad plain of life's work. A friendly chat, as we cross each other's way, leaves pleasant memories; we wish we had space to give you the benefit of all of these, but a choice is necessary.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* must be listed among the choice few which form the exception to the rule;—that only one or two articles in an issue are worthy of comment. This magazine is good from cover to cover; there is not the least suspicion of carelessness or haste in its preparation. "A Study of Ruskin" is a scholarly article, giving an especially just summary of Ruskin's views on Art and Economics. The stories give us glimpses of real life, and delight us because natural. "Unwept, Unhoned, Unsung," graphically portrays the tragic life of Aaron Burr. "Academic Freedom of Speech" is a wide-awake editorial on the present state of affairs at Leland Stanford Uni-

versity. How true it is that "by limiting the freedom of speech a university destroys the very purpose for which it exists."

The *University of Ottawa* is to be congratulated that its *Review* editors have such faithful coöperation from the students as to present such a praiseworthy number as its Newman's Centenary. The whole issue is devoted to the various phases of Newman's life and work. The titles of some of the articles will give a mere suggestion as to its worth: "Newman and the Tractarian Movement"; "Newman as a Catholic"; "Newman's Idea of a University"; Newman and Matthew Arnold." A great deal of thought and valuable information has been condensed into little space. The article on "Newman as a Poet" is so beautifully written and the sentiments and imagination of Newman's works so skilfully described as to indicate that a person of kindred poetic spirit was its author. The piece is decidedly artistic. This number is worth being filed as a ready reference for students investigating the life of a man who has so greatly influenced the thought of the last century.

The Mount Holyoke awakes a sympathetic chord in our hearts, because we can rejoice with them in their jubilation over a new building. The Dwight Memorial Art Building is described in detail, and promises to be very artistic. A "Partial Study" is an excellent paper on a writer who has caused much enthusiastic admiration in literary circles for four or five years: Walter Pater. A short, pithy article on "Souvenirs" says that "your room reflects your personality." Beware! An editorial on the "Art of Living with Others" is not the least bit abstract, but so concrete as to cause introspection.

"When the Price of Life Was Naught," a story in the *Colby Echo*, makes our life-blood thrill anew, as it takes us back to the atmosphere and spirit of Walter Scott.

"The Gentility of Clark Branford," in the *College Index*, is a pathetic story of a life which missed its truest happiness because of procrastination, and yet found recompense in memory; in contrast, is the brother's life of slavery to wealth and fashion, even to scorn of true worth; while the niece and daughter, though a child of wealth and ease, has the noble love for "all things, great and small."

The *Peabody Record* has its usual atmosphere of primness. "Virginia Dare and Her Descendants" proves quite conclusively that history up to the present time has not been accurate in saying that Raleigh's Colony was lost; for their descendants still live in the Croatan of North Carolina.

The University Cynic may be complimented for its exceedingly fine story, "A Piece of Clay." Its hold upon the emotion is intense; its suspense makes one feel unable to read fast enough; its style is simple; its sentiment ennobling.

The editorials and "Free Press" in the *Wellesley Magazine* always furnish healthful, solid reading matter. They come as bits of clear blue sky amid the clouded writings of lesser magazines, and are always welcome.

"Ali Hassan," in *College Days*, from Ripon College, is written by an Armenian, treating of the conditions in his fair native land brought about by the despotic Turk and cruel Mohammedan. Such articles make us appreciate and value the protection and good-will of civilization and Christianity. Read it.

Interest is awakened in the story, "An Out-Field Error," in the *Southern Collegian*, by its "catchy" conversation. Awaiting the issue maintains the interest. "The Eye of Death" is rather a far-fetched illustration for a law in Physics.

Said the Freshman, with anxious-eyed query,
 "I'm in trouble, and what shall I do?
 I cannot find time for my lessons,
 I'm frantic, I'll never get through!
 I've cut my math. every week Monday,
 My English, my Latin, my Greek,
 In Hygiene, I've cut till I hardly
 Dare lift up my eyes and speak.
 And now the exam. times are coming,
 My work isn't nearly done,
 And I can't see anything left to do
 But to cut—my—fun?"

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

VESPERS.

Soft the shadows, lengthening, lingering, melt into the dusk again,
 And the twilight's benediction rests upon the homes of men.

Far within the gray cathedral kneels a weary, restless throng,
 Fevered with the toil and turmoil of the day so hard and long,

Till the cool, dim, soothing silence shudders, smit with solemn sound,
 As the organ's throbbing thunder seems to rock the very ground.

'Tis the agony primeval, elemental, brutal strife—
 Through long æons the creation travailing in pain for life.

'Cross the thunder leaps the wild, sweet wailing of a violin;
 Ah! men's heartstrings still make music, wrung with passion, suffering, sin;

Quivering 'neath Life's hand;—but hark ye! pure and clear and true and
 strong,
 Tender, trustful, and exultant, from the shadows soars a song.

Soars,—and lifted by its rapture, nature's sigh and spirit's moan
 Blend divinely with the seraphs' pæons 'round the Great White Throne.

Soft the silver twilight deepens into purple gloom again,
And night's peaceful benediction rests upon the hearts of men.

—*Mt. Holyoke.*

A MEMORY.

'Mid lengthening shades of afternoon,
We walked beside the stream;
Hushed was the hazy air, and soon
O'er darkened peaks the crescent moon
Floated, a pallid dream.

Silent the river's course and slow,
No breath its surface stirred;
Hushed were our hearts, as they who know
Those thoughts' responsive ebb and flow
That need no spoken word.

When now I walk again that ground
Not silent is the stream,
For mingling with its murmuring sound
Echoes of that last hour resound
Across my waking dream.

—*The University Cynic.*

Our Book-Shelf.

If literary men and women ever take a vacation, it would seem as if they had been doing so during the past month, for the month's list of new books is unusually short. The vacation is well-earned, however, and we will gladly let the busy hands rest from their labors for a while.

A recent book most worthy of note in the student world is *A History of American Literature*¹, by Walter C. Bronson, Professor of English Literature in Brown University. This most admirable little book contains in brief yet entertaining and lucid form a history of the literature of America from the time of Captain John Smith to the present. All unnecessary details are done away with. The less important writers are merely mentioned, in their proper places, and proper relations to the whole. Professor Bronson does vastly more for us than merely to give us the writers' lives and a list of their works. In every case possible he traces out the influence of the Old World, the spirit of the times, the environment of the writer as shown in his work.

The structure of the book is helpful to one who is anxious to keep the main facts of American literature in mind. Mr. Bronson divides the history into three parts. First—The Colonial Period, from 1607-1765. Second—The Revolutionary Period, 1765-1789. Third—The Period of the Republic, 1789-1900. Leading up to the study of each one of these periods is a short account of the condition of the country, its history and development since the beginning, a forecast of what the literature will be and a list of the contemporaneous works in England. This is, plainly, of great assistance to the student or general reader.

The literature of the Colonial Period is confined mostly, of course, to religious, historical, and controversial writings. The works of this time have little literary value in themselves, but are of great historical and critical value. New England, Virginia, and Pennsylvania produce the authors of the period from 1607-1765.

During the Revolutionary Period the scope of the writer broadens and takes in essays, political and religious, narratives, speeches, and poetry, venturing even to the drama. The lights of this time are Alexander Hamilton, Governor Thomas Hutchinson, Benjamin Franklin, and Philip Freneau.

The Period of the Republic is sub-divided into three parts—from 1789 to 1815, from 1815 to 1870, and from 1870 to 1900. Though Professor Bronson has the greatest enthusiasm for the men who have raised American literature to where it stands, he has no false conception of the position which it holds in the world of literature. In his forewords to the Republican Period he says, "American literature at its best is still much below English and Italian and Greek literatures at their best. No false patriotism or personal affection for favorite author should blind us to these facts. . . . How puny are our greatest compared with the giants of the ages—Goethe, Milton, Shakspeare, Dante, Virgil, Sophocles, Homer."

Into the life and character, yes, even into the very souls of those beacon-lights of American literature, Irving, Poe, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, we are given searching glimpses. It is a pleasing feature of the mechanical structure of the book that all mere detail and data of a writer's life are placed in notes at the foot of the page, while we are led on to look at the man himself, his qualities of mind, his character, whether good or bad.

In concluding his book, which is of value, both as a text-book and as a reference book and has no few charms for the casual reader, Prof. Bronson says in summing up the stages of growth of American literature: "The first stage, lasting some two hundred years, was that of a crude or feeble Imitation of English Models. . . . The second stage, extending through about two-thirds of the nineteenth century, was pre-eminently that of English Culture in American Soil. . . . The third stage, not yet completed, is one of Transition, Experiment, and a New Spirit. . . . The best literature yet produced in the New World is that which was dominated by the culture of the Old World. . . . An American literature which . . . at the core remains true . . . to the life of the Great Republic may yet become one of the sublime literatures of the world."

*Outlines of Roman History*², by William C. Morey, Ph.D., promises to be successful as a text-book. It is very clearly and carefully written. The structure of the book is definite and the plan is well carried out. No pains have been spared in the matter of illustrations, nearly every page having on it either an illustration or a map. This of course goes to help "lodge in the pupil's mind the concept of Rome," which Mr. Morey says is his attempt throughout the book.

*The Report of Industrial and Labor Statistics*³ has been received from S. W. Matthews, Commissioner of Bureau of Statistics.

¹A History of American Literature. Bronson. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

²Outlines of Roman History. Morey. American Book Co., Boston.

³The Report of Industrial and Labor Statistics. F. W. Matthews, Augusta.

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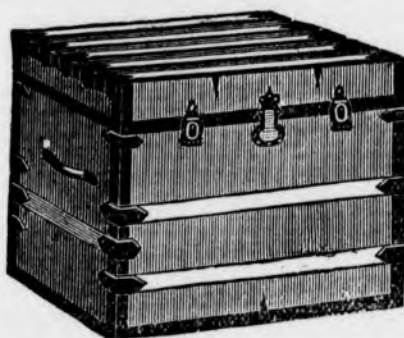
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But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood—
List—List, O List.

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U-PI-DEE.

A new Co-ed has alighted in town,
 U-pi-dee, U-pi-da!
 In an up-to-datest tailor-made gown, U-pi-de-i-da!
 The boys are wild, and prex is, too,
 You never saw such a hulla-ba-loo.
 CHORUS. — U-pi-dee-i-dee-i-da! etc.

Her voice is clear as a soaring lark's,
 And her wit is like those trolley-car sparks!
 When 'cross a muddy street she flits,
 The boys all have conniption fits!

The turn of her head turns all ours, too,
 There's always a strife to sit in her pew;
 'Tis enough to make a parson drunk,
 To hear her sing old co-ça-che-lunk!

The above, and three other NEW verses to U-PI-DEE,
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