

12-1889

The Bates Student - volume 17 number 10 - December 1889

Bates College

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The BATES STUDENT

Published
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VOLUME XVII.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

Μηδὲν βήμα εἰς Τυόπισω.

Published by the Class of '90,

BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, ME.

Editorial Board:

H. J. PIPER,

N. F. SNOW,

G. H. HAMLIN,

C. N. PEASLEE,

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

EDITORS' NUMBER.

VOL. XVII.

DECEMBER, 1889.

No. 10.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
 COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
CLASS OF '90, BATES COLLEGE,
 LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

| | |
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| H. J. PIPER, | E. W. MORRELL, |
| A. N. PEASLEE, | G. H. HAMLIN, |
| N. F. SNOW, | H. B. DAVIS. |
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TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy 10 cents.
 Subscribers not receiving the STUDENT regularly should notify the Business Manager.
 Contributions cordially invited.
 Exchanges and matter for publication should be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to H. V. NEAL, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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EDITORIAL.

LET not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as one that putteth it off." It is the last part of this quotation that we as a retiring board of editors take for our text, for with this number of the STUDENT completes the sixteenth year of its age, and we leave our pen, scissors, and paste-brush—yea, and our waste-basket and fire ready kindled upon the hearth—to our successors. It is with a feeling of sadness that we thus leave the familiar sanctum, yet the feeling is not unmingled with satisfaction, for we feel that the STUDENT has gone forth throughout the year a truthful messenger to all our friends; at other college sanctums also it has been a welcome visitor, feeling itself quite at home with Cadets, Orientals, or even with the Echoes.

With a catalogue and the STUDENT before him, the young man about to enter college gets a good composite photograph of the typical Bates man. The catalogue furnishes the idea with a skeleton, the STUDENT clothes the bones with flesh and blood. It gives roundness to the form and a pleasant expression to the face. It even gives to the phantom, thought and voice. The college magazine is almost our only

means of communication with the outside world. It holds a dignified position. It tells of new edifices created because demanded, of improved methods in teaching, and of progress in general. Moreover, like the old Saxon Chronicle, it is the one complete record of all college events. Does an aspiring Sophomore wish to know what great questions have been debated in time past? Let him consult the *STUDENT*. Does some one in the eighteen nineties wish to find how Bates stood in base-ball during the past decade? It is all recorded.

Thus we have endeavored not only to make the *STUDENT* a true-voiced messenger to the world and a faithful chronicle of all events, but we have sought to keep its columns always clean and its standards high. With this farewell to our readers, we bid a cordial welcome to '91. May the *STUDENT* prosper during this Happy New Year.

IT is one thing to understand and believe a truth, and quite another to assimilate it and make it our own. I hold in my hand an apple, round and ruddy; I turn it over and see all parts of it; I press it and find it smooth and hard; I smell it and find it fragrant; I taste it and find it sweet; but it is still outside myself. Finally I eat it, and, through the wonderful process of digestion, it becomes bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, a part of the living, working organism which it helps nourish and build up. So it is with truth, the proper food of the soul. I may examine it as I do the apple; I may see it in all its bearings and assent

to it as true; but until I eat it, digest it, and make it a part of myself, it has no more effect on me than the apple in my hand has on my body. It is for this reason that the kindergarten methods are so successful with children. They are brought face to face with the truths taught, and so are able to grasp them as they could not if they heard them from others or learned them from books. Tell a child that fire will burn, and he may believe you; but let him once touch the fire and he will know it for himself. In the first case the truth believed was outside himself, a detached fragment that did not much concern him; but, when he proved it by touching the fire, it became a reality to him. Through his experience he had assimilated it, and it became wrought into his consciousness as it could be in no other way. Now it is just this intense realization of the truth that we must have, if it is to mould our characters and build us up to noble words and deeds. We must seek it out, come in contact with it, and ponder upon it until it is interwoven with the very fibers of our being. Only so have the men that have moved the world by the truth they have proclaimed, obtained their mighty grasp on those truths. Only so will the truth make us powerful.

A FAITHFUL student takes satisfaction in works passed over. It is right that he should feel something of pride in work faithfully performed. No student should lay aside studies that will make him blush when contemplating the work performed on them.

The value of thoughtful application cannot be overestimated. As with the student so it will be in all his after life. A student who forms the habit of shiftlessly performing work cannot become a successful man. College work is preparatory for life-work, not only in regard to studies but also in habits and method of work. The faithful man, and he only can be the successful man.

THE rhetorical work is counted for one-fourth of the term's rank, and it is fairly questioned whether it receives a corresponding part of the student's time. Perhaps not one could say that one hour from every four devoted to regular study was given to this department. The reason is not far to seek. It is work that can be postponed, that does not require to be done every day, and, more than that, which can be hurried through at the last moment. The inevitable result is superficial work, a surface view of the subject, and imperfectly finished themes,—essays and debates which the student himself might see to be faulty in thought and arrangement, and could profitably rewrite if they were not already overdue.

Does this pay? Is rhetorical work of so slight importance? One would hardly say so. To read the best authors on the subject in hand, to consider it with fellow-students, above all to think as earnestly and consecutively as is in one's power, and to express the results of such thought clearly and forcibly,—to do all this is to cultivate a habit of mind which every college graduate ought to possess but which really few

have acquired. It means hard work, but no real man should shrink from that, and it means big pay as well. It means systematic work, and work in which the student must compel himself to be systematic. It thus has a double value, the training in thinking and writing and the training of keeping one's self at regular work.

METHOD is essential to every one, perhaps less to none than to the student. He who works without method, never has time to do his work. He dabbles first at one thing and then another. At last his duties become so multiplied he cannot possibly attend to them. Then disappear the things that ought to characterize every student's life, promptitude, punctuality, and economy of time. Certainly no one wants to fall into this condition. But how avoid it? Do one thing at a time. Says Lord Burleigh, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once." Never put off what ought to be done and can be done to-day. Follow Franklin's precept, "Resolve to do what you ought, and then perform without fail what you resolve." Such a course secures promptness and economy of time. These are requisites of successful action. It is astonishing to see how much the energetic, prompt, and time-saving business man may accomplish. It would almost seem the more he has to do, the more time he has to devote to outside affairs. It is just the same in student-life. By methodical working and economy of time the student

who has a great deal to do, seems to accomplish it with much less effort than the student who has little to do, but works without method. One thing at a time, economy of time, promptitude, and punctuality. Let these be the elements of your method, let energy characterize every act, and then you will be able to accomplish more with satisfaction than you otherwise possibly could. Follow this course through life and success is assured.

IN words and acts we find our thoughts expressed. First thoughts, then words and acts to express them. What power they have! A single thought may give pleasure or sadness, strength or weakness, kindness or anger, composure or terror. They prompt every act. Yes, they mould our very lives. By them we are known on earth, by them we are judged in heaven. Too great stress cannot be laid on the importance of purity in habits of thought. Our minds are our own, and we have the power to train them to habits of purity and nobleness, or not. How much more ennobling is the mind accustomed to think in paths of purity than the mind prone to grovel in gutters of vulgarity. There is nothing more degrading than a filthy mind. It exerts no influence for good, only for the worse. But the pure mind is a fountain of godliness. Whoever comes in contact with such a mind, feels the presence of something pure and ennobling. Let us, then, keep our thoughts pure. Trifling and indecent conversations are fit pastimes

only for the lowest minds. Let us avoid such and train the mind to dwell on the beautiful, the good, and the pure. Then, like our thoughts, our words and acts will be pure and ennobling.

THE following is the proposal of the American Protective Tariff League for 1890:

The American Protective Tariff League offers to the Undergraduate Students of Senior Classes of Colleges and Universities in the United States, a series of Prizes for approved Essays on "The Application of the American Policy of Protection to American Shipping engaged in International Commerce." Competing Essays not to exceed eight thousand words, signed by some other than the writer's name, to be sent to the office of the League, No. 23 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, on or before March 1, 1890, accompanied by the name and address of the writer and certificate of standing, signed by some officer of the College to which he belongs, in a separate sealed envelope (not to be opened until the successful Essays have been determined), marked by a word or symbol corresponding with the signature to the Essay. It is desired, but not required, that manuscripts be typewritten. Awards will be made June 1, 1890, as follows: For the Best Essay, One Hundred and Fifty Dollars; for the Second Best, One Hundred Dollars; for the Third Best, Fifty Dollars. And for other Essays, deemed especially meritorious, Silver Medals, of original and approved design, will be awarded, with honorable mention of the authors in a public notice of the awards. The League reserves the right to publish, at its own expense, any of the Essays for which prizes are awarded, and will print the Essay receiving the first prize among its annual publications. The names of the Judges will be announced hereafter.

There is no reason why Bates should not compete as well as other colleges. We hope to see Bates represented next spring.

THE silence of our statesmen on topics which need agitation if not legislation, must truly be a subject of surprise to one who looks upon our government as one working for the best interests of the people at large. The liquor question, which is continually forcing itself into the halls of legislation, both state and general, is met with a rebuff which drives it forth only to again make an attempt at a hearing. Party leaders cry tariff as the leading issue. But tariff is not a party issue. Situation in the country determines the opinions which people hold in regard to this question. The discussion of the tariff we do not cry down as bad in its tendency, but on the contrary as good, yet the question arises as to whether it is the best use of time which could be made, when there are other more important questions. Statesmen attempt to solve the liquor question by high license. But license means compromise, license means permit. The old doctrine that the way to encounter and overthrow an evil is by compromise was long ago exploded. Compromise with evil means for the good to yield all, the evil to yield nothing. The history of Clay's action in this line is an open book for all such would-be statesmen to read.

Again license is permit. It makes crime respectable. Pass a high license law, and even the Vice-President of our country will open a bar in his fashionable hotel, The Shoreham. Not such would have been his action if the law had held liquor dealers as criminals subject to its penalty.

Again the business of brewing liquors is fast passing under the control of foreign companies. What this means is well worth profound thought. What we need is statesmen, who, like Adams, throw aside the ties of party, who stand upon the platform of truth and right, whose watchword is God, whose welfare is their country's.

LITERARY.

NIGHTFALL.

By G. H., '90.

The sun goes down behind the hills;
The courtier clouds don liveries gay;
The sky a golden glory fills,
Then slowly, softly, fades away.

Dun grow the clouds and dark the sky;
The solemn, silent night comes on;
The lights flash out from far and nigh;
For good or ill, the day has gone.

PANSY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By E. F. N., '90.

KIND reader, do not peer too deeply into this little narrative to find some hidden purpose or moral, for we assure you that there is none. Like a stoneless raisin, it is created only for present enjoyment. It may serve to illustrate how trifles often bring about greater results, yet the only thing really in its favor is that it actually happened. Pansy, its heroine, and Pansy junior, as well, are still alive and may be interviewed, if desired.

Without further apology we wipe the ink from our pen and leave the reader alone with the story of "Pansy."

Pansy was always very pretty, and she looked especially so that wintry afternoon, as she sat in the old-fashioned, high-backed rocker, gazing expectantly out of the window. Down the street come the school children, with their piles of books and slates—the little ones ahead, with copper-toed boots and mittens sewed to their sleeves, and behind them the older scholars in a group around their teacher, bidding him good-bye. For though the “new master” has been there only one term, his pupils have become so attached to him that they do not see why “he doesn’t stay here always instead of going off to college, where we’ll never see him any more.”

This teacher is Mr. Lane—whom Pansy was expecting—a tall, manly youth of twenty-three or four, with a frank, honest, rather handsome face, dark hair, and dark blue eyes. Mr. Lane is a Senior in Setab College, but Pansy is only a tortoise-shell kitten.

Pansy is the sole property of Mr. Lane. It came about in this wise. Early Christmas morning he had found her, a mewling, shivering kitten, on his door-sill (nobody knew how she came there), and had carried her down to breakfast declaring that she was his first Christmas present. “There is an old superstition,” said Mrs. Harmon, his landlady, “that the first present one receives on Christmas day will bring good luck through all the year. People have known it to be true through even a longer period.” So Mr. Lane kept the kitten and jokingly called her his “Christmas lucky bone,” but Mrs. Harmon called her by the name we have

already given you, and declared that her face looked like a big, round pansy.

By this time the scholars have said their good-byes and a step is heard on the piazza. Pansy knows it and jumps quickly down from her chair; Mrs. Harmon knows it and hurries out into the kitchen, saying to her husband, “Be quick, father, so we can have supper as soon as Mr. Lane gets his coat off. It’s ‘last day,’ you know, and he’ll be tired and hungry.”

Mrs. Harmon bustled about making everything ready, getting the steak done to just the right brown, and setting the big pitchers of milk and the steaming brown bread in convenient places on the table. She was like a mother to the poor homeless college boys who came, each year, to teach the winter school in their district.

“Won’t I feel fine showing the boys my N. Y. cat,” said Mr. Lane, entering just then, with Pansy on his shoulder. “They’ll never dream that N. Y. can stand for North Yarmouth.”

“And we’ll put her in a hat box that came from New York,” said Gracie Harmon, helping on the fun. “How about calling her middle name *Hattie*?”

So time, supper, and sleep passed rapidly away, till at length Mr. Lane found himself hurriedly trying to make the connections between Mr. Harmon’s market wagon, the ticket office, and the morning train, and getting there just in time. Six hours later and he is surrounded by college students as he stands before the door of Stowaway Hall at Setab College.

“Hullo, Tom, are you really back?”

"Why didn't they tack on eight or ten more weeks?"

"Where's your whiskers? Been teaching a winter school for three months in the country, and haven't got any whiskers? Preposterous!"

"How many girls did you have?"

"Got anything for me in your trunk —"

But just then the hackman came back with a box in his hand to add *his* question, which was, "Didn't yer leave yer hat in the carriage, sir?"

II.

When Tom Lane left "his hat" in the hack that winter afternoon, he little dreamed how much happiness his Pansy would bring to him. He was rather faithless as regards Christmas superstitions, but time would tell.

It is now the 30th of June — the last day of college-life for about fifty of Setab's former inhabitants. Everything about Stowaway Hall wears an air of confusion, — trunks adorn its corridors and doorsteps, boys rush up and down stairs in full dress and half dress costumes, everybody wants somebody else to come and sit on his trunk. In fact one would almost believe that Old Stowaway itself was preparing to leave to-morrow morning on the 6.30 train.

Pansy is the only calm one in the building. She lies comfortably dozing on a soft cushion stuffed with hens-feathers, with a Psychology by her side which she had been reading, no doubt, when she fell asleep.

It is evening. Pansy's master has finished his packing, arrayed himself

in his best suit and gone out. She watched him go, but it did not disturb her for, strange to say, Tom had often dressed up in his best suit and gone out lately.

By and by steps are heard on the gravel walk and thinking to herself "That is Tom coming home," she trotted out to meet him. It was Tom, but he was not coming home for he went right by without even looking toward the door. The fact was that Tom was so absorbed in a dainty bit of flesh and blood by his side, that he did not know nor care whether there were ever any more doors or not.

"I wonder who that is with Tom," thought Pansy, and with true feminine curiosity she trotted along behind to see.

"That was a fine lecture to-night," said some one; and Pansy thought to herself, "So Tom has been to a lecture. I wonder if there is a lecture every evening when he goes out."

Tom was very happy that night. He always was when he was with Margaret Horton. Yet he was also sad. For is he not to leave Setab to-morrow and Margaret as well? If he could only feel sure of his treasure — feel sure that she belonged to him, then indeed it would be all happiness and no sadness. So Tom reasoned to himself, but he did not have courage to reason thus aloud.

Poor Pansy is getting very lonesome. Nobody takes any notice of her, and she is getting farther and farther from home. She runs up to her master and gives a frightened little mew.

"Why that is Pansy as sure as you live!" exclaimed Tom, taking

her up in his arms and stroking her soft fur.

"Do let *me* take her," said Margaret. "I would give anything if she belonged to me."

"You would," said Tom, attaching a world of importance to the little sentence so carelessly dropped. "I am so glad for I want to tell you to-night how she *can* be yours, and everything else that is mine, too. Let us go home this way," and they turned into a street which no one but these two would ever think lead toward home.

"It's all right, is it?" asked his chum, as Tom bounded up the stairs and into his room that night. And for answer Tom picked up Pansy and gave her a hug, saying fondly, "Pansy did it. She is my Christmas lucky bone, sure enough."

III.

In one of the oldest and pleasantest regions of New England, on a high hill, overlooking fertile farms at its feet and the ocean beyond, stands a large, old-fashioned church. Nearly as broad as long, with its square old belfry-tower it seems, like those fine old farm-houses with their monstrous chimneys, to bid to all a cordial welcome.

Imagine yourself standing before this church on a wintry Sabbath morning. The air is cold but clear, the smoke goes straight up in clouds, testifying of the hot fires in the two wood stoves, and the Sabbath stillness is broken only by the occasional tinkle of a sleigh-bell moved by some restless horse impatient at the length of the

sermon. But now the people begin to pour out of the church. That must be the minister talking to that kind, motherly-looking woman at the door. It is Tom Lane and this is his first place.

Since we left him at Setab five years ago, he has been through the theological school, and last Christmas he married Margaret Horton declaring that she and Pansy were the best Christmas presents he had ever had. Pansy still survives, and one of her daughters has recently gone to abide with the Bentons — a circumstance at first significant only because it furnished a happy home for a needy young cat, but later resulting in a shower of blessings on the home of the needy young minister. For first the basket which conveyed Miss Pansy to her destination came back full of handsome nodheads; then came several dozen brown flaky doughnuts, and now Mrs. Benton is saying, "It is only a little, but I thought perhaps you would like it. Tell Mr. Benton it is in the cellar-way. The grape-basket not the peach-basket, tell him." As he goes down the hill, Tom murmurs to himself — probably some favorite phrase in his sermon — but no, it is this, "the grape-basket not the peach-basket," "the grape-basket not the peach-basket."

As he unfastens his horse and backs him out of his "stable" behind the two tall white birches, the same words help to regulate the gyrations of the fiery steed and to keep him at an even pace on the "home run." But what wonder is it that the good people look

at each other in surprise and say, "Is Mr. Lane going crazy?" when the minister passes with scarcely a bow and the words "the grape-basket not the peach-basket" in place of his usual cheery good morning. At last Tom himself, overcome by the ludicrous, laughs outright, saying, "Well, I declare this 'grape-basket not peach-basket' puts Mark Twain's 'punch, brother, punch, punch with care,' all in the shade. But let me see, I shall be forgetting. How was it—'the peach-basket not the grape-basket' was that it? Poor Tom! All certainty of recollection had failed him. He tried deduction and induction but all in vain.

"Aren't you late, Tom?" said Margaret, meeting him at the door.

"Perhaps so. I had to stop at the Benton's for this basket," said Tom, setting a grape-basket on the piazza. (He had decided to take the grape-basket not wishing to appear too avaricious). Then he started for the stable with Pansy and two roly-poly kittens playing saucily with her tail and well deserving the cuffing she gave them a moment later, saying to herself, no doubt, *in catta lingua* "Spare the paw, and spoil the kitten."

"It is full of beautiful golden butter," said Margaret, as Tom entered, "all done up with a towel around it as if it was ready for the market." Why was it that the last of this sentence struck fear to Tom's heart? Perhaps he had got the wrong basket after all. Perhaps it was the peach-basket not the grape-basket.

That night Tom dreamed that there was a flood and he was floating around

in a peach-basket. Starving, too, he was for all their food had been packed into a grape-basket and given to a marketman to pay some debt. When morning came you may be sure Tom lost no time in getting this great trouble settled.

"Mrs. Benton," he said, as he stood in her kitchen at about seven o'clock A.M., did you really intend this basket for us? It is such beautiful butter, and my wife says it weighs nearly ten pounds."

"Oh yes, said Mrs. Benton, "that is the right basket and it doesn't weigh any more than the kitty did."

So Tom went on his way rejoicing, thinking to himself "Another piece of good fortune and Pansy at the bottom of *this* too." Then he thought of the other two kittens and wondered if all his congregation would rate beauty and intelligence in a cat at so many pounds avoirdupois.

As Tom and Margaret unpacked the basket, a piece of paper met their eye. Margaret said she had seen it the first time and had supposed it to be the bill. So she felt sure that they had the wrong basket. The paper read, "Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," and it bore in place of signature, a daintily sketched pansy.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

By A. N. P., '90.

THE cobwebs of the brain will gather even in the brightest and best ventilated school-room; and there is nothing like a mountain climb in the crisp evening air to clear them away. Accordingly as I came from

school, I was glad to feel the bracing wind and to listen to its invitation to the distant hill-top. There was promise of a glorious sunset and a view of some old mountain friends.

The roads were rough and covered with a little mealy snow. Turning from the road to the pasture, the footing did not improve. A low, thick growth of lambkill covered the swamp and served to lift up the snow and tangle the feet. But what mattered that when the air seemed to bear one on its wings and Nature offered something of interest at every step.

Near the road on a rock, a squirrel had dined from a frozen apple, but had left it half finished and scampered away as some intruder rudely entered his wayside inn. Who or what was his unwelcome guest? Perhaps some hawk or owl was looking for a toothsome bit above the newly fallen snow. Perhaps he thought that disappointed fox-hunter, stalking gloomily homewards, would take him as a substitute for Master Reynard. Or, indeed, he may have just hurried into the wall as I came too near.

The swamp and underbrush was soon passed, and then came a sharp climb over ice and rock. Looking back, I saw the reflection of the sun on distant windows and feared I should not reach the top in time to see it sink behind the hills. I hurried along, and just before gaining the crest of the ridge was rewarded with a beautiful sight such as winter only gives. There had been an ice-storm on the mountain, though we had known nothing of it in the valley below. Every twig was big

with its wealth of water crystal, and the red light of the sun changed a group of small birches to a veritable Aladdin's palace. The ice-covered spears of grass across the field glistened and twinkled like dancing fairies loaded with diamonds. I climbed to the top of Nemosett and stood on the ledge by the old flag staff. The sunset was not especially fine, and a keen wind was blowing. So, with a look of kindly remembrance at Watatic and Wachusett, and a hasty glance at the jagged hills around, I started down the other side of the mountain. When I was half way down, the delicate colors running high up in the sky, made me wish I had waited a little longer and seen the rich after-glow of the winter sunset. Down I came over rock and swamp to an old road beside a mountain brook. I soon reached the public highway and home, having won from the tramp an appetite for supper and my evening's study, with a pleasant memory of a mountain climb.

THE FOREST POOL.

By A. N. P., '90.

Ofttimes amid the forest aisles, dim-lighted,
There lies a shallow pool;
Its bottom strewn with leaves and buds, frost-
blighted,
Loosed from the old tree's rule.

It seems all foul and dead, robbed of its beauty,
The water-covering spread;
Serves only to increase the saddening impress,
That everywhere is shed.

But let the eye forget all this. Look deeper,
It then shall see below,
Another scene of grandeur and of wonder,
With life and youth aglow.

The pillars of the forest stand gray-mantled,
 With regal emerald crowned.
 And deeper still the sky's blue vault is mirrored
 In calmness pure, profound.

So is it in the lives we see around us;
 We find there what we will,
 The leaves of a dead past and all its errors,
 The heavy lines of ill:

Or else the purpose that is grand and noble,
 The heart that still beats true,
 The better hope still kept in every bosom
 To kindle life anew.

And under all the kindly eye discovers
 The promise infinite
 Of broader future, in the years to follow,
 With nobler actions lit.

Then seek the best in every fellow-mortal,
 Search out the hidden heart.
 There lies reflected deep the heavenly vision,
 The true man's counterpart.

DO PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS EDUCATE?

By H. J. P., '90.

IN a rapidly growing country like our own, the subject of education is of paramount interest. Our ancestors understood very well that the stability of our government depended on the purity of our principles of education. While our nation furnishes the best method of instruction at present possible, the fact that certain religious sects educate their children apart is sufficient to demand our attention. Since the Catholic church is the only religious denomination that has extensively adopted the system of parochial schools in this country, a question of parochial schools is practically a question of Catholic parochial schools.

Before discussing the expediency of parochial schools, let us understand

what education means. Education is a quickening of the mental and moral endowments. It seeks to draw forth and cultivate the human faculties. It stimulates inquiry and gives the mind full freedom to investigate and decide. Any system of education that falls short of that fails in its mission and is harmful in its influence. Of course it is not possible for every grade of schools to teach all the technicalities, but they should at least give the impetus, and by no means restrict the mind in its investigations.

Taking the above as our premise we discover that the parochial schools signally fail in their method of imparting knowledge. It is not in accordance with the doctrine of the Romish church to allow free investigation. The pupils are taught to trust unquestionably the knowledge of their superiors; they must not think of learning what is forbidden them to know. Many books are forbidden them to study and their souls' welfare depends on their obedience. Such blind acquiescence destroys their love for study and deadens their mental activity.

State schools seek to make their students competent men and loyal citizens; parochial schools seek to make their students disciples, and their work is therefore accomplished even though they do not learn them to read and write. The Pope's encyclical declares: "If the holy church so requires, let us sacrifice our opinions, our knowledge, our intellect, the splendid dreams of our imagination and the sublime attainments of human understanding." The parochial schools may very much limit the

amount of instruction, and nevertheless meet the purpose for which they were established. It therefore not unfrequently happens that a student thus instructed is not able to compete with his more fortunate neighbor who was educated in the state schools. The diversity of purpose of the two systems makes the method and quality of instruction entirely different.

We would naturally think that the parochial school method was better suited for ecclesiastical than literary purposes. But we find that the same blind obedience that checks mental acquirements also deadens spiritual activity. The most lawless of our citizens are, therefore, these same ill-taught persons. This system becomes thereby not only a subject of public interest, but one of public concern.

A gentleman who has visited parochial schools states that many of the text-books are altered in order to enhance their religious doctrines. Especial attention was given to the text-books on history. In the ancient histories, all the persecutions by the church were omitted. A rosy hue was thrown around those dark ages in which the terror of the inquisition ruled prince and people alike. It is evident that, since the ideas of the church are *semper eadem*, it would not be prudent to let the light of the nineteenth century shine on these dark pages of history. There are also peculiar statements in regard to the history of our own country, in which the early settlements of the Jesuit fathers make a conspicuous foreground. Every opportunity is grasped whenever

it is possible to exalt the faith and doctrine of the church. Such prejudiced text-books do not tend to make unprejudiced minds.

Proclaiming that her doctrines are *semper eadem*, the Catholic church is pre-eminently conservative. There is at Rome an essential department of the Papal Court called the "Congregation of the index." To this tribunal are substituted all publications that are in any way suspected of heresy; if they teach what the Pope does not desire to be taught, they are rejected. It was this tribunal that rejected the teachings of Galileo, and finally imprisoned him because he attempted to prove that the world was round. For ages, this same tribunal kept the land in darkness and superstition, and sought to suppress all scientific and religious investigation. This same tribunal exists to-day, and it is only necessary to refer to the Boston school trouble to prove that it still seeks to exercise its authority. Again, in the twenty-seventh article of the Papal encyclical is found this remarkable statement: "The public schools should be under the control of the Romish church, and should not be subject to the civil power, nor should they be made to conform to the spirit of the age." Not subject to civil power nor conformable to the spirit of the age! It is this conservatism and the denial of free investigation which has made the Catholic people what they are. They learn to be fed with intellectual food and never seek to feed themselves.

What is the inevitable result of such a method of training? It dulls the

sensibilities and weakens the reasoning powers. It destroys personality, the only guarantee of individual manhood. It perverts the character and keeps the people in a most wretched and pitiable condition, pursuing, generation after generation, the same menial labor of their forefathers.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

By G. H., '90.

MRS. F—did not wish to live. She had always been one of those hard working women to whom little of ease and less of play ever come. Her husband was a farmer; and, during the first few years of their married life, had been a hard drinker, leaving his young wife to struggle alone against the twin discouragements, drunkenness and poverty. But his reform ten years before had brought joy and hope to her heart, and for a time she had worked on bravely, even cheerfully, to help save the farm and the little that was left.

But her arms, from the time the first little one nestled in them, were never empty, and now there were many to feed and clothe, with extra work oftentimes to help eke out the scanty means. What wonder, then, when the ninth baby came, sick and weak as she was, that the burden seemed greater than she could ever take up again. Not even her strong mother-love could hold her back. And so, with sorrowful hearts and reverent hands, under the flowers and grasses of the little church-yard, they laid her tired body away for its last long rest.

The neighbors wondered among themselves, as neighbors will, what the family would do now. It did not seem possible that they could be kept together. Their father certainly could not hire the work done, and the oldest of the children was a girl of only sixteen, whom we will call Carrie, who had never seemed strong, nor done much work, so of course she could not take her mother's place. And then there was the youngest not yet a month old. Surely they must be separated.

But Carrie upset all their plans and prophecies by declaring, "Mother did the work and I can," and so it was settled. The baby was given to its grandmother, and the rest were kept at home. Bravely she took up the work where her mother's tired hands had laid it down, and bravely she carried it forward. Her ignorance of the common duties of housekeeping made her work doubly hard, and the responsibility of guiding a whole household without any previous experience, was worse than the work. Her grandmother was a tower of strength to her, but often she bore her burden alone, for there were many things she could not share with another, and she had not yet learned to know the great Burden Bearer so near to us all.

The difficulties and trials with her work and with her brothers and sisters, the headaches and heartaches, the failures, disappointments, and discouragements that tried her soul, only herself and God knew in their full extent. How often her task seemed far beyond her strength, how often in the long night-watches her pillow was wet with

tears, how often the eyes of Giant Despair glared on her out of the darkness, only the recording angel might reveal. She was a girl like other girls, and had a girl's plans and hopes and love of pleasant company and a good time. How hard it was to lay them all aside, let those who have done the like tell. But through all she struggled on, putting away every temptation to give up or turn back.

And, slowly at first, but surely, came her reward. Out of chaos order began to dawn. The younger children learned to trust and obey her, and the household machinery began to run smoothly once more. Her father, a quiet but observant man, soon learned to appreciate her efforts, and to express his appreciation in his way, which she knew well how to interpret. And when he found, as time went on, that things in the house went even more smoothly than when his wife was alive, he became proud of the daughter who had so unexpectedly developed into a homekeeper.

In a little more than two years she was left alone at the head of the household with her grandfather added to it, for her grandmother had followed her mother to that land whence none return. Between the two had always existed a strong bond of love and sympathy, which the last two years had only strengthened, and when this was broken, Carrie felt it even more keenly than the loss of her mother. Alone she must carry her burden now, unless—the thought that came to her was hardly tangible at first, in her grief and loneliness. But it came again

and again, enforced by a longing which daily grew stronger, for some one strong and loving, to whom she could go and find peace and rest. Her grandmother had known and loved and trusted such a One, and had often spoken of Him, and of the help He freely gave. Why might she, too, not find Him a Helper? So, uncertainly at first, hardly daring to hope that He would receive her, but more and more confidently as the days went by, she began to go to Him for help in her need. And at last, one evening, among loving hearts that were praying for her, with bowed head she rose to her feet to show that she wished henceforth to follow the lowly One of Nazareth. As she walked home that night, a new light seemed to have come into her life, and it made her heart happier than for many a day. Why should she not be happy? She had found a refuge now, One strong to deliver and mighty to save. Now, for the first time, she was beginning to realize the blessed meaning of the promise, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." To her it was like the first rosy streak of coming morning after the darkness of the night. A new hope, a new love, a new joy were dawning in her heart, bringing promise of a glorious day.

All this took place not long ago. To-day if you knew where to look, you would find her still cheerfully doing the work that has fallen to her lot. She is not yet perfect by any means. Often there comes a longing for the advantages which others, and even her

own brothers and sisters enjoy, but which are denied to her. But it is resolutely put away. Her work is at home, and there she means to stay till it is done, giving her young life to her family. Yet doubtless she will go on to the end of life unconscious that she done anything noble, or even uncommon.

But already she is reaping the reward of her self-denial in the respect and love of all who know her. You may often hear their words of praise, and know by their glistening eyes that their hearts speak through their lips, for they believe that she hath done what she could.

ENCHANTED LAND.

By H. J. P., '90.

How oft when childhood's hours were bright,
And all our dreams of life were grand,
We spun, with silvery threads of light,
Our gossamer webs of fairy-land.

With shadows grim shut in to-night,
I fight with cares ne're thought of then;
When, like a rushing river's might,
My childhood's thoughts flow back again.

Once more in fairy-land I dwell;
A rosy hue its hills adorn,
I hear the far-off herdsman's bell,
And songs of birds at early morn.

The meadow brook goes babbling by,
Its borders fringed with fragrant flowers,
While on its stepping-stones I spy
My youthful land's enchanted bowers.

I gaze into its mirrored sky
And see the faces loved of yore;
Forget that grassy mounds, close by,
These silent forms have covered o'er;

Forget the cares, the years, the change,
And build my fancy-world anew;
Its sunny sky no storm-clouds range
To mar the depths of summer blue.

No blighted sheaves, nor withered flowers,
But harvest fields of golden grain
Are still the hope of summer hours,
And gentle spring-time's prattling rain.

Again in fancy's fevered dream,
I pluck the heads of ripened grain,
And, stooping, crown those laughing locks
That tender earth could not retain.

Oh, fairy-land of youthful dreams!
Why need thy golden ties disband?—
Lo, through the clouds the sunlight beams;
The *heart* is our enchanted land.

UNFINISHED WORK.

By H. B. D., '90

THERE is one fundamental law running through all the departments of nature, namely, that nothing perishes except that it may give new life. The grain of corn is covered with the earth, dies and disappears in order that there may spring up the blade which in turn bears the full ear. The acorn must decay and die before the germ which it contains can develop into the sturdy oak. Animal life is brought into existence, lives its allotted period, dies and gives place to other animal life.

Now this law of nature we find to be in harmonious action in human affairs. The opinion of one man, or a body of men exists, controls the course of other men and passes into forgetfulness only that it may give birth to new opinions. The results which follow from the working of this principle, I choose to call unfinished work.

Religious, civil, industrial, and educational movements feel the strong undercurrent of this universal law. The continued controversy in regard to the supremacy of the church or state — which? — had led to the birth

of new, and, as the church considered, dangerous opinions. Agitation, the granting of indulgences and other circumstances, at length brings forward a champion of the right. Luther appears, denounces the church, exposes its practices, and defies its power. One man stands, on ground like this, not long alone. Supporters are aroused to his aid. Despite the efforts of the church and the Pope to silence him and stay his work, Luther's voice still thundered forth his denunciation until a natural and peaceful death silenced him forever. A work well and courageously completed, you say. Ah, but wait. From the Reformation of Luther kindled the tempest which shakes, to its very foundations, the Catholic church. And in the midst of its whirl and destruction is the signal downfall of the power of the church over the state, family, and the soul. It gives birth to free thought and the exercise of right convictions. Such a work can never be finished. Later England dictates to a few Puritan believers their mode of worship. Flight from the exercise of power is the only alternative. Here in a foreign land they obtain religious freedom and freedom of speech. This accomplished for themselves the work of the Puritans is completed? No, from their settlement in Massachusetts springs a nation having the principles of freedom as its corner-stone.

Thus it is that civilization advances. One belief fulfills its mission, only to give birth to a more helpful one. One mode of society gives place to a more advanced mode. But underlying this

advanced stage is the never-to-be-forgotten thought, that, preceding customs, manners, tastes, and beliefs, are those upon which succeeding manners, customs, and society are to build their more enduring structure. As the same bricks may be used to construct many different buildings of varying styles of architecture, so all the opinions of the ancestors of one race are to be sifted, and from them formed the opinions of the descendants. It is in this way that society is to so organize itself that it may be able to meet successfully all the civil and social problems which may be presented for its decision.

The question of slavery, which despised and deprived of their rights more than three millions of our people, was decided only by the loss of thousands of lives and the destruction of an immense amount of property. But when the slaves were freed from bondage the work for the negro race was by no means finished, nor is it now after so long a period of peace, nor will it ever be as long as one negro or his descendant remains among us. There are questions to be settled, measures to be taken in regard to the negro, his civil rights, and his educational opportunities, which render the work in his behalf impossible of completion.

The social and industrial relations of capital and labor have cost men their whole life-time of study after a plausible solution of the problem. The efforts of these men will be felt in the final decision of this question of the day. To make the subject more practical, it is the aim in life to be an

important factor in the great movements of the world. Small, indeed, must be the ambition, the desire for success, the enthusiasm of that man who labors only that his work may be completed at his death.

The world is coming more and more to depend for its advancement and new avenues of thought upon educated men and women. It is, then, the students of to-day who are to determine the lines of thought to-morrow. No man's work is completed when he leaves the stage of action. It is but just begun. It is then to lay the foundation, to begin some work which shall aid, uplift, and forward coming generations; to begin some unfinished work, that should be the aim of every man and woman.

LOCALS.

Teaching!

Preaching!!

Loafing!!!

A Merry Christmas to students and alumni.

Woodman, '90, is teaching at East Boothbay.

Smith, '88, is spending the holidays in town.

Moulton, '93, has recently accepted a school at Pittston.

Parker Hall has not been entirely deserted. There have been eight permanent residents.

The boys in the Senior class took Thanksgiving dinner at the home of Professor Hayes.

The library is well patronized by the students this vacation; it is open every day.

On account of ill health, Pugsley, '91, was obliged to give up his school at Chebeague, and Hutchinson, '91, has taken his place.

Two new alcoves have been put into the library. Nearly all of the spare room is now occupied; a new library is one of the prospective buildings that must soon become a reality.

The new laboratory is nearly completed. Its neat appearance on the outside does not cast reflections on the inside. The apartments are conveniently arranged and tastily finished.

The editorial board of the *STUDENT* for 1890 will be: W. L. Nickerson, Miss G. Bray, Miss A. A. Beal, F. L. Pugsley, F. J. Chase, N. G. Howard. The business manager is C. D. Pinkham. We wish the board success.

The Sophomore debates which occurred the last of the term were of an excellent character. The following were awarded prizes: W. B. Skelton, N. W. Howard, J. R. Little, Scott Wilson. The ten chosen to participate in the champion debate, were: W. B. Skelton, C. C. Ferguson, N. W. Howard, E. E. Osgood, J. R. Little, Scott Wilson, H. E. Walter, Miss V. E. Meserve, V. E. Sawyer, O. A. Tuttle.

The Latin School opened December the tenth with its usual number of students. The following students from the college are teaching there this term: Davis, '90; Plummer, '91; Wilson, '92; Skelton, '92. The Latin

School is considered the best fitting school in the State, and it has, for a long time, made a practice of choosing students from the college to teach in its several departments.

College opens January 7th. We hope to see all the students return with happy faces and full pocket-books. We cannot refrain from urging that as many as possible of the students be here the first of the term. To be sure we have four weeks' work for which we are not required to take tests; but these four weeks are quite as important as any in the term, and should not, if possible, be omitted.

The students that have been here during vacation have passed some very pleasant evenings at the home of Professor Wood. They have met three evenings out of the week to study history. United States, German, and Italian history has been taken up. Each student was assigned a particular topic which he was supposed to be especially prepared to talk about. The ten greatest questions of interest to our nation were discussed; the most important dates in history, and the ten greatest European questions were also decided upon. Withal it has been a very interesting and instructive plan of study.

It has been hinted that the reason so many of the colleges are throwing open their doors to women is that, in this age of foot-ball, base-ball, and general athletics, somebody is needed for the faculties to teach.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'72.—A farewell reception was tendered Rev. F. W. Baldwin at the vestry of the First Congregational Church in Chelsea, Mass., Wednesday evening, November 20th, on which occasion a purse was presented to him containing \$210 in gold coin. Mr. B. was installed as pastor of the Third Congregational Church, East Orange, N. J., on Friday, December 20th.

'73.—E. P. Sampson, principal of Thornton Academy, Saco, has been elected president of the York County Teachers' Association.

'73.—I. C. Dennett, Ph.D., of the University of Colorado, is delivering a course of lectures on Roman Archaeology.

'75.—J. R. Brackett, Ph.D., of the University of Colorado, is delivering a course of lectures on Oriental Literature.

'78.—Mrs. Agnes M., wife of Rev. F. D. George, of the class of '78, died Thursday, November 28th, of heart disease. In October, 1884, Mr. and Mrs. George went to India to labor as missionaries, but were compelled to return in the spring of 1888 on account of the failing health of Mrs. George. Mr. G. is now pastor of the Free Baptist church at New Hampton, N. H.

'79.—M. C. Smart, principal of Stevens High School at Claremont, N. H., was married November 28th, to Miss Fannie P. Lincoln, of Saco, Me.

'81.—O. H. Drake, principal of the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield,

was married at Wiscasset, Tuesday, November 26th, to Miss Lelia E. Plumstead, of the class of '89.

'84.—W. D. Wilson, of Tuskegee, Ala., died December 24th, of heart disease.

'86.—W. A. Morton, M.D., who has just graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School, thinks of entering upon the practice of his profession in Richmond, Va. Mr. M. has been visiting friends at the college.

'86.—Rev. F. W. Sandford has received a call to the Free Baptist church at Great Falls, N. H.

'87.—W. C. Buck is principal of the High School in Broadbrook, Conn.

'89.—H. L. Knox has been elected principal of the High School at Lisbon Falls.

EXCHANGES.

With the present number the class of '90 closes its connection with the *STUDENT*. With the opening of the year, the class of '91 will assume its management. We extend to them our heartiest wishes for their success in every department of the work. Each department affords pleasant work and none perhaps more than the Exchanges. It arouses greater interest in the work of our own college to see what other institutions are doing. What this is in some instances there can be no room to doubt. When the Exchange editor has seen the same item of news (?) in twenty-five or more publications he is forced to believe it true.

We have endeavored to conduct the Exchange column on the principle of

just criticism. It is difficult to criticise fairly and to avoid the two extremes of finding fault and bestowing nothing but praise. Probably no college paper deserves either, wholly. When we have seen cause for unfavorable comment, it has been given candidly, and, with the exception of one rather insignificant sheet, received as intended.

Other journals have treated us with uniform courtesy, and have shown the kindest appreciation of our efforts to make the *STUDENT* what our college paper should be, — an index of student-life at Bates. We are glad to think that the favorable comments they have made are deserved especially for the reputation of the institution we represent, and which we proudly consider second to none in the influences that make a life of earnestness and activity. We appreciate the spirit that prompts it, as that which should animate all intercollegiate work whether athletic or mental. We thank you for it, fellow editors, and hope that '91 will merit and receive the same consideration at your hands.

BOOK NOTICES.

AMERICAN WAR BALLADS. Edited by George Cary Eggleston. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

These two volumes of "War Ballads" are a collection of the songs and ballads of the early Colonial wars, the Revolutionary war, the war of 1812-15, the war with Mexico and the Civil war. Not infrequently we find our best national poets represented. I have never found so excellent an opportu-

nity of comparing the growth of poetic thought as in these ballads. The early ballads are quaint and peculiar; often words had a different pronunciation than at present. Their thoughts and method of expression lacked the poetic beauty which our later-day poets possessed. But, however much they differed in this respect, they agree in true loyalty to their country. And, after all, the main purpose of a poet should be to have something worthy to sing.

The ballads of the Civil war are both Southern and Northern, thus giving another excellent opportunity of comparing the inspiration and purpose of both North and South. There are very fine gems of Southern poetry true and loyal to their mistaken hope.

The notes that accompany the ballads are of much use and interest.

The illustrations are among the finest of the kind we have seen.

We congratulate the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons for the neat and tasty manner in which their "Nuggets" appear. It is a pleasure to have such works in one's library.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Edited with notes by John Bigelow. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

No comment from us is necessary to enhance the merit of such a world-wide book as the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. The notes accompanying this volume are very instructive and entertaining. Again we wish to congratulate the publishers for these neat little nuggets.

ULYSSES AMONG THE PHÆACIANS from the translation of Homer's *Odyssey*. By William Cullen Bryant. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

This little volume begins with the fifth book of the *Odyssey* and contains an account of Ulysses' landing on the Phæacian shore, and his reception by the Phæacians. Bryant is universally considered the best translator of the *Odyssey*. While keeping closely to the original, there is no lack of poetic thought and rhythm.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Roman Catholic University at Washington opened on November 13th.

The Dartmouth Faculty have assumed supervision of the *Ægis*, the Junior annual.

Ex-Minister Phelps, on the 1st of January will again take his chair among the professors of Yale.

The thirty-third convention of the Association of College Presidents, of New England, was held at New Haven, November 7th and 8th.

Although only ten per cent. of Cornell's graduates were women, yet they have won sixty per cent. of the fellowships.

Johns Hopkins is trying to establish the cap and gown. Nearly fifty men have agreed to wear the costume through the streets.

This year there is a much greater number of intercollegiate foot-ball games than usual, and the meaning of it is simply this, that American college foot-ball has come to stay.

Dr. Andrews, of Brown University, at a recent banquet tendered him by the Providence Commercial Club, made a speech in behalf of co-education for Brown.

Of 250 applications for Clark University this fall, but 70 were able to pass the examination. The university proposes to do considerable original work in the department of Physiological Psychology.

No student of Williams College, not a member of the foot-ball or base-ball teams, and not a representative at athletic meetings and tennis tournaments, is permitted to wear a "W" on his sweater.

Several German university towns are making preparations to celebrate in 1890 the three hundredth anniversary of the invention of the microscope.

POETS' CORNER.

PERFECT LOVE.

"Perfect love casteth out fear,"
Said one who with Jesus had been;
Then, loving heart, have good cheer,
For perfect love casteth out sin.

—G. C. H., '90

DEVOTION.

The stern and awful fury of the blast
Had spent its force, and died away at last
Behind a golden West. Like creatures blind
The pines still swayed their arms before the
wind.

Beyond the craggy cliffs a ragged sea
Dashed bold and high, and dashed unceasingly.
With hands behind my head, in thought I lay,
Bathed in the light of cold, pure silver-gray.
I watched the angry clouds go scudding by,
And haste across the distant, star-specked sky;
The rising moon tipped every foam-streaked
wave

With glory, while the pebbles in a cave,
High-arched and mossy-flecked, made gentle
sound

Of softly swashing to and fro. The ground
Was damp with nightly dew; the earth and sea
Breathed forth a sound of tranquil melody.
My inward soul was touched and moved to
shame

By such devotion. Mortals strive for fame,
Renown and fleeting glory, caring naught
For thankful praise to him who praise has
taught,

While Nature's voices vie in sounding notes
Of praise to Him who made their thousand
throats.

—Nassau Lit.

DAWN IN DECEMBER.

The darkness thrills
On distant hills,
With mornings faintest glow;
And slowly yields
Its well-fought fields,
Before its chosen foe.

The stars grow dim,
And faint the hymn
That they together sing.
And through the sky
Swift heralds fly,
On light's untiring wing.

Now from the east
The day's high priest
Sends up a warning ray;
And earth grows bright
Beneath the light
Of the oncoming day.

TIME AND SORROW.

When time has robbed thee, Sorrow, of thy
sting,
Then can we press thy cold, pale lips to ours,
And cherish thee, as we do faded flowers
From some far grave, that dearest memories
bring;
Then hallowed floods of thought around us
fling
A peaceful tide, that every pain o'erpowers;
Lending a precious solace to our lonely hours,—
When soul meets soul beneath thy sheltering
wing.

We thank thee, Sorrow, as we thank a friend
Who gives us comfort when all hope has fled;
We hold thee sacred as our years extend—
Thou art the link between us and the dead.
Thou to our pathway softened shadows lend;
Our offerings to thee are the tears we've shed.

—Nassau Lit.

POT-POURRI.

The price of a broken heart seems
to vary with the price of the breaker.

When round her waist your arm you reach
And feel a bliss too deep for speech,
Consider how your face will bleach,
When you are called to pay for breach
Of promise.

What fine color ought a collector to
wear—Dun.

One would not suppose water could
be cut or broken yet we have cut-
waters and break-waters.

Why must a laundry be a sorrowful
place? Because even the irons are *sad*.

A youthful and chipper member of
the Freshman class was detected read-
ing from a translation in the recitation
room not long ago. After being
called up and roundly censured he was
finally asked why he used a trot, and
forthwith floored his astonished inquis-
itor by ejaculating, "Oh, it's English,
you know!"

Most horrible groans,
Most terrible moans,
From my neighbor.

I rush in dismay,
Some help to convey
To my neighbor.

I open the door
And stand there before
My neighbor.

He stares in amaze,
"Elocution," he says,
My neighbor.

A FRESHMAN'S PLEA.

I am sitting, mamma, mourning, in my little
study here,
With the echo of your censure still a-ringing
in my ear.

Yes: I know it is a shame that I have ruined
all my clothes,
And I know it's very brutal when I deal my
fellows blows,
Yet I can't stand like a coward with my class-
mates in the fight;
Why, I hear them now a-shouting; there's a
rush I'm off! Good-night.
Well, we won! I knew 'twas nonsense, but
I'd have that cane or die.
Little Moses went in the rushes, mamma, pray
why should not I?

—Brunonian.

THAT COUSIN.

Who goes with him whenever asked,
Who in his beaming smile hath basked,
And never hath her friendship masked?
His cousin at the Sem.

Who hath a center station found
Between a sister's love profound
And her whose name has sweeter sound?
His cousin at the Sem.

When lips get mixed with quite a vim
Who ne'er demurs, nor has a whim,
Who's always pretty good to him?
His cousin at the Sem.

Who's never cross and never gruff,
Or never give him a rebuff,
Who's his relation—just enough?
His cousin at the Sem. —Ex.

A QUESTION OF GENDER.

They met at a church reception;
A ninety girl was she,
He came from o'er the ocean
And registered nine-three.

In the course of the conversation
She spoke about her brother,
Said "He's a Michigander,
You ought to know each other."

Up spake the foreigner then,
His English rather loose,
A blush o'erspreading his features,
"Are you a Michigoose?"

—Cornell Era.

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