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Bates College

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THE

BATES



STUDENT

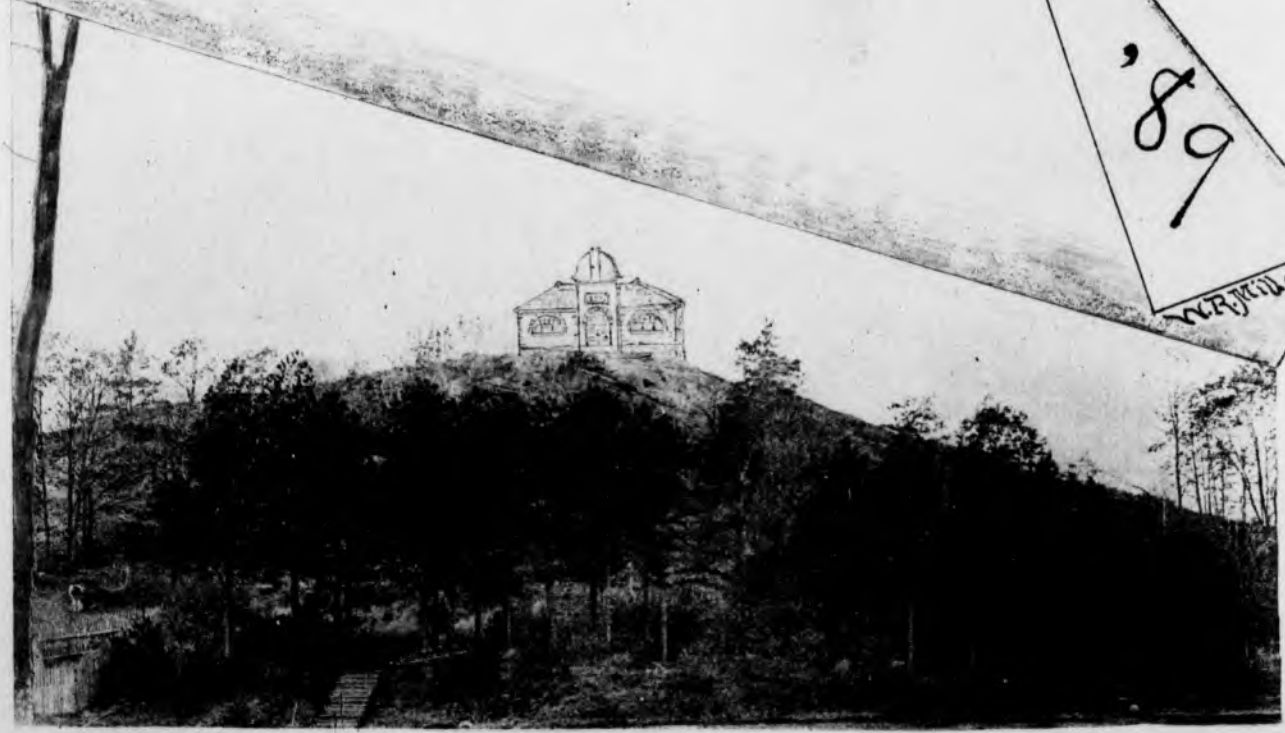
Sixteenth
Volume.

'89

W. B. M. C. C.



Number 2.



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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 2.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

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EDITORIAL.

IT is rumored that the Gymnasium will be newly fitted up the coming spring, and an instructor in calisthenics be secured. We hope it will become an established fact before many weeks.

ABOUT a year and a half ago an editorial appeared in the STUDENT, asking if something could not be done to provide a better place for the college mail. Nothing has yet been attempted, and we still gather round that little box, where everybody can pull over letters and papers and examine the postmarks, and read the postal cards, however much it may discomfit the owner. Many devices have been suggested for avoiding this unpleasantness, almost any of which could be carried out at a slight expense. If the college authorities are unwilling to remedy the evil, let the boys take the matter into their own hands. The present condition of affairs is a positive disgrace to the progressive spirit of our institution.

THERE is little danger that the natural passions and appetites of most men will not be well fed. But the great natural sentiments, such as toleration of justice in opinion, of appreciation of others, are ignorantly ex-

changed in the life of many people for a kind of uniformity and punctiliousness of deportment which means no more than the wrinkles in a coat-sleeve. If one is peevish in his toleration of the conduct of others, it may be disagreeable to them for a short time, but that one is suffering an infinite loss. A generous wish for the well-being of others, though unexpressed, will in a few years have a remarkable effect on one's mental development. Many are they who in deep and solemn tones exhorting to religious duty, hear but a request to refrain from using bad language and to maintain constancy in the singing of hymns. We are personally acquainted with very good people, who would not sing "Yankee Doodle" or saw a stick of wood on Sunday unless compelled by the most urgent circumstances, and yet whose faces grow unwholesome and pale from dissipation, and solemn from care. These same people thus meet again and again, and yet see not that herein lies something vital and tragic.

THE public school is constantly presenting new problems for solution. Out West our Teutonic brethren are clamoring to have their native tongue taught in the common schools. Here at the East our Catholic neighbors insist upon having separate schools for their children where the Protestant Bible shall not be read. In the establishment of schools at the South, the color line has been promptly drawn. All this seems to be a mistake. Unity of thought and speech makes a common people. There can be no more

reason for teaching German in our common schools than for teaching Russian or Norwegian. We do not care to have our country cut up into clans or tribes. One language is sufficient to be taught in the lower grades of our common schools, and that language should be strong "United States." Moreover, there can be no plausible reason why Uncle Sam should maintain different schools for different classes of people. Such a course has always been a cause of discord. But let young Pat and Hans and Sambo attend the same school, and when they grow up they will stand by one another. The public school is the surest, and about the only instrument for Americanizing these diverse elements. The demand of the times is not so much for the higher education of a few as for a general diffusion of knowledge among all classes. Patriotism and Americanism are the lessons to be taught.

THE students who teach during vacation have nearly all returned. About the usual number have worn themselves thin with overwork and worry. Others have come back to us fat and sleek, showing that with them teaching has been one long, unbroken holiday. The life of the average school teacher is peculiar; that of the college student (who is more than average?) is still more peculiar.

He is expected to teach the unteachable, tame the untamable, and furnish energy for entire communities. He is at once an actor of comedy and of tragedy, his experiences ranging from the humorous to the pathetic in aston-

ishing and wonderful variety. He is revered as a man of wisdom and of justice. He is derided as a dude whose soft pate and tender hands debar him from all manual labor. He is a teacher of Sabbath schools, and a frequenter of evening parties. He is the associate of professional and business men, and also the recipient of children's prattle and old maids' gossip; fond mothers invite him to tea. He smiles and flatters all, while he inwardly abuses the fates that ordained his condition. This is one picture of the student's life.

However, the energetic and enthusiastic teacher has much cause for congratulation. He is doing a work, the value of which cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. There is a deal of satisfaction in assisting young minds to a wider growth; in helping them to a clearer conception of life's purposes, and in strengthening their convictions of personal nobility. The teacher is constantly adding to a circle of friends, eager in gratitude and affection. He is actually doing some good.

THE study of Political Economy is every day receiving more and more attention, and this is right. Many of our high schools and academies that formerly left it out of their course entirely have inserted it, and are ranking it among the most important studies taken up.

In a country like the United States, governed by the people and for the people, it must be very necessary. No man is really qualified to exercise the privileges of a voter until he has gained some knowledge of this

study. Statesmen and politicians ought not to be allowed to decide these questions for us; each man should be able to consider and weigh them carefully for himself. The banking system, tariff, wages, such questions as these touch each one of us, and that so many men who cast their votes on these subjects know so little about them is a disgrace to them and to the country. How can a man intelligently throw his vote at the next Presidential election until he has carefully examined the arguments for and against "Protection" and "Free Trade," and that other question, how far the government has a right to interfere in such cases as the prohibition system? It is as ridiculous for a man to turn from his plow or his plane, and, without any previous preparation, help decide the questions continually coming up, as it would be for a woman to leave her molding-board or her needle to do the same thing.

Physiology and Hygiene, the effect of alcohol and tobacco, the study of these has been made compulsory in our public schools within a few years, and the time is not far distant when Civil Government and Political Economy will be treated in the same way, and some slight knowledge of the great principles underlying our government and all governments will be driven, if necessary, into the brain of each man that intends to exercise his privilege of voting.

CARLYLE in one of his writings has said, "If a man kens, he can." An author who treated this lately made

it merely a lesson in etymology, but it seems as though a lesson altogether different and of more vital importance may be gained from it. If a man thoroughly knows any one thing he can of course do it, but education should be so carried on as to develop a man on every side, so that he may be enabled to do everything the better for it. This is what the liberal education aims to do, and what in part it does do, that it does not do it perfectly is due to imperfections in carrying out the theory rather than in the theory itself.

Those who laugh at the theory of a liberal education being necessary for every one, argue that all cannot be doctors or lawyers or teachers, and to those who pursue no one of the so-called learned professions, a liberal education is time and money thrown away. It is often said that Greek and Geometry will not make a better mechanic or a more successful farmer. First and foremost is this idea, We were not put into this world to make mechanics or farmers, but to make men, and that should be our first concern to do those things, to follow those pursuits that shall make us the noblest, most useful men possible. But yet to leave that and go back to our first proposition. In every trade in this world that man is the most successful and achieves the most, even in a merely business point of view, who is capable of controlling men, and he alone is capable of controlling other men who is capable of controlling himself, and that man, other things being equal, can best take care of himself who has trained himself in every direction and

has developed himself, brain and body. This is what we ought to learn in our colleges and seminaries, and that our graduates are many of them so unevenly developed is due, as has been said before, to our carrying out of the plan rather than to the plan itself.

The first advantage gained by a knowledge of Greek and Latin is not the mere fact of so many declensions learned and stored up, or even the acquaintance gained with so many good authors, but rather it is the discipline the mind gets, the power of reasoning from cause to effect, from the abstract rule or principle to the actual construction and sentence. And this applies to the higher mathematics and the natural sciences, and the other branches that make up a college curriculum. It is by these means that our most prominent educators are trying to get this evenness of development, and it is by these means, and these means alone, that it is being acquired. We have not yet reached the end, but the end is coming, and every year patient efforts and the knowledge gained by experience are bringing it nearer.

THE law of inertia, indeed all law, seems to be universal. Thus a sort of social inertia tends to keep humanity in the old ruts. One of these old ruts, we think, is the almost universal practice of keeping Saturday as the holiday of the week. Where the custom originated and how well it is adapted to the needs of the general public are interesting questions and might be discussed elsewhere, but our purpose is to call attention to the

needs of the college student. It is urged that a temporary relief from work on Saturday prepares the mind for the proper observance of Sunday. But is any relief necessary for such a preparation? Is, or ought not, Sunday itself to be a day of relief and recreation to the mental faculties? Another says that he lives near the college, and goes home to spend the Sabbath. Perhaps no other arrangement could as well accommodate him, but he represents a very small per cent. of our students, and his convenience could justly be sacrificed to the general good. Another argument in favor of Saturday for colleges is the custom of society in general. True, special arrangements are made in the mills, on railroads, and with other things, for a part of the last day of the week as a day of rest, but if for other reasons, it is as we believe advantageous to have Monday in colleges, this fact of common practice has no force. Perhaps the "last and least" objection to changing the custom is that the present arrangement affords an opportunity for putting rooms in order, bathing, and other like things. These however require so short a time, comparatively, that the ordinary student would find time for them under the new *régime*. Having prepared the way for a candid hearing by answering some of the objections beforehand, let us in outline consider some of the chief advantages for Monday.

First—it gives opportunity to enjoy Sunday. As it now is, the mind, tired by the week's study, relaxes on Saturday, and one has little inclination to continue with books. The result is, as all

teachers will testify, that the Monday morning recitation is the worst one for the week. The student knows he is not prepared, and all day Sunday he is harrassed by visions of Monday morning's "flunk" or "fizzle," or is driven to that worse extremity of studying Sunday. There is also another consideration. A part of the "day off" is, or ought to be, devoted to preparing the literary exercises. As it now is, the same remarks apply to this work as to the Monday morning recitations. It is nearly impossible to confine the mind, even to an hour's consecutive thought, when exhausted by continued application for five days. The result is, a large part of this work is merely superficial, and worse than not any. Nor is this all. A portion of the day in question is generally spent roaming about in the country in pursuit of butterflies, birds, plants, or minerals.

These runs in the fields are a God-send to the mental, as well as the physical system. The fresh air inflates the lungs and brightens up the smoke-tainted corpuscles, while the increased activity sends them with renewing vigor to thrill every nerve and tissue. Coming in from these excursions one is in just the condition to begin study again with enthusiasm, provided his mind has been previously rested for a little. If Sunday intervenes, with its sedentary diversions, the *ictus* of the recuperation is lost.

THE other day one of the most enthusiastic and capable of our baseball players and organizers informed us that probably no attempt would be

made to enter the league this summer. The reason given was the loss of so many players from the underclasses, in addition to that of two of our most reliable pitchers, making it difficult to find more than seven or eight really good men in the college.

Now with this crippling effect of last season's inactivity before us, it seems hardly possible that one should be blind to the fact that a continuation of this inglorious sloth will still further weaken our future base-ball interests, and in a year hence perhaps find us in an even worse condition than now. At present we could not indeed have strong hopes of winning the pennant; but it is not at all certain, in view of the fact that other colleges have sustained considerable loss by graduation, that we would stand at the foot of the league.

This disposition to yield to discouraging conditions, lacking in every other department of our work, unfortunately is and has been too prevalent in base-ball. For a cursory glance at our past record shows that no college exhibits at once such signal success and unexcusable failure; success attained when energy and perseverance were employed to overcome all obstacles; failure, when these qualities were absent. An average of the last fifteen years might not give us the lead, but it is safe to say that were this to include only those years in which the players and students in general had worked together for the common end, we would occupy no mean position. Indeed, all facts concur in showing that Bates has always been favored with more than ordinary base-ball talent, and when this has only been

moderately cultivated, if not victorious, we have been defeated by our sister colleges only after a desperate struggle. And it will be expedient for the despondent to remember that in these years our base-ballists have not as a rule enjoyed much practice before entering college. Many of our best men hardly ever played a game in the fitting school, but Bates' knack, together with a year's training, has generally put them in a condition to successfully contest with those more experienced in the diamond.

As regards the arguments of a few mistaken but well-meaning individuals who consider the games of the league, which are essential to base-ball enthusiasm in any college, as productive of rowdyism, gambling, and neglected studies, we have only to point to the fact that our field, and undoubtedly the fields of our opponents, have always been comparatively free from any tendency in these directions. The spirit of gambling was more rife ten years ago than it is to-day, and enthusiasm in the national game fully as strong, yet we have seldom heard the state league deprecated because of excess in the first, or of studies neglected for the second. We venture to say that in those years and classes that saw base-ball most successful in our college, also saw, if anything, an increase in the average scholarship. To bring up, then, such changes when a decade of experience has proven the infallibility of Bates and other college men in these respects, seems wholly unwarrantable.

We think, however, that the experience of the past year has indicated

the need of some game which, fostered by a league, will awaken more of the *esprit de corps* in our college. Let this need be met, and the lack of enthusiasm in athletics, especially marked by the absence of field day, and already spreading to other departments of our work, will disappear. If we put our hand to the helm, and, with such a nine as our best efforts can organize, strive at least to reach a fair position in the league, we can, perhaps, by such an increase of energy, nearly if not wholly compensate for our loss. While we may not succeed in winning high laurels this season, we will find, at the next, the underclassmen more competent to fill the places of those graduated, and, with the aid of the entering class, be enabled to equip a nine that will honor the athletic interests of the college. We started in well last fall; let us not, discouraged by a few difficulties, now succumb to a pernicious inactivity.

LITERARY.

THE TRILOBITE.

[*A Geological Fable.*]

By A. E. H., '89.

INTRODUCTION.

I sat me down, one pleasant night,
To study 'bout the trilobite,

Who lived in ages long ago,
In deepest waters far below

The surface, where from times unknown,
The trilobite had lived alone.

Nor did they wander far away,
With other ancient beasts to play.

Ichthyosaurus of noble race,
Lived far above their dwelling place.

And Phlesyosaurus, swift of wing,
Was to them an unknown thing.

Tree ferns might flourish like the rose;
'Twould not disturb their calm repose.

And so they were content to be
Immersed in great simplicity.

Nor cared they thro' the revolving years,
To learn new thoughts, or new ideas.

But not all thus, for some were wise,
And strove by dint of enterprise,

To lift their nation and their race
To a higher and more exalted place.

PART FIRST.

Once on a time (so tales were wont to have beginning)

A trilobite, Silurius by name, arose,
Who, not content with the way his tribe was living.

Endeavored some new truths of science to disclose.

He dared to rise e'en to the top of ocean
To gaze into the starry heaven above,
To watch the restless billows' wild commotion,
And wonder what great force caused them to move.

'Twas night when he this journey great attempted;

The sky was clear, in place of noonday sun
Fair Luna, poised aloft o'er Latmos mountain,
With moonbeams soothed to rest Endymion.

And Luna had a train of many followers
To light heaven's great cathedral everywhere;
For planets, stars, and satellites, together
Produced for him a scene surpassing rare.

Then down to ocean depths again descending,
Returning to his nation and his home,
He gathered all the trilobites about him,
And thus addressed his people: "I have come

" From regions far remote, above the water,
Where air and ocean meet in fond embrace;
Where flourish many a strange and wondrous creature;

Where many a monster hath his dwelling place.

" The world above is bright, for it is lighted
By many a star, and swift revolving sphere;
Their queen is Luna, she in grace presideth,
The central light in Heaven's great chandelier."

He finished speaking, but his tribe, indignant,
Arose in scorn and drove him from their sight;

Proclaiming him a heretic and outlaw,
Who dared teach such things to a trilobite.

But wheresoe'er he went he told the story,
And wheresoe'er he told it, was denied;
Till seized and tried on false and groundless
charges,
They basely slew him. Thus Silurius died.

He perished nobly, but his teaching never;
He sleeps in death; the truth lives on for aye.
His followers, few at first, increased to many;
Till thousands joined his standard every day.

And long years after when his nation's council
In solemn conclave met, so much they prized
His worth and merit as a sacred teacher,
That he, tho' once outlawed, they canonized.

PART SECOND.

In course of time another came,
Seeking for truth, not satisfied
To rest upon Silurius' fame,
Or follow blind a faith untried;
Deronius was his name, and he
A student of philosophy.

To oceans' surface he would rise,
As great Silurius rose before,
And gaze upon the azured sky,
And count the planets o'er and o'er
A lowly pilgrim he, intent
To study well the firmament.

He came up mid the glittering noon,
When sunbeams shine upon the sea,
Bright as the fairest day in June;
(Which seem the brightest days, to me,)
While winged creatures o'er him flew,
While warm and gentle breezes flow.

When to his country he returned,
His people came from far and near,
That they his wondrous tale might learn;
That his adventures they might hear.
Said he, "'Tis true the world is bright;
From one great source comes heat and
light."

"'Tis false, 'tis false!" their leaders cried,
"He teacheth doctrines dangerous.
Our nation's faith he hath denied,
And basely wronged Silurius.
Down with the traitor!" loud they cry:
"Down with the heretic! Let him die!"

He perished, but a few believed,
And steadily his following grew,
Till many more the faith received,

And yielded him the credit due;
And long years after he was made
A saint, and to him honors paid.

And with mankind 't has been the same;
For since the world was cursed with sin,
The very men we crown with fame,
Have the greatest sufferers been.
Racked and tortured in their day.
Abyl does Lowell say:

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God, within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own."

A GLIMPSE AT A MAINE LUMBERMAN.

BY VID, '89.

"IT was the winter of 1881, I believe," said our old friend, James Falstaff, "and I had a small concern of about twenty hands hauling logs on the other side of Enchanted Pond.

"One morning about the first of March my oldest boy, Scott, came out to the dingle where I was welding a chain link and said he was going moose hunting.

"Go spruce hunting more likely, said I, for the day before one of my sled tenders had cut his knee. I had got to go out to the settlement, and so I was short of help."

"No, really," replied the boy, "Wendal Woodside says there is a large moose yard two miles beyond where the ox team hauled up there on the left. He is quite sure we can get a moose in this deep snow and crust." Well, he went hunting, and I to the village across the pond.

"As I was returning about dusk I saw Scott coming at a brisk walk to

meet me. His manner betrayed excitement, and in a instant my nerves were all activity. We were hauling down a very steep 'ram down,' and I thought it must be that one of the teams had got sluced. As soon as he was near enough, however, I was undeceived, for I saw Scott's face was all aglow and his eyes shone triumph.

"Where's your game, says I. 'Oh, we've got it up here, and I want you to take your horse and sled and go after it. We've got two cows, but the old monarch went in another direction, and Woodside wants you to go with him to-morrow.' The sight of the two slain beauties and the exciting story of the chase proved too strong a temptation, and next morning at daylight found us well on our way to the yard. A moose yard, as perhaps you all know (we didn't, however,) is a place having a suitable kind of browse where a family of moose spend the winter. It is called a yard because the moose, wandering over these several acres after their food, the small twigs and branches tread down the snow giving it the appearance of a farm-yard.

"We found the track and started after our eager hound. We had traveled nearly three hours when a peculiar bay from the hound far in advance told us that the game was overtaken. We hastened on and coming out to a white birch ridge such a sight met our eyes as would thrill the most tranquil-minded. The animal stood at bay about fifty yards away. His enraged, blood-shot eyes seemed kindled to a blaze; the long gray hair along his back stood erect from sheer anger.

Suspended from his brisket by a roll of skin a foot in length and no larger than one's thumb hung his bell. It was jet black. From the creature's mouth lolled a huge red tongue, and as he slat it from side to side and struck violently at the dog I think he was the most formidable animal I ever looked upon. We had quickly removed our snow-shoes, and when he discovered our presence and made a lunge and a charge at us we were glad to start off on the quarter and thus avoid him, for the animal cannot turn suddenly from its charge. Our dog weighed nearly fifty pounds, and as soon as the moose turned, one leap enabled the dog to set his teeth firmly through the gambrel of the huge animal. For a short distance the bull rushed on as if snow, crust, dog, and all were as autumn leaves in his path. He soon halted, however, and stood again at bay. Now was the time. Once, twice, thrice sped the deadly bullet and the monarch lay dead. We quickly dressed him off, hung him up on a tree, and started on.

"That night, when we returned to camp, we brought with us two other animals, somewhat smaller than the one of our first triumph, but nevertheless large enough to supply us with meat for nearly all the remainder of the winter. Thus ended a successful day's hunt."

THE STRUGGLE FOR EQUALITY.

By C. W. C., '88.

THIS nation stands, to-day, the representative of a model government. The principle of liberty and equality are the distinguishing features of our

political policy. These principles now, as we believe, proved to be practical, are elementary, yet to prepare society to receive them has been the work of ages. Since the earliest historic times, unequal civil rights and unbalanced conditions of society have pressed heavily upon the mass of the people. Political rights have been abused, people have been deprived of their freedom, and the lives of nations threatened by the hands of tyrants. When the people have resisted these acts of oppression, then has there been a struggle for equality. Since the time the grievously oppressed plebeians seceded from Rome, more than twenty-three hundred years ago, again and again have the so-called lower classes struggled to gain or to maintain their rights.

Some of the most notable events connected with the advancement of this cause of the common people have occurred within the history of our own country. A new era began when the oppressed of Europe first sought the shores of America. A new world was opened up as a refuge to the downtrodden, and many there were that sought it, risking life and fortune amid the vicissitudes of an unknown land, rather than continue longer with their tyrannical superiors the hopeless struggle for equality. The seed thus planted brought forth, in due season, abundant fruit. It was the Continental Congress, that deliberate body of sagacious men, which dared to face the haughty lords of England and declare that "All men are created equal." The Revolutionary war put a new aspect upon all civilization. Lib-

erty has since been enjoyed as it was never known before.

Three-quarters of a century had passed when another stroke was made for liberty and equality. This time not by the oppressed, but by liberty-loving people in behalf a most humble race. The victories won so dearly by our Northern armies brought about the emancipation of the slaves in America. And the struggle engaged in so fiercely, both on the field of battle and in legislative halls, eventually resulted in making the late slave a citizen, equal in all civil rights and privileges with his former master.

Grand, indeed, were these achievements; proudly do we look back upon them. But if for a moment we should throw off this mantle of patriotic pride and look without prejudice into the social condition of our country, here we might see strange and dangerous inequalities: We might discover a tendency, which, if allowed to go too far, would prove fatal to many of our institutions. It is the tendency to return to castes. Wealth, the shrine at which many hearts have bowed, and at which the happiness and the best part of many lives have been offered, has done much toward this development of castes. There is a gulf between the poor man and the millionaire; there is war between labor and capital. Every man may have an equal voice in the government, but every one has not an equal opportunity in society. This is surely wrong, for, in a measure, the stability of the government depends on the purity of society.

But the same spirit that has hitherto

moved the American people to obtain and grant equal civil and political rights, still lives. It is moving among them now. There is going on in this country a struggle for equality. Not content with their much-improved circumstances, the people strive for equal social rights. No doubt, in this struggle, many mistakes have been made. Ignorance has led blindly into dark ways, retarding the movement to equalize the social condition of the people. But thanks to our system of education, which teaches the principles of equal citizenship and arouses the philanthropic spirit of a common brotherhood, upon this mainly we must depend to bring society into the desired condition.

With the spirit that pervades so many loyal citizens of this country, and with the opportunities of an education within the reach of the humblest, we may well hope to see our country safely outride the storm of social discord, and still and ever be the refuge of the oppressed and the abode of justice.

THOROUGHNESS.

By C. J. E., '89.

ON the afternoon of January 10, 1860, the main building of the Pember-ton Mills at Lawrence, Mass., fell, and six hundred operatives were buried in the ruins. Lack of thoroughness on the part of the builders had caused a disaster terrible in its destruction. Moreover, this instance is but one of many that might be cited under the same general head. Railroad accidents, steamboat disasters, and fall of houses, testify only too surely that somewhere

there has been gross negligence, or that "some one has blundered."

The mechanical arts are not the only ones to suffer; lack of thoroughness is also apparent in the professions. Too often ministers lack special training, and Sunday after Sunday lull their congregations to sleep with soothing words. Too often the physician's gilt sign hides the graves of his patients. Too often justice is defeated through the ignorance of law givers, and teachers lacking experience are not exceptions to the rule.

To be great a man must be thorough, for greatness has been defined as intense earnestness and the ability to produce something that will wear; and genius has been defined as the power of taking infinite pains. In the galaxy of great men few are found who have not been distinguished both by intense application to work and by pains taken in making it perfect. Hawthorne wrote with painful slowness and care; Gibbon was more than twenty years writing his "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; Sumner ransacked England, France, and Italy, in the mastering of his profession; Thomas Arnold's renown was due to the intense earnestness of his life.

Spurgeon says of the Christian man: "He should do his work right thoroughly, pray over it heartily, and leave the result to God."

The question is often asked why so many young men of early promise fail to distinguish themselves. Evidently they are unwilling to devote themselves to that toilsome culture that alone deserves success. They would rather

have the fever and ague than to work. It is not the opportunity of rising that is so often wanting, as the ability to rise.

Good work is always appreciated, whether it be in writing a book or in guiding a plowshare, and the services of the man who can do good work are always demanded. If he is an architect, his are the largest and best paying contracts; if he is a lawyer, his are the greatest and most remunerative cases; if he is a statesman, his are the highest offices and the fattest salaries.

Again, thoroughness has a moral worth. It begets a depth and strength of character that no external polish can give. It creates a love for beauty and for truth, and places man on a higher plane of living. In nature there is no blemish; whatever bears the impress of God's finger is perfect. Can finite man do better than to follow the divine precept?

The thorough man goes slow, if need be, in order to go sure, and bearing in mind that the first blow is half the battle, when he does strike he lays it on hard. Thus he asserts his manhood, shows his independence of circumstances, proves the superiority of mind over matter, wins for himself a satisfied conscience, and leaves posterity to thank God for what he has done.

INVOCATION.

By J. I. H., '89.

Come from the East, ho!
 Come from the West, ho!
 Come from the North and South,
 Bear me away
 From this vesturing clay,
 O, wild winds!

Up from the cold earth,
 Out from the grave's dearth,
 Borne on the wings of Faith;
 Bear me away
 To Eternity's day,
 O, wild winds!

OF MT. SAINT BERNARD.

[Translated for the Traveller, from the French of Chenedolle, by F. F. Phillips, '77.]

From thickly shrouded skies the snow
 Is rushing through the vaulted atmosphere,
 The shapeless drifts incessant grow
 On Saint Bernard's old summit lone and drear.
 Each pass bemoans obstruction bleak.
 Shade falls, and on the wild winds of the night,
 From his dim, solitary peak
 The eagle hurls a final scream of fright.
 At this dread cry, presaging ill,
 A traveler, lost, pauses with bated breath,
 Then sinks beneath the storm and chill
 Upon the precipice, awaiting death.
 There in his dazed and wandering thought,
 Visions of wife and children now appear
 About his couch, with ices fraught,
 Adding a double horror to his fear.
 The end is nigh: the final hour,
 Remorseless, keeps its march 'neath inky skies;
 Fate, lurking in the clouds that lower,
 For aye would close the cold lids on his eyes.
 Oh great surprise! Oh chance most strange!
 Faintly he hears the tinkle of a bell;
 The sound augments at shorter range;
 A gleam of light breaks through the darksome spell.
 Anon, indeed another sound
 Relieves the pain of listening suspense;
 It is the barking of a hound,
 That with a monk would brave the storm intense.
 Joy, echoing in the dog's clear bay,
 Rouses the lost one from his sinking state;
 Grim death, thus foiled, let's slip his prey,
 And charity recounts a wonder great.

It is reported that Dr. Schliemann has discovered a Greek temple, which he supposes to be the oldest in existence.

NATURE AND ART.

BY G. H. L., '89.

I HAVE but little sympathy with that person who, in his admiration for art, is blind to any excellence found in nature. Every art has its idolaters,—idolaters because convinced in their own minds of the superiority of the imitation over the real creation from nature's mint,—their love for it is a religion.

Between nature and art there is a fixed gulf. Nature creates; art embellishes. Art may bring out the lustre of the diamond; may fashion gold into things of beauty; but their creation defies the skill of the alchemist. Thus all attempts to counterfeit nature's products, result in mere paste and sand which resembles the genuine only as wax resembles flesh and blood. Whatever beauty, whatever truth the artist has embodied in his work is due to the inspiration received from the appreciation of the original in nature; and if the draught we receive at his hands be sweet, why not drink of the fountain itself? In sculpture, Phidias, perhaps, succeeded as no other in infusing into cold marble the breath of life; in clothing in unfeeling stone the affections and virtues of his ideal. Yet there are, and ever have been, noble souls, whose very presence turns our thoughts to higher things; whose saintly faces a god might chisel.

It is said that sculpture represents the ideal, while painting must fall short of that ideal. But the former, if an ideal, is but the ideal of a human sculptor, subject to human prejudices and weaknesses. Could the hand per-

fectly execute the dictates of principle and taste, that so-called ideal would approach no nearer the real ideal than the lives of great men approach the perfect life? The former is at best but a dream; the latter works revolutions in the welfare of men. The greatest artist is he that in the chaotic mass of sin and lust, carves a life of purity and usefulness.

In the age of Phidias himself, what examples? Now that both are gone, which should we admire most the sculptor or that child of nature, who upon the bema from which Pericles harangued, exhorted his countrymen by their homes, by their old Greek life, by the spirit of their fathers at Marathon and Thermopylæ, to resist the Macedonian prince; who when the phalanx of vanity, sensual self-indulgence, and distrust of the gods had lost Greece her liberties, replied to the ambassador of Philip: "I dread the clemency that you offer more than the torture and death I expected. Glorious and beautiful I had thought it, if that life could have been guarded by my country, by the fleet, by the wall I have builded, by the treasury I have filled, by her assemblies of freemen, by her ancestral honor, by the love of my countrymen who have crowned me so often, by Greece I have saved hitherto. But since this may not be, I, Demosthenes, whom nature never formed for disgrace, I, who have drunk in from Xenophon and Plato the hope of immortality, I, for the honor of Athens prefer death to slavery and wrap myself thus about with liberty, the fairest winding-sheet."

There are galleries of paintings that

in the eyes of some nearly cheat nature of her prerogatives. But the designer of the universe did not intend that beauty should be hemmed in by human barriers or wrapped by human hands, any more than that the earth should be lighted by a candle and that placed under a bushel.

The lad of sterile New England, riding the horse to brook, or on his way to school by some by-path best known to himself, or when in those autumnal gala days, searching the woods for nuts, sees hill and valley, tree and rock, shrub and flower, arranged in better proportions than ever decked the canvas of Raphael. "The herds and flocks upon a thousand hills," defy the skill of a Landseer. No tints and colors mixed with genius can paint a sister's look of tender love or the hallowed face of a mother.

These remarks are true in regard to music. For, after years of practice, musicians must acknowledge themselves outdone by the unnoticed bird that sings for the sake of singing, the spontaneous outburst of notes of joy, or the plaintive strains for a dead mate, that know no human deception. Correctness is not music, for art can give this; but if there be wanting the charm of naturalness, the individual expression of a soul, it is not music. Art, on the whole, tends to a mechanical process, is an engrafting of the ideas and expression of others, without even the assimilation. In consequence, men do not follow the bent of their own minds, though it were as practicable to turn the red rose white, or to make the grape to bear cherries, as to turn a mind from its legitimate province of

thought and expression,—that which it loves.

Artlessness is the greatest of arts, for, searching deeper, we find that the frank, outspoken soul that shows itself—mistakes, defects, and all,—is the one that aids humanity most, the one that wins more hearts than all the vague, fantastic, deceitful wiles of art. As one has said, "Be what you seem and try to be somewhat worthy."

It is well to remember that the greatest sculptors have lived in the midst of Grecian grace, beauty, and nobility; that the greatest painters have gazed upon an Italian sky; that the most noble, virtuous souls have been reared in those rugged mountainous regions, whose very air is a breath of flame to lust and luxury. There is such a sickly sentiment in fashionable society, that one must become enraptured with every blotch or daub or be pronounced "uncultured"; that one must be blind to the blessings of nature around, above, and beneath us. They lack novelty; the common people possess these. Those who would not have his lot cast among the "common" people, for lives there one that recognizes the ambrosia of his soul in the majestic pine, in the waving grain field, in the grouping of clouds, in the smiling flowers, in the caroling birds, in the rippling waters, in the solemn thunder, in the sighing of the night wind, in the fresh breath of the woods, he is thy friend.

Johns Hopkins University now requires all undergraduates to pass an examination in gymnastics before obtaining a degree.

SELF-DENIAL A CONDITION OF
TRUE GREATNESS.

By A. S. T., '86.

IT is related of the great Italian painter, Michael Angelo, that he was accustomed often at his work to wear a lighted taper in his cap that he might avoid bringing his shadow upon his canvas. About every man's work there hovers the shadow of an ever present self obscuring the work and hindering the workman. In a deeper sense and a broader significance than that in which Michael Angelo felt it, such is the experience of every human workman.

Whatever is the product of our endeavor, whatever is the outgrowth of our lives is likely to bear upon its face the shadow of self. How to rid ourselves of this shadow is a thing not easy of accomplishment; but it is a problem that may well tax our effort.

The great painter banishes the shadow of his material self by an expedient simple enough—a light upon his cap. But this immaterial self and its more troublesome shadow, what shall we do with them? How can we get beyond the circle of self, so that what we have done and shall do, and what we are, when placed under the blaze of a righteous judgment, shall reveal none of the discoloration of selfish purpose?

The pen that has chronicled the names of the world's illustrious men has written them as great in proportion as they have been unselfish. History never excuses the blemish that self-interest casts upon achievement. It never forgets to search deeply into

motive; is always severe in its demand that its heroes lose sight of individual ends and aims. It never forgets to write moral greatness as the highest type of greatness. Just as names stand for self-forgetful service do they rise in the world's respect and veneration. He spoke truth who said: "There are some things that can be gained only by renouncing them." One of those things is the praise of men. Who works for it does not win it.

The peculiar glory that attaches itself to the name of Washington lies in the fact that it stands for unselfish devotion to a great principle.

The name of Napoleon fails to command the reverence and esteem of men because over all his vast achievements there falls the blighting shadow of self. The judgments of history are correct. Men are great in proportion as the self-element is eliminated from what they do. This instinctive admiration we feel for a piece of workmanship, from which the shadow of self has been banished, is born of the divine within us. It is God's seal of approval upon the nobility of the unselfish.

Philip Sidney, fatally wounded on the field of battle, faint, exhausted, fevered with thirst, raising a cup of water to quench the fire of his lips, stayed his hand to satisfy the wistful look of a dying soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." That was Philip Sidney at his best—a man that embodied in himself so much of what is popularly called greatness. That was a touch of the highest manhood. To stop short of this is to stop short of highest devel-

opment, without which the image of the Divine is wanting. Instinctively do we yield assent to the proposition that self-sacrifice is an element of the highest greatness—the highest development of character; and it is only by the light of a divinely-inspired purpose brought between us and what we do that the shadow can be chased away—the work and the workman glorified.

Individual worth is not measured by battles fought with material weapons, not by the splendid drapery of outward circumstances, not by pompous achievements heralded abroad upon the lips of men, but by victories over self, by thoughtful acts of self-denial for the good of others.

It requires heroism to lead an army into the conflict, to confront the force of opposing weapons, but the struggle and victory over evil desires and passions requires a heroism that is grander, nobler, truer. Truly spoken are these words, "Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves."

To win earthly laurels is within the reach of few, but to live nobly, to act unselfishly, to add to the world's sum of goodness, sympathy, generosity, and love is within the possibility of all.

To perfect self-denial is to give proportions of beauty and symmetry to the soul. This self-element is one of the alloys that is to be expurgated from the pure gold of character. The progress we make in eliminating this self-element from our dispositions and purposes, and in banishing the self-shadow from what we do, marks an advancement in establishing the in-

ward over the outward, the unseen over the seen, the eternal over the temporal, soul over sense.

The object of this life is to overcome the material by the immaterial, to spiritualize character. As we progress in this, we progress in greatness; we grow toward Him "who pleased not himself," but who went about doing good.

ONLY AN EMPTY NEST.

By C. W. M., '77

Only an empty nest,
High in a leafless tree,
Where the wailing winds pass by,
With a mournful melody.

Only an empty nest,
Swept by the wintry blast,
Telling of days gone by,
And joys that could not last.

But faith looks far away,
Through the drifting snow and sleet,
Almost catches the sound
Of swift on-coming feet;

Knows that the leafless limbs
With verdure shall be crowned,
And the happy songs of birds
Throughout the air resound.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

The fourth annual reunion of the Boston Association of the Bates Alumni was held at Young's, Wednesday, December 28th. The business meeting was held at 4.30 P.M. Rev. F. L. Hayes, of '80, was elected President; L. A. Burr, Vice-President, and Geo. E. Smith, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer. The annual meeting of the association has come to be an occasion of great interest to its members, and not-

withstanding a rain storm had threatened to develop into a flood, and that almost turned the narrow streets of Boston into brooklets, about thirty of the alumni were present. The special attraction of the evening was the attendance of Prof. Stanton. The brisk clapping of hands that greeted him as he entered the parlor in which his former pupils were assembled, had in it the magnetism of genuine sympathy and affection, and from that moment every mind was busy with precious reminiscences of college experience in which the helpfulness of the warm-hearted professor was the element of abiding interest. There was but one theme for conversation during the two hours devoted to the dinner with its many inviting courses, and nearly all found themselves more than once in the condition of the ancient philosopher whose absorbing devotion to his favorite study is presented in the old Latin Reader, in the words, "*Cogitationibus inhaereus, manum ad cibas appositas parrigere abluisceretur.*"

The after-dinner speeches were bright, appropriate, and interesting, full of the spirit of loyalty to *Alma Mater*, and set off by anecdotes of college life and old-time associations. Each speech took its color from the presence of the guest that had been to every alumnus present, not only an honored instructor but a warm personal friend. Prof. Stanton wished for each graduate a life as happy as his own had been made by the purity, the manliness, and the successful endeavors of the sons of Bates.

Rev. Elijah Horr, D.D., of Boston, a warm friend of the college, was also

present as a guest of the Association. Dr. H. told, in earnest words, how the grand work of Bates in helping students to help themselves had won and kept his sympathy. He appealed to the alumni present to see that the college should be true to its honorable mission of affording to self-reliant young men and young women the amplest facilities for obtaining a liberal education.

The meeting broke up at a late hour, after an opportunity had been given to all to renew acquaintance and generally to exchange greetings with Prof. Stanton.

The Secretary was instructed to invite Prof. B. F. Hayes to be the guest of the Association at its next annual meeting.

PRÆSENS.

LOCALS.

Sanctum.
Disconsolate
Editor seated,
Trying
To write out a
Thought.

Cornet
And Sophomore.
Persistent tooting.
Vanished
The fancy to
Naught.

Drifts.

Snow-shoes.

Horses, off the Campus.

"Key in this pocket? No."

Did your 'observe the eclipse?

Professor Chase is welcomed back by his classes.

Prof. Stanley recently entertained

the Juniors for an evening with a magic lantern exhibition.

The boys have nearly all finished their schools and returned to their college work.

By an oversight the name of C. L. Wallace, '88, author of "Silent Influences," was omitted in the last issue.

Recently Mr. Stanley, the photographer, delivered a very interesting address before the Eurosophian Society.

Thursday, February 23d, is the day of Prayer of Colleges. Rev. J. M. Lowden, of Portland, will give the usual address.

Prof. Angell's horse (a live one) was recently stolen from near the city building. The thief has been put under \$500 bonds.

By mistake in last issue it read "I. N. Cox and G. H. Libby, Business Managers," instead of "I. N. Cox, Business Manager."

The boys have decided to postpone building the toboggan slide until another fall, on account of the deep snow and the lateness of the season.

"Pater" will close his work for the college, March 14th. He will hereafter drive the Poland Spring delivery team, and says he will furnish the boys with good water very cheap. The new janitor will be Fred Merrill, who was here while "Pater" was sick.

The annual intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association conference occurs at Boston, February 24th, 25th, and 26th. Many prominent speakers will be present and address the students. Bates is represented by Wood-

row, '88; Blanchard, '88; Safford, '89; Baker, '89, and Richardson, '91.

There is an unusual interest taken in the reading-room this term. Quite a number of the underclassmen have joined the association. Several new publications have been added, and the room now presents a lively appearance. Its prosperity doubtless is due in a large degree to our efficient secretary.

A very enjoyable affair socially, and successful financially, was the recent jug-breaking at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. The proceeds of the entertainment, which were devoted to the Fullonton Professorship fund, exceeded in amount the most sanguine expectations. Over \$100 was found in the broken jugs. Many of the college boys were present and assisted in the entertainment.

It makes us tired: To see so many Freshmen with whiskers; to have a snow-storm nine times a week; to be told of a "form like that" twenty times in a single recitation; to stand twenty-five minutes in chapel; to see "Buda" with his mouth always open; to have everybody in the college handle the mail over three or four times a day, and perhaps scatter it on the floor; to try to find a magazine in the reading-room when some fellow has lugged it off; to see the Freshmen walk down street with the Co-eds.

Many of the students attended the seventh Young Men's Christian Association entertainment, at Music Hall. Miss Couthouli appeared at her best and was highly appreciated. Mr. Hall gave some very fine cornet solos. Mr.

Leopold Lichtenburg appeared as magisterial as when last before a Lewiston audience, and refused to respond to an encore. He nevertheless furnished the listeners with some very fine music. The next entertainment will be February 27th. Miss Louise Baldwin, who delighted Lewiston two years ago, will be the chief attraction.

Miss Maude Banks recently appeared as Joan of Arc. Some one of a poetic turn has sent us the following :

Thou, other gentle maid Joan,
 Our thanks to thee
 That thou hast spanned, for our delight,
 The ever-widening gulf of time
 That separates the inspired maid
 From our rapt gaze, the while.

'Till now we knew Joan of Arc
 A warrior maid.
 We saw, in dark half-formed concept,
 The iron heart of man beset
 By some strange chance in woman's garb,
 Nor thought of tenderness.

Thou hast with thy consummate art
 Revealed to us
 What thine own heart, with larger wealth
 Of tender sympathy, hath felt
 Of womanhood idealized,
 In her who succored France.

Pure as the wild flowers growing at Dom-
 remy,
 Loving as sunbeams that kissed their fair
 cheeks;
 Grand and as delicate in her emotions
 As the soft moonbeams or gray mountain
 peaks.
 Still with a soul filled of heavenly fervor,
 Strong as an oak 'mid the furies of storm,
 Firm as the hills, old, that shelter the low-
 lands;
 Heart that wrought coldly, but beat true
 and warm.

Go on, then, and with all thy skill
 Teach men to feel
 The worth that will appear in lives
 That know the thrill of true, strong hearts.
 And may thy soul be spotless white
 As Joan's seems to-night.

 IN SYMPATHY.

Whereas, In the divine order of events, death has removed a beloved sister from the home of our esteemed classmate, E. J. Small; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the Class of '89, hereby express our heartfelt sympathies with our bereaved classmate in his affliction, and with the community in its loss;

Resolved, That a copy of the above be sent to our classmate, and also that it be printed in the BATES STUDENT.

JOHN I. HUTCHINSON,
 DELLA M. WOOD,
 A. L. SAFFORD.
Committee.

 PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—February 2d, F. E. Sleeper, M.D., of Sabatis, was married to Miss Helen Nash of Lewiston.

'74.—F. B. Stanford, the founder of the BATES STUDENT, has returned from an extended tour in Europe.

'76.—J. Rankins is first assistant at the House of Refuge, Randalls Island, at a salary of \$1,600 per annum.

'81.—Charles Haskell of Jersey City, N. J., has been appointed to the position of principal of the Grammar School of that city, at a salary of \$1,800.

'82.—January 3, 1888, born to the wife of C. E. Mason, a son, Edward Files Mason.

'85.—January 19th, married at the residence of Professor Hayes, Rev. Arthur E. Cox, of Carolina, R. I., and Miss Elizabeth A. Hayes.

'86.—Miss Angie Tracy has just closed a term of school at Bowdoinham.

'86.—Frank Sandford has been teaching the High School at Topsham.

STUDENTS.

'88.—Hamlet is the only member of this class not present this term.

'89.—F. J. Daggett is teaching at Dennysville.

'89.—O. B. C. Kenney, formerly of this class, has entered the Medical School at Bowdoin.

'89.—Miss S. A. Norton has just finished a successful term at Bingham.

'89.—Miss E. I. Chipman is first assistant at Foxcroft Academy.

'89.—E. J. Small has taken a short trip to Florida.

'89.—Grant will complete his course with '90.

'89.—H. W. Small is teaching a private class at Lisbon.

'90.—Record has returned to his home on account of illness.

'91.—C. H. Johonnett is reported quite ill.

 ◆◆◆

 POET'S CORNER.

OUR LEGACY FROM THE GREAT AUTHORS.

How blest are we! How favored is our lot!
To see, to know, to feel out heart-strings
thrilled,

Through some great soul, by loves and griefs
and tears—

All human joys and woes, which of ourselves
Encountered were to be o'erwhelmed and
lost. —Leon, '89.

MORN'S AWAKENING.

Rosy morning greets us
From the hill-tops gray,
Circling larks above us
Herald in the day.

Flowerets ope' their eyelids,
Birds their carols sing,
All the earth is waking
With the breath of spring.

Dew-drops brightly sparkle,
Soon they'll disappear,
List! the milkmaid's calling
Soft, comes to our ear.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
From the dew-wet glade,
Where the sheep move slowly
In the slumbering shade.

Higher climbs the monarch
In the eastern sky,
Soon the glades soft shadows
Fade before the eye.

Fast the earth is wak'ning
From the night's repose,
Joy and grief shall greet her
Ere the daylight close.—*Ex.*

SOMETHING THAT MAY BE LOST.

A wee little maid, with a bright little face,
Climbing up on the railing one day,
Which guarded the pansies—a slip and a fall,
And down 'mid the blossoms she lay!
No very bad bruises were found on her knees,
And very few tears in her eyes,
“The child lost her balance,” her grandma
declared;
May listened in wondering surprise.

They missed her, and down in the pansies she
knelt,

Now peering first this way and that:
“'Tis gone—some one stole it,” she calmly
announced,

Looking up from the depths of her hat.
“And what did you drop?” asked her mamma,
surprised

(And kissed her cheeks all aglow).
They laughed at her answer, and kissed her
again:

“My balance—I lost it, you know!”
—*Our Little Ones.*

MY VALENTINE.

O moonlight deep and tender,
With thy gold and silver sheen,
With thy pure and heavenly splendor,
Shining from the world unseen!
Rays celestial! Messengers divine!
Be, oh be my valentine!

O stars that gleam in colors,
Many thousand, everywhere,
If within thy far land lingers

Matchless pleader, strange and rare !
Then for me her heart entwine !
Be, oh be my valentine !

O strong winds, bold and fearless !
Curb thy power to do my will !
Subtle plead a love that's deathless,
With thy soft breath's sweetest thrill !
Till her heart to me incline !
Be, oh be my valentine !—*Ex.*

Then straight I questioned Echo more
Who'd taken note of all I'd said :
" What Cal-er-ana now will help
To solve life's problem gruesome Q. E. D."
Quoth Echo archly, " Some co-ed."

THE WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONG.

Hark ! o'er all the hill-tops high,
Rest doth steal ;
Through the waving tree-tops nigh
Thou dost feel
Scarce a zephyr's breath.

The woods are silent still,
The birds have gone to rest,
Wait with patience best,
Peace thy soul will fill.

—*From the German.*

ODE TO MY GEOMETRY.

Many a long and dreamy evening
Have I held thee up before me ;
Looked upon thy well-worn pages,
Shuddered o'er thy planes and angles,
O'er thy pyramids and prisms,
O'er thy cones of revolution,
And thy parallelpipeds ;
Wondered really if the distance,
Shortest distance on the surface
Of a sphere, is always measured
By the arc of a great circle ;
Tried to find some milder method
Than the method of the author's,
Which might show that two triedrals
With the three diedrals equal,
Equal each unto the other,
Are symmetrical or equal,
But gave up in desperation,
Cast the book upon the table,
Cursed the man who first invented
Geometric lines and angles.
But the time has come—we sever ;
May the parting be forever !—*Ex.*

TO DAPHNE.

Daphne sweet, thy blushes prove
That thou surely hast a Love ;
One who for thy hand doth sigh—
Swears he'd gladly for thee die.

Daphne fair, he loves thee well,
This his melting glances tell ;
When he at thy side shall wait,
Then pray trust to him thy fate.

Daphne gay, he fears thy heart,
Fickle changling that thou art.
Now he lingers at thy side,
Pleading, asks thee for his bride.

Daphne coy—(not always so)—
Will this patient lover woo.
Ha ! you call him " dearest brother."
(Ting-a-ling !) he seeks another.—*Ex.*

RONDEAU.

Upon a stormy winter night,
With curtains drawn and low-turned light,
We sat alone, my Nan and I.
The bright wood fire blazing high.

Our fancy roamed in aimless flight,
O'er thoughts of love and future bright ;
In bantering mood—O luckless wight !—
I called her with a deep-drawn sigh,
My Anarchist.

Her pretty face became a sight,
With anger's flame her eyes alight,
Flashed like meteors in the sky,
Her stormy mood howe'er passed by.
And naught but love remained when I
My Anna kissed.—*Ex.*

INTERCOLLEGIATE GOSSIP.

One of the most interesting, yet difficult, duties of the editor is in compiling the "Gossip" column. Some facts we get from the newspapers, a few by personal or other similar knowledge, but by far the larger part are taken from the columns of our exchanges, often *verbatim*. We do not generally acknowledge these clippings because the very name of the department suggests that we are not the originators of all within.

Union has a new president.

Prof. Drummond is soon to be mar-

ried to the daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen.—*Amherst Student*.

Miss Helen A. Shafer, M.A., Professor of Mathematics in Wellesley College, has been appointed President of the college, to succeed Miss Alice E. Freeman.

Johns Hopkins University publishes eight magazines—one devoted to mathematics, one to chemistry, one to philology, one to biology, one to historical and political science, and three of local interest.

The trustees of Columbia College have passed resolutions that henceforth the professors and students shall wear caps and gowns. It is, however, said to be optional with students who have not taken a degree.

The trustees of Oberlin elected to the Chair of German, at their recent meeting, Professor Charles Harris, Ph.D., of Carbondale, Ill. Prof. Harris is a native of Illinois, and graduated at the Indiana University about the year 1880.

A Cornell University man wrote a burlesque on the modern sensational novel and sent it as a rebuke to a publisher of "trashy" literature. It was entitled: "Hildebrand the Horrible, or The Haunted Pig Sty." The story was accepted and paid for, and the writer asked to furnish another.

A student who thinks he knows, was heard to say, not long ago, that in order to be an original thinker in Oberlin, five things were necessary. First, to believe in Free Trade. Second, in prohibition. Third, in no probation after

death; fourth, in Henry George, and fifth, to belong to Alpha Zeta Society.

"The trustees of Adelbert College, Ohio, have become fully satisfied that co-education in that institution is a failure and have voted to receive no more young ladies. They have at the same time expressed their sympathy for the young women thus turned upon the cold world. Those now in the college will be allowed to complete their studies, but no more will be admitted. The trustees are convinced that co-education has been a hindrance to the highest success in educating young men and they hope by this action to place the college on a higher basis. This decision will prove another set-back to the cause of co-education, and will emphasize the foolishness of attempting to educate both sexes in the same college. It is generally admitted by prominent educators that young women require different circumstances for their best education, and to place them in the same environment with young men is injurious to the highest development of both."

So says the *Amherst Student*. We should think, however, that the Amherst editor spoke rather unadvisedly. There are good grounds for the opinion that the lack of prosperity at Adelbert College was due to other causes than the presence of young ladies in the institution, and the actions of the trustees have not escaped severe censure by many who have the interests of the institution at heart. It also seems rather sweeping to speak of "emphasizing the foolishness of attempting co-education" in view of the fact that so many of the smaller and medium sized colleges are founded on that principle and yet are eminently successful and prosperous.

EXCHANGES.

The *University Herald* will have a new board of editors next issue. The *Herald* is an excellent magazine, and we hope it will not suffer by the change.

The *Ægis* contains an interesting sketch of Count di Camillo di Cavour the Italian statesman. The following will give an idea of the piece.

"The unification of Italy is an achievement which modern statesmen and historians delight to regard as one of the greatest in history. It was possible only to a mastermind, because it required a foresight, a skill, a courage and a readiness for sacrifice as are seldom combined in one man. Reputation, property and life must be constantly held at stake, though failure seems inevitable. Old alliances must be broken and new ones formed regardless of tradition, even regardless of men's esteem. Expenditures too great for an exhausted treasury must be borne by private fortune. Opposition to the blind reactionaries and the fanatical revolutionists might be met by the assassin's dagger. Cavour has truly "erected a magnificent Romanesque structure from materials that would scarcely have sufficed another for a hut.

"As in a beautiful work of art the very soul of the artist finds its expression, so in the deeds of Cavour shines forth the grandeur of his character."

The *Wabash* has caught the war fever and has its entire literary columns filled with an essay of the civil war. We think the ideal Lit. columns should be filled with short stories, poems, and essays on live topics. We hope our own columns will hereafter not lack for interesting sketches.

The *Williams Lit.* has come again and has awakened a real interest in

some of its articles. "A Poet of the Seventeenth Century," Robert Herrick, is a very attractive piece.

The *Lasell Leaves* and *Hamilton College Monthly*, among the magazines edited by the fair ones, are the favorites of the sanctum. The *Leaves* is especially free from that sickly sentimentalism so common among some of our exchanges. The *Hamilton Monthly* is always sure to have some bright bit of poetry or something else nice.

The *Dartmouth* easily takes the lead of the bi-monthly that come to us.

We take as follows from the *College Transcript*:

"We might expedite our study of history with great economy of time and pains, if we could acquaint ourselves with the great influential families in the history of different nations. In England, for example, there are the Tudors, the Lancasters, and the Plantagenets. Each of these would furnish a nucleus about which we could cluster a host of facts whose relation would be suggested the moment our attention was called to them. In this way the various transactions of nations, as they overlap each other, might be retained distinct, which could not possibly be so, were we to attempt to remember them as they occur in chronological order without any aid from classification."

The last two numbers of *Haverfordian* contains a very instructive article on "College Poets and Their Work." It is very well written and deserves to be read by all youths who cultivate the muse.

We can scarcely conceive how an intelligent college man could write such a maliciously false and narrow-minded criticism as the following from an edi-

torial on novel reading in the *Hobart Herald*:

"Take for example the 'Schönberg Cotta Family.' Observe here the false coloring of Martin Luther's character and times: Martin the licentious and depraved monk who hesitates not to break holy vows to that most sacred body the Church, actuated by feelings of jealousy and ambition alone. In this book, and, by the way, it is usually put in the hands of the young as a very truthful and instructive guide, is painted in brilliant and glowing colors which may well induce the infant reader to believe, as many ignorant people today do believe, that he was quite a saint, and his perjured and guilty paramour, for by no better name should she be called, was all that should be admired among women. That the name Catharine should have two such brilliant examples of iniquity as she and Catharine de Medici it would seem almost like tempting Providence to bestow it upon a child. Yet this fiction is mild compared to many others of the present day; even 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' can surpass it in the evil effects wrought, if the statement of many be true that this novel did more toward causing the late civil war than anything else."

The *College Journal* has the following attractive verse, in an otherwise rather ordinary poem.

"Our lives are locked with many keys;
With all in turn we part,
Save one; no man has yielded yet
The key that locks the heart.
Nor friend, nor son, nor mother, wife,
Has ever seen or trod
The mystic spot the miser self
Would fain conceal from God."

POTPOURRI.

A scrupulous, clever co-ed.,
One time to her room-mate she said:
"Let's not call this jigger a horse;
I think it's decidedly coarse.
I'd rather, if you do not care,
Henceforth only call it the *Mayor*."

AN AUTUMN LEAF.

"You are the autumn leaf," said he,
"And my arms are the book, you know,
So I'll put the leaf in the book, you see,
And tenderly press it, so."

The maiden looked up with a glance demure
And blushes her fair cheeks wore,
As she softly whispered, "The leaf I'm sure
Needs pressing a little more."

—*Williams Weekly*.

A kid-napper—Paregoric.

The only rest which Jay Gould wants
is the rest of the railroads.

Prof. in German—"What does *weiss nicht* mean?" "Don't know."—*Ex*.

It takes but little time and space to
turn man's laughter into man-slaughter.
—Proof-Reader.

"The Brown University Base-Ball
Association gave a ball to raise funds
for the nine."—A base-ball?

Edith—"You ought to read this
book of Howells', ma. It's so real. I
never saw anything like it."—*Ex*.

"How do you define 'black as your
hat?'" said a schoolmaster to one of
his pupils. "Darkness that may be
felt," replied the youthful wit.

Of all the genial liars about,
And those, in all grades we see,
The thermometer liar, without a doubt,
Is the one of the lowest degree.—*Ex*.

Professor (to student)—"What variety
of wood do you think should have
the most bark?" Student—"Dog-
wood, sir."

SO THE GIRL THINKS.

The young man who would waste his
time kissing a girl's hand would eat the
brown paper bag and leave the hot-
house grapes for some one else.—*Boston
Journal*.

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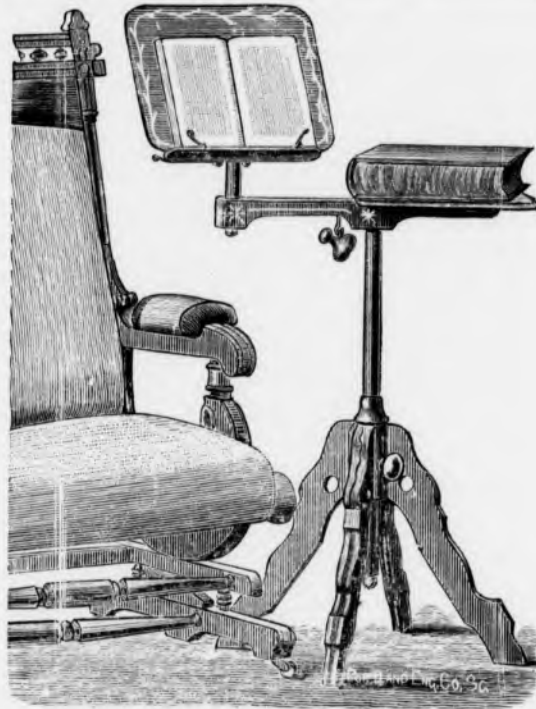
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