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BATES STUDENT.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

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EDITORS.

F. L. BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief; W. S. HOYT, Personals and Correspondence; S. A. LOWELL, Literary; W. H. COGSWELL and E. R. RICHARDS, Local.

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX.

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SKEPTICISM IN COLLEGE.

IT is not with an attempt at a broad or scholarly treatment of this subject that I present myself before you. I am no writer, as Pres. Bascom is. "I only speak right on; I tell you that which you yourselves do know."

Seven-eighths of our students at Bates are really skeptics. I do not use this word in its extreme meaning of infidels and atheists, but rather in its more literal signification of "those who are undecided, who are looking about for the truth."

There are two classes of these unbelievers, those who are interested in Christianity and those who are indifferent. I believe the majority of the students wish to be Christians. Many influences are at work urging them to accept religious beliefs. Public opinion is in favor of Christianity. The teachings of church and home, ever present and urgent, have their effect like the continued dropping of water. In every man there is a natural tendency to religious belief. It is, I believe, with a feeling of painful regret, sometimes approaching anguish, that the ordinary student finds himself afloat on this sea of doubt.

Young men in college, it is commonly thought, turn away from the teaching of home and friends merely to show their feeling of childish independence. It is said that they try to become doubters that they may be considered fearless in their opinions and broad in their views. I beg leave to differ.

It is true that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." A fresh, young mind that has just imbibed a great truth is very apt to give that truth undue importance. It is like a boat without ballast. The first vigorous breeze that comes careens it almost to oversetting. A deeper knowledge and a broader information give steadiness and security.

Most persons avoid the trial that awaits the student. They live whole lives disturbed by no period of active questioning and investigation. Nothing has forced them to give their earnest attention to broader ideas than those of every-day life. They never have been made to realize space, with worlds and systems of worlds, —stretching away to infinity for aught we know. The law of gravitation brings the apple to the ground for them but does not wheel the planets in grand, eternal precision about their common center. Perhaps they never heard of the nebular hypothesis, or of the trilobite and its descendants. They do not comprehend the wonderfully regular gradation of life from the mold on the wall to imperial man. They have not appreciated the theory of chemical elements, which makes man and earth and air and water so near akin. In the deep, dark science of the human mind they have not taken a step. They may have cast an awe-struck, peering glance within when they wondered at the mystery of dreams or the miracle of memory; but that is all.

Now when these sublime truths open out before a young man in college, preceded and introduced as they are by the absolutely sure reasoning of pure mathematics, is it any wonder that the sentimental cant of ordinary prayer-meetings appears to him shallow and unsound? It seems to me to be the only natural result. But need it be the inevitable result? What shall prevent it?

Ordinary sermons and prayer-meetings will not suffice. Many a young man has been turned away from Christianity altogether on account of the popular and emotional notion of conversion. Sermons of hell-fire are to him absurd. Sentimental rhapsodies are mere gush. Students are taught in everything else by the sharpest, clearest reasoning; and why not in religion? One of the ablest preachers in the State has a church within easy reach of our students' Sunday attendance. His sermons are neither "icily regular" nor "splendidly nul." They are brilliant, but logical; witty, but sound. They are not ordinary sermons, but they never make allowance for a "reverent doubt."

A student's moral and religious growth should keep pace with his intellectual progress. Theory must be met with theory; fact, with fact; reasoning, with reasoning; proof, with proof. Not only should the student have the benefit of the recitations in *Christian Evidences*, but he should be assisted and strengthened by appropriate religious reasoning through the *De Imortalitate*, the *Memorabilia*, the dialogues of Plato, the *Physics*, the *Chemistry*, the *Astronomy*, and the *Psychology*.
G., '79.

Fifteen members of the Junior class at Amherst have formed a Biological Association, to meet each week for the discussion of subjects pertaining to this department.

AFTER THE STORM.

A moaning wind, a cloud-girt sky,
The moon had hid her face;
A vessel on the rock-bound coast,
No star her path to trace.
Can she outride the angry gale?
'Twould cause the stoutest heart to quail.

The morning breaks, o'er rolling wave,
The light begins to play,
And He who once said "Peace be still,"
Sends forth the "god of day."
The clouds disperse, the wave subsides,
At anchor, safe, the good ship rides.

About me rolls, with seething waves,
The stormy sea of life;
My frail bark driven by the blast,
My heart with passion rife,
My strength but weakness seems to be,
I faint with fear, Lord, help Thou me.

Light far off, faint, at last appears,
Dawn on my soul doth break,
The clouds of doubt flee fast away,
Fresh courage now I take,
His words of cheer my fears assuage,
He brings me to safe anchorage.
N., '77.

THE DEACON'S PROPHECY, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

A GROUP of noisy boys and girls are issuing from a country academy. Among them appears a youth who alone attracts our interest. He is the brightest, frankest, heartiest of all—the best scholar and greatest favorite. Up the street among his noisy schoolmates he goes laughing, joking, frolicking,—the noisiest, wittiest, widest awake, and lightest hearted. Surely his conscience has no scars. His heart is as pure and fresh as the air of the hills of his home, which has given the bloom to his cheek. His kind, cheerful, thoughtful face engages our attention and sympathy. His look is prophetic of a noble career. We love him at once. But what means this wild spirit of gayety that

possesses him to-day? Ah! I remember my own youth,—it is the spirit that a great vitality begets, the innocent spirit of jollity.

But let us hear the opinion of good Deacon Fernald, as he speaks to the village postmaster: "Brother Post, whose boy is that acting so rowdyish?" "That," I hear replied, "is the son of farmer Woolsey, the only one on the Hill who was not taken in by the mill swindle. He is an energetic, excellent man, and his boy, I hear, is a wonder with his books." "Well," replies the deacon, with that sort of wise look which, as a writer has said, often takes the place of something better, "if I can predict from the frisky colt the runaway horse, I predict that that boy will disgrace his family and this town before ten years are passed." "It seems unfair to place the town's good name on one boy's shoulders," the postmaster answers, and the deacon moves away.

"There goes," says a student of Virgil, "an illustration of not only the transmigration but also the *commigration* of the soul; for his soul includes the soul of a prophet together with the souls of the Parcæ." But will the deacon's prediction prove true? Let us watch the course of the mirthful youth.

Two years pass. The scholar of the academy is now a college student. The jolly spirit still rules, but is tamed by zealous application.

Let us listen to that group of professors discussing the merits of the new class. "Very excellent," "Unusual," "Exceedingly promising," are among the glad epithets.

"What do you think of Fritz Woolsey," asks Prof. T. in a significant tone. "He promises to be my best pupil," "Destined to be the greatest genius in all the classes," are the respective replies of Profs. B. and S. "Gentlemen," says Prof. I., "it gives me pain to find it incumbent on me to acquaint you with something about this

young man, told me with the purest motives by my friend Deacon Fernald of —. He advises us to keep an eye on him."

Thus is the youth regarded. But what are his impressions of college life? Here is a letter:

— COLLEGE, Sept. 25, 18—.

My Dear Mother,—You should see my class as it appears at prayers beside the other classes—like the scraggy apple trees of the pasture compared with those of the garden. We bring with us the verdure and ruggedness of our native hills (there are one or two slick ones among us), but among these awkward rustic boys I see pure, vigorous natures, and it is pleasant to think that this is the rough from which a beautiful diamond is to be wrought.

I am greatly disappointed in college life. I always looked up to college students as being thoughtful and manly, above boyish nonsense and meanness, growing wise and good, and getting great and noble thoughts from their respected instructors, as did the pupils of Socrates from their master. All is different. Many regard cheating, checking, and cutting the proofs of smartness, and never appreciate efforts in their behalf. I have heard incredible stories where such persons as Dick, Ben, and Johnny were always discomfited. I have heard songs about them—one where all went up like Elijah of old. You'll be surprised to know that these are the professors.

One big red-featured Sophomore has the two-fold absurdity of boasting that he "has driven one professor into his boots so far that he'll never get out to censure him. This same Soph is as meek as Moses in the Professor's presence.

There is a Senior here who wears a silk hat and broadcloth suit with shoes nicely blacked in front and out at the soles. He is supercilious, smokes stinking cigars on the street, a black clay pipe in his room, and is at the foot of his class. Another Senior from my first sight of him impressed me as always modest and gentlemanly. He has introduced himself to me and gives me kind advice and encouragement. He leads his class.

The recitation rooms are more defaced than our old red school-house. One student has drawn on the wall near his seat twelve varieties of pipes, with their names, such as The Boss, Old Judge, and Royal Diadem. Over one Pro-

fessor's chair on the wall is his exact likeness, with wig, whiskers, scowl, and all. It gives a sort of duality to the Professor.

The walls and seats serve for autographs, base-ball scores, and a general record of college life. These walls speak more of idleness, flunks, and ennuui than of mental victories.

These halls must be haunted by the spirits of old scholars who have come back to the place where they experienced the greatest successes and pleasures of their lives. I doubt not many of them have left for us their habits of application.

The boys put a calf in the chapel the other day. It is an old story with a cow. It is a question with me whether they, hard pushed to do something funny, varied the old trick, or thought they must begin low down even with the bovine genus.

We had a little fun one day by hiring an organ grinder to grind out an hour's music in a room over the recitation rooms. Each Professor thinking the organ grinder on the other side of the building waited for some other Professor to send him away. At another time we paid the man to play, and after we went in Prof. S. went out and paid him to go away.

Some of the boys invited me to "make a call" with them to-night on a farmer who has turkeys, grapes, pears, and water-melons. But however much college influence may throw a glamour over the students' moral gaze, the plea of a good time cannot make thieving right.

They seemed surprised; had heard I was one for a time. Prof. S. questioned me about some nightly disturbances, and gravely advised me to avoid the company of certain ones. He advised others to avoid me. What does this suspicion mean? I have done nothing wrong, and shall not I promise you.

Your Loving Son,
FRITZ WOOLSEY.

It is a few months after the date of the above letter. The boys are getting back from their winter vacation and pedagogical experiences. The halls throw off their mid-winter inactivity and brighten up with active study and social intercourse. The Sophomores feel the dishonor of a long quiet period resting upon them. They enlist a few Freshmen, for soon the latter must take the responsibility of the former.

Night comes on. As the bells of the

city ring the midnight hour, the awakened sleeper hears a rumble, then a terrific crash. This is repeated and augmented by an increasing and unnamed variety and combination of sounds until the hall is a volcano of noises sounding forth its hideous uproar over the city. Can barrels, stoves, balls, and fish-horns in the hands of college boys cause all this? Thrice is this repeated and thrice silence ensues.

Now all is still. In a room are two scores of chuckling boys. *They* think that they have made a noise and "waked up" the Faculty. They have. *They* think that they have done a smart thing and had a good time. Certain professors hurrying across the campus think that this is outrageous, and that some of the culprits will to-morrow be homeward bound. The old lady living near thinks that such boys should be in States Prison. The alumnus looks sadly back upon his folly and hopes that these fools may learn their folly before it shall cast a shadow forward over their lives. No one but the foolish student thinks it smart.

A little later two men pass each other on the campus. They are Prof. T. and Fritz Woolsey.

The next morning Fritz is asked to remain after recitation. He meets five professors. This is a Faculty meeting. Woe to the youth that is to be judged by this tribunal! Yet he who has not stood in this presence has missed a unique spectacle and a vital part of college culture. On the strength of "positive proof" the young man is charged with a connection with the disturbances of the previous night. He only knows that he spent a late evening at a friend of his mother's, and on his return cleared away some of the rubbish by his door.

But he cannot satisfy these judges and he is sent home for a few weeks. A letter to his parents precedes him containing, with abundant sympathy and many a

heart ache, the intelligence of their son's suspension for refusing to acknowledge his misdemeanors, for stubbornness, and for falsifying. It brings a "Humph!" from the father and tears from the mother.

I am weary of these scenes. Let us hasten past them. The straggler returns. A class jubilee greets him. More than once do we find the spirit of jollity and the infatuation of the college boy impelling him to mischief. But what graduate has not been concerned in some scrape? I know not one.

Again is he rusticated, now with half his class. The part who go are as innocent as the part who stay. It is for playing tricks on an offensive Freshman—hazing, so-called. And do not upper classmen, as do a party of mechanics or any society of men, claim rights which new comers must respect and customs which they must observe? We old heads call these false notions; but college boys are not alone in forgetting the golden rule. It is rumored that this youth cannot return this time. And yet he comes back to find himself pointed at on the street, gazed solemnly at in church, and to be called "the worst boy in the college."

The remaining years of the course glide away. Commencement comes and goes and the dear old life is gone forever.

He sits in his room for the last time and looks sadly back over the four years that ever pass so quickly by. The misspent hours and foolish acts chide him. How he has struggled these past months to break the bonds which an ill-reputation, partly deserved, mostly not, had early fastened upon him! With what surprise was he regarded when he graduated with high honor! He begins to feel the weight of popular opinion which he as a student had so often laughed at. He goes out into the world under a cloud. A noble resolve springs up in his heart. He will struggle. The world shall know him.

A year later there comes the report that Fritz Woolsey has a prominent position as teacher in a neighboring State, where he is exerting marked influence on social and religious life. "Perhaps," says Prof. D., "he will make quite a man after all."

Years pass. Let us take one more look at him whom we have watched so long. I enter a large and crowded church. In the speaker's eye is the light I saw years ago. In the language of his countenance I read the law of his heart—love to God and to man. With words freighted with the truth he leads his people to a higher, purer life, for this man walks with God. Truly he is about his Master's work.

Let me conclude. Man is known only to his Maker, not even to himself, certainly not to his neighbor. The life of man, even of the boy, is often clouded or blighted by misjudgments. Would that they who are called to judge would judge kindly. Again, many a youth, especially college youths, thoughtlessly gains an ill-reputation, whether deserved or not, which shall be a weight to hold him down to a lower life, or which can only be removed by long and mighty struggles. If there be any such who read this sketch let them, like its subject, find the work God has given them and show the world their worth. IGN.

RETROSPECTION.

O happy days and golden,
O bright days of the olden
Time when life was young and my heart was
light and free,
Has your brightness gone forever,
Will your beauty return never,
Will the happy days of childhood nevermore
come back to me?

O ye warblers of the grove,
Trilling notes of joy and love,
Why does not my heart respond to your gay
songs as of yore?
O ye brooks that babbling run
Onward, laughing in the sun,
Why does all your sweet, wild music thrill my
being nevermore?

J. LEON W.

THE HARVARD GREEK PLAY.

IT has long been the custom of the students of Cambridge and Oxford to present Greek plays to the public. Never, however, has anything of the kind been attempted in this country, and it is not, therefore, without considerable interest that we look forward to the production of Sophocles' "Ædipus Tyrannus," by the students of Harvard College. It is indeed an experiment, but as it has the support of some of our best Greek scholars there is little doubt as to its ultimate success. There are to be three performances, commencing Tuesday evening, May 17. Five hundred seats will be offered to the public for the first performance and eight hundred for each of the other two. Of these, one hundred the first night, and two hundred for each of the others are to be sold to persons living at a distance from Cambridge, and these tickets may be procured by addressing Charles W. Sever, Cambridge, Mass. All seats in the house will be offered at the same price,—\$3 for the first night and \$2 for each of the other two.

The orchestra will consist of thirty-two of the best performers in Boston, led by Mr. Listemann; and the supplementary chorus will be made up of fifty gentlemen, mostly Harvard graduates, selected principally from the vocal clubs of Boston. The full orchestra and chorus will be under the direction of Professor Paine.

The actors alone will occupy the stage. The seats in the pit are to be removed, and in the center of the floor thus left vacant the altar is to be placed. Around this altar the dramatic chorus perform their simple movements. In front of the balcony rail, and about ten feet from it, a railing is to be erected, and in the middle of this semi-circular enclosure the musicians will be placed, while the supplementary chorus occupy the two ends.

The scene is the simple front of the Greek palace, two stories in height, and

provided with doors and projecting wings. It has been designed by Mr. Van Brunt, of the firm of Ware and Van Brunt, the architects of Memorial Hall.

The costuming is in charge of Professors Goodwin and Norton, and they have received invaluable aid from Mr. Millett. The contract for making the costumes—there are about forty of them—has not yet been awarded, but the work will probably be done in Boston. The energy and good taste of some of the ladies of Cambridge have been enlisted to give the finishing touches to the wardrobe. Jocasta's dress is nearly ready, and is said to be very becoming to her.

The liberettos will be ready early in April, and will contain the entire text of the play with a parallel translation, the whole forming a pretty volume of one hundred and sixty pages. The price of the book will be sixty cents.

If this play should prove successful, the Sophomores of Yale will probably present "Medea" of Euripides.

A MISTAKE.

ACT I.

She stood there, just two blocks beyond, a saucy
little beauty,
With lovely eyes and dimpled cheek—I thought
it quite my duty
To protect her, you know,
From winds that *might* blow,
From storms that *might* rise
In the dark western skies,
And take her right home to her mamma.

ACT II.

'Twas quickly that I neared my fate, and doffed
my shining beaver.
"May I see you home this afternoon?" My
stars! could I believe her,
When she simpered so sweet,
As our eyes they did meet:
"Av course, if yez loike,
And don't moind brother Moike,
Yez kin take me roight home to me mamma."

—*Acta Columbiana.*

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WOULD it not be a good plan for the Faculty to place a bulletin-board at one of the entrances to Parker Hall, so that we might know just where to find appointments for rhetorical, lectures, etc.? It seems to us that society programme cases, doors, and blackboards have been used for this purpose long enough. Professors often complain because students do not keep their engagements, and the students, in return, often complain because they were not informed of the appointments in season to prepare themselves. If a bulletin-board is erected this would be, in a great measure, avoided.

The fire put an end to all society work last term, but the rooms are to be placed in order as soon as possible. We hope that the students will go to work with renewed interest, this term, and accomplish considerable. Surely there is no reason why the spring should not furnish us with profitable literary exercises, if the members will attend the meetings and give their hearty support.

Now that Parker Hall has become so well occupied why would it not be wise to have a dining hall fitted up in the basement? It would be a great convenience to the students, besides bringing them all together three times a day, thus making college life the more pleasant. We are in a little world of our own, here, and each one should do his part every day in making it a world desirable to live in. If, in order to acquire a college education, we were obliged to live the life of a hermit, how many of us, think you, would make a great exertion? All improvements, then, which tend to bring us into one another's company merit our united support. Could a club once be started and conducted on

economical principles, it would receive the encouragement of nearly all in the hall and become a permanent thing.

Popularity is the prize for which many college students struggle; they try to reflect every sentiment of college life, and by this think to secure the applause of all factions. One who follows this course, although he may be caressed by his associates, must be careful that he does not lose the independent Anglo-Saxon element of his nature, and become too vacillating to be any real power in the great world outside of college life.

The habit, formed in college, of "drifting with every wind of circumstance" will be shaken off with difficulty. Classes, too, being only a collection of individuals, should not be firmly bound by the influence of custom. The circumstances of different classes are always different, and, like individuals, they have different tastes and inclinations which they ought not to be forced to stifle or change. Times may vary so that what was pleasing and profitable to one class is laborious drudgery to another.

A student should strive to gain in college a solid character as well as a cultivated brain, and the college life is about as good a training school for the one as the other, for as Emerson has well said: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

When President Garfield said that college-educated men would have the preference in the formation of his Cabinet, he brought a storm of criticism about his ears. Men affirmed that such a course

was contrary to the spirit of our institutions, and that it would lead to a class distinction in the candidates for government favor. Whatever others might think, the President was certain that the time had come when the most important positions under the charge of the government, should be filled by men of a broad, liberal education. We cannot but agree with the President upon this point, when we consider the important interests which are confided to the hands of our public officers. If we are a government by the people and for the people, it is certainly of the highest moment that those who direct and control its welfare should be eminently qualified for those positions. Who can bring to the Cabinet a broader culture than the man who has spent half of his life in studying the rich mines of thought which experience and history have bequeathed us? If public offices are to be the reward of favoritism, campaign work, and party effort, then, of course, it makes but little difference what a candidate's qualifications are. But if, on the other hand, men are to be selected for their ability, then, certainly, he who is best informed in political economy, international law, and the vital interests of government, should receive the appointment. A college education does not do all this for a man, but it opens the gates and, after pointing out the fields of wealth lying in the distance, starts him upon his journey. We do not wish to be understood as affirming that there are none outside of the liberally-educated class, who are competent to assume high positions of public trust, but we do assert that this number is very limited.

The reading of the chapter upon periodicals in Charles F. Richardson's "Choice of Books," a little pamphlet published by the American Book Exchange, gives rise to a question upon the benefit of reading in connection with colleges and other in-

stitutions of learning. Whether they are on the whole profitable or injurious to those students who frequent them.

Our own reading-room with its score of newspapers and dozen periodicals is perhaps visited daily by three-fourths of the students connected with the institution, and probably each spends there on an average, an hour, and perhaps more each day. Perhaps one-half of these spend the whole time while there perusing the political and sensational columns of the local and Boston dailies, without as much as glancing at the more solid reading in the magazines which lie upon the table, some of them with leaves still uncut. While we would not for a moment depreciate the advantage of a clear understanding of the political questions of the day, yet it does not appear necessary to spend so much valuable time upon matter which cannot be made available, even if remembered long enough to be put to use.

If rightly used there is no reasonable doubt but that a reading-room can be made exceedingly advantageous to each student. It is for the benefit of all, and all should take advantage of it. If each student on entering the room would take his favorite daily, quickly learn from it the current news and then take up one of the magazines, either of which contains articles of general interest, and read carefully and thoughtfully, then certainly a benefit would be gained by each in knowledge and discipline. Every aspiring man, and certainly every educated man should be well versed on the political and moral questions of the day. Questions of government and society well understood are far more valuable to him in life than a hundred novels. He can gain this knowledge in a great measure from newspapers, but while gaining it, it is well to guard against loss of ability to gain other knowledge and against a love for such reading at the expense of the more solid.

Anybody would naturally suppose that when young men are old enough to enter college, they would be inclined to put away the frailties of the primary school. Such, however, does not seem to be the case. We have, here in college, a few of that genus called *Tale-bearers*. If any little bit of fun is planned, these fellows make it their business to publish the same before all the students. When examinations come they are always very active. If they notice any of their neighbors whispering about the questions or using cribs, they are sure to run and tell the Faculty, and thus get themselves as well as classmates into hot water.

It is sometimes difficult to find out just who the tale-bearer is; but when he is discovered, his influence as a student dies an ignoble death. He is despised by his classmates and shunned by his associates. He might just as well pack his trunk and go home. The Faculty as a body do not favor tale-bearing, although in several instances they have encouraged it. The man who betrays his fellow-students needs watching. He is not fit to be trusted in college or out of college. We will not say that a man should never give information against his companions, for there have been cases where such a course was honorable; but such instances are rare. We feel that the matter must be of vital importance before such a thing should be done. The old saying "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you" is a very good rule to apply to all the concerns of life.

There is more in a tall hat and a cane than we often suspect. They have a language of their own. But this language is interpreted very differently by different observers. The cane usually signifies old age or decrepitude, and it was once considered proper to take off one's hat and bow to a person who carried a cane. The

tall hat is considered very appropriate for clergymen, ex-governors, and other personages of great dignity. But how different the emotions excited by this same tall hat and cane when seen in the possession of a Freshman. We seldom see members of the other classes or even the Faculty taking off their hats before these marks of age and dignity on the college campus.

In many colleges the right of a Freshman to carry a cane is disputed, and cane rushes sometimes result. Newspapers take great delight in heralding from one end of the land to the other the barbarities to which Freshmen are subjected. Many men, on entering college, believe they are taking tremendous risks. They have heard so many terrible stories about hazing that they half expect to be ku-kluxed. The writer knows this to be a fact because he was once a Freshman himself, and has experienced all the horrors which a Freshman is heir to. And he was even foolhardy enough on three different occasions to beard the Sophomoric lion in his den by carrying a cane to the Sophomore prize declamations. But, *mirabile dictu*, in spite of all these reckless adventures the writer still lives and enjoys his rations; and, judging from what he has seen and experienced, he has arrived at the conclusion that, if a man didn't die till he was killed by a Sophomore, Methuselah wouldn't be anywhere.

But, seriously, public opinion at Bates upholds the right of every man to dress as he pleases and to carry as many canes as he pleases. The Freshman may wear a tall hat or swing a cane by the side of any Senior, Junior, or Sophomore with perfect impunity. If he is interfered with it is his own fault three times out of four. A Sophomore will rarely interfere with a Freshman unless he is goaded to it by some act or word which seems to him to be an insolent challenge. If there is any Freshman who don't believe this, let him set it down

in his memorandum and refer to it a year from now, and we will guarantee that he will then endorse it. The only thing that a man has got to do in Bates to insure good treatment is to act like a gentleman.

LOCALS.

A SUBSCRIBER'S SOLILOQUY.

To pay or not to pay—that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for me to refuse
To take a college paper, and deprive
Myself from reading all the news,
Or pay up promptly what the printer asks,
And by such payment cheer him? No pay, no
paper:

Then no more shall I be posted on the news
And local hap throughout the country,
And divers topics—'tis a consummation
That I long have feared. To pay, or stop?
To stop! perchance to lose—aye, there's the rub,
For in that stop no interest do I take
In any of the affairs which move the school,
And such a shuffling off of all that's good
Must make me pause. There's the respect
Which every editor maintains for those
Who come down with the cash and never delay
To settle up "that little bill." For who would
bear

The pointed squibs and pungent paragraphs
Which far too oft reflect upon the man
Who fails to settle his subscription bill?
I'll haste me now unto the editor,
And, with my purse plethoric in my hand,
Will settle up in full, one year from date,
By paying to him from my ready cash
The sum which is his due.

W-h-i-s-t!

Hello-o-o-o-o!

"Parallel crookedness."

Lib says he feels sick aweek.

"Them shoes *must* come off."

"The strong arm of a *backwoodsman*."

"Why will ye howl like beasts, and stave
up furniture?"

"Where's the tooth-brush that goes with
the building?"

When you want a lunch go to McIntosh's
Little Lunch Room.

Buy your books and stationery at Fer-
nald's Blue Book Store.

"Just as I am, widoudt one flea!" sings
the student with a cold in his head.

The unkindest cut of all was that made
by the Seniors last term in examination.

The Boys say that they get good bar-
gains at Richards & Merrill's clothing
store.

Workmen have been repairing Hathorn
Hall, during vacation, but there yet re-
mains considerable to be done.

Conversation between two Freshmen:
First F.—"What do you think of Garfield's
Cabinet?" Second F.—"Has he got one?
Where is it?"

Prof. in Political Economy—"What
kinds of institutions gather up the idle
driblets of money?" Junior (whispering
to his neighbor in an undertone)—"Col-
leges."

"When are you coming again?" asked
a lady whom we met during our vacation
travels. "You mustn't be scared," we re-
plied, "to see us drop in on you any
time." "Scairt! I shouldn't be scairt to
see you in my porridge dish."

A Sophomore recently called on his girl.
About half-past eleven, having become
rather sleepy, the young man said, "I
guess I must go home and see my mother."
"Yes," responded the young lady, "I
know she would like to see you."

The campus begins to assume its sum-
mer appearance; the base-ballist begins
to "twig" the curve, and the frequent
hawker daily begins to offer the "last
chance." Summer begins with small be-
ginnings, like a true beginner, who inva-
riably begins by beginning to begin, as it
were.

Prof. in Political Economy—"Mr. M., if a man had a house tax imposed on him, would it be a new tax or would it be the only tax?" Mr. M.—"Yes, sir!"

Class in Political Economy: The professor is explaining epithelial tissues when he is interrupted by Mr. T., who asks, "Professor, do you think clams can hear?"

The class of '83 filled the following vacancies in their class officers: J. D. Lennan, Vice President; E. P. Jordan, Chairman of Executive Committee; E. J. Hatch, Marshal; and W. H. Barber as Toastmaster, in the place of E. J. Hatch, resigned.

Having occasion to correct a little fellow for throwing darts into the walls of the school-room, a teacher said, "If you do that again, I'll serve you in the same way." "Do—you—think—I—should—stick?" inquired the boy, looking into the master's face with youthful simplicity.

A student is standing in the depot, carelessly smoking a fragrant segar, when he is surprised by seeing his paternal relative step from the train. Pater—"How do you do, Frank?" Frank (holding his segar behind him)—"How do you do, father?" Pater—"O, you need not hold it behind you; I saw it. Haven't you one for your old father?" Frank produced a handful, from which *paterfamilias* selected one and lighted it, remarking, at the same time to the young man that he used a choice brand.

In the last number of the *Williams Athenaeum* we notice that Mr. L. M. Thompson, formerly in the class of '82, Bates, but now a member of Williams, has received the prize offered to the "most proficient student of Political Economy in his class," by the Cobden Club of England. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship, of solid silver, nearly three inches in diameter and an eighth of an inch thick.

The whole is in a neat case, and will form for Mr. Thompson a very handsome souvenir of his studies in Political Economy.

Parker Hall was not so lonesome during vacation as it generally is. Over fourteen rooms were occupied. Occasionally some one would be heard ambling about through the halls, sometimes humming "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party," or giving a powerful rendering of some orator's best selections, or shouting, after the manner of Davy Crockett, the Western "hello-o-o-o!" Class re-unions, too, were not uncommon. On such occasions, what real sociable times there were! All things considered, vacation isn't so gloomy after all.

There is a Ladies' Aid Society in a town not more than fifty miles from Lewiston. The object of this organization is to provide destitute and worthy families with the necessaries of life. A short time ago one of the members sent to Lewiston and obtained a quantity of cotton goods, purchasing it at the Bates Remnant Store. Another lady member, while telling about the circumstances of the purchase, was asked how the goods were obtained so reasonably. "Well," she said, "it's like this: You see Mrs. J. is well acquainted with Miss Bates there at Lewiston, and so she got the cloth *real cheap!*"

A stately Senior was deeply engaged in reading a scientific work, the other day, when a fly lit on his chin. It was but the work of a moment to crush the poor creature. Holding its mangled remains between his thumb and forefinger, he thus addressed it: "*O, Musca domestica!* Thou hast perished even as the moth in the candle's flame. Thou wast disporting on the fertile plain below my nether lip, only to receive the blow which burst the thin crust enclosing thy little sensorium. In the midst of thy hilarious frisking thou

wert shut out from the day of thy existence. Listen, yet once again! O, improvident insect! Thou art an example for the rest of thy race. Let them henceforth beware of the mandibular regions of all male mammalia! *Vale! Vale! O, Musca domestica! Requiesce in pace!*"

We have been favored during the past month with several first-class entertainments. Among these, none have been more highly enjoyed than the two plays, "David Crockett" and "Joshua Whitcomb." Mr. Frank Mayo, in his personation of the former, was almost perfection itself. The fact that he has played this character alone, three thousand nights, explains, in a great measure, the reason of his success. His interpretation of the character of the stalwart backwoodsman is true to life. You feel yourself entirely in sympathy with the actor, but when David Crockett bars the door with his strong, right arm against the howling wolves without, you forget the actor and see the real man. "Joshua Whitcomb" made us laugh till our sides ached. Dennman Thompson makes us feel at home from the time the curtain rises till it falls in the last scene. His honest, country wit is more than starched dickeys and long faces can withstand. Staid deacons could not long retain their habitual gravity, but burst forth in a hearty laugh. Plays such as these are a positive benefit to society. The one increases our admiration of true merit and nobility of character; the other brightens our hearts and makes us forget, for a few hours, the perplexities and cares of a busy life.

A magic lantern exhibition was given the Junior class, one evening of the last week of last term, by Prof. Stanley. It was well attended, and proved entertaining. Toward the close the Professor said: "I will now show you a picture representing a beautiful bouquet of lilies, always

much admired; but there are other features in the picture which are often much more admired by some." The boys held their breath, and strained their eyes upon the white disk of the screen. Soon the picture appeared. It represented a lovely maiden holding a bouquet of lilies. Her hair was tastefully arranged in ringlets drooping down over her snowy white shoulders, and her large, watery, glistening, lustrous eyes stood out from the screen so life-like that half the boys were instantly throwing kisses and making other flirtation signals. The symmetry of her shoulders and the graceful curvature of her swan-like neck held all beholders entranced. A richly chiselled feminine nose, and round, ruddy, luscious lips, completed the chief attractions of the representation. The lilies were—well, rather below the average. As the ravishing view began to disappear, a big boy on the front seat looked up curiously at the Professor, and with an ill-concealed attempt to smother his confusion under a smile, asked, "You haven't got any more like that, have you?"

The first person sending us the correct answers to the following questions before May 10th will receive a year's subscription to the *Student* free of charge:

1. Has the battle-field of Marathon ever been offered for sale? If so, to whom?
2. By whom have human beings been used as pawns in playing chess?
3. Who is the father of modern cremation?
4. What well-known musical composer was an intimate friend of Walter Scott?
5. Who is the most distinguished living poet of modern Greece?
6. Who was the author of the following lines:
"Say, darkies, have you seen de massa,
Wid a moufstach on his face"?
7. Where are the following distinguished persons buried: John Howard Payne, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Theodore Parker, Columbus?
8. Who said that it was easier for most men to keep a hot coal on their tongues than a secret?

9. Whence do we derive the phrase, in speaking of a thoroughly honest man, that "you may trust him in the dark"?

10. What was the tune the old cow died of?

Friday evening, March 25th, the Senior class had original declamations at Main Street F. B. Church. The following was the programme:

- MUSIC.
PRAYER.
1. Is Patriotism Declining? J. H. Parsons.
 2. The Future of New England. O. H. Drake.
 3. The Disadvantages of Being an American. Miss E. J. Clark.
- MUSIC.
4. Latent Power. G. E. Lowden.
 5. The Promethean Legend. W. P. Foster.
 6. The Debt of Gratitude. C. S. Haskell.
- MUSIC.
7. Twenty Years of American History. H. E. Foss.
 8. The Jews. B. S. Rideout.
 9. The Illiterate Voter. F. A. Twitchell.
- MUSIC.
10. The Truth about Protection. W. J. Brown.
 11. Manliness. W. B. Perkins.
 12. Christians and Skeptics. G. L. Record.
 13. Solitude. *W. P. Curtis.

*Excused.

The exercises as a whole were exceedingly creditable. They were all good, but those of Miss Clark, Lowden, Record, Perkins, and Foster, were unusually interesting and were warmly received by an appreciative audience. The church was crowded. If all college exercises were as entertaining as this, we doubt not they would be better patronized.

The second and last division of the Sophomore prize speakers, held their exercises Friday evening, March 18th, at Main Street F. B. Church. Music was furnished by Records' Orchestra. Prof. Hayes presided, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Theodore G. Wilder, of the class

of '72. The following is the programme:

- MUSIC.
1. The American War. (Chatham.) J. D. Lennan.
 2. Universal Suffrage. (Yates.) F. E. Manson.
 3. Universal Education. (Edwards.) E. J. Hatch.
- MUSIC.
4. The Treason of Slavery. (Schurz.) W. F. Cowell.
 5. The Debts of Arcot. (Burke.) D. N. Grice.
 6. The Victor of Marengo. (Anon.) A. E. Millett.
- MUSIC.
7. The Nomination of Grant. (Conkling.) E. P. Jordan.
 8. On the Irish Disturbance Bill. (O'Connell.) A. E. Millett.
 9. The Nomination of Blaine. (Ingersoll.) F. B. Lothrop.
- MUSIC.
10. Duty of America to Greece. (Clay.) J. L. Reade.
 12. The Assault on Sumner. (Burlingame.) Everett Remick.
 13. Supposed Speech of Regulus. (Kellogg.) O. L. Bartlett.
- MUSIC.

Lennan's style was conversational rather than declamatory, and was to that extent commendable. Hatch has a fine voice and handled the emphasis in his selection skillfully. Grice had a manly bearing; his gestures were graceful, while his ringing, powerful voice was well adapted to bring out the invective and sarcasm with which his piece abounded. Tinkham's voice and manner served him well; he vividly pictured the exciting charge at Marengo, and succeeded in really interesting his audience. Jordan felt enthusiastic in his work; this is the quality which gives life to a declamation; we would like to see more of it in our prize contests. Lothrop took matters very coolly; his powerful voice and effective gestures rendered his delivery commendably forcible. Reade's style was conversational, earnest, and direct. Remick's graceful oratory and quiet dignity at once commanded the respect and won the favor of the audience; he succeeded to an unusual degree in showing a reserved power in the most forcible passages. T.

E. Calvert, Esq., in behalf of the Committee of Award, gave the prize to Mr. Grice, and honorably mentioned Mr. Lothrop. The exercises were highly successful, and reflected great credit alike upon the class and upon Prof. Chase, to whose untiring efforts the class is indebted.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'72.—George E. Gay, in addition to the building up of a flourishing English and Classical School in Concord, N. H., is one of the editors of the *Saturday Blade*, of that city.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin has resigned the Principalship of the Farmington (N. H.) High School, to accept the Principalship of Portsmouth (N. H.) High School. He is one of New Hampshire's best teachers. A. E. Tuttle, Bates '79, takes his place at Farmington.

'73.—E. R. Angell has been Principal of Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H., for five years, during which time the school has increased in numbers and advanced in scholarship. By a recent bequest of the founder, the school has received an additional endowment of \$180,000.

'74.—Rev. John H. Hoffman is pastor of the Congregational Church at Henniker, N. H.

'75.—J. R. Brackett is Master of Montpelier (Vt.) High School.

'75.—H. S. Cowell is Principal of Frankestown (N. H.) Academy. The school has 103 students; it being the most prosperous year in its history, since 1867.

'78.—B. S. Hurd is Master of Hillsboro Bridge Grammar School.

'79.—E. W. Given has been elected Principal of Kennebunk High School.

'79.—M. C. Smart is teaching at Alfred, Me.

'79.—E. M. Briggs is studying law with Hutchinson & Savage of this city.

'79.—F. P. Otis is practicing law at Norway, Me.,—firm, Upton & Otis.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Society for Political Education has just issued its first economic tract, of the series of 1880-81, entitled "What is a Bank? What Services does it Perform?" by Edward Atkinson. It reviews in a brief way the functions of money, the difference between money and currency; it shows the relation which the banks bear to the exchange of commodities and services, and, in simple language, sets forth the functions of a bank. It is entirely untechnical in its treatment, and many persons unfamiliar with the subject but accustomed to think of it as a hidden mystery, will be surprised to find how simple are the operations of that wonderful modern financial agent—a bank. The Executive Committee, which hitherto has confined itself to the dissemination of literature on political and social subjects, is now extending the field of its operations by promoting the establishment of clubs for discussion, reading, and the mutual interchange of thought between different sections of the United States. That the public recognizes the need of such clubs is found on every hand. In Boston we notice that the Rev. E. E. Hale has established a society of young men and women for technical training in this field. Harvard College has its finance club, and already there are in process of formation several societies under the auspices of the Society for Political Education. Those wishing to take advantage of the valuable suggestions which the gentlemen on the Executive Committee are ready to give, will address

the Secretary, R. L. Dugdale, 79 Fourth Avenue, New York. It will be noticed that the Executive Committee, which is not yet filled up, now comprises some of the most prominent teachers and experts in social science: Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale College, New Haven, and Hon. David A. Wells of Norwich, Conn.; Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and E. D. Barbour of Boston, Mass.; Geo. S. Coe of New York City; Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago, Ill.

We have received the first number of the *Freeholder*, an organ of the Greenback party, published at Bangor by a company of which Gov. Harris M. Plaisted is president. The paper contains Gov. Plaisted's inaugural address, and several articles upon banking, refunding, and other topics dear to the heart of the greenbacker. Whether the paper will die in its infancy is a question which the loyal disciples of Solon Chase must decide.

A specimen copy of the *Monthly Union*, a newspaper devoted to the interests of publishers and printers, lies before us. It contains much valuable matter, and is duly appreciated by its patrons.

Our Portland seedsmen, W. C. Sawyer & Co., have issued their *Seed Catalogue* for the season of 1881. Its beautifully decorated cover is but an introduction to the interesting lists of bright flowers and healthy vegetables. The catalogue will be sent free upon application to the publishers.

EXCHANGES.

The largest, if not the weightiest, of our exchanges is the *Vassar Miscellany*. The editors seem to have discovered the happy medium between a heavy, prosy magazine and a light, frivolous college paper. The articles are varied in their subjects, and the editorial departments are always well

sustained. In the March number, which lies before us, there is an interesting article upon "The White Cap-Corps of Heidelberg University." We are afraid that the writer of the article upon "The Value of Money" must have been thinking of some of Joseph Cook's sentences, when she wrote the following: "In general speech, the term money means currency. It well describes the mobility of the Pactolian stream, which possesses the Protean power, and can change in the coming of a thought, to any vendible comfort, pleasure, or possession." From an editorial we clip the following sentences:

"Emerson does not sanction laughter, but considers it as an inheritance from our original ancestors, the monkeys, which, almost coeval with a furry coat and long ears, should be laid aside by all rational beings. We do not grant this, for we might as well at once confess ourselves one-third apes, but, on the contrary, consider a hearty laugh at the right time and in the right place, a panacea for all human woes. But laughter, like every other blessing, can be abused. It is bad never to laugh, but it is worse to laugh all the time, in season and out of season, and without cause."

The College of the City of New York seems to be very prolific in the matter of its publications. Every six months or so, a new paper springs forth from the fertile (?) brains of its students, and struggles vigorously for a position in the little world of college journalism. The latest arrival from the above institution, is the *Argus*. In the Salutatory, the editor affirms that an honest journal has been for some time a desideratum in that college, and that the *Argus* has been established to supply that want. As the students of C. C. N. Y. seem to be gifted in writing nonsense, it is no matter of surprise that we find a large dose of that article in this initial number of the *Argus*. The editorials are about the only redeeming feature of the paper.

The *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal* is the only exchange we

have received from across the Atlantic. In comparison with the American idea of a college journal, it is about fifty years behind the times. Two entire sermons are published in the number before us. What would a Harvard man think if he found his *Crimson* or *Advocate* stuffed with last Sunday's sermons? Of course everything in this paper is solid,—it would not be English if it were not so. There is little attempt at wit or humor. Taken as a mere record of events at the two colleges, the *Journal* fulfills its mission in a satisfactory manner. If, however, the local departments could be lightened up a little, and the literary part of the paper infused with a generous tone of enthusiasm, we think that greater interest in its welfare would be aroused among the students and the public at large.

No brighter, better-edited, or more attractive exchange has been received from Canada, than *Queen's College Journal*. Its typography is excellent and its contents varied and attractive. We welcome it to our sanctum with great pleasure.

The *Tuftonian* is improving. It furnishes its readers with a good variety of topics, both literary and local. "Mending Stockings" is a very acceptable farm ballad. The article upon "Women at Harvard" contains some sensible ideas relative to the manner in which the young ladies of the Annex have been treated by Harvard students.

The *College Argus*, of Wesleyan University, contains just a page and a half more reading matter than advertisements. It seems to us that the students of Wesleyan University ought to give us a better paper. The *Argus* is good as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. The editorials are always to the point, and the local department well conducted, but where is the literary part of the paper?

With the present number, the *Yale Record* passes into the hands of a new

board of editors. Its standard of excellence has always been high. There is a freshness about its columns which one cannot but admire. Short stories, bright poems, and an occasional essay upon some prominent topic, are among the chief attractions of this paper. It endeavors to create an interest among the students by offering prizes for the best humorous prose piece, story, and poem. Its opinions upon college topics are treated with considerable deference by its contemporaries.

COLLEGE WORLD.

A daily at Columbia is talked of.

Diplomas at Princeton cost \$14.50.

The college at Berlin has 1302 Jews.

Yale boasts the best college orchestra in the country.

The "College Exchange" at Amherst has been revived.

Every student at Kenyon is required to pursue four studies.

The Sophomores at Columbia wear the "mortar boards" of Oxford.

The students of Syracuse University have established an Y. M. C. A.

The average weight of Yale's oarsmen in the University crew is 190 pounds.

There are 3,700 professors in the various educational institutions of this country.

The Boston *Sunday Times* is to have a column of college news like the N. Y. *Monday World*.

The Harvard Bicycle Club has now 130 active members, being the largest club in the United States.

Of the 782 candidates who presented themselves for examination at Melbourne University, Australia, 286 were young ladies, and of the 620 who passed, 176 were young ladies.

Dr. McCosh says that out of 400 students under him in Philosophy, who have graduated at Princeton, only four graduated skeptics.

Rev. Phillips Brooks will deliver the baccalaureate sermon at the next Commencement of Union College, and the Hon. A. H. Rice the chancellor's oration.

In the present Congress, 34 of the 77 Senators, and 128 of the 293 Representatives, are college graduates. The South furnishes 14 collegiate Senators, the West 11, and the East 7.—*Dartmouth*.

It is proposed by nine New England colleges,—Harvard, Yale, Brown, Amherst, Williams, Trinity, Boston University, and Dartmouth, to modify their methods of examination, so that they shall have a uniform examination on the same day for all the colleges.

It is much to be regretted that the University of Michigan, with its large number of students, has no such building as a gymnasium. The students have earnestly petitioned that the college authorities appropriate a fair sum of money for the immediate erection of a suitable structure.

There are at present 150 college papers published in the United States. Yale leads off with a daily, two bi-weeklies and a monthly, besides the annual publications. The circulations of some of the leading college papers are as follows: *Courant*, 800; *Record*, 600; *Lit.*, 550; *News*, 350; *Harvard Crimson*, 500; *Harvard Advocate*, 475; *Princetonian*, 1,000; *Nassua Lit.*, 450; *Acta Columbiana*, 500. Twenty-six States and two Territories are represented, and no college paper has a circulation over 1,000. The circulation of the *Chronicle* is slightly over 1,000; *Bates Student*, 500.

Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who, in 1638, left to the college £779 and a library of over 300 books. Williams College was named after Colonel

Ephraim Williams, a soldier of the old French war. Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount and was president of the first board of trustees. Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas Brown, who was a graduate, and endowed the college very largely. Columbia College was called Kings College till the close of the War for Independence, when it was named Columbia. Bowdoin was named after Governor Bowdoin of Maine. Yale College was named after Elihu Yale. Colby University was named after Mr. Colby, of Boston, who gave \$50,000 to the college in 1866. Dickinson College was named after Hon. John Dickinson. He made a very liberal donation to the college, and was president of the board of trustees for a number of years. Cornell University was named after Ezra Cornell, its founder. Bates College was named after Benjamin E. Bates, of Boston, who contributed \$100,000 for its endowment.

CLIPPINGS.

Prof. in Moral Philosophy—"Mr. K., what end has a mother in view when she punishes her child?" Mr. K. blushes and sits down.—*Vidette*.

Scholus—"Professor, what is the correct definition of a fable?" Professor—"A fable is a story in which an ass talks to a fox, just as I am talking to you." Sensation.—*Free Press*.

Professor (to student who has changed his seat)—"Where are you sitting, sir?" Mr. F.—"Same place I always sit on." The Professor can't see what the class is laughing at.

The Professor of Modern Languages declares it his fixed intent to have a text of Scripture printed in large letters,

framed and hung up in his recitation room, for the moral instruction of his students; said text to read: "A Horse is a Vain Thing for Safety."—*College Argus*.

Prof. in Psychology—"Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical Student (thoughtfully)—"Yes, sir, a poor singer in a chorus."—*Undergraduate*.

This is a little co-educational scene: Prof.—"Who will see Mr. B. before next Monday?" Lady Student (hesitating and blushing a little more)—"I shall see him Sunday night, probably."—*Transcript*.

Prof. in Natural Science—"We observe, then, that animals which are constantly exposed to dangers are the most prolific." Student (interrupting)—"Does that rule apply to the Irish, sir?"—*Queen's College Journal*.

Latin Class Prof.—"Mr. —, where is Onusa?" Bright Freshman—"Its location is not exactly known." Prof.—"We-l-l—where is Longuntica?" B. F.—"That's about in the same place."—*Student Life*.

Hugging parties are all the rage in Kansas. The prices ranging as follows: girls under 16, 25 cents; from 16 to 20, 50 cents; from 20 to 25, 75 cents; another man's wife, one dollar; old maids, three cents apiece or two for a nickel.—*The Wabash*.

There was a small fiend in Woonsocket,
Who tied himself on to a rocket;
As he lighted the end
He remarked to a friend,
"Now when the thing starts, I will shock it."

But contrary to his reflection,
The stick took an upward direction.
As he sailed through the sky,
He observed with a sigh,
"Tis as hot as the place of correction."

How dear to my heart is the school I attended,
And how I remember so distant and dim,
The red-headed Bill, and the pin that I bended
And carefully put on the bench under him!
And how I recall the surprise of the master
When Bill gave a yell and sprang from the pin
So high that his bullet-head busted the plaster
Above, and the scholars all set up a grin.
That active boy Billy! that high leaping Billy!
That loud shouting Billy that sat on a pin.

—*Ex.*

Mary had a pair of bangs,
They matched her other hair,
And every night before she slept
She hung them on a chair.

She wore her bangs to school one day,
Which made her classmates sore,
And hints went round that Mary's pa
Had worked a dollar store.

This kind of talk produced a fuss—
The teacher took it up;
She locked the bangs within her desk—
Oh, full was Mary's cup.

—*Graphic*.

A NEW MEANING TO "GIVE AND TAKE."

"One kiss," I pleaded, "just a tiny one,
For a good night."

A deep carnation swiftly sped
Across the face so pale before,
And modest drooped the graceful head,
As the sweet lips, so blushing red,
Trembled denial that the eyes foreswore.

"Ah, yes!" still pleading—"see! we are alone,
'Tis Love's good night."

The crested head reared proudly now,
And flashed the eye like diamond light;
And the white face was purest snow,
And the red lips they pouted so,
As the fair lady swept beyond my sight.

An owl—a philosophic owl he proved to be,
That saw the whole occurrence from his tree—
Blinked once, blinked twice, then flapped a lazy
wing,

And cracked his bill and gave one claw a fling—
"Young Silly" (here he paused to stretch his
head,

And plume his owlship's gravity, ere he said):
"To plead for what is yours—if you but make
it!—

To give she could not, but would let you take
it."

—*Acta*.

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—
LATIN: In six books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.
All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.
Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.
The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

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