

# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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## Western Maryland College Monthly.

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To the average student vacation is a seemingly short period however long it may be in reality; and we venture to say that were our students approached on the subject a large majority would say that the one which has just terminated was not an exception in that respect. The ordinary student enters upon vacation with the purpose of having a season of mental relaxation, and that the rest thereby acquired may better fit him for the more arduous duties that confront him at the beginning of every advance step in the educational journey. And thus while otherwise a student's introduction to an entirely new set of text books and studies would be difficult, it becomes comparatively easy. And the mental energy stored up in vacation is not the only agent which makes the unfamiliar duties of the new scholastic year lighter, but the store of recollections, which every one, more or less, takes back into school life, is an important factor in making pleasant the opening weeks of school which otherwise might prove irksome and difficult. Nothing is so conducive to real scholarship as a cheerful mind. It produces application and makes an attentive, interested, and bright student of one who, not possessing it, would prove morose and dull. We are always glad to see students cheerful at the beginning of school. It indicates that the duties and requirements that confront them have been considered, and an earnest determination to meet them squarely and honestly arrived at. However, the cheerful student is not to be confounded with the one who takes everything lightly. The one is earnest, sober, diligent; the other careless, slothful, unmindful of the golden opportunities around him to be embraced. He alone who receives duties cheerfully and enters upon them earnestly, with a quite and resolute purpose to perform them in an exemplary manner, has come to a real conception of what college life is and what it means. College life is not, as some might suppose, simply a period in which youthful idleness is to be indulged in. On the contrary the thoughtful and understanding student realizes its true significance and what it really is—as important an epoch as is to be passed through in life. Upon entering college the student bids adieu to childhood and

enters upon, or at least should, manhood and womanhood; for he is, in a great measure, thrown upon his own responsibility and resources. An upward step has been taken on the educational ladder. The time has come in which preparation shall be made which is necessary to fit one for the acquirements of life. College life is not a farce unless so made, but it is a stern and stubborn battle. The mind is to be prepared for what will soon be demanded of it. And while the intellect is being strengthened, character is being formed which shall ere long be developed in the citizen in the degree in which it was formed. A strong mind is necessary for a firm character, and the union of the two represents the mastery of self, the most desirable mastery to have and the most difficult to obtain. These desirable acquirements can be gotten possession of in college, but only by one's unceasing and untiring efforts. College is a director; with the student rests the question whether he will be directed or not. But at least let the student as soon as possible rid himself of the fallacy into which he may have fallen that college will make the man: it only calls forth, through the voluntary consent and cooperation of the possessor, his occult talents and abilities.

We publish in this issue of the MONTHLY the essay of F. Neal Parke, '91. This essay was second in merit of those submitted in competition for the Weigand medal. The essay of L. Irving Pollitt, '89, which was adjudged by the committee the first in merit, appeared in the June number.

Western Maryland College enters upon the twenty second year of its existence with the beginning of this scholastic year. And with its increased age constantly increases its sphere of usefulness and efficiency. From a small and unpromising beginning it has risen to its present degree of excellence; claiming, as it justly and truly may, to offer greater advantages and to have a larger number of students in attendance than any college in the State. Were some who have attended the college in former years to pay a visit to their *alma mater* they would be astonished at the many changes. Not a vacation has passed for several years in which many improvements were not made. During the past summer many alterations in class-rooms, dormitories, &c., have been made to increase comfort and add to convenience. A beautiful veranda has been erected, extending along the entire front of the main building and adding greatly to its appearance. A system of electric bells has been established through the buildings to summon students to recitations. Many other minor improvements, too various to mention but all contributing to comfort and convenience, have been made. The methods of instruction continue to be thorough, practical, and modern; and in this connection we must not fail to mention the Department of Modern Language, under the charge of Miss Britton. Miss Britton's method of teaching French and German is thoroughly practical; No English whatever is spoken in her class room; and consequently, the student being required to use only the language which he is



studying, soon familiarizes himself with it sufficiently to speak it with some degree of accuracy, and therefore gets the practical benefit of its study. From the auspicious beginning of school and from present prospects, we predict a very prosperous year for Western Maryland and a profitable one for her students.

We take great pleasure in announcing to the readers of the MONTHLY that there will appear in each issue during the year, contributions from Dr. Ward. The Doctor has kindly consented to aid us in every way possible, and we can assure him that his kindness will receive our appreciation at our hands and be a source of pleasure to the former students.

It has been clearly demonstrated that it is not altogether a wise plan for any one element of the college to take upon its shoulders the exclusive management of a college journal. Realizing this fact, we have long felt the need of a consolidation of the forces in the college, that we might send out a fair and impartial organ of the students. This point has at last been reached, and we take great delight in giving to our friends a paper edited and managed by the four societies of the college. Although we have worked for, and believe this to be the proper thing, yet it is with some misgivings that we present to the students and friends of the college this issue of the MONTHLY. It requires no little presumption on our part to assume the control of a paper which has heretofore met with such unprecedented success. Allow us to say in the beginning that we aspire to no literary fame nor do we expect to bring about a reformation in college journalism. Our only desire is to fulfill a long felt need, in sending forth a paper which shall represent all the students of Western Maryland College.

The co-operation of all the societies having been received we are now prepared for the work. And the one thing most needful for us, is to unite, for in union alone is there strength. Thus united, we will secure for our journal the highest success and bring honor to the institution of which we feel proud.

#### ACT THIRD.

Once again the friends of Western Maryland College are treated to a variation in the publication of the College Journal. It is now to be published under the editorial management of the Literary Societies without the active control of an editor-in-chief from the Faculty.

This step was contemplated when the change was made last year. There were then two papers published here; one by the Irving Society and one by the Webster. Both were willing to yield to a paper owned and managed by the College. Neither was willing to yield to any other arrangement. It was thought best therefore to purchase their interest and then invite all the societies to work together in the support of a paper representing fully and equally all interests connected with the College. Professor Reese rendered success in this plan much easier by consenting to serve as editor-in-chief; both because of the perfect confidence all the Societies had in his impartiality and because of the promise of literary excellence his connection with the paper gave.

The step then taken has resulted most happily. We have had for a year a Model College paper and one that its successor must constantly feel as a peer. We have reached in our College the era of good feeling, when it is not only possible, but easy for all the Societies to meet together in a united staff without a thought of jealousy or contention and work for journalistic excel-

lence and the success of the College by distributing to its friends the latest and fullest intelligence concerning its work. We believe, therefore, that the paper has now reached its permanent stage and we expect no more changes in the conduct of it except improvement along the lines now laid down.

Of course the present change will in no way affect old subscribers, their paper will be sent to them just as though no change had been made.

It is the earnest hope of the managers of the College that our young friends will have the hearty support of those whose interest in the College still continues. A subscription for a year will cost but a small sum; but it will bring you a very pleasant reminder of the days of long ago, and will stimulate and encourage those who have pledged themselves to the continuance and support of our College Journal.

Let us all then exclaim with "a silvery voice"—as Artemas Ward would say—Long live the WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE MONTHLY.

T. H. LEWIS.

#### ODE IV. HORACE.

Keen winter is loosed, by the gentle change  
Of spring, and the western breeze.  
Machines launch forth the stranded ships  
That are dry to the open seas.  
The flock no longer delights in the stalls,  
Or the ploughman in the fire;  
Nor are the meadows longer white  
By the hoary frost so dire.  
Cytherian Venus now leads the dances,  
With the moon hanging o'erhead;  
The lovely Graces, joined with the Nymphs,  
Strike the earth with alternate tread.  
While glowing Vulcan heats the toilsome shops  
Of the one-eyed Cyclops race.  
We now our perfumed heads should bind  
With myrtle green and comely grace,  
Oh, flower, which the loosened earth brings forth,  
Now in shady groves, should we  
To Faunus sacrifice, whether  
He, for a lamb, from blemish free,  
Might ask, or wish it rather, with a kid.  
Oh, blessed Sestius! the short total  
Of life forbids us to think  
The long hope. For soon will might  
And the fabled shades on you sink.  
The bare Plutonian house will press thee  
Where, when once you pass the line,  
No longer will you be chosen  
By dice to rule over the wine.  
Pale Death comes alike to all;  
At the pauper's hut it will strike,  
And o'er palaces cast its pall.

KENAK.

#### EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

Wherever the mind of man is permitted to exercise its thoughts, there will in every case be something left to mark the results. We never engage in an act, whether it be advantageous or not, but what that act is influenced by some preceding impressions. Instruction should be received in the right way, at the proper time, and above all, with a view of exercising it in a manner beneficial to the one instructed. How careful then should a person be when endeavoring to demonstrate something especially adopted to the young, that he may not give the wrong impression to that which his feelings indicate. Whatever might be suitable for the trained intellect of man to grapple with, is sometimes hard!



profitable for the young observer to bear. Many times the ideas so rendered form lasting impressions on the minds of the short-sighted youth, who rushes headlong into a snare, that changes his life, and injures his name, which might have been one worthy to commemorate by succeeding generations. Forethought is scarcely entertained, so it seems, but we allow ourselves to become so infatuated with something dangerous and degrading to our characters, as to prevent any possible remedy being effective in working a change. How this is, your writer can not account for, that man, endowed with such precious faculties should permit himself to be involved in erroneous ideas. Constant watchfulness and precaution should be the ever present care of his early life, lest he be misled by vain illusions taught by those in whom all confidence imaginable was imposed. We all know right from wrong; yet, when wrong is so vividly pictured to youth, strange to say, many are adherents to it, rather than allow right to predominate. Such impressions, thus formed, are capable of bringing reproach upon any one. Let us notice the schoolboy, either at his sports, or at his desk. Suppose he has entered school, quite a dignified young man. In a short while we see him associating with young men who have so favorably impressed him as to compel him to cast off his cloak of refinement, and assume their garb of illrepute. Thus he seems to enjoy himself, until he begins to have clearly represented to him the folly of his early days. He has received impressions which by no means can be destroyed. He has met with sorrow, purchased at a costly price to none but himself. So it is, at his desk; there laboring under the burdensome task, nurturing idleness, unfavorable impressions are formed. An impression intended to elevate, rather than lower, the estimation of the young individual, should never be counted as worthless. How frequently do we, when afforded the opportunity of associating with refined persons, hear some one say—"What a good impression he has made." Such a one having cultivated the proper impressions in his early days, can well speak and act in a manner beneficial to his observers. It is generally the case when one is sent into a strange locality, perhaps for intellectual training, that the eyes of all are upon him, watching, as it were, his every action. In a short time only you can hear it remarked by those with whom he has associated, that he has not conveyed very favorable impressions, upon their minds. Hence it is, that we readily conjecture that influences have been exerted that were acquired in days past. If we would become ornaments in society, and participants in well doing, could anything be more essential, than to have instilled into our nature at an early period, the true and lasting impression that right is sure to win the laurels of success? Wealth has been obtained by fraud; distinctions have been conferred when not deserved; yet are those possessing such gifts, as much contented as the person who feels himself the possessor of a good, moral character, in every respect, which has been imprinted upon his very countenance, through impression irresistible in his childhood? Often by performing noble traits in the sight of a child, does he at once assert his intentions to become an amiable man, and one devoted to the redemption of depraved and fallen humanity. The evil influences or impressions exerted by our playmates, sometimes are stumbling blocks to our own future career. How frequently does imprudence get the upper hand of us; and in such a manner as to censure the being who has so carelessly allowed his thoughts to wander in paths of vice and misconduct. None should ever be placed in such an embarrassing position. In childhood, we have taught us the very essentials of good health, happiness, social refinement, and if we would only permit these impressions to sink deep into our hearts, the results would be grand and noble. It is not the well wishes of our parents to have us become insolent men and women. They who have labored so hard to mould our characters, should be rewarded in seeing their offspring trying to shape their future,

according to the examples that their parents have given them. In all our views so far, we seem to have said nothing concerning christian influences. Of all impressions that are made upon the mind of man, none can be more important than those bearing upon christianity. The one favorably impressed with right views, will doubtless become a moral person, in every sense of the word. Thus can we see that early impressions well received and applied to our every day life, will not result in anything short of a good and loving disposition, which nothing, not even old age, can efface.

SALEMA.

### SOURCE OF THE LUDICROUS.

Almost everything, no matter of how grave a nature, reveals under some peculiar circumstance a tinge of the ludicrous. The absurdity is all there, and the button only needs touching in order that the electric current of laughter may be set in motion.

There is nothing so sedate or so dignified but that it may fall a victim to the irresistible powers; in fact, anything may be made its tool. Sometimes, when our sympathies are most enlisted, by a sudden ludicrous turn we are diverted from our pity, and change our former feeling to one of ridicule. The words of an illiterate plaintiff in a divorce case, that he not only had loved his wife, but had "analyzed" her, are not likely to make us feel sorrow for him; indeed, we are more likely to feel commiseration for the poor woman doomed to such a sad fate.

The greatest dignity, as we have said, has no power to prevent itself from becoming the tool of one of these much dreaded burlesques. Beware, then, of following the example of that "model of deportment," Mr. Turveytrop, who, in his effort after the magestic, reached the very heights of the ridiculous. We are taught by some of these experiences the utter uselessness of striving after the unattainable, for we will have a very imperfect result; better be perfect in lesser things than fail in attempts for things which we should know are beyond our reach; better have one thing complete than an array of promiscuous failures; and lastly better be a sensible unknown than to be known only as a source of amusement and ridicule. If your aim is high, do not be too eager to reveal it before you achieve some success, unless you do not mind placing yourself in a position where your dearest aspirations may be regarded as ridiculous.

If we only notice carefully we will find that generally the most ludicrous things occur at the very time when an attempt is made to reach something beyond our capabilities, in which success would be brilliant, and failure not only pitiful, but likely to provoke ridicule. Another source of amusement is the oft recurring one of putting great stress on the commonplace, and wasting eloquence on that which is not, in reality, deserving of it, and often shows a desire to imitate something true, and the lack of capability to do so. If we carefully read some of the current novels we will have revealed to us some of this unmeaning imitation, which, when compared with something of worth, is truly but a burlesque. In some cases we may pass things by daily and never discover anything beyond the fact of their being commonplace, and yet, when we find in Thackeray a faithful representation of the same thing, abounding in all that is ridiculous and laughable, we wonder that we have never noticed it before. And in all this abundance of ludicrous ideas and actions, the queerest and most curious thing of all is that it takes a long time for us to appreciate the ludicrous in ourselves, although we may appreciate it keenly in others. It is much to be doubted whether we would discover so many comical situations, and enjoy so many jests at the expense of others, if we could "see ourselves as others see us."

### TEMPERANCE ESSAY NO. 2.

From the period when governments began it has been their acknowledged right to enact such laws as they might deem



necessary for the prevention and punishment of crime. This power, as years rolled by, was greatly increased; for it was clearly shown that the well-being and preservation of a state depended entirely upon the character of its members. Therefore, it is of vital importance that the inhabitants of a country should be good citizens, and to ensure this it is the recognized duty of a commonwealth to take measures that will suppress any vice which may arise.

Each age has had to encounter some particular evil, and the one peculiar to the present time is intemperance. Intemperance produces crime; reduces families to poverty; ruins men morally, mentally, physically and financially; shortens life and begets a race of enervated men. Such are the terrible results—not to mention the injurious effects upon future generations—proceeding from the constant habit of drinking.

To eradicate an evil it is indispensable that the cause should be removed, which in this case is the *abuse* of liquor. Various ways have been proposed for the promotion of temperance. Among these the most important are: local option, a prohibition party and high license. This paper will endeavor to prove the superiority of the last mentioned method over the other two.

The chief objections to local option are: that it does not diminish drunkenness; that it increases crime; that, as it is only local, liquor can be obtained from neighboring places; that the vice is national while the remedy is only applied to parts; that the law is easily evaded and imperfect in its working; that conviction for the violation of it is made difficult, owing to the apathy of the public officials and the fact that a jury can scarcely be empanelled unless some of the jurors are unfavorable to prohibition and inclined to act leniently toward the infringers of an enactment which they believe to be unjust.

A prohibition party is not thought desirable for the reason that prohibition does not accomplish the ends for which it was intended, as has been most plainly demonstrated in Maine. Also, because the danger is imminent and requires immediate relief, which it is impossible for a third party to give; since a party is the result of years of growth and can only carry its purpose when the majority of the people are its members. There can be no doubt that the ascendancy of a party is fluctuating and that there must be at least two factions having opposite views. Remembering these truths and granting that the prohibition party will become one of the greatest in the country, will not—with all the past as a precedent illustrating this point—will not the opposing party, when in control, annul the measures which are contrary to its opinions? Can any permanent benefit be given to the temperance cause by the enacting and repealing of prohibition acts?

Ignorance has impeded all reforms. Herein lies the danger of submitting the temperance question to the ballot. Since so many voters never look farther than the present; believe in nothing they cannot see and do not understand the necessity of temperance, is it reasonable to expect them to vote for something whose advantages they do not know? Moreover, the measures advocated by the third party interfere with free-will, a faculty which God never intended should be abridged.

Space does not allow the discussion of the recommendations possessed by local option or a prohibition party; but it would seem that the disadvantages attending each would outweigh any possible reform which either could effect.

It has been the object of all temperance advocates, however different their modes to put intoxicating drinks out of the reach of the masses. This can be done by high license which must necessarily raise the price of liquor, thus placing it beyond the majority of drinkers who are unquestionably of the poor class. The above may seem a bold assertion, but it really is not when we reflect upon the power of money, which is an almighty factor equally esteemed by the rich and the indigent. By money, leg-

islation has been influenced; the sanctity of courts invaded; the honor of men purchased; the gallows and the penitentiary cheated of their lawful prey, in short, *anything* can be done by it, but *nothing* without it. By making liquor cost so much, a poor person will only be able to get it by denying himself the ordinary food required for subsistence. As alcohol has no life sustaining properties, he has but two alternatives: that of gratifying his thirst or starvation. Common sense tells us that a man will never choose the latter.

High license will first close the small, then the large saloons; because no one will keep a shop if the articles he has are too expensive for the people to buy. When the groggeries are abolished, most of the breweries and distilleries will naturally cease operation, as there will not be a sufficient demand for their goods. The money spent for liquor would be diverted into other channels; give additional impetus to useful arts and better the condition of the nation.

That it will not only improve the morals, but also the finances of the State is another merit of high license. The revenue will be large at first but will decrease in proportion to the number of saloons. The income derived from this source, will lighten taxation and aid the completion of needed public works.

High license is especially important because the results which it brings about are gradual, but none the less sure. This value is very apparent as a radical and sudden change would destroy millions of property and ruin a large number of people, and it is best to avoid the passage of a law that would injure any class of citizens.

F. NEAL PARKE, '91.

#### FALSE AND TRUE VIEWS OF LIFE.

Travelling by railroad one bright day in early autumn, I was seated near a window, in a car filled with passengers among whom were several young men, strangers to me, but from whose conversation (which was not in a low tone,) I gathered information that they were on their way to some distant school or college. They were, with perhaps some exception, a jolly set, and were anticipating a jolly time. Presently there was a whistle from the locomotive, then a slackening of speed, and the train drew up for a short stop at a station in a small town, where, lolling on a box in the shade before a store-house, was a young man who seemed to be an acquaintance of the young men in the car, one of whom addressed him from his place near a window just ahead of me, with, "Hello, Jim! Is that you? How goes it?" "No go," replied Jim, "How's it with yourself?" "Oh, well," was the response; "wafted along by the breezy circumstances of life!" "Just so," said Jim, as the train moved on, leaving him alone in his glory of laziness, and carrying his acquaintance and companions rapidly toward their Western end of their journey. They made sport over what Jim had said, but I could not help thinking that they had not much higher views of life than Jim. With him it was "no go," and with them it was being "wafted along by the breezy circumstances." I observed however that one or two of the young men in the group, said but little, and indicated by their demeanor that they were not in sympathy either with Jim or their companion who had addressed him. I imagined them to be seriously reflecting upon what had occurred, and questioning whether life was not falsely viewed, as well by their companion and those in sympathy with him, as by his acquaintance on the store-box. And they had just cause for such reflection and inquiry. They were on their way from homes where parents or guardians who had arranged for their entrance into the school or college, would await with anxiety the result. A voice within them doubtless suggested that if they were going to idle away their time, or to allow themselves simply to be "wafted along by breezy circumstances," they would disappoint the hopes of their friends, and never accomplish the true purpose of life.



Nearly three thousand years ago, Solomon, reputed for his great wisdom, wrote of "discerning among the youths, a young man void of understanding," and every careful observer of society in every age has found the same. Instances are not infrequent in our own times; and the wise counsels which Solomon gave, under divine inspiration, are as needful now as they were in his day. Happy will it be for young people if they study carefully these and other inspired counsels contained in the work of God, which will warn them against all false and teach them true views of life.

As it is of the most importance that the young should be well posted on this subject, I think the custom of many parents in sending their children abroad to school or college, of furnishing them with a copy of the Holy Bible, often inscribed as "presented by father or mother, with the earnest advice that it be daily and prayerfully perused by son or daughter," is worthy of high commendation. There is perhaps no student of Western Maryland College who does not possess such a copy of the Bible; and it may do good for me, as one who has had much to do with students of this college in former years, to give the result of my observation as to the effect of this custom. I can readily call to mind numerous instances in which students who obey their parents counsel to read the Bible daily, made the best record for themselves while at college, and proved to be most useful members of society after their course at college was finished; and I do not remember a single instance in which a student who manifested no regard for such counsel either prospered in study, reflected honor on the school, or became eminently useful. False views of life are engendered and fostered by indifference to and neglect of divine counsel. The great question, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" is only truly answered thus: "By taking heed thereto according to God's word," "The Lord giveth wisdom: out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding," To glorify God in the faithful use and improvement of the talents He has endowed us with, and for the good of our fellow creatures, is to live aright, and to prepare to live forever. "The fear of the Lord is wisdom: and to depart from evil is understanding." In every true view of life's great object, knowledge and virtue go hand in hand; both are to be attained with a view to service, rendered faithfully and humbly as unto God, brings sure reward. "If ye know these things," said our Lord, "happy are ye, if ye do them." J.T.W.

#### THE ORIGIN OF PROTECTIVE MIMICRY.

Whatever may be the origin of the tint or shade of any particular animal, it is certain that color is one of the most fugitive characteristics of organized bodies. While it may be true that exterior coloration is due to certain granulations or pigments diffused through the epidermis, hairs, feathers or scales, yet the tints of the pigments are as variable as the environments, food or age of the animal. Light is an important excitant in developing coloring matter. Food plays so important a part that bullfinches fed with hemp seed turn black, and the common green paroquet, fed with the fat of fishes, becomes striped with red and yellow. Health and vigor are so important that Albinoism, which is a total inaptitude for the formation of pigment, is regarded as a sign of degeneracy.

In connection with the facts above stated, if we will regard the law of inheritance or transmitted peculiarities we shall have a ready explanation of the part played by color and mimicry in the struggle for existence. Cases are on record showing that a supernumerary digit on the hand, the drooping of the left eyelid, a little spot on the iris, a patch of prematurely gray hair and other physical features have been transmitted from parent to child to the fifth generation.

When an animal in form and hue closely approximates its surroundings, and thus escapes detection, we say that it is protectively colored, and this is what we mean by mimicry. Let us

notice one way that this mimetic resemblance may have been acquired. Take, for example, the dull gray sand of the desert waste. Now it is evident that a gay colored insect, whether red, or blue, or green, or white, or even black, would be readily detected and discovered by its natorial enemies, the birds or lizards. But a dull grayish or yellowish insect might be overlooked for a long time, and thus have time to propagate its species with the transmitted peculiarity of inconspicuous coloration. After a time the desert would be depopulated of all but these dull grayish insects. Of these the birds would pick out those which differ most in tint or shade from the objects around them, while those which were exactly like the ground or rock would be likely to survive and become the parents of future generations, and thus we have at least one mode of change by which the desert would finally become inhabited by rusty, sand-colored insects, whose mimicry would keep them from detection.

In this way we might explain the tawny color of the larger animals that inhabit the desert, the stripes upon the tiger, which, parallel with the vertical stems of bamboo, conceal him as he stealthily nears his prey. The brilliant green of tropical birds, the leaf-like form and color of certain insects, the dried-twig-like form of many caterpillars, the bark-like appearance of tree frogs, the dusky color of creatures that haunt the night, the bluish transparency of animals that live on the surface of the sea, the gravel-like color of flatfish at the bottom of the ocean, and other examples of deceptive resemblance.

#### A NIGHT IN LEXINGTON MARKET.

After having seen most of the sights in the city, I determined to visit the market. I did this on a Saturday night, when the place was full of Africans, market baskets, fresh country vegetables, yelling hucksters and dirty children. This market is the largest and most frequented of all in the city. I entered at the rear end, near the fish stalls, and my first glimpse, from Lexington street, showed me a long line of sheds, near which were a great many oil lamps, country wagons and heaps of country produce. Amidst all this surged a black mass of humanity armed with baskets, umbrellas, kettles, and sundry other articles.

When I neared the sheds a most pungent odor of fish, crabs, lobsters, and every creature that inhabits the deep, greeted my nose and caused me to feel as if I was skimming over the briny on a rocking horse. I soon passed this vicinity, and then I met huge piles of watermelons, which were presided over by a big, bronzed, husky-voiced, hatless countryman, who sang the following song, Italian air: "Watermelons, red to the rine, sweet as wine, all ov a kine, just in time, wa-a-a-termelons."

While admiring the composition of the piece, and respecting the physique of the performer, I decided that the fruit was not rosy enough to suit my tastes, and I continued on my way. Somehow I got into the butcher market. Now in this department there are several kinds of butchers; there are the beef merchants, and the pork merchants, and the venders of mutton and veal; each one is independent. The beef merchant never sells any but bovine meat, and the seller of mutton keeps to his own flocks and calves. Being ignorant of this, I went up to a stall at which a Chinaman was purchasing something that looked like skinned rats. I yelled to the attendant for a five pound roast; he looked at me as if I was an apparition, the Chinaman chuckled, and muttered to himself some heathenish stuff. A little black pickaninny sitting on the stall showed his ivory teeth from ear to ear, and rolled his porcelain eyes in rapture and exultation. I felt like—I didn't know what; I only knew I had made some awful blunder, and then I showed my heels as soon as possible; but the infant son of Ham hollowed after me: "Look at dat ah greenhorn; don't know wennee come to a mutton butcher." And the next thing I knew my hat was knocked off by a rotten potato, and I myself almost smothered by a shower of decaying vegetable matter.



Confused and mortified by the derisive laughter of a crowd that had collected behind me, I looked for a means of escape. I saw an opening through the stalls, and I went for this as fast as a dozen cantaleups could propel me. Then I met a policeman, and to him I appealed for redress, something very badly needed, considering the condition of my clothes. He went in search of the rabble—I don't know if he caught them—and I continued my walk, determined to get a roast. I saw a stall where I thought I might get what I desired.

I began to examine it from a distance, to see if it was the right place. Then I noticed several persons eyeing me suspiciously. I tried to appear unconcerned, but I was very uneasy, and, worse than all, I saw a man whisper to the policeman whom I had previously met, and then he pointed his finger at me. I thought the policeman was coming, and, scared out of my wits by what I had undergone, I turned and fled. Then began a mad race for me. I ran anywhere, everywhere, followed by a hooting crowd of boys, with two or three cops at their head, and all manner of boxes, barrels, baskets and bombazines, in the air above and on the earth beneath. I knocked down and jumped over stacks of every kind of fruit and vegetables, plowed through several dozens of eggs, climbed countless stalls, overthrew everyone who opposed me, and finally landed in the gutter of a dark alley. Then the barbarians closed in upon me with wild shouts of triumph, nippers were put on my wrists, a wagon was called into which I was dumped, and the next minute I was on my way to the watch house. Here some questions were asked me. I replied as well as I could, and after being searched I was assigned to an apartment with barred doors. So ended my visit to Lexington Market.

G. M. H.

#### STUDENTS VISIT STUDENTS.

It is assumed that all the students greatly enjoyed their vacation, some in one manner others in another; but to give a graphic description of the pleasures of all in their various trips would be uninteresting and perhaps irksome, unless the adventures of some of the most heroic be portrayed in the language of romance. This is not the intention of the writer, but rather to mention the divers visits, or, if you please, the students visits among themselves. The writer confines himself to the male students, as he has no sister to inform him how the girls visited. J. F. Harper had the pleasure of entertaining his late classmate, W. O. Keller, at his beautiful home, No. 326 Broadway, Centreville, Md. The visitor seemed highly pleased with his trip, and was greatly elated over several of the festive occasions which he enjoyed. He made several acquaintances among Centreville's belles, noted for their beauty and many other admirable possessions. After calling upon several other students of the county he returned home. As this is not to be a biographical sketch, we will not mention the dates, nor, in fact, the fruit of any kind which he ate, nor the fishing trips he enjoyed, for he is not related to Cleveland.

L. I. Pollitt, whose initials immediately show that he is noted for his spontaneous flow of language, says that he agrees with Helena, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when she says:

"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind."

Interpret this as you will. The aforesaid gentleman visited an old student of his class, F. R. Owens, in Harrington, Delaware, and reports a fine time.

Mr. Jaybird (J. Byrd) Whaley, who is fond of zoology, paid a visit to Baker—not the pie-man, but the Junior—whose home is in Buckeystown, Md. Here he saw several of the students of that vicinity, and enjoyed the pleasure of their company. He went from there to Washington, to see, we suppose, about his laundry, and returned to school as jovial as ever. Watson said:

"Like a rat without a tail,  
And in a sieve I thither sail.  
And I'll do, I'll do, I'll do—"

Well, we heard he did. He visited the land of mosquitoes, and antique windmills and spices, where the land is like a pancake that has been rolled out. Here he enjoyed himself visiting Mace. The country was very picturesque, and it never moves, for no rolling piece of ground can be seen. Progressive croquet was the rage, as were the mosquitoes. At night could be plainly heard that Macedonian cry of some "muskeeters," who, having attacked a personage, were calling to their neighbors "come over and help us." From here he went via Cambridge to Salisbury, and spent several days at the home of Wicomico's future, L. I. Pollitt. He met several of the students on his trip, and saw the rubber stamp agent several times. After enjoying himself, he next visited Bennett's, in Wicomico. Speaking of utility, the railroad that runs from Salisbury to Ocean City has not yet reached the point of diminishing returns, for their motto is *multum in parvo*, and so the conductor, brakeman and engineer, all told, are one in three and three in one. Excuse the episode, but if you wish to live long just ride forever on this road. They have time of their own. Their minutes are longer than those generally in use, and it takes sixty to make one hour. While traveling over this road Watson thinks he must have struck the place where the day changes. But the writer finds he is on the wrong road. To return. Mc. A. Leese visited Wilson, an alumnus, and considers his visit to have repaid him, as he saw several freaks of nature.

The last but by no means the least—for these were about seven—visit was something similar to a social gathering. Tolchester was the nucleus. This is one of the well known summer resorts and here Misses J., S. and others, and Messrs. B., H., K. and W. came to gether. This gathering surpassed all the rest, and when the time for departing came; well, it cannot be expressed in words, so let it pass. Mr. H.—stopped in on the way home, as did some one else—but she lived there so they—. All departed well pleased with the occasion. Here endeth this edifying and no doubt surprising description of not Gulliver's but the student's travels.

HERMIA.

#### COLLEGE FESTIVAL.

Last Saturday evening was the occasion of one of the most enjoyable entertainments the writer has ever witnessed. This entertainment, or festival was held by the *lady* students of the College in the Calistheneum, which was very tastefully trimmed with flowers and evergreens, while upon every table there were large bouquets.

At the cake table were Misses Slaughter, Gore, Fisher and Handy; at the oyster tables, Misses Money, Lowe, Taylor and Grove; at the ice cream tables, Misses Stem, Jones, Dodd and B. Shriver; the fruit table, Misses Hyde, Walmsley, Mather and G. Ghriver, and the lemonade well was in charge of Misses Lizzie Caulk and Lena Wolfes. The tables were all neatly and tastefully arranged and the ladies having charge of them could be distinguished by their white aprons, and white ribbon on the left arm.

The materials were furnished by Dr. Lewis and the proceeds, amounting to about twenty-five dollars, were given to the M. P. Church for their new chandelier.

Dr. Lewis, Dr. Murray of the m. p. Church, and Prof's McDaniel, Simpson and Radford were present, together with Messrs. Ewell, Smith, Selby, Lewis, McCaslin and M. E. Grant of the *Seminary*.

The latter part of the evening was spent in a very pleasant manner with music and many enjoyable games, and we are sure the occasion will linger in our memories as one of the most *delightful* and thoroughly *pleasing* in our experience.



## OLD HARVARD DAYS.

The last sixty years can hardly have wrought greater changes, whether superficial or radical, anywhere else but in Harvard College. In my time a student's room was remarkable chiefly for what it did not have,—for the absence of all appliances of elegance and comfort, I might almost say, of all tokens of civilization. The feather-bed—mattresses not having come into general use—was regarded as a valuable chattel; but ten dollars would have been a fair auction price for all the other contents of an average room, which were a pine bedstead, wash-stand, table, and desk, a cheap rocking-chair, and from two to four other chairs of the plainest fashion, the bed furnishing seats when more were needed. I doubt whether any fellow-student of mine owned a carpet. A second-hand furniture dealer had a few defaced and threadbare carpets, which he leased at an extravagant price to certain Southern members of the senior class; but even Southerners, though reputed to be fabulously rich, did not aspire to this luxury till the senior year. Coal was just coming into use, and hardly found its way into college. The students' rooms—several of the recitation-rooms as well—were heated by open wood-fires. Almost every room had, too, among its *transmittenda*, a cannon-ball supposed to have been derived from the arsenal, which on very cold days was heated to a red heat, and placed as a calorific radiant on a skillet, or on some extemporized metallic stand; while at other seasons it was often utilized by being rolled down stairs at such time as might most nearly bisect a proctor's night-sleep. Friction matches—according to Faraday the most useful invention of our age—were not yet. Coals were carefully buried in ashes over night to start the morning fire; while in summer, as I have elsewhere said, the evening lamp could be lighted only by the awkward, and often baffling, process of 'striking fire' with flint, steel, and tinder-box."

"The student's life was hard. Morning-prayers were in summer at six; in winter, about half an hour before sunrise in a bitterly cold chapel. Thence half of each class passes into the several recitation-rooms in the same building (University Hall), and three-quarters of an hour later the bell rang for a second set of recitations, including the remaining half of the students. Then came breakfast, which in the college commons consisted solely of coffee, hot rolls, and butter, except when the members of a mess had succeeded in pinning to the nether surface of the table, by a two-pronged fork, some slices of meat from the previous day's dinner. Between ten and twelve every student attended another recitation or a lecture. Dinner was at half past twelve—a meal not deficient in quantity, but by no means appetizing to those who had come from neat homes and well-ordered tables. There was another recitation in the afternoon, except on Saturday, then evening prayers at six, or in winter at early twilight; then the evening meal, plain as the breakfast, with tea instead of coffee, and cold bread, of the consistency of wool, for the hot rolls. After tea the dormitories rang with song and merriment till the study bell, at eight in winter, at nine in summer, sounded the curfew for fun and frolic, proclaiming dead silence throughout the college premises, under penalty of a domiciliary visit from the officer of the entry, and, in case of a serious offence, of private or public admonition.

"This was the life for five days of the week. On Sundays all the students were required to be in residence here, not excepting even those whose homes were in Boston; and all were required to attend worship twice each day at the college chapel. On Saturday alone was there permission to leave Cambridge, absence from town at any other time being a punishable offence. This weekly liberty was taken by almost every member of college, Boston being the universal resort; though seldom otherwise than on foot, the only public conveyance then being a two-horse stage-coach, which ran twice a day. But the holiday could not be in-

definitely prolonged. The students who were not present at evening prayers were obliged by law to register their names with the regent before nine o'clock, under a heavy penalty, which was seldom or never incurred; for the regent's book was kept by his freshman, who could generally be coaxed or bribed to 'take no note of time.'

"The price of board in commons was a dollar and three-quarters, or as was then the uniform expression, 'ten and sixpence.' The dining rooms were on the first floor of University Hall. College officers and graduates had a table on an elevated platform at the head of each room, and the students occupied the main floor in messes from eight to ten. The round windows opening into halls, and the shelves set in them, still remaining in some of these rooms, were designed for the convenience of waiters in bringing dishes from the kitchen in the basement. That kitchen, cooking for about two hundred persons, was the largest culinary establishment of which the New England mind then had knowledge or conception, and it attracted curious visitors from the whole surrounding country; while the students felt in a large part remunerated for coarse fare and rude service by their connection with a feeding-place that possessed what seemed to them world-wide celebrity. They were not the only dependents upon the college kitchen, but shared its viands with a half-score or more of swine, whose sties were close in the rear of the building, and with rats of abnormal size that had free quarters with the pigs. Board of a somewhat better quality was to be had at private houses for a slight advance on the college price; while two or three of the professors received select boarders at the then enormous charge of three dollars a week. This last arrangement, except when known to be peremptorily insisted on by some anxious parent, exposed a student to suspicion and unpopularity; and, if one of a professor's boarders received any college honor, it was uniformly ascribed to undue influence catered for on the one side, and exerted on the other, in consequence of this domestic arrangement.—*Harvard Reminiscence.*

## THE SUMMER SCHOOLS OF HEBREW.

None of the schools now conducted during the summer are more prosperous and popular than those of the American Institute of Hebrew under the management of Dr. W. R. Harper, of Yale University. They have been in operation eight years, and during the past summer were attended by nearly four hundred students. They are held at Newton Centre, Mass., Philadelphia, Chatanqua, N. Y., Atlanta, Ga., and Evanston, Ill. The courses are an elementary, advanced, and cognate courses, the latter including Assyrian, Arabic, Aramaic, Syriac and Ethiopic.

The work done is thorough, and one who has never studied Hebrew can learn to pronounce the language, acquire a knowledge of the most important grammatical principles, gain a vocabulary of four or five hundred words, master the first three chapters of Genesis, and thus lay a solid foundation for further work in the language and in old testament exegesis.

Dr. Harper is a leading Hebrew scholar, and is assisted in his schools by some of the best Hebrew instructors in the country. Prof. Warfield of the Seminary has attended one of the schools, and speaks of them in the highest terms.

## FRIDAY AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

It has been the custom of the College to vary the routine of class work by pleasing and instructive exercises in the Chapel on Friday evening of each week; but we have been obliged to omit them up to date, as there was no time for preparation immediately following our return to School.

Although our regular exercises have not been held, we had on Friday the 14th of September, the pleasure of welcoming Prof. Austin H. Merrill, a former Professor of the College, now having



charge of the Department of Elocution at Vanderbilt University, and listening to a most pleasing and instructive lecture from him. This lecture he occasionally interspersed with anecdotes for the purpose of illustration, and the story of the "Hanthem" was especially appreciated and enjoyed by the students. He added to his lecture several recitations which afforded all great pleasure. We regret that Prof. Merrill is located so far from us that he cannot be with us more frequently.

The exercises in the auditorium on Sept. 28th, consisted of recitations by the Sophomore Class. The participants acquitted themselves creditably, the recitations being well committed and rendered. Following is the program:

- 1 The Honored Dead.....Mr. Barwick
- 2 Scatter Germs of Kindness.....Miss Biggs
- 3 Putting up Stoves.....Miss Nelson
- 4 Lead the Way.....Mr. Crockett
- 5 What of That?.....Miss Scrivner
- 6 Tragedy of Past Participles.....Miss Stem
- Song: Sing Sweet Bird.....Miss Hyde
- 7 Manhood.....Mr. Dorsey
- 8 Mr. Beecher and the Waifs.....Miss Blandford
- 9 Brave Aunt Katy.....Miss L. Caulk
- 10 Aunt Polly's G. W.....Mr. James
- Piano: Grand Valse De Concert.....Miss Wolfes
- 11 Old Daniel Gray.....Miss I. Caulk
- 12 The Victor of Marengo.....Mr. Waesche
- 13 Poor Little Jim.....Miss Stevens
- 14 Domestic Economy.....Miss Hyde
- 15 Burglar Alarm.....Mr. G. E. Day

#### ORATORICAL CONTEST PRIZE.

Prof. A. H. Merrill, formerly of our College, but now instructor of Elocution in Vanderbilt University, has been desirous for some time of offering a prize for the oratorical contest. After consultation with the president and the discussion of several designs it has been determined to provide a laurel wreath of solid silver about 6x8 inches. This will be mounted on plush and in the center a silver plate inscribed: "Merrill Prize Oratorical Contest, Western Maryland College." On the plush background again will be set silver stars, surrounding the wreath bearing the name of the victorious society with the date when the wreath was won. These will be inserted annually. The whole will be handsomely framed and hung in the hall of the society winning the contest until it shall be won by the other society. The accepted design was made in New York and was obtained through the house of Mr. J. S. McDonald. It will be a very handsome and valuable memento and we expect the contest to be more interesting than ever as the Irving Society which is the proud possessor of the prize will strain every energy to retain it, while the Websters will never consent to let it stay there. It will probably be completed during the present month.

It must not be supposed that the ladies are forgotten. A suitable prize will be provided to be contested for by the Browning and Philomathean Societies and we confidently expect some of our friends to come forward and do as Mr. Merrill has done. The president will be glad to hear from such immediately.

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Alice V. Wilson, '78, was married Thursday, October 4th at 3 p. m., to Mr. William O. Little, of Union Bridge. The ceremony was performed in the Methodist Protestant Church and was largely attended by her friends.

N. H. Wilson, '87, is manager of the Washington Agency of The Loomis National Library Association. In connection with his duties in this office he will continue his studies at the Columbian University School of Law.

Miss Ella G. Wilson, '85, was married during the summer to Mr. Delbert Akins, of Middletown, Del.

Miss Eulatia C. Handy, '87, visited Miss Retta Dodd, '87, in July, and together they visited Miss Minnie E. Stevens, '86.

Miss Florence E. Wilson, A. M., '80, has begun the second year of her Elementary and High School at Union Bridge, with an increased roll of students. Miss Wilson spares no pains in making her school attractive and in every way successful.

Miss Edith Richards, '86, has returned to her school in Kent county where she is deservedly popular as a teacher.

Miss Beekie Boyd, '85, has charge of the High School at Hancock, Md.

Miss Carrie W. Phœbus, '88, is teaching school in Princess Anne.

B. Alfred Dumm, '86, has given up his Academy at Fawn Grove, Pa., and entered the ministry of the Methodist Protestant Church. His appointment is Barren Creek Springs.

William E. Roop, '86, has entered the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven, Conn., and will take a course in Mechanical Engineering.

Amon Burgee, '87, is Principal of the Graded School at Union Bridge.

Edwin C. Wimbrough, '88, is Principal of the Academy at Leemont, Va.

Miss Carrie L. Mourer, '87, is Assistant to Prof. C. H. Baughman, A. M., '71, at the Central Hall School in Westminster.

Miss L. Lorena Hill, '87, is teaching at Glenelg in Howard country.

Miss Laura K. Matthews, '86, having spent several months with her sister in Kenton, Ohio, has returned to her home at Bowie, Prince George county.

Miss Mollie E. Jones, '74, was prevented from delivering the Annual Essay before the Alumni Association at the last Commencement, by the death of her brother, which had occurred a short time before.

The article on the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, in Harper's Weekly of a late date, was written by Lynn R. Meekins, of the Baltimore American. Mr. Meekins is a graduate of Western Maryland College, Class of '82, and is rapidly making a name for himself in newspaper circles.—*Carroll News*.

Miss Madge Slaughter, Class of '87, of St. Louis, Mo., sailed on the steamer Belgie from San Francisco on the 29th of September for Nagoya, via Yokohama, Japan, where she expects to make her home and engage in missionary work.

Mrs. Louisa D. Hooper James, '74, died at her home at Osceola, Nebraska, June 5th, 1888.

Miss Hattie Bollinger, A. M., '81, is now stopping in New York. She expects to spend some months in travelling.

Rev. Fred. C. Klein, A. M., '80, is now on his way home from Yokohama, Japan, where he has been in the service of the Methodist Protestant Board of Missions since 1884.

Prof. DeWitt C. Ingle, A. M., '78, Principal of the Millersville Academy, Anne Arundel county, visited his Alma Mater last month. He was on his way to New Windsor, where he made an address at a picnic held in the interest of the State Temperance Alliance.

J. McD. Radford, '88, has been employed to take charge of the Freshman and Sophomore English and Elocution. Mr. Radford attended a school of elocution in Ontario, Canada, during the summer and well is qualified to discharge the duties which will demand his attention in his new position. We wish him entire success.

H. C. Stocksdales, '87, paid us a short visit upon the opening of school. We were glad to have him among us.



## QUONDAM STUDENTS.

The Baltimore American of Thursday, September 20th, says: Mr. Clarence Seabrook, of the staff of the Herald, was married last night to Miss Minnie Marsh, daughter of John Marsh, of Westminster, Carroll county. Mr. Seabrook was at Western Maryland College from '70-'77.

Mr. Cleve. Anders, '77-'78, has moved into his new dwelling on south Main street, Union Bridge. Mr. Anders' house is one of the most complete and commodious in the town, it is a beautiful building and finely located.

Leila, eldest daughter of Prof. Edward Reisler, '69-'71, and Mrs. Emma Stoner Reisler, '70-'71, is a special student in music.

Summer schools afford a very pleasant, as well as a very profitable way for teachers to spend their vacations. Our Faculty was represented at five of these institutions during the past season. Miss Rinehart was a member of the Department of Art in the School of Methods at Round Lake. Miss Britton attended lectures at the Normal School held at Asheville, N. C., under the charge of Prof. Henry L. Shepperd. Prof. Schaeffer attended the School of Pedagogics at Asbury Park, and Prof. Radford, the School of Oratory at Grimsby Park, Ontario, Canada. Prof. McDaniel was an Instructor in Dr. Sargent's School of Physical Culture, Harvard University, where his method of teaching Club Swinging met with great success.

Isaac G. Michael, of Westernport, an ex-member of the class of '89, was joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, on August 20, 1888, to Miss Etta Muhlenberg, of Grantsville. Mr. Michael is at present principal of a large school at Flintstone, Allegany county. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. M., our hearty congratulations and trust that their union may be one of long endurance and unbounded prosperity.

B. A. Dumm accompanied his sister to the institution and remained several days as a welcome visitor among his old friends.

Rev. Harry D. Mitchel, pastor at Steelton Station, Baltimore, has in course of construction a fine new church. May success attend his efforts to spread the gospel.

T. L. Whittaker spent a few days among us upon the opening of school, he having come on in company with his sister who was entering.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Myers among us again as a student and wish him a pleasant and profitable association with us.

B. W. Woolford having secured a good position in Cambridge, Md., will not return to school this year. Mr. Woolford made for himself many firm friends in this institution, and while all miss his genial presence we wish him a successful business career.

## PERSONALS.

The friends of Miss Mary B. Shellman, and she has many among the students, will be glad to learn of the distinction tendered her by the G. A. R. during its late encampment at Columbus, Ohio. We glean from the *Advocate* that she received an ovation from its members and was presented with more trophies and badges than any other lady visiting the encampment.

Mrs. Wm. Stevans, Rock Hall, visited her daughter, Miss Edith Stevans, at the College on the 24th ult.

Mr. H. L. Stone was called home on Friday, 21st ult., on account of the illness of his father. But as the latter was somewhat improved by Monday, Mr. Stone returned home.

Mr. T. J. Ward, Daisy, visited his brother at the College on the 24th ult.

Two of our students were called to mourn the loss of a parent during the vacation months—Mr. T. E. Reese, whose mother died

on the 16th of August; and Miss Iva Lowe, whose father died but a short time before the opening of school. We extend to both our sympathies, well knowing that they have sustained a loss which is irreparable.

Miss Lottie Owings, Preceptress, paid a short visit to her sister, Mrs. Stone, Mt. Pleasant, last month.

## BASE BALL.

The regular meeting of the Base Ball Association was held September 15th, with a very full attendance. The two clubs were reorganized and a large number of new students were enrolled as members of the association. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Prof. F. H. Shaeffer; Vice-President L. I. Pollitt; Manager, J. F. Harper; Secretary and Treasurer, W. M. Weller; Executive committee, Harper, Watson and Ward. The two nines have not yet been fully decided upon and cannot be completed until a trial of the different players can be had. The manager appointed as captain of the 1st nine, H. G. Watson; Vice-Captain, W. I. Mace; Captain of the 2nd nine, W. M. Weller; Vice-Captain, G. E. Waesche. There is no probability of any regular games being played this fall on account of the trouble in procuring a ground. Through the kindness of the Westminster club, the boys are permitted the use of their ground for practice every afternoon. There is every reason to believe, however, that the college will have a permanent base-ball ground in the spring and some good games may be anticipated, for the material is not wanting with which to organize a club that will do credit to the sporting fraternity of the College.

## TENNIS.

This is a subject which should not be slighted, and although most of the male sex will only give it a *coup d'oeil*, and pass on to the more engrossing news to them, nevertheless we are sure it will receive its due attention.

The club was reorganized Wednesday, September 26th, with an excellent membership and a very able corps of officers. The newly-elected officers are: President, Prof. McDaniel; vice-president, Anna L. Dodd; secretary and treasurer, A. Laura Jones, who, with Misses Heyde and Taylor, form the executive committee.

After reorganization the ground was prepared and marked out for two courts, and the schedule being arranged by the president and secretary, to prevent any confusion, we are ready to begin our series of games.

We hope that at some future time, through patience and diligent practice, to be able to challenge other clubs, but we do not intend to do so until we feel equal to the challenge.

## LIST OF NEW STUDENTS.

If we may judge of the prosperity of an institution by the number of new students enrolled, we must surely place the standard high this year, as the list is the longest ever displayed so early in the year. We take great pride in calling attention to the following list of new students enrolled to date:

Clara Elizabeth Albaugh.....	Westminster
Mary Bernard .....	Greensboro
Carrie Etta Brown.....	Westminster
Cerulia Eugenia Dumm.....	Union Bridge
Esther Anne Ebaugh.....	Baltimore
Edna Estelle Frazier.....	Sassafras
Bettie Fritchie.....	Westminster
Norma Gilbert .....	" "
Ida May Harris.....	Mt. Ephraim
Grace Etta Hering.....	Westminster
Bessie Ober Herr.....	" "
Amy Gertrude Lockard.....	" "
Ella Myrle Malehorn.....	" "
Carrie Eugenea Rinehart.....	" "



Mattie Thomas Merrick.....	Merrickton
Lelia Reisler.....	Union Bridge
Bettie Shriver.....	Avondale
Gussie Shriver.....	" "
Maud Keener Shriver.....	Westminster
Mary Kate Slaughter.....	Fort Smith, Ark
Annie Mary Thomas.....	Buckeystown
Fannie Walls.....	Ingleside
Nellie Anna Wantz.....	Westminster
Jewel Eloise Whitaker.....	Enfield, N. C
Lena Elizabeth Wolfes.....	Annapolis
Max Broughton.....	Temperanceville, Va
Frank Cassell.....	Westminster
Harry Maynard Cramer.....	Walkersville
Charles Maloy Day.....	Baltimore
John Howard Elgin.....	Westminster
Ulysses Griffith.....	Laytonsville
George Bramlett Hadley.....	La Grange, N. C
Charles Ephraim Harris.....	Mt. Ephraim
Henry Lee Hudson.....	Chincoteague Island
Frank Morcellus Hymiller.....	Westminster
Arnold Kleff.....	" "
William Hammond Leister.....	" "
Stephen Lasitter.....	La Grange, N. C
Otto Dennis McKeever.....	Big Skin Creek, W. Va
Frank Clemson Pearre.....	McKinstry's Mills
Francis Murray Phillips.....	Laurel, Del
Bernard Renshaw Powell.....	Greenbackville, Va
Edward Christopher Price .....	Centreville
Thomas Clyde Routson.....	Uniontown
Arthur Smith.....	Westminster
Swope Taylor.....	" "
Frank Thomas.....	" "
Joshua Merrill Full.....	Marion
James Pearre Wantz.....	Westminster
Ansley Lassell Whealton.....	Chincoteague Island
Louis Napoleon Whealton.....	" "
John Edward White.....	Whiton
William Edward White.....	" "

### SEMINARY ITEMS.

After a pleasant vacation of four months the majority of the students returned. Those who are here, are: Seniors, James Cody, Daniel E. Day, J. H. S. Ewell and M. E. Grant. Juniors, Wm. Anthony, L. Fisher, J. E. Grant, C. W. McAllister, C. K. McCaslin and G. A. Ogg. W. S. Phillips, of the Seniors, and J. A. Selby, of the Juniors, are expected at an early date.

G. R. Hodge who has been preaching at Middleway, W. Va., during vacation, has concluded to remain and not return to school this term.

The list of new students is as follows: R. K. Lewis, Vienna, Md.; I. F. Smith, Buckhannon, W. Va., R. T. Tyson, Bay View, Md., and L. A. Bennett, Riverton, Md.

The first Friday of the school year the Stockton Society convened and elected the following officers: President, M. E. Grant; Vice-President, Lemuel Fisher; Rec. Sec., J. H. S. Ewell; Cor. Sec., G. A. Ogg; Critic, W. S. Phillips; Treasurer, James Cody; Chaplain, D. E. Day. Reporter to the "Monthly," W. S. Phillips. Mr. Phillips not being here this month the ex-correspondent takes his place.

Our President, J. T. Ward, D. D., and Professor of Hebrew, E. A. Warfield, A. M. B. D., have been hard at work during the vacation trying to secure means for the erection of the new building. By the material scattered around and the noise of saw and hatchet, we conclude their efforts were not fruitless. The building is to be three stories high. The first floor will contain two recitation rooms. The second and third, three rooms each, with one passage in each running length of building. These rooms will be same size as those in old building and used for the accommodation of students. It joins the old building at N. E. end forming a right angle.

STOCKTON.

### COLLEGE LOCALS.

We have a full school this year, and more boys than for many years, formerly the departments have been equal, but now the boy's have the ascendancy in number.

Judging from the appearance of the front of Ward Hall, one would think that there was about to be an auction on a large scale; as the "bandana" floats from a dozen windows.

The base-ball spirit has in no wise abated, two nines have been organized, and both are promising.

The efforts of the Sophomore Class during the Summer have not been in vain; two of their number returned this Fall, their faces graced with side-boards. Did you notice them.

We have now three *days* among us, and at the present rate of increase may hope for a whole week next year.

"Tis strange, yet true, but our Seniors can study Tacitus and then *Play too*.

A certain young Soph. who we think cant live long, has a happy way of explaining why some Physiologists give 208 and some 206 bones in the body; he says he supposed the dissecting doctor must have broken some wfile cutting, and then counted both pices. Persevere young man, the science needs you.

The Seniors have started to learn German, and now the other students wish they had'nt, because there is now no rest for the lower class-man, and if they presume to ask a Senior a question, they have to run the risk of having a big piece of German thrown at them, which no son of the Rhine could tell from Assyric.

The effect of the language on some of them is very strange, e. g. One young man in chapel while speaking with the one beside him in German, finds it necessary to repeat his name after the seey, and then tell him he is present.

A young lady never speaks of a particular gentlemen friend with out speaking of him as *Herr P*——t. Another scene and we pass on.

Smith Hall corridor: I say Fannie, is it German period yet? Fannie, (sadly). No, *Sherman* has not come.

The students are now called to recitation by electric bells on the walls; our spring poet answeres their arrival in the following:

Here those bells a ringing,  
It's Lud I do declare.  
See those boy's a stringing  
Slowly down the Ward Hall stair.

Who plays Thomas cat in the hall after 10? TO BE! or not TO BE, that is the question that agitates the Faculty.

Dr. Stone, farther of H. L. Stone of '92 met with a serious accident on September 18, he was riding a colt, which threw him, and striking on his head, concussion of the brain ensued. Mr. Stone went home on Thursday but returned the following Monday reporting him better.

We regret to announce the death of Miss Iva Lowe's father, in Greenborra, Md., on the evening of the 9th instant.

Prof. Austin H. Merril, formerly Prof. of Elocution here, but now of Vanderbilt University, gave a very fine monologue reading of Esmaralda at Odd Fellows Hall, this city, on Thursday evening the 13th. He also gave an interesting lecture with recitation in the College chapel on Friday afternoon the 14th. All were pleased and glad to have him with us again.

The Owl from his nightly wanderings reports the following:

There was a man, in the Senior Class:  
And he had a girl named dum, dum,  
He hummed and hummed, and hummed and hummed  
And hummed about his dum, dum,

All day long he sat and hummed;



And sang of his dear dum, dum,  
I'm dreaming now, I'm dreaming now,  
I'm dreaming now of dum, dum.

Who dum, dum, is, we cannot say,  
We only know she's dum, dum,  
We only hope some day he'll find  
His love, his long lost dum, dum.

The "Clam Shell Class" already have distinguished themselves and are "happy in missing the point." Gut! Louis, Gut!

Any one wishing to secure Miltons Works, either prose or poetical, cheap, would do well to apply to our popular agent from Salisbury, who will furnish prices, and particulars on request. We recommend him as reliable and experienced in the business.

A few things that have not passed away:—The man who toots a cornet every night from 7 to 8 on Union St.

Pud's whistling  
James "Raven,"  
Toby's "war whoop."  
Pud's falling down.

Several of our Professors have been so voluminous in their stock of periodic jokes that the Faculty have seen fit to place bells in their rooms in order to put a check on them.

Now the "new boy," sallies forth,  
In the parlor, his fate to meet;  
All dressed up in his Sunday togs,  
The "old boy" for to beat.

At ten he marches back,  
To his room, and there to sit;  
The only thing he tells you is,  
She wouldn't talk a bit.

Prof. in Astronomy—Well, can you tell me when the day changes. Senior, I don't exactly know, but if you have reference to the days at Western Maryland College, I have been here for three years, and every one has been like the other so far, and no prospect of any change at present.

An impetuous Seminarian, thinks that placing Daniel in the lions den must have taught him a good deal of self Daniel.

One of our "brightest," thinks an optician should be in every sense of the word an i—deal man.

The grass plot in front of Ward Hall sets the ground off very well, and gives it a much neater appearance.

Irving Literary Society held its first meeting on Friday evening, September 14, when a goodly number of new students joined. An impromptu debate, reading and recitations took up the literary part of the meeting. The members have gone actively to work to prepare for their anniversary, which this year will occur on Thanksgiving. Occuring so soon after their last one, and so soon after the opening of school, it is necessary for them to do a great deal of work in order to be ready by the appointed time.

"Shorty" is despondent again, he says the girls this season all like large sashes, and as large sashes are large bows, and he is so short, he is left again.

Mr. Gr-f-th one of our new students has already proven himself to be very industrious, as he sweeps his room several times in an hour. He also has an eye to the cleanliness of Ward Hall in general, as he has been seen in the still hours of the night sweeping the halls near his room. We will state he is under the tutorage of Mr. R.—

One of the new boys was sitting at a front room window looking out with almost startling stillness and was completely absorbed, when one of his companions said. H-d-n, what are you doing? His answer was "I am enjoying the beautiful scenery; the girls." Score one more point for beauty.

#### "PARODY"

T'was Parlor night,  
The moon shone bright,  
With a luminous light  
Of mellow white.

The air redounds  
With numerous sounds,  
While the owl takes his rounds  
In the forsaken grounds.

With murmurs sweet,  
The air is replete;  
The lovers meet,  
His heart at her feet.

But her's is not,  
And he's soon forgot,  
No tender spot;  
Such is his lot.

A while does he sigh,  
But it soon passes by;  
Another is nigh,  
For her will he die.

This is ever the tale,  
It takes place without fail;  
Against coquetts you rail,  
But such is the male.

The above was accidentally discovered in one of the Lady Editor's rooms.—ED.

Miss G—of the Freshman, seems to be in doubt whether her future is before or behind her as she asked a "Senior" the bright question "is your future before you?"

Miss Britton was very much surprised in the German Class when asking Mr. P.—the question "Wann ist Ehr Geburtstag?" on receiving the answer "Ich habe keinen."

Life is now worth living—Weller.

Miss T.—of the Senior class was heard to remark that she has a pain around her heart caused by the blood flowing away leaving it too White.

Mr. H.—of the Junior class would like us to state to the world that the New Testament was originally writton in the He-brew langvage.

Mr. G-f-th, says that Atlanta is the capital of Michigan. Persevere young man, there is room at the top.

The Book-agent held the ring alone,  
Until the White man came.  
But the White man knocked him out of time,  
And got there just the same.

Messrs. Whaley and Weller spent, Friday and Saturday, the 28th and 29th, in Baltimore on business for the MONTHLY.

Yes we are out a little late this time, but this is our first issue and we worked hard, and besides the man who holds the helm of this "Ship of Staff" would go out in the country stealing apples against our earnest entreaties not to do so. Then he got chased up a tree by the farmers dog, and only rescued after much trouble, and the loss of several day's work, but we couldn't help that, and as next month it will be too cold to be chasing around the country after other peoples apples, we hope he will stay home and tend to his work better.

The Sophomore class was edified a few day's ago by hearing one of its members render, "sicarum et gladiatorum" as "villains and gladiators." We know not what a day may bring forth.

The Seniore think that it has been well said "That to trans"



late a book is like pouring honey from one vessel to another—something must always be lost.

We call the attention of our readers to our patrons in the advertising line, and would recommend the students, as far as is convenient, to patronize those who patronize us.

Mr. J. H. Baker has been in Baltimore for two weeks under the treatment of a physician for his eyes.

Mr. W.— says that he is busier now than he ever was *hitherto*.

*Correspondent*: Is it proper for a person, having received flowers from one with whom they were not acquainted, to wear them? *Answer*: Are you modest? Answer this question and we will tell you whether you *will* or not.

Subscribe to the MONTHLY.

Since the article on base ball was written, the nines having played together several times, have been chosen as follows:

1st, Nine.	Position.	2nd, Nine.
Robey,	Catcher,	Waeshe,
Stone,	Pitcher,	Weller,
Watson,	1st Base,	McKeever,
McKeever,	2nd "	Ward,
Chiswell,	3rd "	G. Day,
Mace,	shortstop	Cramer,
Harris,	Left Field,	Makinson,
Hadley,	Centre "	A. Whealton,
E. White,	Right "	Broughton,

John H. Dulaney of Baltimore returned to school on Monday, Oct. 1st.

Mr. Englar of near New Windsor, will return this year as a day student.

### A SUCCESSFUL RETORT. J. T. W.

A clergyman was once accosted by a doctor, a professed deist, who asked him "if he followed preaching to save souls."

"Yes."

"Did you ever see a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a soul?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the doctor, "there are four of the five senses against one upon the question, whether there be a soul?"

The clergyman then ask, "if he were a doctor of medicine?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a pain?"

"Yes."

"Well," then said the clergyman, there are also four senses against one, upon the question, whether there be a pain? and yet, sir, you know that there is a pain, and I know that there is a soul."

There has been a long felt necessity among the male students

of the College of having a glee club and we know of no better time to organize such a club than at the present. Two years ago there was a glee club here, composed of some fine voices and there is no doubt but that there is as good material to select from now as then. There are quite a number of good male voices which need only a little cultivation and practice, to be able to produce the latest songs in all their force. We feel assured that a move in this direction will be welcomed by all the students, for some of the boys at least show their appreciation of good music by the sweet strains that sometimes float from within the walls of Ward Hall. It is to be hoped that they will wake up to the necessity of forming a glee club and thus show that the musical talent of the College is not confined to Smith Hall alone, but is beginning to find its way on the "other side" also. We hope that the matter will not rest here but that by the next issue, we will be able to report the organization of a College glee club.

Queen Margaret College, Glasgow, is the only woman's college in Scotland. The college buildings, which cost \$60,000, were purchased by Mrs. Elder, widow of the well known Clyde ship builder, but will not be absolutely conveyed to the trustees of the college till the endowment fund reaches \$100,000.

An effort is being made to raise \$100,000 for the permanent endowment of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. Dr. Charles Waldstein, of New York, has consented to accept the position of director of the school on condition that this sum be raised before the end of July.

Oberlin College has lately come into possession of about \$113,000 from donations.

A friend has given to Bowdoin College \$1,000 for an organ, to be used in chapel service.

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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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## Western Maryland College Monthly.

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Business Manager.....W. M. WELLER.

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What profession shall I adopt? Is there a youth who has not long and seriously debated this question in his mind? And why should it be otherwise? for surely no secular question is of greater importance to him. It is a question which comes up for decision rarely more than once during his whole life, and hence upon the decision is staked, to a far greater degree than we are apt to think, the happiness or misery of an earthly existence. Wrote Shakespeare:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which taken at its tide leads on to fortune;  
Neglected, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

And to many the period for choosing a profession is this tide. Yet how different from the real tide of the sea which comes rolling in at fixed intervals with irresistible force. We have no power either to hasten or delay its approach or reflux. He who would take advantage of it must be ready to launch precisely at the moment of high tide or the opportunity is lost forever. In the selection of a profession, however, one may often hasten or retard the swelling of the tide within certain limits according to his circumstance or necessities. Still the occasion must arise and it is far better to have the mind already made up, to make one's decision calmly and without the excitement of urgent necessity.

What better time will you find for arriving at this conclusion than during the period of your stay at college?

While in the position of a student there is a feeling of security, an absence of general responsibilities resulting naturally from the pursuit of a single object, study. Whatever may be said of the "single aim," of the "one idea" it can not be denied that, considered absolutely, these are impossibilities in actual experience. A moment's thought must at once convince us that with the endless list of trades, professions and callings, and especially the innumerable host of side issues and interests which, though not requiring one's undivided attention, still demand a notice, render it impossible to concentrate the whole attention in any single direction. The student scarcely feels that these conditions exist in the college. Here in an absolute sense one may have but a single

aim. Graduation effects a radical change in all this. He is now to stand or fall upon his own individual merit and effort, and unless he has already definitely settled this course for the future, he will probably awake to the situation to discover, when too late, that he should have entered some station of life now forever closed to him. Have, then, at least a definite aim although it may be impossible to exclude all other interests. While you can look with glamour of actual engagement up through the numberless avenues opening before your eager gaze, select one which seems most congenial to your tastes, your disposition, your convictions.

The reason for such choice is plain. In that which one loves he is most apt to succeed. Work done with indifference will be poorly done; that done as duty merely for duty's sake, will be methodical, dry. But let one love his profession, find in it his highest delight, then what was drudgery becomes pleasure and there will result the freedom of action and elasticity of spirit necessary to the realization of anything truly excellent. Listen to the suggestions of your inner nature; obey your conscience and let that be well trained and inspired by the wisdom of God and you will scarcely err in this decision upon which hang so many glorious possibilities.

We have noticed during the past month two things which should be corrected. The first of these is the habit on the part of certain boys of throwing water from the windows. What pleasure there is in this sort of actions we are unable to see. If the gentlemen who persist in this cowardly amusement will muster sufficient pluck to be open and not run and even deny it, then we haven't any more to say. The second thing we desire to call attention too is the condition of our building. One would not think, after walking through our halls that the occupants cared much about appearances for it is a rare thing that the halls are free from apple cores, chestnut hulls and sticks of wood and boxes to kick down the steps to see if the professors are in their rooms. The servant does his duty and if the boys in turn will do theirs, we think we can present a neater building and will not be ashamed for our friends to visit us. A word to the wise is sufficient.

What is the matter with our students? Why have they not manifested more interest in their journal, the Monthly? This is a problem which those who work for the interest and success of the paper have failed to solve. There is, however, one thing of which we are sure, that unless the students do take more interest in their paper that it is impossible for it to be carried on in the most successful manner. They seem to have lost sight of the fact that it costs money to publish a paper. They may perhaps, be reminded of this, when the societies are called upon to meet a bill of no small amount. We hope for better things, but unless matters change, we expect worse. There are only two ways by which a paper can support itself. From the income of its advertisements and subscription list it must live or cease to be self-supporting and seek some other source of revenue. Our paper ought to be self-



supporting and can be, if the students will do their duty. Every one here has friends who feel sufficient interest in them to subscribe for *their* paper if requested and the reason they do not, is because they have never been asked. We cannot rely upon the support of former students or even graduates for they appear to manifest the least interest. Therefore, it is to a certain degree, from the students' efforts or from his pocket that we look for support. The business manager has performed his duty in every respect and financial failure can not be attributed to him. Another matter which should not be overlooked is the advantage which the paper offers in the literary line. We are glad to say that a number of the students have already shown their willingness to the editors in making the paper interesting and instructive, and we can assure all that their contributions will receive due notice.

Our Y. M. C. A. is better prepared to do effective work this year than ever before. Through the kindness of the President of the College, a room has been set apart and fitted up for the exclusive use of the Association.

The newly elected officers have entered upon their several duties with an earnestness that will, in time, reap rich rewards. They seem to realize that there is a great work for them to do and a responsibility resting upon them which is of no little moment.

The good a Christian Association does in a college is immeasurable. It causes the students who are striving to do right to think more of their duty to those around them, and also to their Maker. The benefit is not only confined to the Christians students; but its influence extends throughout the institution and is felt by every member of the school. It throws an influence for good around those who are not striving to do right and causes them to think more seriously of their sinful actions than they otherwise would do. In this way the whole school is benefited individually and the morality of the school as a whole is raised.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Club Swinging By Notes; A Method of Recording and Teaching Club Swings." By W. R. McDaniel, A. M., Baltimore Press of Isaac Friedenwald.

The *Baltimore American* of Oct. 18, says:—Mr. McDaniel is professor of mathematics and of light gymnastics in the Western Maryland College, at Westminster. He has given particular attention to gymnastics, and has utilized his knowledge of mathematics and music by inventing this remarkably novel and ingenious method of teaching classes to swing a series of movements in unison and to a musical accompaniment. At first sight this would seem to be inevitably involved and difficult to understand, but a closer examination shows that its simplicity is its greatest charm. So important is the method that it was introduced at Harvard during the past summer, and we predict for it a general acceptance in all the large institutions where gymnastics are used. It makes instruction in club swinging—than which there is no better exercise—a pleasure instead of a drudgery, and it is so clear and useful that the wonder is that it was not invented before. Mr. McDaniel explains the whole system lucidly and concisely, and the excellent illustrations bear out the text most admirably. It is a work that all educators should possess; and everyone who exercises with the clubs will find it of decided value.

#### DR. WARD'S COLUMN.

When all the students in the class have failed to answer a

question satisfactorily, and the teacher then states what would have been a satisfactory answer, several of them are ready to say, "Why, that is exactly what I thought I answered—what I intended to answer." Yes, but then it is exactly what they did not answer, and for the reason that they did not know it; else, where would have been the occasion of the teacher's words? Can the teacher tell better than oneself what one intended to say? Well, it seems so to some students. But others admit that when they really know a lesson they have no difficulty in convincing the teacher that they do know it, and no need of having him to tell them the answer they meant to give.

That some young people are wiser and better than some old people, may be true; but this does not invalidate the statement that it is fair to presume that, as a rule, old people who have passed their years under circumstances of advantage about equal to those of young people, ought to be both wiser and better, and therefore worthy to be looked up to by young people for counsel and advice. It is also true that there are some young people who think themselves wiser and better to-day than they will think they were when their to-day becomes their to-morrow. Neither age nor youth can lay claim to all wisdom; but if experience is worth nothing, it would be as well to leave the old folks out. Would wise young folks agree to that?

Solomon wrote long ago that "much study is a weariness of the flesh," and the experience of the ages confirms the truth of the text; but it is doubtful whether the flesh of many students of modern times is wearied in this way. There are occasional instances in which the word of warning not to study too much may be in place, and even very urgently important. I have known cases of the kind, and witnessed sad results from failure to take the warning. As a rule, however, students need to be urged to diligence in study, the tendency of the majority being to neglect, sometimes only of particular studies, but often of all studies. "The two greatest evils I have to contend with," said Dr. Samuel Johnson, "are sin and sloth." A great many young people while at school are often affected, (I will not say afflicted) with a disease which they call "indisposition," frequently assigned as a reason for not having good lessons. The real disease, (the name of which is—well, say "Spring fever" that comes however at all seasons of the year, to keep from saying "laziness," is seldom acknowledged, although very marked in its symptoms and developments.

What is called absence of mind is in one sense really presence of mind—presence in the wrong place. It is not forgetfulness of every thing, but of some particular thing: usually of the very particular thing that is most important at the time. The young man who lost sight of the appointed hour for his marriage, had not quite lost his mind, but he had it in the wrong place, for he was very busy—fishing; and but for the accommodating spirit of the lady he loved, who forgave him and agreed to set another time which he kept to the minute, he would perhaps have died an old bachelor.

A student who says, "I missed getting a good grade last term, and don't intend to try for a better one next term," is about as wise as a farmer who because his crop was poor last year concludes to take no pains in ploughing, harrowing or sowing for next year's crop. Whether it was the student's fault or misfortune that he did not get a good grade, he is not justifiable in taking the position that he will not try for one. If it was his fault, he ought to try harder; and if, as he is apt to think, he did not get the grade he deserved, he is very unwise in thinking himself the best judge in the case, and therefore discarding the decision of his examiners. Besides, a good student should think more of the knowledge acquired than of the grade alone. We laugh at the mistakes of others; but we have cause to ery over some that we make ourselves:



A bright little five-year-old boy, having observed that folks called the man who controlled things about a building that was in course of erection near his home, the *boss*, surprised me with the question, "Isn't God the boss of heaven?" and when I said, "Well, yes, I suppose we might call Him so," the little philosopher added, "And I guess He's the *boss of all the worlds*." It would be well for all to acknowledge the sovereign right of Him who made and preserves us, to govern and direct us in all things.

Thousands of books and papers that attract attention simply because they have been recently printed, are really less worthy of attention than others that were published long ago. I have known young persons who were much distressed because they had not the means to possess themselves of the latest periodicals, when their family book-shelves were filled with most valuable works of which these same young persons knew nothing, except that they were "in the house ever since they could remember."

Some one having remarked, concerning Sir Isaac Newton, that his wonderful sagacity and discoveries indicated that he must have had intercourse with a *demon*, a shrewd man present replied, "Well, he had; and I can tell you the name of the demon: it was none other than *demon-stration*." The pun in this reply reminds us of one attributed to the celebrated Charles Lamb, in answer to the question, "Which of the *acids* do you consider the best?" "*Assid-uity*," said Lamb.

Pie-day and parlor-night will doubtless be popular so long as they are occasional; but pie every day and parlor every night would hardly do; the boys and girls would say: "Too much of a good thing: let us have a little change." Who was it that wrote

"Variety 's the very spice of life  
That gives it all its flavor?"

There are things however that are desirable all the time; such for instance as bread and water, good counsel and sound principles.

Young Mr. D. couldn't understand what I meant by saying, that I *filed* letters and papers; and when I talked of putting them *on file* he was still more bewildered, and asked, "How in the world was it done?" But he came to see at last that it was not done with a file, and he was so much relieved that he said with a smile, "I wonder that I did not see it all the while." What a pity!

When Dr. Franklin said "Time is money," I suppose he meant that by employing it diligently to that end one might acquire money, while idlers would never do so. In the same sense we may say, "Time is knowledge," and even, "Time is salvation;" because by a proper use of it knowledge, and even salvation may be secured. If a person should be found throwing away gold, or silver, or gems, he would be set down as a fool. How then can we regard any one as wise who squanders away time by idleness, or by indifference to a proper use of it? A so-called student who does not improve his time is just as sure to fail of gaining knowledge, as a man who will not work with skill fail of acquiring wealth or even competency.

#### A NEW YORK LETTER.

Who does not contemplate with intense delight a first visit to New York City! At New Haven, Conn., we purchased steamboat tickets stamped with the magic word, New Haven to New York. Although Connecticut shores and Long Island banks present nature in royal attire, we are somewhat obtuse to such beauties just now—we are voyaging towards New York! On the waters float countless sailing vessels, sometimes more than half a hundred beautify the perspective with their pretty white sails, but may we not be pardoned if surrounding scenery fails to charm—we are approaching the great, far-famed city of New York! A sail down the East River is a not unfitting preface to a visit to the

vast metropolis. After sailing fully eight miles with panoramic views on the east of Long Island City and Brooklyn and on the west of New York City, one lands already imbued with the greatness of the municipalities in that locality.

After taking a glimpse of the business portion of the city, we retreat to Central Park and there spend the first day of sight seeing. Central Park begins five miles north of New York Bay and the Battery, but its name is appropriate nevertheless, as the city extends eleven miles further north. Here are eight hundred and forty acres of land, mostly covered with large trees and shrubbery, containing many fine drives, bridle paths and walks. Engineers and landscape gardeners have performed their part so skillfully and often so slyly that the visitor is one minute admiring the artistic designs of their bridges, archways, vine covered arbors, green lawns, avenues of trees, while the next minute he is studying a bit of scenery puzzled to know if nature's own sweet will or the gardner's will wrought the delightful scene. The Metropolitan Museum of Art was not open to visitors, being closed for repairs. Among the entertaining features of the Park is its Menagerie. One of the chief attractions is two hippopotami. It is a curious sight indeed to watch these two inhabitants of the Nile wandering about in their watery home, sometimes holding above the surface their ponderous heads. There are also three elephants, two camels, a dromedary, several lions, a tiger, a panther, a leopard, wildcats, buffaloes, deer, elk and many other animals, making altogether a fair collection. Eighteen alligators in a small enclosure give an idea of scenes along Florida streams. There is also a fine variety of birds and fowls. We make a pilgrimage to the obelisk, interesting, not as an object of beauty particularly, but on account of the associations connected therewith. Among the statues in Central Parke are William Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Fitz Green Halleck, Prof. S. F. B. Morse, and there is a bust of Humbolt, one of Beethoven and one of Schiller. Bethesda Fountain, the Esplanade, the Terrace and the surrounding landscape afford the choicest scenery of the Park; and we reflect with pleasure that this scene perhaps equals some of the famous views in the old world parks.

Separated from Central Park by 8th avenue, is Manhattan Square, a small park of about fifteen acres in which is the very interesting American Museum of Natural History. An exhibition not seen in other museums of this kind, is a great collection of North American woods. Each specie is represented by a portion of its trunk, three or four feet in height and varying in diameter from six inches to five feet. Also specially noticeable on the first floor is a collection of eared seals, common seals and several elephant seals. In the second-story hall are ten thousand mounted birds. In the archaeological department are Indian dresses, weapons and pottery; implements from the Pacific Islands; war clubs, spears and lances. The library of the museum contains twelve thousand volumes. We desist from further details as these descriptions of sights about the great city must necessarily be brief.

I suppose no visitor tarries long in New York without taking a ride over one of the elevated railways. One day we ascend to the station on 58th street, near Central Park, purchase tickets, enter a cosy little car, for twenty-nine minutes ride serenely above the moil and turmoil of the streets, then step out at Battery Park in which is located the United States Barge Office and Castle Garden. During a short visit to Castle Garden two affecting scenes are witnessed; the one, of extreme joy, the other, of deep sorrow. A father and son, presumably, meet, embrace heartily, and depart with beaming countenances; a few minutes later the piteous weeping of a girl is heard, a friend is apparently relating sad news, perhaps the death of one who is dear.

Going up Broadway we turn down the narrow street of financial fame, Wall street, view the great buildings on either side,



read the glittering signs of bankers and brokers and reaching the Stock Exchange, we enter. I, who never had visited an exchange, ascend the stairs to the visitors' gallery with eager haste, picturing a scene very similar to those of the Congressional sessions; with some surprise then I look down over more than five hundred members moving about the room, some walking leisurely, some, very excitedly, everybody talking aloud, a few calling the names of stocks and bonds, and one member energetically shouting something in which we distinguish the word St. Paul. There are one thousand and one hundred members and the value of the daily transactions is several millions of dollars.

Just east of the United States Sub-Treasury, Wall street, we find the Assay Office. The various processes of refining gold and silver are explained by a guide. In a vault are many shining rows of commercial bar, the value of each bar is from five thousand to eight thousand dollars. The wide awake workman in charge of the hydraulic press shows us cakes of pure silver which he calls his "cheese cakes," then he exhibits his "wedding cakes"—six or seven cakes of gold in process of drying, each valued at from twenty-five to twenty-eight thousand dollars.

HATTIE BOLLINGER.

### ALL THE RIVERS FLOW INTO THE SEA.

The day dawns, the sun rises, passes over the earth in His accustomed march, and disappears. The shadows thicken, the tapers of night are lit in the vault of heaven, and for a period grow brighter and cast their gleams far out among the spheres of the universe and beyond into the great unknown soon burn lower and morn returns: the circuit of the day is completed. Day after day, year after year, and century after century, the phenomenon is repeated with unvarying certainty and persistency. The centuries seem to come and go with the same regularity and to join themselves, link by link, to the chain of the past. There they stand out, each in its eternal and immutable place, in the long series of ages. The tread of time is ever dying in the silent past while the noiseless future steals in even before its presence is suspected. Thus have the ages become a part of the past, one after another in endless succession. But as the years pass, each in the same stated way, they are ever producing change. Man and that by which he is surrounded is ever becoming other, different. The world of to-day is not the world of yesterday. Transformations have been wrought in the great system of the Creator's handiwork. Nature and art are ever alive and doing; and while the latter, in the amount it does, may fluctuate with the will of man, the former never does, never sleeps, but is obedient to the laws of the universe, and as unchangeable, in human conception, even as the will of God. Nature's changes are forever the same in so far as they are established laws, but are not fixed quantities for herein comes man and art and the various modifications which they bring about in human affairs that tend to alter nature's relation to man.

From small beginnings issue great results; indeed, the tendency of everything is from insignificance and obscurity to growth, expansion, and prominence. Men and nations, with all the influence, passions, and desires, which characterize and actuate them, conform to this unvarying principle. From cause, often enveloped in obscurity, must come effect. Indeed human history is nothing but one ceaseless flow of cause into effect and effect into cause. There is nothing but which is consequent. Man himself is but the consequent of a vast tangle of antecedents in all time before. Nature, in the manifold phases in which it is presented, is ever changing, and while obedient to its unchangeable laws, yet under the influences of its works, is ever appearing different. Let one pause for a moment and reflect upon his surroundings, upon everything in fact which in anyway affects him. For shall the human mind be satisfied in simply knowing that anything is so without demanding some cause or explanation why it is thus? Shall the

cravings for information be satisfied by that which is present, in time and in place, and extend to nothing further and beyond? Why such an advanced state of civilization now exists or why so much skill and wisdom is exemplified in the organizations of governments to-day, above that manifested in remoter times, demands consideration. There is a reason why men have become enlightened, there are causes which christianity point out as having produced its great spread and development, there are underlying causes and influences of which every action of man is the result. Origin is first necessary, then will inevitably come the growth and result. The enlightened world is to-day composed of many nations, Rome was their source, the river which broadened to form the great civilized sea of to-day. Taking France as one of the component parts of this great sea let us trace it to its source, Rome.

On the banks of the *flavi Tiberis*, seven and a half centuries before the christian era, began a career the influence of which should never die. Gradually the sun of Roman glory rose until it reached its zenith in the Augustan Age, and the day closed with a red sunset in 476. But the day of its glory had not been one without its influence; for while the twilight shadows began to fall on Rome the sun which had set for her forever was destined to rise, after the intellectual night of the Dark Ages, above the horizon, as it were, of a new world.

By one bold exercise of the imagination let one place himself within the vestibule of Mediaeval time. Above the lintel of the door he enters is written in blood-red letters the date, 476. This vestibule is long—three centuries lie between its doorway and the massive portal of the temple proper yonder, on which flames forth, in letters of gilt, the date 800. Here in this ante-chamber the twilight deepens; a side light radiates fitfully here and there, but the way is mainly illumined by the rays that issue, the one from a red sunset behind, the other from a rising moon in front—the ensanguined light that lingers in the wake of Rome that was, the ruddy gold that parts the clouds where France shall be. One glance, then, at this flickering sunset sky of Rome the embers of which will light many a watch fire of the future, and the direction must be faced about and threaded, as best it may, along this dim vestibule of the twilight age, by such radiance as glimmers from a moon struggling through gathering clouds ahead.

The great river of the Roman empire had not disappeared: the whirlpools that had arisen in it were only making it dash on more madly, so to speak, causing it to overflow and, after the lapse of the Middle Ages, to form the European sea, composed of France and its contemporaries. In this age of turbulence stand out prominently Clovis, Charlemagne, and Hugh Capet, trying to calm the agitated waves, which is finally accomplished after the last embers of Rome have died out and another aged has dawned. And we may fancy the stern face of the Genius of History, as she stands upon some Alpine summit between France and Italy, exclaiming, with one hand towards the south, "Go! thou imperial Rome; take thy place among the deeds which have been done and die as such deeds must. Imperishable fact among the facts of history, recede now into the past, thy future dwelling place!" And with the other hand to the north say, "Welcome, thou infant France, born from the death of Rome."

It is needless to interject a word of tribute to that glorious Rome, for it only yielded to the inevitable, it was only the cause of a greater result. In one sense it still lives with transmigrated life. And but for Rome, that stupendous concrete of wealth and culture and intellect of eighteen centuries ago, it had not been the same with us to-day. This Rome, vastly differing from that other Rome that was extinguished, died only with such death as good things have—a death that is transition—and in dying bequeathed her rich arterial blood to all ages. Rome may be stigmatized as having been cruel, despotic, and the like, but the influence which she wields upon posterity is inestimable. And while her glories



cover well her guilt and her graces her shame, the world has gained from her priceless gains and luminous examples, but at the same time enduring warnings. The course of Roman influence has been long, powerful, and often turbulent in its effects. Nations and even continents have been moved and swayed by its power. What it accomplished in the formation of France only fitly illustrates what it did in the formation of other European nations and their offsprings. The life giving blood which it infused into the veins of France it infused equally into all others. But the growth and development of nations is only one of the great number of apt examples of cause to effect, small origins to great and even unthought of results, which are manifested in every phase of life, in everything that affects man, sensibly or insensibly, visibly or otherwise. Man's thoughts, actions, and propensities, form a continuous stream of antecedents which is ever pouring into the sea of consequents. The little spark kindled in some remote age has become a mighty flame. Men are constantly giving thoughts to the world the import of which can only be known to others who receive and act upon them probably long after their original conception. The thoughts of one person are always suggestive to others, premises from which they go forward to other thoughts and conclusions. The ancients had some conception of the nature of the universe, very misty in most respects, nevertheless serving as data to Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, successively, to build upon and develop until the true nature of the universe and the many complex laws governing it were established, no longer a theory, but demonstrated beyond doubt or contradiction. Des Cartes gave a new system of mathematics to the world which was the result of years of patient labor and investigation and which is the great basis of mathematical astronomy, yet his labors were only a continuation of the labors of others which had been carried on from century to century until ripe for some great genius to develop. However, it is not with a view to detracting from the immortal names which these men have deservedly won for themselves—that is impossible; for they stand out as great central figures, as luminaries, in their respective ages and even in all time, and however much the sciences, which exist as the results of their labors, may be further developed by future generations, it will not tend to pale the lustre of their fame—but only to show the rise and progress of the sciences in which they won their fame that these land marks in the scientific field are cited with the foundations which they had to build upon and the structures which they erected upon them. But such examples are not confined to science alone: the world is full of little streams of human causes which perhaps may have been existing and flowing through the ages without visible notice, only waiting, however, for some great genius of his day to expand them suddenly into a vast sea, as it were, of effect.

But possibly the most prominent examples of where great changes have been wrought and revolutions brought about are to be met with among those who have been the instruments in causing religious reforms. Four hundred years ago the fires of fanaticism were still burning. They had been burning through the starless night of ten long centuries, and still every circumstance seemed only to add fuel to the flames. But the ruler of the universe should raise up one who was destined to quench them. Martin Luther was that one, and he, by inaugurating the German Reformation, possibly more than any other, has caused the world to be what it is to-day. His influence still sways men and nations. His great soul still sounds the trumpet notes of the truth which in all the slow, sad and gloomy ages before had never been heard above clash and turmoil, and those notes now ring as joy-bells in our glorious nineteenth century. The little spark which he kindled four hundred years ago causes us of to-day to see new visions, to hear new voices; those visions which open to us from the summits of our highest resolve, our highest endeavor, our most painful

abnegation; those voices which lay on us most strenuous commands, and whisper to us, in secret chambers of our beleaguered souls, words of conviction, of courage and of cheer.

Truly the course of human events is from insignificance to prominence, from weakness to might, from the little rivulet to the mighty ocean. There are constantly being entertained ideas here, thoughts there, which shall one day be of power in their effects. Every aim of man, be it good or bad, is of significance in that there are always others to entertain and adopt it. Every purpose, desire and inclination which enters into the breast of man has a power; for everyone, in a greater or less degree, has an imitator. All of us, by our resolves, actions and deeds, are sending forth an influence which will survive us.

From yonder mountain comes forth a little trickling stream, running along down its sides until the valley is reached; then it broadens, and flows onward and onward, now made turbulent by rocks and falls, now augmented by other streams coming into it, until at length it flows into the sea. All the rivers flow into the sea.

#### An Allegory—Introducing Some Dwellers in the Land of Mind.

One bright morning, as I was passing along the great highway, which crosses the land of "Mind," I espied a snowy cottage situated in a groop of trees. Everything surrounding the neat residence betokened carefulness and thrift. The velvety lawn was gay with flowering shrubs and singing birds. Within the open doorway, was seated a comely matron spinning and singing merrily. As I was hesitating to disturb the pleasant picture a short, strong figure came briskly towards me, bearing some laboring implements on his shoulders. Perceiving me, he paused, and coolly surveying me for a few moments, abruptly exclaimed; "I am Labor, who are you?" I informed him my name, and present occupation of traveller in the land of "Mind." With a queer little nod, he dropped his burden and offered to conduct me to Mistress Diligence, the smiling dame at the wheel. Accepting his guidance, I followed him to the cottage. Sitting beside the matron was a bright-eyed child, whom Labor informed me was Contentment. Prosperity smiled in at a window. Diligence was so busily employed, she did not notice our approach and we passed into the interior, which was wonderfully cheerful and inviting. Neatness and Happiness were seated near, weaving garlands of roses. Very much pleased with Diligence, her abode and attendants, and resolving to cultivate her acquaintance at a future date, I turned to continue my journey, when Labor, pointing to the faint outline of another dwelling, suggested that I should visit Idleness, the enemy of Diligence. Accordingly we started, and after a short walk, reached a dilapidated hovel surrounded by a wilderness of weeds and long rank grasses. The broken gate and overgrown garden bespoke the character of the owner. As we approached the uninviting dwelling, my guide suddenly paused, and with a smile, intimated that he could proceed no further within the territory of his natural foe, and that I must pursue my investigations alone. Approaching the door, hanging by a rusty hinge, I stepped softly across the threshold and glanced around the low apartment. A few rickety chairs and tables comprised the furniture, while on a pile of straw, was seated Idleness, his long, unkempt hair falling over his begrimed countenance, and his garments so tattered and soiled that neither their original color nor texture could be ascertained. By his side stood the thief, Procrastination, who flattered while he robbed him of the only wealth in his possession the golden coins of Time. Mischievous, whose cunning eye and malicious smile betokened her character, stood near her parent, Idleness, waiting to fulfil his instructions. Vice, "A monster of frightful mien" and his attendant, Crime, could be seen through the sashless window, constructing something that had very much the appearance of a scaffold.



It was with a feeling of relief that I turned from this unpleasant scene, and departing from the inhospitable dwelling, endeavored to shake off the feeling of sloth, which I recognized as the chain with which Idleness binds his victims. Reaching the highway, I paused to consider what course I should next pursue, and perceiving a youth in the dress of a shepherd approaching, I joined him and we fell in an amicable conversation. As the sun was quite warm we pleasantly sat down under the shade of a large oak. Scarcely had we seated ourselves upon its mossy trunk and admired the exceeding beauty of the landscape, when the sound of many feet and the clash of symbols reach our ear and towards us came a great and brilliant cortege. My companion explained the company embraced the followers of Truth, who was leading them. As they advanced, I noticed that each one bore himself erect, with a fearless step, and that the leader was a beautiful and stately matron, clothed in a robe so white and pure that it glistened like snowflakes in sunshine. Her countenance was calm and exalted, and in her hand she carried a golden sword, the hilt encrusted with jewels, and so bright that as she moved, its rays flashed over the whole band. I knew at once that she was Truth. By her side, with a firm and dignified tread, walked a tall, white-haired old man, noble-looking and grand. Then came Happiness (whom I remembered to have seen in the cottage of Diligence), clad in a rose-colored robe, garlands of dew-gemmed flowers upon her golden hair, and bearing a basket, from which she scattered roses and lilies. Her eyes shone like stars and her lips were wreathed with smiles, while from her graceful form a glory seemed to emanate. The venerable patriarch, my companion informed me, was Honor, the sire of Truth. We followed them a few paces, when, to our surprise, we perceived another company approaching from the opposite direction. Who, pray, are these? "I asked. The shepherd, smiling at my ignorance, replied, "You now see Falsehood, the bitterest enemy of Truth and her followers." We withdrew to the shelter of some overhanging boughs and in a few moments I saw Falsehood, presenting a very attractive appearance to a careless observer, with her gay robes, painted face, alluring smiles and seductive voice. She carried a potion with which she softened the pangs of Conscience, and retained her votaries. Near her, in dark, sad-colored robes, came her sister, Regret, whom Falsehood hated, as the tears and sighs of Regret had oftentimes thinned the ranks of her followers. Her two ablest assistants, Cowardice, shrinking and trembling at every sound, and Shame, with covered face, were nearly concealed by her flowing robes.

I noticed that each wore a haunted, frightened look, but attempted to conceal it by simulating confidence. As they passed the worshippers of Truth, she stretched out her sword, which seemed to blaze with scorn, toward her enemy, who hurried by, her face dark with rage and hate.

As we continued our walk, we were met by a lovely little maiden, whom the shepherd called Innocence, and a beautiful being, almost wholly enveloped in a soft, sweeping cloak. The blushes suffusing her fair cheeks and the shy, drooping eyes proclaimed her at once to be the "sweet maid, Modesty." Close beside her walked Respect, with grave, dignified demeanor, and tender Affection. While I was contemplating the pretty group Innocence drew my attention to Assurance, whose bold black eyes and scornful mien justified her cognomen, as did her attendants, Vanity, with her fine feathers and mincing air; Pride, with lowering brow, and Self-Conceit, with a tablet, on which was inscribed his own virtues and exploits, and to which he was constantly referring.

We watched them, until a bend in the road shut them from our view, then the shepherd bid me, "Adieu," and I wended my way slowly homeward, well-pleased with my "sight-seeing" in the "Land of Mind," and firmly resolved to worship Truth, despise Falsehood, and cultivate Diligence and abhor Idleness.

### AN AUTUMN DREAM.

'Twas on a hazy autumn day  
I lay me down to rest,  
And soon my mind had wandered off  
To the realms of the blest.

Methought I was in some fair isle,  
Removed from all earth's care,  
Where purest strains of music sweet  
Were wafted on the air.

It seemed as though with rare perfume,  
The balmy air was filled,  
Ambrosial perfume not by men,  
But by the gods distilled.

How long I know not thus I lay,  
Entranced with delight,  
When o'er my vision, suddenly,  
There rose a glorious sight.

A lovely maiden I beheld,  
A sylph extremely fair,  
Her face displayed most charmingly  
A mind of wisdom rare.

'Twas not a daughter of the earth  
For she celestial seemed,  
All purity and truth from her  
In full effulgence streamed.

What fervent language shall I use  
To speak her praises then,  
Too feeble far were Shakespeare's mind  
Or Milton's glowing pen.

Could I the language of the gods  
To human service bring,  
I'd then break forth in rapturous strains  
Her praise to fitly sing.

She spoke, nor could Aeolian harp  
To me sound half so sweet,  
For 't was my own unworthy name  
This being deigned to speak.

She beckoned, and I followed on  
Through fields of waving flowers,  
By smiling rills, o'er babbling brooks,  
Neath vast extended bowers.

What though with thorns my flesh was pierced,  
My feet were bruised and sore,  
When fields of knowledge round me spread,  
And Wisdom moved before?

Urged on by sweet alluring smiles  
To overtake her then,  
I roused my failing powers for  
Renewed endeavors, when—

I woke, to find my bed bestrown  
With books of divers kinds,  
Books whose contents are enough  
To tax the strongest minds.

Celestial Wisdom, Guide to God!  
Oh! may I thee possess,  
Break thou the bonds of ignorance  
That cause me such distress.

Cast off the shackles from my mind



And set my spirit free,  
From darkness gross Oh! lead me forth  
To light and liberty.

B. B. J.

### E. P. ROE AND HIS WRITINGS.

The character of Edward Payson Roe is finely delineated in an autobiographical sketch under the title of "A Native Author Called Roe," which appeared in Lippincott's Magazine for October. This article can be perused by the most eager critic, but not a single allusion to self-commendation can be found. On the other hand, many instances of his weakness are referred to—both in life and in his productions. In early boyhood he was modest and pious; these propensities characterized him throughout his whole life. He received instruction in Williams College, and after a few years intermission, on account of the weakness of his eyes, entered Auburn Theological Seminary. While here the patriotic spirit, which had been latent to a great degree, showed itself, and Roe went forth as chaplain in the army. Here his influence was beneficial to an astonishing degree. He was in the battle of Fredericksburg, and after that disastrous battle had ended employed his energy and talent in administering to the wants of his heroic and dying comrades. His true courage was never daunted. Soon after this occurrence he resigned his position, that he might pursue his studies, but as his regiment would get no other chaplain, resumed his duties with increased ardor and—soon—possessions, as he obtained his better half, Miss Sands, during his leave of absence. Soon after this he was appointed to new quarters, near Fortress Monroe. This seemed to be the nucleus of the dead and dying, for all the time of himself and wife was employed in attending the dying and burying the dead. In his own words he says: "One day I buried as many as twenty-nine men. Every evening, till the duty became like a nightmare, I followed the dead cart, filled up with coffins, once, twice, and often thrice, to the cemetery."

While stationed here, in order to break the monotony of everyday occurrences and to appease his desires, he utilized the arable ground which hitherto had been of no value, by raising small fruits and vegetables. This is another incident which shows the untiring energy of the man. But this was not all, for, in a short while after appealing to the sympathies of the people, he had donated to him for distribution among his disabled patients three thousand volumes of excellent books containing the standard authors of the day. As soon as the blessed era of peace began, he resigned his office and entered the ministry. Notice the many vicissitudes in his career, and if you can refrain from admiring the noble virtues of his life then you are lacking in appreciation. His whole career seems to be an ascending series of deeds worthy of laudation. In whatever pursuit he entered, the confidence of the people was soon obtained, and never was this trust ill used, for his success is to a great degree owing to the co-operation of the people. He was unassuming, and a more ingenuous man was difficult to find. After being engaged a few years in pastoral work he entered the field of literature, to win for himself a name revered for his modesty and admired for his interesting productions. In this field he was successful, and if we judge his success by the remuneration which he received, he was unusually successful. But in this day of peculiarities the remuneration goes to prove more the sensation which an author produces than the literary merit of his works. Rider Haggard and Amélie Rives, who seems to be the present sensationalist, and of whom Roe was an admirer, as he said "she is a young woman of extraordinary powers, but she needs curbing and training," demand more for their respective works than Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose productions have never been surpassed, if equaled, in America.

Roe's works might be called religious fiction, for they come

under the category of novels, and, while sensational, they are permeated with a high moral tone. He did not have the power of delineation which characterizes the writing of George Elliott, but the many shifting scenes of his life, and his close observance of the manners of those whom he especially studied—the working class—gave him power to portray in a simple and interesting manner their peculiar characteristics and defects. Another peculiar feature of his novels is that the subject of each was suggested either by some topical occurrence or by some remarkable freak of nature. His first production was "Barriers Burned Away," a story of the disastrous fire of Chicago. This novel is intensely interesting, and contains several life-like characters, although the writer thinks Dennis is considerably overdrawn. Tom Tulliver, in "Mill on the Floss," is much better delineated. His first book contains the natural defects of any writer, and some critic says that "the story is absolutely nauseating." But the defects by this Fadladeen are overrated. The writer confides in the praise of Julian Hawthorn et al. rather than in the unjust criticism, which is "nauseating" rather than the book. His next novel, "Opening a Chestnut Burr," is a story of an urbane young man forsaken by his loved one, who moved into the country, and its results. This book can be frequently found among our Sunday school libraries, and it is among his best. In each of his books the romance of love is predominant, and of course this adds to the interest. "A Face Illumined" contains some astonishing things, which are said by the author to be true. His description of the one who bore this face is as follows: "My first impression was one of marvelous beauty, followed by a sense of dissatisfaction. Each feature analyzed seemed perfection, yet the general effect was a mocking, ill-kept promise. She giggled and flirted through the sublime symphony." No wonder she is considered a modern Undine. Roe was a somewhat voluminous writer, and it is impossible to give a full description of all, or even of any, of his works. Those which the writer considers to be his best productions will be briefly noticed. He was not only a writer of fiction, but many interesting articles concerning horticulture came from his pen. He was a close student of nature, and his novel "Near to Nature's Heart" to a certain degree portrays his ability in this line, as does "Nature's Serial Story," in which he "idealizes" his father and mother. It is said that it was his intention to visit California and make Santa Barbara the scene of a sequel to the last named book, and it is a pity he never accomplished his purpose. Everyone remembers the terrible Charleston earthquake, and from this Roe received an idea, and "The Earth Trembled" was the reality of that idea.

This book while not as thrilling as some others yet it gives a clear idea of the intense agony and suffering that was endured during that awful epochs. His novel which has received the most criticism perhaps is one of his shorter novels entitled "Found Yet Lost." It is a story of the war, a young lover is seen to fall, and is then mourned as dead. It turns out that his loved one by force of course—nurses him in a hospital and when he becomes convalescent, his mind is blank; he had a new language or rather it was a vernacular, such as this: "I tell yer, I kyant reckeolect a thing befo, I kinder waked up in the hospitel, en the Johnnies call me Yankee Blank."

If this story had not been written it would have been much better for Roe, for it certainly does not add to his popularity, but rather detracts from his ability as a writer. The *Philadelphia Times* perhaps says too much in its harsh criticisms. His last production of any moment is "Miss Lou." This is a Southern story and was published in Lippincott's Magazine and is now ready for sale in binding similar to his other productions. A very interesting novellette which was about his last production is entitled "Queen of Spades." All of the characters are real, and Farmer Banning and his wife whom he called "mother" can be easily seen as they converse concerning Susie and Minturn, the "tramp." It is a lovely story.



This ends the writings of Roe and while some are ephemeral the others will be read and spoken of by those who live long after Roe's contemporaries have passed, as he, into the great and silent beyond.

HAGOWA.

### THE COLLEGE WORLD.

#### "THE RUSH."

One of the last relics of traditional interclass hostility to survive the more vigorous college discipline of modern days is the cane rush. Hazing has practically been suppressed. The old-fashioned barbarous "chestnut fights" have relapsed into innocuous desuetude. But the cane rush, or the "rush" without a cane, despite most vigorous efforts to repress it, is still a feature of college life at some of our strongest colleges. Its survival may be due to the fact that it is believed to determine an issue and to decide the momentous question whether or not the freshman shall carry the symbol of independence before the sophomore year, or, in some colleges the third term Fresh. This year the freshmen have generally come off victors. At Princeton and Yale the sophomores had to succumb to superior numbers and superior endurance. At Cornell, after a fierce struggle of over two hours, with nearly four hundred men on either side, the trophy was won by '92. At Madison University and at Rutgers the rush seems to have been a tame affair, and inconclusive in its result. At the University of Pennsylvania the annual contest arose over an attempt to raise a freshman flag, and a free fight took place among the glass cases of the library, to the great demolition of glass and furniture. Here too, the freshmen claimed the victory, although the rush was interrupted by professors, and three men summarily suspended.

At Columbia on Monday the freshmen carried the day, though with a severe injury to one of their men, and then met and resolved not to rush any more. Had they arrived at this conclusion before precipitating the fight, the rush, in Columbia at least, would have become a thing of the past. At Harvard yesterday the Sophomores, after a prolonged struggle, had to confess themselves beaten.

All this tends to elevate the freshman in the scale of college existence and to magnify his relative importance. The rapidity of the evolution of the freshman is almost startling. Twenty years ago—he was currently believed to possess no rights which an upper classman was bound to respect. He was the hewer of wood and drawer of water for all his sophomore neighbors. He was regarded as the proper and legitimate object of all manner of opprobrious epithets, indignity and torture. He was hazed. He was smoked out. He was dragged from his warm bed and given the pump bath. He was caused to mount the table and entertain his uninvited guests with involuntary oratory, narrative and song.

The increased dignity of the freshman in recent years has been due not only to the fact that the faculty has taken from the sophomore the disciplining of his under classmen, but the freshman class has grown in numbers, and consequently in physical importance, by the elevation of the college standard, so that the student who twenty years ago entered the sophomore class would now be obliged to enter freshman. The verdancy which made the latter the butt of upper-class ridicule is also less noticeable, and there is not the excuse which the sophomore formerly claimed for interfering in his discipline, while the fact that our colleges are better governed to-day than a score of years ago is indisputable.

Princeton.—An interesting event at the opening of each college year is the initiation of new members into the two literary societies, Whig and Clio Hall. The contest between the two halls was this year unusually brisk. Whig Hall initiated ninety-three new members and Clio seventy-eight, the largest accessions ever made at one time.

Much solicitude is felt by the seniors for Prof. Alexander Johnson, who is kept from his classes by illness. Dr. McCosh has returned from the White Mountains, and is settled in his elegant new house, which is just completed.

Colby University, at Waterville, Me., claims rank with the Universities of Pennsylvania and Minnesota as teaching the doctrine of protection, through Prof. Small, who fills the chair of political economy in that institution. The faculty and students are said to be almost unanimously Republicans. Colby began a prosperous year on September 5, with a freshman class of forty-five, of which number, seven are ladies. Few institutions in New England are on a more secure financial basis than Colby, or offer better inducements to dependent students desiring a good college education, as there are seventy endowed scholarships, amounting to over \$75,000, the income of which they receive.

Harvard.—Harvard College began its fall term on the 27th. The incoming freshman class is somewhat smaller than the average freshman class of the last few years. Some attribute this falling off in numbers to the athletic defeats Harvard suffered last spring in baseball, and at New London. This opinion seems to be strengthened somewhat by the increase in numbers that is noticeable in the class of '92 at Yale. Harvard's successful rival. It is impossible to tell how far athletic victory and defeat affect the attendance at the rival colleges; but part of Harvard's loss, at least, must be attributed to the unusually vigorous entrance examinations that were set this year. A large number of candidates who presented themselves failed to pass the examinations.

Many improvements have been added to the buildings of the university this summer and some changes made in the college curriculum. A large handsome dormitory, to be known as the "William Hastings Hall," has been partially erected and is to be ready for occupancy next spring or fall. It has been built on the northwest end of Holmes's Field, the college athletic ground, and covers two sides of a square. It is to be the handsomest, and most richly appointed dormitory in the possession of the college. Besides this hall, a very large extension has been added to the Agassiz and Peabody museums, so that now these buildings cover three sides of a quadrangle. The new building is to be used for lecture rooms and laboratories. A large part of it, also, will be used for specimens.

The new courses of study that have been added are generally for the benefit of advanced students, though some are in the more elementary departments. The corps of instructors has been strengthened by the addition of Mr. Kittredge, formerly of Phillips Exeter Academy, to the department of English, and of philosophy; of Mr. Gray and Mr. Huntington to the department of political economy, and Dr. Gross to the history department.

Swarthmore College (Pennsylvania) during the last year has had endowments for professorships in mathematics, Latin, astronomy, history and political science. The funds of the college now reach a half million, with buildings and apparatus worth as much more.

Two new professors have been elected at the New York University: Prof. Francis Henry Stoddard, formerly of the University of California, who will occupy the chair of English, and Prof. Robert W. Hall, a son of the chancellor, who will assist Prof. Gallatin in the laboratory.

Dr. William Heinrich Schultze, professor of theory and practice of music of the Syracuse University, died suddenly on September 26, of apoplexy, in the 61st year of his age. He was playing a selection on the violin at a recital in the university when the shock was received, and expired half an hour afterward.

Johns Hopkins.—There are enrolled 440 names on the registry of Johns Hopkins University, as against 240 last year. The tuition charges have been increased, and the number of free schol-



arships diminished. This attention to income is the result of the passing of its dividend by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, in the stock of which the university's endowment is principally invested. Dr. Huebner, a noted Latinist from the University of Berlin, succeeds Prof. Minten Warren, whose health has compelled his retirement. A large telescope has been placed in the new physical laboratory. Prof. Beerst, formerly of Hamilton College, will be in charge of the astronomical department.

Professor Frederick A. Porcher, for 40 years a professor of English and Modern languages in Charleston College, Charleston, South Carolina, died October 15. He was a contributor to the literary journals of the country.

President Carter of Williams College has received a gift of \$20,000 to found a library fund in honor of James Ruthven Adriance of the class of 1878, who died a year after graduation.

### FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

On the afternoon of October 5th, we were profitably and very pleasantly entertained by Prof. Rinehart. The program was as follows:

The Harmonious Blacksmith.....Handel  
a. Sweet Souvenir..... } Mendelssohn.  
b. Regret..... }  
La Rose.....Hunter  
La Serenade.....Schubert-Liszt  
a. Adagio, Sonata, op. 2, No. 2.....Beethoven  
b. Prestissimo, ditto, No. 1.....  
Old Black Joe.....Trans.

The program throughout was rendered in the Professor's elevated, artistic style, and was highly appreciated by all.

Friday afternoon, Oct. 12th, the Juniors appeared with themes. The character of the work was good both as to matter and delivery. Program follows:

1. Hindrance to a Perfect Education.....Miss L. E. Gore.  
2. Washington as a General.....Mr. W. I. Mace.  
3. The Power of a Single Aim.....Miss M. J. Fisher.  
Music: Serenade—Piano.....Miss L. Caulk.  
4. The Right of Way in Literature.....Mr. R. Robey.  
5. The Execution of Maria Antoinette.....Miss A. Handy.  
6. Are the Temptations of College-life hurtful to  
Real Character.....Mr. G. W. Ward.  
Music: Le Diable.....Miss Coghill.

On the afternoon of the 19th the Freshmen made their appearance and entertained us with excellent declamations. Those engaged deserve praise for the creditable manner in which they acquitted themselves. This was the program:

1. Song of the Mystic.....Miss Albaugh.  
2. Culture, the Result of Labor.....Mr. Broughton.  
3. Rum Fiendes Portrait.....Mr. Hausman.  
4. A Midnight Murder.....Miss B. Shriver.  
Music: Golden Bells.....Miss Beeks.  
5. Mind, the Glory of Man.....Mr. Lawson.  
6. The Two Glasses.....Mr. R. Nelson.  
7. In Answer.....Miss Galt.  
8. The Soldier's Pardon.....Mr. Dehoff.  
9. Sometime.....Miss Lockard.  
Calisthenics: Poles.....Female, Jun. and Sen.  
10. The Morning Train.....Mr. Miskimon.  
11. When the Tide Goes Out.....Miss Hering.  
12. The Deaf Editor.....Mr. Price.  
13. Joan of Arc.....Miss G. Shriver.  
14. Uncle Tom and the Hornets.....Mr. Manning.

The occasion of the Senior Essays and Orations was highly entertaining, and we are sure all were interested. The parts were performed in a manner that showed careful preparation.

Following is the program, rendered Friday afternoon, October 26th.

Essay: Pictures of Memory.....Miss G. F. Beeks.  
Oration: The Battle of Lexington.....Mr. W. M. Lease.  
Piano Duett: Notre Dame Waltz.....Misses Lowe and Mather.

Essay: Study Nature.....Miss A. L. Dodd.  
Oration: The Battle of Yorktown.....Mr. L. I. Pollitt.  
Vocal Duett: See the Pale Moon.....Misses Franklin and Walmsley.  
Essay: Architects of Fate.....Miss F. M. Gore.  
Oration: Lady Macbeth.....Mr. T. E. Reese.

On Friday evening of the 26th, occurred one of those very pleasant episodes which break the monotony of study's dull routine and tend to make college life not bearable merely, but really enjoyable. We refer to the Recital in Smith Hall Auditorium, by Miss Florence J. Blanton, of Tenn., who has just arrived to take charge of the classes in Vocal Music.

Dr. Lewis made a few appropriate and well chosen remarks at the opening, during the course of which he said in effect that "one indication of the progress of an institution of learning is the successive steps by which its work is rendered more and more individual. This is an age of specialties. The day is past when one instructor may teach successfully two or three different branches. Especially is this the case in music, and recognizing this, Western Maryland College has endeavored to meet the demands of the situation by employing a young lady in the department of Vocal Music whose methods we believe to be right and who, we believe will be successful in their application among us." The program followed.

Overture: Der Schauspieldirector.....Mozart.  
Primo, Prof. Rinehart; Secondo, Miss Beeks.

1. The Angel's Serenade.....Braga.  
2. Oh! Come, My Darling.....Gomez.  
Piano Solo: Fantasie on the Austrian Hymn.....S. Smith.

Miss Annie Shriver.

3. Roberto o tu che adora.....Myerbeer.  
4. Waiting.....Millard.  
Piano Duet: Andante from the First Symphony.....Schubert.  
Primo, Prof. Rinehart; Secondo, Miss Mills.

Accompanist.....Prof. T. F. Rinehart.

It is needless to say the program was faultlessly rendered. The difficult high notes in "Waiting" were taken with ease and precision. Judging from the applause the audience was more than delighted. She was twice encored, responding once with a very pretty and amusing selection "I Wouldn't, Would you?"

### COLLEGE LOCALS.

We do not enter upon our work this month with as much doubt in our minds, as we had in presenting our first issue to our patrons; for we came to the test and we think we have come out unscathed, for nothing but the kindest words of approval has reached our ears from the students, and the friends; so now in working, we feel that it is toward an end, that will be appreciated by all.

The Freshman Class has been increased by Mr. Bowden, of Chincoteague, Va., who arrived the first of October.

The boys have been having a good deal of pleasure and sport, in gathering chestnuts, for the last three weeks, and all the trees on the campus, have been stripped. The sport is so fascinating that even Pud has been infatuated, and has been seen to issue forth armed with a short cudgel, with which to devastate some mighty forest king.

Senior P——, says he has lately found the names of different persons not altogether male, *wroten* on different articles of furniture in his room, and if he finds out who did it, life will not be altogether a dream for the person.

The class of '89, are becoming seriously alarmed in reference to one of their members, fearing they may lose him as they have lost so many before. The young gentleman frequently absents himself from the grounds for whole evenings at a time, and several times has not returned until after the proper time. His only plea is kinship duties; but oh, how sweet are kinships, especially cousin kinships. This seeming irregularity may be only a



transient one, at any rate, we can only ask him, wait until June, 1889.

Mr. Wha— has been lately bursting forth in *serific* strains to the astonishment of all his classmates.

Business Manager: Mr. Gr—th, I would like to have you to subscribe to the "Monthly."

Mr. Gr—th: (after careful thought.) Does it come out every day?

The Business Manager left.

A bright Freshman translated "Rex fugit," "The king has fleas," which is no doubt hard on the king.

Astronomy while a science founded as it were on Mathematics yet plays some strange pranks, for we have a very decided example when two quarters make a whole. Two Moon Quarters.

What kind of fruit do our girls like? *Mandate. Tom.*

A clever theory is advanced as to why the ladies generally like Astronomy better than the boys. It is because more men are found among the constellations than women. They will of course deny this, but facts are stubborn things.

Prof: Who is the author of three laws of motion?

Gent., from Wicomico: Galileo.

Mr. Stone spent a few day's home, during the latter part of the month.

The Senior Class can boast of a man who will study hard all day Friday, hunt all day Saturday, club chestnuts on Sunday and then with a clear conscience go to see his girl on Monday.

DEAD: One superannuated land tortoise in the Centreville Thiergarten, 3d Floor front, Ward Hall on the night of Saturday 20th. No flowers please.

A few morning's ago an ambitious "Prep" got his room-mate to carefully lather his face, and while in that condition, fond dreams of down floated oer his mind, after waiting a while for his room-mate to commence, he said Charley, why don't you commence? Oh, came the reply, I am waiting for the beard to commence. Vanish golden dreams.

"Woman is but a delusion,

Said a bachelor with a shrug;

Yes, quoth one, without confusion,

And men oft delusions hug."—*Exchange.*

The 2d Nine have secured their suits, and they make a very neat appearance, but the weather grew cold so suddenly, that they will have no opportunity to play in them until Spring. They consist of gray pants, white shirts, blue caps and black stockings. All the games for the season are over, and no more will be played until Spring, when with a new ground, and some gymnasium muscle, the boy's hope to do some work.

H. P. Grow, one of our Art Students took the first prize at the Frederick Fair with his charcoal drawings.

Messrs. Waeshe, Kramer and Grow all of Frederick county, spent a few day's home during the fair and report very pleasant times.

A certain Eastern Shoreman tries to put his local lingo into the mouth of the venerable Socrates, and translates him as saying "It is necessary, *by doggey* for me to tell the truth."

An interesting Prep, who never speaks without saying something attractive, saw a little boy dressed in red sitting on a fence, and immediately exclaimed "Oh see that kind of a red down there."

Messrs. Stone and Miskimmon spent a day in Baltimore about the middle of the month and saw the Baltimores play ball with the Clevelands.

A Senior translates "Frugum in pedite" as "corn on their feet." This is of course his own.

Several patches of woods, visible from Ward Hall are very pretty in their Autumn colors, and the mingled red, yellow and gold blend very attractively.

On Thursday afternoon, October 25th, the class of '91, selected the following officers: President, Albert S. Crocket; Historian, George E. Waesche; Secretary, L. A. Shipley, and Tresasurer, G. Irvin Barwick.

Mr. Watson informs us that Cæsar was born 64 B. C., and died 100 B. C. We would state that the Faculty have decided to graduate Mr. Watson in June.

Senior Willie Lease who has proven to be quite a German scholar, says it is due to his intimate association with a German. Willie has always been considered an apt student by his classmates.

Mr. P—, '89, says he thinks that he would do well if he gets married by the time he is thirty years of age. His classmates think that he can reasonably extend the time.

The only man who can read German—T. E. R.

A Senior, who is a slow traveller in thought, thinks he can follow the line of argument in his political economy, because the author is a Walker.

Freshman, speaking to a boy on fourth floor, Ward Hall: Say, are *all* the boys up there gone down town? Reply: Well, no, not exactly.

A Prep thinks base ball must have been an old Roman sport, for he says his society has the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire in its library.

One of our juniors canvassed Ward Hall trying to borrow a pair of shoes, but his search was fruitless, as he could not find a pair large enough, not even Lassiters. We would advise Mr. Mace to try a side sole leather and have a pair made to order.

It would be fun

To see Lassiter ride a bicycle,

To hear Robey sing a solo,

To see Shipley smile at a girl,

To see Griffith study.

A Junior as the result of a whole evening spent in the mysteries of his General Geometry, ventured to assert, he thinks lovers hyperbolical as there is usually a pair of them, smiles parabolical because they go off into space, and kisses *elliptical*.

Harper would like to announce through the medium of the "MONTHLY" that he has respectfully resigned the much coveted position which he occupied last year, viz.: that of rolling the 25 pound dumb bell down the steps at night, immediately succeeding the ringing of the ten bell.

Mr. Gr-f-th, while talking with another student about the society anniversary, inquired if "they had anything good to eat then." The reply was, "O noble Ulysses, wait and see, for who knows but that we may have another festival then."

Josh Tull is regarded by the Juniors as the most *Handy* member of the class in any undertaking.

From the number of letters he receives, Mr. B—k seems to be *Raisin(g)* himself in the estimation of some one at Dover.

Something original—Niagara Falls down Ward Hall steps every night.

Miss F—, of the Sophomore class says the *whale(y)* is doubtless the finest fish that swims and the difficulties which must be undergone in order to secure such a possession makes the task much more enchanting.

Miss B— seemed to have much trouble in understanding what "verheirathet" meant. But when she discovered its meaning she exclaimed, "if they had said it in English, I would have known what it meant without so much trouble!"



Mr. O——, of the Seminary says he is determined to *stem* the tide, though the current may be against him.

One of our Seniors, Miss T——, we judged, had united with the Good Templars since she wears a small bow of *white* ribbon, but she informed us that she had not yet joined, but sympathized with the order and hoped to belong some day.

Would some one be kind enough to inform us whom the person is that has the pseudonym of "Gulliver Augustine?" We heard Miss T——, of the Junior class raving over "Gulliver's Travels" which she said she read in his eyes.

Though the tennis court has been almost abandoned by the members of the club on account of the fast approaching winter, still some are disinclined to forsake it altogether and if the weather is not too severe one will be able to witness an occasional game.

The manuals seem to become a memorandum for jotting down the favorite German expressions of the male Seniors. We wonder if they could not find something more appropriate.

One of the lady students has greatly decreased in weight since school opened, at heart she told her instructor in French when asked, "Combien de livres persez-vous?" She replied: Je pese une livre. (1)

Miss F——r, one of our art students seems to GROW fonder of drawing, for she is first to appear in the art room and the last to disappear.

A very *handy* girl likes *tull(e)* very much and regrets that winter has come so soon which will necessitate its partial abandonment as it is not well adapted to cold weather.

The ladies of the college were permitted to enjoy a delightful half-day in the woods on Saturday 20th, through the kindness of Professor McDaniel and Miss Britton. They returned to college laden with beautiful Autumn leaves and not a few chestnuts.

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

Mrs. Martha Smith Fenby, '76, paid a visit to her father, who resides in Westminster, a short time ago.

Miss Annie R. Yingling, '71, after spending the summer with her friends in Westminster, has returned to her home in Baltimore.

Mrs. T. A. Murray, '83, returned to her home in Baltimore, September 28th, where she will spend the Winter.

Mr. Edward P. Leech, '82, is editor of a paper in Albany, N. Y.

Miss Alverda LaMotte, '82 spent the summer at the Blue Mountain House.

Miss Maud M. McKinsty, '79, has been visiting friends in Westminster.

Mr. B. F. Crouse, '73 was the alternate to the Maryland Synod of the Lutheran Church at Cumberland.

Miss Lenora Stone, '86, is entertaining Miss Retta Dodd, '87, at her home at Mt. Pleasant.

Miss Lizzie Trump, A. M. '79 has been visiting her sister in Westminster during the past month.

Miss Belle Orndorff, '85 is now a special student at the college in music, and Miss Jennie Smith '82 in painting.

It is with very great pleasure we offer to our readers in this number the exceedingly interesting letter of Miss Hattie Bollinger, A. M. '81. Did the members of the Alumni fully realize how much encouragement it gives us to have such contributions volunteered they would surely let us hear from them. Such manifestations of interest would be deeply appreciated by us. Miss Bollinger we are glad to say will favor us with some further accounts of her travels.

We announced in our last issue the marriage of Miss Alice V. Wilson, '78 to Mr. William O. Little, of Union Bridge, Md. On their return from their wedding tour, a very delightful reception was tendered them by Mrs. H. M. Wilson, mother of the bride, and the brides sister, Miss Flora E. Wilson, '80. There was quite a large representation of both Alumni and Quondam students present. In addition to those already named were, Thos. J. Wilson, '77, and his wife Mrs. Laura Nelson Wilson, '75—'77, Miss Mollie V. Nichols, '73, Miss Georgie R. Nichols, '83, Prof. W. R. McDaniel, '80, Miss Mary E. Myers, '82, J. Graham Maloy, '87—'88 and Miss Amy Myers of the present year. Master Winfield Amoss Wilson, son of T. J. Wilson and namesake of W. S. Amoss '77, might be counted in with the college people too.

Chas. M. Grow, Jr., '86, has resumed his duties as an instructor in the Missouri Institute for Deaf and Dumb. In addition to his regular department of teaching Mr. Grow teaches Calisthenics and is editor of the Deaf Mute Record. The buildings of this institution were destroyed by fire last February, but during summer they have been replaced by handsomer and more commodious ones, equipped with all the modern improvements of water connection, steam heating, and electric lighting.

#### PERSONALS.

Mr. J. H. Bernard, of Grensboro, Md., paid a short visit to his daughter Miss Mary Bernard at College, on the 23rd. inst.

Miss Grace Rinehart visited her sister, Miss Olivia Rinehart, the first part of this month.

Misses Annie Dodd, Bettie and Gussie Shriver and Grace Hering spent a few days in Baltimore a week or two ago.

Mrs. Wolfes and daughter, of Hotel Wolfes, Annapolis, paid a short visit to Miss Lena Wolfes of the college, the 12th of this month.

Miss Annie Thomas of the college enjoyed a visit from her father Mr. Charles Thomas, of Buckeystown, last week.

It is with deep regret that we announce the illness of Prof. F. H. Schaeffer. For over a year Prof. Schaeffer has been troubled with his throat but it was only until recently that it proved any thing serious. He is at present in Baltimore under the treatment of Dr. Hartman. We earnestly hope that he may soon recover and resume his duties.

We regret very much to say that one of our students, Miss Coghill, of N. C. has been called home by the illness of her mother. We hope very much that she will soon be able to take her place among us again.

#### QUONDAM STUDENTS.

Miss Florence K. Jones '77—'84, of Tacoma, Washington Territory, daughter of Mrs. S. M. F. Jones, formerly teacher of music at W. M. C., was recently married at her residence in Tacoma to Dr. J. S. Wintermoute.

Mr. John S. Mills, '70—'72 of Washington, D. C., a former student of this college, lost his estimable wife, Sept. 30th, '88.

Miss Carrie Meredith, an ex-member of the class of '89, has entered the Maryland State Normal School.

The handsomest church on the Eastern Shore of Maryland was dedicated at Chestertown, Sunday Oct. 14th. It is built after a beautiful design of the gothic style of architecture and is exceedingly rich in all its appointments. It cost 30,000 dollars exclusive of the pipe organ costing 2,500 dollars and the magnificent bell. Rev. Walter R. Graham, '70—'72 is the pastor and the pulpit contains a fine stained glass window commemorating his zealous efforts in supervising the work and in carrying it to completion. Rev. Lawrence Bates, D. D., a prominent trustee of our college preached the dedicatory sermon and Prof. T. F. Rinehart presided at the organ on the same occasion.



Mr. William L. Seabrook, '70-'72 has removed with his family to Gettysburg, to enter the Theological Seminary of the Lutheran Church, in the ministry of which church he expects hereafter to engage. We will greatly miss him, as he was a prominent member of the bar, Superintendent of the M. P. Sunday School, President of the Westminster Fire Company, and is held in high regard by all. We wish him abundant success in his new field.

Mr. F. Neal Park has received the appointment from the second congressional district of Maryland to West Point Academy. We extend to Neal our congratulations.

Mr. Fred. R. Owens formerly a member of the class of '89 is now Principal of Hillsborough Academy.

W. Smith '90, has lately been married.

F. L. Masten '90, is now extensively engaged in agriculture.

Dr. J. T. Shreeve, '78-'83, a prominent young physician of Uniontown, was married to Miss Rena Cover, of that place, on Oct. 22d. The ceremony was performed by the father of the groom, immediately after which a collation was served at the home of the bride. The wedding tour extended to Washington and other Southern cities.

#### SEMINARY ITEMS.

After having spent the months of July, August and September in serving Heathsville circuit as pastor, I returned to school the 10th inst. Being notified that Stockton Society had done me the honor to elect me as their correspondent to the "MONTHLY" and that I was to send in my report by the 20th, I found I had but a few days in which to gather news, so brevity of time necessitates brevity of report.

James A. Selby, who was mentioned in last issue as being expected at an early date, has returned.

We noticed in various papers during the summer, that three of our graduates have been married. They are as follows:—Revs L. R. Dyott, C. R. Blades and E. H. VanDyke.

The new building, spoken of in last issue, is now completed outside. This addition of 22x30 ft., to the institution makes a wonderful improvement.

We regret to say that one of our students, had not been here but a few days, before he began to feel badly. The feeling increased, so, after consulting a physician he determined to return home. Since, we have learned of his being though not dangerously ill. We trust that Bro. Bennett will soon recover and be among us.

Two of our students volunteered to attend a picnic in the vicinity of this city and make addresses. On their return they were so jubilant that they gave us *remarkable* accounts of their success. They assured us that the weekly papers would speak of it, and, on the following Friday one of them through inclement weather (e) M—E[i]—Granted—(ed) down to the *Currolltonian* and purchased a copy. After carefully perusing it we gathered from the looks of his face the thought "Oh where, O where can it be?"—(It was non est).

WASP.

#### SOCIETY ENTERTAINMENTS.

According to the plan adopted last year, the first entertainment of the year will be the Anniversary of the Irving Literary Society on Thanksgiving evening, which will occur before our next issue is out.

The entertainment will partake both of a literary and dramatic character, and will no doubt prove as interesting as those of former years.

The Society has been at work since the opening of school

and is making every effort to present their friends with a choice entertainment. The program has been arranged and they will immediately engage in active preparation.

The next Anniversary after the Irving will be that of the Brownings just before the Christmas holidays, which will be followed by the Websters on Washington's birth day, and the Philomatheans at Easter.

#### THE GLEE CLUB.

At length after much agitation of the question, and many suggestions through these columns, a College Glee Club has been organized.

The organization of the club was formally effected on the 11th, at which time H. G. Watson was elected President; W. M. Weller, Secretary and Treasurer, and C. M. Day, Leader. The members in addition to these officers are J. F. Harper, Irvin Barwick, D. F. Harris, G. B. Hadley, G. W. Ward and E. W. White. This membership will of course be subject to change. A committee of three was appointed to see Prof. Rinehart, to whom he promised his hearty cooperation, and willingly offered his services. The club feel much indebted to him for his kindness for without his aid the club could scarce expect any degree of success. Books of the latest songs have been sent for, and with two practice periods a week, they soon hope to be in good shape. The parts each are to sustain have not been definitely fixed.

#### COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

##### BROWNING SOCIETY.

President.....	Fannie M. Grove
Vice President.....	Georgie Franklin
Corresponding Secretary.....	Lena E. Gore
Recording Secretary.....	Mollie Shriver
Librarian.....	May Nelson
Treasurer.....	Hilda P. Stem
Critic.....	Minerva Utz

##### PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

President.....	Gertrude F. Beeks
Vice President.....	Hattie E. Walmsley
Recording Secretary.....	Mary J. Fisher
Corresponding Secretary.....	Mamie Slaughter
Treasurer.....	Hannah McL. Blandford
Librarian.....	E. Imogene Caulk
Critic.....	Adelia Handy

##### IRVING SOCIETY.

President.....	W. M. Weller
Vice President.....	D. F. Harris
Recording Secretary.....	G. E. Day
Corresponding Secretary.....	G. W. Ward
Critic.....	W. M. Cross
Treasurer.....	H. P. Grow
Librarian.....	E. H. Manning
Assistant Librarian.....	J. G. Galt
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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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## Western Maryland College Monthly.

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J. B. WHALEY, Editor in Chief.

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The opportunities a college paper extends to the students which it is intended to represent, are not appreciated as they should be. Students are frequently heard to complain that some branch of study which they are pursuing is not practical and will be of little benefit in the active engagements of life, because it possibly may not, or cannot be put into direct operation. The demand is for something that will have a direct bearing upon, or training for, their contemplated occupation in life. And while the great majority of those having such complaints are they who overlook the fact that the prime object of a college is to teach its students how to think, to develop their minds in such a way that they may have the training which will be demanded in dealing with the questions and responsibilities that will confront them, at the same time such complainers generally fail, or rather refuse, to see the ways in which their practical knowledge may be built up. There is no college of to-day which can claim for itself any merit but that does not give the practical with the theoretical. Every institution recognizes the usefulness of a paper, published by its students, as a practical educator. Nor can the thoughtful student be insensible to the great privilege which such a publication affords him. But he should rid his mind of the idea that a few should do all the composing and other work attendant upon the publication of a college journal, while the great body of students are only to hold the same relation to the paper that subscribers outside the institution do, only readers. A college paper means work, and it should mean work for every student; for only thereby can one reap its profits. The character of this work is different from any other, but nevertheless peculiarly and preeminently beneficial. In the field of college journalism the student is afforded ample scope for manifesting what he has acquired, for with nothing can one so show his capabilities and power of intellect as with the pen. It also generates a carefulness in thought and composition, because it is work that will come directly under the notice of others and its merits subject to their criticism. The journalist of to-day wields a more powerful influence and power than is exercised by anyone, in any calling or profession; and while college journalism

may seem to occupy a very insignificant place in the great field of journalism, it may at the same time be giving training to those who shall one day take their place beside those who are among the greatest educators of the world and who are scattering the seed of enlightening influence so broadcast among mankind. The value of the discipline given to one who expects to make journalism an occupation is inestimable, while the advantage which it offers to those who do not is not to be ignored. Then we would urge our students to contribute more matter to their paper than they have been accustomed to, not so much for assisting the editors, as the good it will do you. And while the responsibility of publishing the paper rests upon the editors, they are only the representatives of the students, chosen by them to direct the work in which all should lend their assistance.

Whenever the MONTHLY sees any fault which the students have committed, that calls for notice or remonstrance on its part, or any error which it may be instrumental in correcting, it will not hesitate to speak. Not only does it claim such privilege, but duty itself constrains it so to do. Students often in the exuberance of their spirits, in their thoughtlessness, or prompted by mischievous motives, do things which they would not do were they to give it thoughtful consideration: if they would only think that they are expected to act as becomes men and women and not as silly boys or giddy headed girls. Two months ago the grounds in front of Ward Hall were adorned with a beautiful fence which everyone must admit added to the neat appearance of the college grounds, nor was it in anyone's way. But the spirit of mischief was too strong to allow it to remain. That there is any fun in the wanton destruction of property, we fail to see. Such acts should be held in contempt by all well thinking students. Nor are all the acts devoid of merit done by would-be gentlemen. Young Ladies, what fun do you find during chapel exercises in pelting the gentlemen with paper balls, chestnut hulls, etc., every time you are not observed by some member of the Faculty? If it is your desire to have the attention of the gentlemen called to you, petition the President to have their seats face in the opposite direction from what they now do. It is well and proper that students should have times for their fun, but there are limits beyond which propriety and honor forbid to go.

The occupants of Ward Hall are treated to a variety of music. Besides the quartetts and solos by the Glee Club, there is a violin, several cornets and any number of mouth organs. Now we do not object to music and would not speak a word against it, but there are times when it is out of its place. There is a time for music, as for every thing else, and when it gets out of its proper time it is not appreciated, and thus the effect of its mission is lost.

Western Maryland College, although not a quarter of a century old, has been heard of in nearly all parts of our own country, in England and on the continent of Europe, in South America, in



at least one of the islands of the Atlantic, and one on the further side of the Pacific ocean. It is destined, like the older institutions of learning of our land, in the course of time, to send its influence to every part of the earth. Its hundreds of students will be multiplied into thousands, and its power to do good will be ever increasing. What an incentive to its friends to sustain and strengthen it! and to its students to be diligent in preparing to represent it efficiently, by availing themselves of all the advantages it affords them for such preparation! May it ever be protected and directed by the God of righteousness and truth whose providence has from the first so signally blessed it and crowned it with success!

J. T. W.

Some writers on education seem to be very much distressed about college girls not being able to get husbands after they leave college, because they have no instruction there on how to cook; and it is proposed to introduce a Culinary department into the college curriculum. Our humble opinion is that these dear girls have abundant opportunities for learning how to cook at their homes, under the instruction of the best of teachers of this important branch of knowledge. As to college girls not getting husbands, I think the records will show that no class of young ladies are more desired as wives by intelligent men than those who are educated at our colleges. But perhaps these young ladies will laugh at us for even presuming to mention husbands in such a connection. Of course, all they want is a liberal education, and this is what the colleges aim to assist them in getting. By the way, young men at college had better look out for themselves, and give diligent attention to their studies, or they may find in a future day that some well educated young lady whom they may chance to admire will not find in them congenial companions. I say "at some future day," because this is what I mean; and they will please take a note of this.

J. T. W.

The Troy (N. Y.) Times, "hits the nail upon the head," when it says: "The great need of the age is man. Men who are not for self [alone.] Men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth, look the truth, and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men who neither brag nor run, flag nor flinch. Men in whom the current of everlasting life runs still, deep and strong. Men who know their message and tell it—their duty, and do it—their place, and fill it. Men who mind their own business. Men who are not too lazy to work nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they earn, and wear what they have paid for." The question of "The Times," "Do our colleges send forth such men?" indicates that society is looking to the colleges for the kind of men it needs. May they be enabled to supply them.

J. T. W.

While in some respects the season of the year upon which we now enter is less interesting than other seasons, especially to some classes of people; to the student it is perhaps the most interesting of all seasons inasmuch as it affords better opportunity than any other part of the year for studies which require the fix-

ing of the mind upon books. Other seasons, indeed, are highly favorable to studies which call for the use of natural objects to enforce or illustrate them, and can be best pursued while the student sits with book in hand beneath the shade of trees or in the carriage, or other vehicle of travel; but for studies like those which most demand attention at college, there can be no situation more favorable than that of the cosy room, well-warmed and lighted, where all company is excluded for the time allotted, except one's room-mate.

Another advantageous consideration respecting the winter as a season for study, is that the mind seems to be more active in cold than in warm weather. This is well known to all students, and accounts in some degree, at least, for the sluggishness of which so many students complain in spring and summer months. It may be said that this has little weight as to many students, for they have more or less indifference to study at all seasons; but we are not now directing our remarks to such persons, and indeed do not think they properly deserve to be called students. All who truly deserve this designation, certainly do desire to study, and it is to such that we refer in our present article, and such we wish to encourage to avail themselves of the favorable time for pursuing their studies.

"The long winter evenings," says an able writer, "present to youth a more favorable time for informing their minds. The mind of man, like the body, requires food, and must be supplied with that which is wholesome or it will become diseased and disqualified for usefulness. Youth is the springtime of life, in which it is as essential to sow the seed of natural improvement as it is for the husbandman to plant if he would reap a harvest, and should be careful to sow good seed that no tare or noxious weeds destroy his labor.

Some say that the long winter evenings afford a favorable time for certain forms of amusement and public entertainment, and many young persons are disposed to think it a serious privation that they are kept away from such entertainments by their studies. But it should be remembered that the young student is not depriving himself of enjoyment, if he really delights in his studies; and moreover, the pleasure which proper public entertainments may afford, will be his after awhile; and he will enjoy them the more for having been a diligent student in the years of his life, especially suited to such studies as he is called to engage in. How many of the greatest men and women of our own and other countries, struggled through these "youthful privations," as they no doubt called them when they were young; and had they refused or neglected to do this, they would never have become the ornaments and blessings to society that they now are. We are proud of them, and those among whom we are to live in the future, will be proud of us, if we duly improve our time and opportunities. And what is the best of all, if we are thus diligent, we shall have approving conscience when we come to look back over the years of our college life.

J. T. W.

#### OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

For a long time I had an unfounded aversion for Oliver Goldsmith and never regarded him as an author whom I cared to read; but being attracted by a neat and tasty copy of his works on the shelves from whence I chose my books, I picked it up,



and did not read ten pages before my opinion of him was completely reversed. I first read a somewhat graphic sketch of his sad and peculiarly chequered life, and could but notice, how, out of such a vagrant and wayward career, such a remarkable destiny was wrought; how, by such an unsystematic and indirect way such a high eminence could be attained, like the trailing arbutus, the vine uncouth and graceless creeping over ragged rocks, while it sends upward the lovely, delicate and sweet scented blossoms. Had his life not been so reckless and so unfortunate, doubtless his writings would never have been so good. As flowers when crushed, emit their odors more profusely, so he, when pressed by hardships gave forth his sweetest productions.

Is it not surprising that a man, who when a boy was cuffed and jeered at by his fellows, and accounted a dullard, who was idle and desultory in application, who detested Mathematics, and all that tended to train the mind, who was full of foibles and fancies, of scant resources, who sold the horse from under him for his passage to America, who travelled the continent footsore and weary, earning a livelihood by his old Ballymahone flute, who tried successively to be a lawyer, a preacher, a teacher, a doctor, a chemist, a disputant, and a hack worker; should attain to intellectual greatness, and above all to literary greatness, should ever lead the literary club at "Turks Head" composed of the brightest minds the country afforded; should ever know the time when money flowed freely; should ever rise above his compeers as a favorite poet, a popular novelist, and a successful dramatist; should become a man, in whose praises, Goethe and Schiller abroad, Campbell, Scott, Byron and a host of others at home should join; should touch the pulse of the world and feel it throb to his touch, should go to his grave "honored with the tears of Burke, the profound sorrow of Reynolds, and the strong emotion that shook with grief the manly heart of Johnson."

Genius in its abstractions, its moodiness, its solitariness, its shyness, often eludes the observation of the ordinary mind, and while, to all appearances he was idling at Ballymahon, he was wandering, while the sun was shining and the birds were singing through the wild and not unlovely district, to commune with his heart, to gather up the legends of the people, and to fill his ears with the melodies of the traveling harpers. While, to his companions at College, he was loitering—his mind was dwelling on more congenial themes and nourishing the flames of literature already kindling in his heart, while he was ostensibly a wandering harper, he was, in reality, making a deep study of human nature. While he was assuredly drawing in from the scenes around him, from the incidents and associations of his daily life, as the bee from the flowers, that which he was to produce hereafter in such exquisite sweetness. Was ever such an encomium accorded to a writer as that of the illustrious Dr. Johnson to him? "A man of such variety of powers and such felicity of performance that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without being tedious; general without confusion, whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness." Was ever such a high degree of merit, in poetry and prose, united in the same individual? Was ever in a writer combined those graces of a style that charms by its elegance, its simplicity and its purity, with refinement of sentiment, pathos, humour and satire? Yet these all emanated unbidden and unrestrained from the sensibilities of his finely organized and imaginative nature. We admire his comedies abounding in happy strokes of wit, sprightly dialogue, admirable delineation of character and humour. We love his prose, elegant in its teaching, philosophic in its principle; and our sympathies and affections are held with a tenacious grasp to his poetry, which, in harmony of versification, is inferior to none, and rises in sublimity of thought and grandeur of diction, equal to the best. By his virtues and merits the whole world gained by his faults

and foibles, only himself was injured. He is to be admired for his good qualities and pitied for his bad ones. In looking at his literary career as shown us by Francis Waller, there is a noticeable and accelerated progress. With ordinary ability he sketches the *Citizens of the World*, then he goes to a fuller and more accurate delineation in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and at last, he lavishes all the riches and power of his nature in that portrait of the pator in *The Deserted Village*, so exquisite, so pathetic, so finished and so lovely, that it seems to this day unrivalled in excellence. The classic and life-like fiction, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, is I think the most attractive and engaging novel I ever read, and it flows along as smoothly and sweetly as a pastoral poem. Hear this one sentence of Waller's in its praise: "Here we have satire the gentlest that ever fell from pen; pungent, but the pungency of a pleasant acid, without a drop of gall; humor the quaintest, the simplest, the shyest; wit that sparkles like a dew drop; pathos that makes its way to the heart; and with all and above all an exquisite power of delineating the foibles that make one smile, as well as fortitude that makes the eye moist; all these render the *Vicar of Wakefield* the most readable, the most lovable, the most imperishable of novels."

When one has read the *Deserted Village*, one can scarcely believe that it has not in reality existed. With such tone, vigorous, characteristic, does he paint it, that there is not a shade nor a tint upon the canvas that is not natural. Teeming with tender and pathetic sentiment, it wins its way to the heart. By its polished and elegant language it charms the reader. Touched with the finest humor, it regales him. Its high moral feeling commands his respect. Its noble and effective imagery, and its portraiture of character, convince him his author is in every sense a poet. Well might Goldsmith look ambitiously to the achievement of his fame by the Traveller, and worthy was he to have his dream of ambition made real. The two great moralities—home-love and principle—it inculcates, commend it to all.

"She Stoops to Conquer" has never failed to please the lovers of comedy. I shall never more regard Goldsmith as I once did, but shall look to the re-perusal of his works as a great pleasure in store for me.

W. M. C.

#### DR. WARD'S COLUMN.

No reasonable person could expect an old man whose business and delight has been to preach the Gospel of the Son of God for fifty years, to write even for a College journal, without preaching some, especially as he knows that he has nothing so profitable to write about as the Gospel; and nothing so good for young people, as to persuade them to be genuine christians.

Pure religion does not make us morose and gloomy; it has indeed its experiences of penitential sighs and tears of godly sorrow for sins, and its hours of longing for a better life, and it gains by such experiences, that lift us towards the good we seek. But so too, it has its smiles of grateful joy, and glad hope in God; its longings to make others as happy as they have been made by it. It cures the heart-ache; it makes one courteous, and kind; and helpful. It makes earth's deserts rejoice and blossom as the rose. Its ways are ways of pleasantness and all its paths are peace.

Mrs. Jennie June Croly, a famous writer, opens a discussion upon the question, "When does woman cease to be lovely?" The *N. Y. Herald* says: "If a woman says she is lovely, who will gainsay it. The value of the discussion is that there is only one side to it. Woman never ceases to be lovely, so long as she is woman, and respects her womanhood."

Early piety ripening into consecrated maturity is the admiration of all holy intelligences, human, angelic and divine. Such a



life, beautiful in itself, ennobles and blesses humanity, and honors and glorifies God.

In a public speaker, the subject-matter may be compared to the ball, the manner to the powder, and the spirit of the man to the electric spark that sets off the powder and sends the ball to the mark.

Persons fond of such exercises have displayed much ingenuity in forming what are called Magic Squares, which consist of a regular series of numbers so arranged in a square as that every line of numbers whether added horizontally, vertically or diagonally shall amount to the same sum. The most usual example given is the following for the numbers from 1 to 16.

13	3	2	16
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
1	15	14	4

The sum of the numbers is 34.

Other persons who like literary pastimes better than mathematical, have tried to form what they call Magic Squares of letters, so arranged as to make legitimate words in every direction. But I have never met with a perfect example of this kind of Magic Square. Can any reader of the COLLEGE MONTHLY produce one?

There are monograms, and polygrams, and diagrams, and epigrams, and other grams, but none perhaps that more interest young people than anagrams. Many are familiar with some good old ones, such as the following:

Astronomers— Moon starers.

Encyclopedia— A nice cold pie.

Old England— Golden land.

Punishment— Nine thumps.

Presbyterian— Best in prayer.

Telegraphs— Great helps.

Florence Nightingale— Flit on, cheering angel.

Here are some new ones that may afford special amusement to our readers:

The Western Maryland College— Yet men, we call her golden star.

Western Maryland College Monthly— Then let all cry, My model news organ.

Westminster Theological Seminary— Go see men who try ministerial calls.

The Philomathean Society— O hail the sympathetic one.

The Webster Literary Society— Liberty sees we try to reach it.

The Irving Literary Society— Sir Charly, give it notoriety.

The Browning Literary Society— I let city bring one rosy wreath.

The Carroll News— Can tell who errs.

"Advice is cheap." Yes, but none the less valuable, if it be good. There are things that sometimes cost a great deal more than good counsel, and yet have no intrinsic worth. How many a youth has spent a fortune for his own ruin, while others have made a fortune by taking good advice.

I knew a young person who was called a dunce, although College-bred, because of having sent a letter to a friend, in which letter there were several verbal and grammatical errors. People are prone to be severe in criticising those who have had good school advantages. Remember it.

#### A BIT OF MARYLAND SCENERY.

Maryland, though one of the smallest states in our Union, has within its narrow limits, some of the most striking features of American scenery; and many of the mountain scenes found in the

Alleghany ranges traversing our upper counties, for wild ruggedness have been frequently preferred by European tourists to the Alps.

Let it not, however, be understood, that it is the intention to have the Alleghanies supplant the Alps and usurp the position they have ever held in the popular affection, for we also reverence those towering heights that are the boast of the Swiss, but I only say of the Alleghanies, that their frequent peculiar abruptness and many pleasing changes have been more satisfactory to the eyes of many than the steady stateliness of the Alps.

Just beyond the city of Cumberland, Maryland, occurs one of those irregularities of nature that always are attractive.

Coming towards this city from the east, it is approached between the river on one side and a chain of hills on the other; and having entered you find yourself in a city, in a valley, on every side of which rise up mountains and hills.

Passing on through, to the north-west, the only outlet in that direction is through the beautiful Cumberland Narrows, a peculiar rupture in the mountain chain, that looks as though some gigantic convulsion had burst the mountain asunder, leaving an immense crack, though which the before imprisoned waters of Wills Creek had bounded and joined the Potomac a mile below.

Entering this pass, which seems to have been made especially for the use of man; to save him many weary steps of hard mountain climbing, the mountains on the north side slopes up gently, while Wills mountain on the south goes up more precipitously.

The most striking feature that meets one's eye, is the immense sandstone cliff on the side of the north mountain; this mountain sloping up on both sides, in the middle curves in, something similar in shape to a half moon.

These cliffs midway between the ends of the Narrows and facing the opposite mountain, are all that the most romantic mind can want, and the sight is a grand one. Going up, as it does, in a sheer precipice for a hundred feet or more, with the mountain sloping from its base to the creek below, it looks the embodiment of beauty; huge boulders lie along the mountain side below it amidst the trees, and it is said that yearly, the huge pile is moving further out, on account of the water in winter freezing in the crevices, and expanding in its narrow prison.

The curving in of the mountain where the bluff occurs and the corresponding projection of the mountain opposite at once suggest the possibility, that at one time the mountain was one unbroken mass.

The great yellow cliffs, extending along the edge of the mountain, many hundred feet above reminds one of a description of the ruins of some old German castle, perched upon the summit of a frowning mountain.

Wills creek at the bottom of this gorge, dashes along over the rocky bottom, yellowed with mine washing, brought from numerous places further up towards its head.

Wills mountain on the south side rises up at a very sharp angle in most places, often over 45 degrees. Its sides are covered with massive, loose rocks and large trees, and for wildness of appearance is all that could be wished.

The whole length of the Narrows is probably a half mile, yet in this short space can be seen some of the most beautiful sights that man could desire; here can be found, nature in gorgeous clothing, and it is a place where she has played one of her wildest pranks.

As a north-western outlet it was quickly seized upon by the earliest settlers, and through it was built the National Pike, running from Washington to Wheeling. Strange to say, Braddock, the English general, when he led his army west from Fort Cumberland, instead of making his road through this pass, followed along the south side of Wills mountain and crossed over, at a low point, three miles below.

Its advantage as a railroad entrance was quickly perceived



and now, no less than five railroads enter Cumberland by this route, running in, on both sides of the creek.

I must close this short sketch, so inadequately describing one of Maryland's distinctive scenic features, and will say that in order to realize its beauty, it must be seen. W. M. W. '89.

#### JEREMIAH CURTIN: AMERICAN LINGUIST.

Foremost among American linguists is Jeremiah Curtin, of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.. Indeed, we doubt if there is in the world any man who outranks him in the extent or accuracy of his philological attainments. Although he has hardly passed the verge of what we call middle life, he knows, in varying degrees of intimacy, about sixty languages. Sir William Jones, we are told, was familiar with twenty-seven languages; Cardinal Mezzofanti, whom Byron calls "a monster of languages, a Briareus of parts of speech, and a walking polyglot," is reported to have been acquainted with one hundred and fourteen languages, when he died at the age of three-quarters of a century. But Mezzofanti seems never to have imagined that a language was anything more than a collection of so many words, and a grammatical system regulating the manner in which these words should be inflected and arranged in phrases and sentences. The only evidence that he ever gave of any literary power is his panegyric upon Father Emanuel da Ponte, who happened to be one of his colleagues at the University of Bologna. Of a very different order from this is the scholarship of Mr. Curtin, which reminds one not a little of that of Sir Wm. Jones.

Jeremiah Curtin was born at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, September 6, 1838. He began to study Latin and Greek at Carroll College, in his native state. He afterwards studied for a year at Phillips' Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire, and in 1861 he entered Harvard College, joining the Sophomore Class, with which he graduated in 1863.

While at Phillips' Academy, besides pursuing his regular studies, he read all of Schiller's works and Humboldt's *Cosmos* in German, Don Quixote in Spanish, and a couple of novels in Italian. At Harvard his linguistic bent began fully to develop itself. He read nearly all of Plato in Greek, besides much Latin outside of the regular course, and dipped largely into German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, Spanish and Italian. In his Junior year he took up the study of Hebrew, and began that of Gaelic, reading the entire New Testament in the Irish Gaelic. During this year the subject of "The Germanic Element of Civilization," was proposed for a prize essay by the Faculty, and the prize was awarded to Mr. Curtin. During his Senior year he read the Bible in Finnish, and made an attempt at Russian, but, owing to the want of material for study, accomplished little more than learning the alphabet.

After graduating at Harvard he went to New York, where he took up the study of Russian in earnest, reading several thousand pages in the course of a few months. It happened that a Russian fleet was then lying at that port, and he became acquainted with Lieutenant Kishkin, an officer who could speak scarcely a word of any language but Russian. With him Mr. Curtin began to converse in that language.

In 1864 he was appointed Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg by President Lincoln. On New Year's Day, 1867, he was presented, at a ball at the Winter Palace, to the Emperor Alexander II., whom he addressed in Russian. The Emperor was naturally not a little pleased, spoke longer with him than with any other foreigner, and afterwards told the American Minister and others that the young American Secretary spoke Russian remarkably well. There was not, indeed, in the whole diplomatic corps a single other person who could speak Russian, and it was speedily noised about that the American Legation included the only man who could speak the language of the country, and he had commenced to learn it within a twelvemonth.

A few days before Easter of that year Mr. Curtin made a visit to Moscow. Prince Suvaroff, the Governor-General of St. Petersburg, told him before setting out, "I have written to my friends in Moscow, and you will find a Russian welcome." If a "Russian welcome" means a cordial one, the promise was fully kept. Mr. Curtin was present at midnight mass in the Kremlin, and at two o'clock in the morning went to breakfast at the Governor's mansion, where there was a select assembly of the best society of the ancient Russian capital.

During the ensuing days Mr. Curtin was fairly overwhelmed with courtesies from all classes of people. The merchants of Moscow had made arrangements to give him a public dinner, when tidings came of the death of the Crown Prince, the elder brother of the present Emperor. It was therefore necessary that the entertainment should be postponed till the next winter.

When the time came, it occurred to Mr. Curtin that it would be much better if the demonstration should take an international rather than a mere private character. The dinner was therefore given to the Legation of the United States—that is, to the Minister and the Secretary. One hundred and forty merchants of Moscow assembled in the great hall of the Academy of Practical Science to welcome the representatives of the American Republic, and sit down with them to "taste the bread and salt" of Moscow—now for the first time thus offered to the representatives of any foreign Power. Mr. Clay, our Minister, made two speeches, which, duly translated into Russian, were received with great applause. But this was far outdone when Mr. Curtin spoke to the Muscovites, at some length, in their own language. When he concluded, Mr. Katkoff, the editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, left his place at the table, and with tears in his eyes took the hand of Mr. Curtin, and kissed him.

This Moscow dinner excited no little comment in Europe. A detailed account of it appeared in the *London Times* of Feb. 6, 1866. An attempt was made to attach a political significance to the event. Men had not forgotten the alliance between the English Government and that of Napoleon III., and there were not wanting those who here saw the foreshadowing of a threatening alliance between Russia and the United States. At all events, these Moscow speeches were eagerly read in the remotest corners of the Russian Empire; and the names of the accredited representatives of the United States became household words.

If political significance is to be attributed to mere acts of international courtesy, no little import should be given to an incident which occurred about this time. On April, 1865, one Karakoff, a man of Tartar origin, made an attempt to assassinate the Russian Emperor. He actually discharged a pistol at him, but some one knocked up his arm, and no harm was done. The Congress of the United States passed a resolution congratulating the Emperor upon his escape; and to give this action a special significance, the resolution was officially transmitted in an unusually formal manner. It was borne to Russia by Mr. Gustavus V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and the monitor "*Miantonomoh*," accompanied by the steamer "*Augusta*," was detailed to convey him. This kind of extra-embassy was welcomed with distinguished honor. The American officers were taken in state from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg, thence to Moscow, Nijni Novgorod, Kostroma, and Tver. At Nijni Novgorod the Government chartered a steamer to convey the party up, the Volga to Tver. It was in the month of August; the weather was delightful; a light summer haze lay over the country; and as the steamer ascended the mightiest of European river two panoramas slowly unfolded themselves. On the right were forests, towns, and villages, with tall belfries and green-domed churches, and places of historic fame. On the left was Kostroma, the ancestral home of the Romanoff family; Uglich, where the last son of Ivan Gromy ("John toe Terrible") met his death; Yaroslav, founded by Yaroslav, the first lawgiver of Russia; and Tver, once the rival of Moscow.



On their return to St. Petersburg a farewell banquet was given by the nobles, where a speech was made by Prince Gortchakoff, which was telegraphed in full to the New York *Herald*, at a cost of several thousand dollars. During this visit Mr. Curtin made five speeches in Russia—at Cronstadt; Moscow, Kostroma, Tver, and St. Peterburg—besides translating a number of others, from Russian into English. His speeches at Moscow and Kostroma were received with special favor.

In 1869, Mr. Curtin travelled through Bohemia, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Roumania, spending some time in Constantinople and Athens. In Bohemia, he was present at the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the birthday of John Huss. There was a great gathering of the Slav race—Russians, Poles, Bulgarians, Serbs, Croats, Slovaks, and Bohemians. England and the United States were represented by Messrs. Ralston and Curtin. Being the only foreigner present who knew Bohemian, or could speak in any Slav language, Mr. Curtin was chosen to answer the address of welcome made by the Mayor of Prague to the foreign guests, which he did in Russian and Bohemian. In the following year he was in St. Petersburg, where he read before the Slavonic Society of that city a paper in Russian, giving an account of his observations.

During the next few years Mr. Curtin made several journeys through Southern Russia and the Caucasus, studying languages all the time. He also made one visit to the United States, and spent a year in London, studying in the British Museum.

In 1883, he became connected with the Smithsonian Institute at Washington; since which time he has collected vocabularies of many Indian languages, and has also gathered together the largest collection yet made of Indian myths, forming the most valuable material as yet collected for the history of the early development of the human mind.

Besides this strictly American work, Mr. Curtin is now engaged in gathering a collection of Keltic Mythology. For this purpose he spent the summer of 1887 in remote parts of Ireland, where Gaelic is still spoken, and obtained a large number of myths. This is the first systematic collection ever made of the myths of Ireland. The first volume of this work is upon the point of publication.

He has read papers upon various topics embraced in his linguistic researches before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and the American Anthropological Society of Washington. He has also prepared several volumes—some being original, and others translations from Russian, Polish, Magyar, and Bohemian. The first volume of these translations—the “Taras Bulba,” a historical novel, translated directly from the Russian of Nikolai Vasilyevitch Gogol—has just been published by Mr. J. B. Alden, of New York. This will be followed, at an early day, by other volumes. To the translation of “Taras Bulba” is prefixed a valuable Preface, giving an outline of the history, development, and present position of the great Slav race, which seems destined to enact an important part in human affairs.

#### A WORD FROM '87.

There are some persistent people in this mundane sphere who refuse to be dropped out of remembrance by the little world in which once they moved.

They are willing enough to go up like a rocket in the great pyrotechnical display of graduation, but do not fancy the idea at all of descending like a stick in some obscure region where their fame has never penetrated. While the refulgent beams of the luminaary around which they as satellites revolved can not penetrate the chaos and keep them as once bathed in glory, they demand a remembrance, like the last Pleiad on account of former brilliancy. Don't think, oh Class of '89, that even *you* shall blaze on perpetually with the glory you win Commencement week!

You shine only with reflected light and Alma Mater can not follow you through life keeping up the fire. If you think so let me give you a page from the history of one of illustrious '87's graduates.

We will choose one of the gentler sex, as they were more numerous and more easily followed, and call her Polly. Well Polly like all of her sisters thought that with glory on her forehead and that piece of parchment in her hand she was ready to set the world on fire with the light of her genius, but the kindling was not dry enough or the world was too water-soaked with suspicion to allow of that, and even she secured the paltry position of teacher of a public school, she was brought before a body of examiners and questioned, and quizzed, and marked, until every vestige of glory was stripped from her classic brow, and the precious parchment replaced with a skimpy piece of paper which signified that the officials graciously permitted her to teach a school (if she could get one,) till it suited their royal pleasure to remove her.

Ah! for what did the victor's laurels count now? For a wonder she was happily and comfortably furnished in a school, and now with a tact which she must have or acquire, has to reverse the whole order of her being, and instead of being taught, must teach any particular branch? No, everything. She must be a walking encyclopædia, bristling with information at every pore. For you must bear in mind that there are seven grades of pupils committed to her charge ranging in age from six to twenty-one years, and it required all of her woman's wit to be equal to the occasion. Who said such a position was stultifying? Far from it.

The studies pursued at College are all needed to bolster up the teacher in the education and circumvention of obstreperous youngsters. A knowledge of Political Economy is absolutely necessary to understand the principles of free trade existing in a school room where the pupils are inclined to be light-fingered. Logic is also essential, for nothing will so completely silence and amaze an argumentative pupil than a syllogism collegiately expressed. Botany also, for does she not have to teach “the young idea how to shoot?” It will assist you greatly in making a choice of a rod of chastisement from the surrounding groves also,

While it takes more than the tongues of both ancients and moderns to keep up with the unruly members of a public school. But gentle reader there is a brighter side to this picture, where the teacher has to build the fires, sweep the floors, and polish the faces occasionally as well as the intellects of her pupils; it is that instead of shining by reflected light as you did at college, you became a luminary yourself and may after a while forget the humiliations you underwent, or if not, shining all the better in your universe for having the trammeling coat of egotism removed.

#### RECEPTION.

The regular monthly reception for October was held by the Faculty on the 27th. A very interesting program, consisting of calisthenic and music, had been gotten up for part of the evening's entertainment. Prof. Rinehart furnished the instrumental music and Miss Blanton sang *Marguerite* in an excellent manner. The occasion will be remembered on account of the presence of Rev. F. C. Klein, who has been laboring as a missionary in Japan for the past five years. Mr. Klein is a graduate of the Class of '80, and a classmate of Prof. W. R. McDaniel. He made a few remarks to the students which were full of wisdom and instruction, and coming from one who has indeed had an experience with the world that fits him for giving advice, were well worth pondering. We hope we may have the pleasure of another visit from Mr. Klein before he returns to his distant field of labor.



### THE COLLEGE WORLD.

The whole number of volumes in the several libraries of Yale University is over 190,000. In addition there are about 75,000 unbound pamphlets.

Michigan University pays \$148,000 yearly to its professors and employees.

Cornell has tried the plan of having Monday for a holiday instead of Saturday, and they call it a success.

Howard spent \$25,000 on various athletic sports last year.

Mrs. Garfield has given the sum of \$10,000 to the funds of the Garfield University.

The United States has 364 colleges and universities with 4,160 instructors and 59,594 students.

Amherst has sent out two hundred college professors and presidents, and twenty judges of the Supreme Court.

President Patton's one thousand students promised for the "future Princeton" are likely to appear on the scene long before he anticipated when he spoke.

One of the most interesting features of college life at Amherst is the development of the college senate. This is a body of students composed of four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and one freshman. The business of this body is to decide all matters that pertain to order or college decorum.

The co-educational idea is extending itself into many colleges. Sage College of Cornell University is full to overflowing.

Wellesley College has been compelled to refuse admission to many applicants.

Southern California University proposes to erect a telescope on Wilson's Peak with a glass of forty-nine inches. The cost is estimated to be about \$100,000.

Prof. Aza Gray has bequeathed to Harvard all copy rights of which he was the owner, all engravings of plants, pictures of trees, herbs, etc., and all portraits of botanists.—Ex.

### FRIVOLITY.

We hear a very great deal about the "peculiar evils of the day," to me frivolity seems to be a great evil. By this I mean the *habit* of allowing the mind to flit hither and thither, catching up any little source of amusement upon which to expend a giggle only to drop it and pounce upon some like food. I say this *habit* indulged in, until the mind is *incapable* of concentration; and what is real food. Subject for earnest thought, is passed by for trash as enervating and harmful as it is unworthy of rational beings. As a case in point, I will mention a meeting I attended not long ago, in which was presented in an earnest forceful, manner the shortness of life, the certainty of death. The speaker talking rapidly inadvertently said "*anniversary*" when he intended to say "*university*," the mistake was so evidently a mere slip of the tongue, unattended by any ignorance or confusion of ideas, that it seems strange it should even provoke a smile; but although his theme was one of great and awful solemnity, some of his audience were almost convulsed with laughter, and one of them (whom I have frequently heard say "I wouldn't have went") exhibited almost alarming symptoms of amusement.

I have no desire to put "old heads upon young shoulders," or to restrict unduly that gayety which is in youth so charming, and leads through a happy cheerful maturity to a contented old age, but gayety and frivolity are as widely separated as childhood and idiocy, the one is by no means incompatible with thoughtfulness and improvement, the other is a death blow to both.

It is this frivolity which renders the deepest and most carefully prepared sermon of no effect, because of a slight impediment in the speech of the speaker. The efforts of a band of singers

unprofitable work, because of a false start of the leader. And the professors labor empty, void, and vain, because of the signals or grimaces of some member of the class.

If we spend all of youth in laughing, from whence will come the thinkers of the future? If *all* of youth is spent in seeking amusement for the moment, from whence will come the "doers" of the future, who are to make the world "Better because they have lived!"

### SUPPER TO THE LADIES.

Wednesday evening, November, 21st, was one which will ever linger in the memory of the young ladies of W. M. C., as one of the most pleasant ever spent at the College. It was the occasion of Miss Owings' birthday anniversary, and, as on similar occasions, she entertained us in a pleasing way. The ladies assembled in the College Library and were entertained pleasantly until six o'clock when they were summoned to the Calisthenium where an excellent tea had been spread consisting of all the delicacies of the season.

The room was brilliantly lighted and the tables presented a pleasing sight laden with flowers and eatables, surrounded by smiling gleeful girls. The excellently prepared Menu consisted of:

Crackers.	Stewed Oysters.	Pickles.
Hot Biscuit	Cold Turkey.	Cold Biscuit
	Chocolate.	
	Harlequin Cream.	
Chocolate Cake.		Cocoanut Cake.

To express the appreciation and enjoyment of the ladies would be impossible: it could be read on every countenance.

Supper lasted until seven, when Miss Owings said, "As music is indispensable on such an occasion I will now entertain you with a little," soon the melodious sounds from the hill in the cupola were wafted in the room and all left the room expressing and their appreciation for so enjoyable an event.

### PERSONALS.

Miss Hannah McLean Blandford has been elected Prophetess of the Class of '91. The class showed wisdom in its selection, and each member of it may expect being given a bright future.

Mr. J. H. Baker, '90, has been compelled to leave school on account of the condition of his eyes. Mr. Baker entered college in the fall of '85, and having been here so long, is very much missed.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

A letter came to us this week from our old friend, W. E. Roop, '86. Mr. Roop is, at present, at Yale University, pursuing a course in civil-engineering. He spoke very highly of Professor Simpson's lecture-system in the recitation room, and said it was the method generally adopted by the most successful professors at Yale.

Miss Mammie Nicodemus, '85, has been visiting the Eastern Shore, and was present at the marriage of Miss Carrie D. Price, noted elsewhere.

Prof. D. W. C. Ingle, '78, was one of the presidential electors on the Prohibition ticket, and has recently been made the Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance of Maryland, and the District of Columbia.

Lynn R. Meekins, '82, of the Editorial Staff of the Baltimore American, is rapidly rising in his profession as a writer. The fact that he has been accepted by the Editors of Harper's Weekly as a regular contributor is a high compliment. A story entitled "The Offensive Partisan," which appeared in the issue of the second week of November, is his latest and best effort.



## QUONDAM STUDENTS.

Christopher Noss, '80-'83, is engaged in teaching the Natural Sciences in the State Normal School at Kutztown, Pa. His record as a student, both here and at Franklin and Marshall College, gave promise of great success in whatever pursuit he should engage, and he no doubt fulfills this promise in his present position.

Harry Boyle, '84-'86, of Libertytown, Frederick county, has accepted a position in the large flouring mill at Castoria, Ohio.

At a recent very stylish wedding solemnized in St. John's P. E. Church of Hagerstown, Mr. John K. Simmons, '78-'79, formerly of Buckeystown, but now of Roanoke, Va., officiated as best man.

Amon Burge, '87, was among our visitors during the month.

Miss Carrie D. Price of '83-'85, was married to Mr. William A. Colescott, November 15, 1888, at Christ M. P. Church, Chestertown, Md. The ceremony was performed by Rev. B. F. Benson, A. M., formerly Vice President of W. M. C., and his son, Rev. F. T. Benson, A. M., B. D., '85.

Master Albert Moore, our popular drummer boy of '86-'87, has organized a brass band in Bridgeville, Delaware, where he is now living.

Rev. B. A. Dumm of '86, visited his sister, Miss Cerulia Dumm, on the 7th.

## COLLEGE LOCALS.

The College has been presented by the original with two very fine crayon portraits, life size and handsomely framed from the studio of Mr. J. Cummings, of Baltimore, of Mr. John Smith, of Wakefield, and J. W. Hering, A. M., M. D. Their pictures have been hung in the reception parlor, with the picture of ex-President Ward, a companion piece, and represent the triumvirate who piloted the College over the most trying experiences of its history; Dr. Ward, as president, Mr. Smith as President of the Board of Trustees and Dr. Hering as Treasurer. The pictures are excellent as works of art and highly appreciated. May it be long before they take the place of the living originals.

The College has added four acres of ground to its Campus. Mr. Daniel Gieman, whose farm adjoins the rear of the College property, was induced to sell a strip from his land which extends the College grounds back about one hundred and twenty-five feet along its whole boundry, and in the North West extremity broadens out to a splendid field for ball grounds. This part is so level that only the slightest preparation will be necessary to make it one of the finest grounds in the State. The ladies' premises have been also extended by moving back the rear fence to the new line so that there is almost as much room in the rear as in front. This is undoubtedly one of the most important acquisitions the College has recently made.

There is universal regret among the students over the continued illness of Prof. Schaeffer. His condition is believed to be improving but very slowly, and as the following letter sent by the President to the patrons of the Preparatory Department will show, the authorities have filled his place, but it is expected that he will continue with the College in some other department whenever his health will permit.

To Our Patrons:—The continued illness of Professor F. H. Schaeffer, Principal of our Preparatory Department, has forced us to select his successor in that Department, although we hope still to have his services should his health admit of his teaching at all.

His physician now advises him that he must not contemplate any regular work for some time to come, and we have reluctantly filled his place. It should be said, however, that during the time we have been waiting for professor Schaeffer's recovery, we have

not allowed any of his classes to be neglected. All the regular work of the school has gone on as usual, by the help of Professor Reisler of Union Bridge, and by increasing the work of the other members of the Faculty.

This was, of course, only designed to be temporary, and the Executive Committee, at a late meeting, elected Mr. Clark A. Walker to the Principalship of the Preparatory Department.

Mr. Walker is of Ohio, and comes to us highly recommended from Oberlin College and Cornell University. He has had several years' experience in teaching and holds a New York State Certificate.

He will enter upon his duties here on the first of the ensuing month and, we trust, will give entire satisfaction to all.

Very Respectfully, T. H. LEWIS, President.

Miss Mary Galt, of '85-'86, paid a visit to the College last week.

Misses Fisher, Heyde, Merrick, Frazier and Walls, spent a few days in Baltimore a short time since.

The young ladies of the Sophomore Class presented Prof. Schaeffer with a handsome basket of fruit and flowers during his sickness in Baltimore.

Miss Edith Stevens who has been at home for several weeks on account of sickness, has returned to College much improved.

A party of young ladies from New Windsor College visited us Saturday, November 3d. We were glad to see them and hope their visit will be repeated.

The conclusion of a Senior: Prove that a cook is the greater part of a monkey. A cook is a fryer, a friar is a monk, monk is the greater part of monkey; therefore a cook is the greater part of a monkey. It is an awful thing to think of.

Webster Literary Society is still progressing. Several new students have been enrolled, and at present there are thirty-six who claim the name of Webster. Every other week there is a regular debate, besides the other instructive literary exercises. An impromptu debate, with declamations, essays and readings, occupies the other week. The meetings thus far have been unusually entertaining and edifying. Nearly all regularly participate in the discussions with that interest which is essential to success. To show that the society is advancing, it might be mentioned that a new library case has been placed in the hall, which, when full, together with the other books, will make about one thousand volumes belonging to the society. Through the kindness of Miss Ida Whaley and her brother (J. B. W.), the society received several excellent and handsome books, among which were Boswell's Life of Johnson, Carlyle's works, Hallam's Middle Ages, Argyll's Reign of Law and Primeval Man, Drummond's Natural Law and the Lamplighter, a well-known novel. The society has recently purchased and placed in its new bookcase the complete works of Irving and George Elliott, and selections from the following: Eggleston, Craddock, Holland, Hugo, Hale, Addison and Steele, Bayard Taylor, and Howells. Mr. Pearre has presented Ben Hur and a Ranchman's Stories. Mr. Bowden, Gates Ajar.

The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association of this College were favored with a visit, on Nov. 9th, from Mr. W. H. Morris, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Baltimore, Md. Mr. Morris has been engaged in the association work for a number of years, and is especially qualified to promote its best interests. In a short talk before both the organizations, he urged the students to noble deeds, and imparted much advice worthy to be followed. His short visit was appreciated by the members of the associations who will be glad to have him visit them again.

Something worth hearing, Bowdens graphic description of Chincoteague island.

Mr. J——s says the reason that he is a Prohibitionist is because he loves *Temperance*.

Hadley was heard to say to one of his classmates: "Waesche, it gets all over me to have a girl smile at me." Immediately after



that remark he says: "If my Hattie, who lives down in N. C., had heard me say that, she would not speak to me again, do you think she would?" Hiss classmate consoled him by saying that it would be all right when he got back with her next summer.

At a recent meeting of the Class of '90, Mr. J. F. Harper was elected Historian, to fill the vacancy made by Mr. Ames who did not return to school this year.

One of the boys at the Junior table was so absorbed looking toward the female Senior table, that he turned and said "Mr. Bread please pass the *Ward*."

W—— of Junior Class says "There may be some that are better *Fishermen* than he but as to catching *Taylors* he can not be beaten.

Junior to Senior, Was Pluto god of the infernal regions? Yes, and he is an entertaining author for I have read his lives. [He had reference to Plutarch's *Lives*.—Ed.]

When the Preceptress entered her reception room on the morning of the 21st she found upon her table a very elegant silk umbrella, with massive gold handle, handsomely engraved, attached was a card inscribed For Miss Lottie—With loving wishes from "The Girls." There was also a box of dainty handkerchiefs from Miss Dodd, and a very beautiful shoulder cape from Miss Stevens. To have her birthday so thoughtfully remembered by the young ladies pleased and gratified Miss Owings exceedingly, and made her think that "Sowing the seed" often in darkness and weakness; as well as in the noon tide glare, can never be profitless work when it brings forth tokens of such loving appreciations.

Winter has about set in, and the customary wind has commenced to blow across the top of our hill, and will no doubt continue so without interruption until March or April.

Reuben has been raking the leaves from the grove, and it looks much cleaner and better, and makes a very tidy appearance, so the boys should try to do their part and not throw anything from the windows, as the wind always carries it over the grove making it very unsightly.

Prof.—Do you know of any fur bearing animals in the torrid zone, Mr. Cr—r? Mr. C. I think the alligator is.

Mr. Wh—. is not quite certain whether the President-elect, is the same Harrison that fought at Tippecanoe or not.

One day last week, a certain swain of the Sophomore Class received a letter, sweet scented and small, after a careful perusal of the missive, looking in the direction of his heart, he finally asked "Are you still beating", we presume that it stopped, for his condition was normal the next day.

Prof. in Physiology—Mr. Chis—Please name the organs of digestion in their order. Mr. C. Teeth, tongue, thoracic duct, stomach, pharqux and—here the class interrupted him with a roar.

Tis strange how music will affect the savage breast; since the last Musical Recital we have heard no less than four different individuals have continually on their tongues "Silver Bells." We think they had better draw lots for the young lady.

The young gentleman from Harpers Ferry, wants to know if it was not Sampson who was thrown in the lions den? Now we have always thought they needed missionaries up there, and we hope some one will volunteer.

We are certainly sorry to see the ornamental fence go from in front of Ward Hall, and we hope it may soon be replaced for it was a decided advantage to the appearance of the grounds. The bump of destructibility in some boys in our lower classes seems to be abnormally developed, and we don't see why they should do things here they would not be permitted to do at home. Boys think of these things, they are for your good.

On the evening of the Republican celebration in town, study

hour was held earlier, so as to allow the boys to go and see it, most of whom did so.

The only thing of interest, agitating the school now is the "Trunk Tragedy"; who knows what it is. It is understood some gentlemen of high standing are involved, and several detectives are on the case.

The new system of distributing the manuals in chapel, is an excellent idea, and thanks are certainly due Dr. Lewis; now every one will have a manual, and no one can now have an excuse for not participating in the religious exercises.

A certain gentleman who has his seat at the third table, complains of having a stiff neck, strange to say however it is on the side next to the ladies, and if he would keep his eyes on his plate instead of the second table, it would no doubt soon leave.

Two Preps were having an animated discussion, as to which side of the body the heart was in, finally they decided to let a Senior decide it, and as he was about to deliver his weighty opinion was dumb-founded by having another Prep exclaim, "Oh, he don't know which side it is on, because his is'n't on the right side or on the left, but on the *other* side. Such is greatness. A prophet hath no honor in his own country.

Smith Hall girls—"I say little boy, down there, do you want a piece of cake?"

"Little boy down there (looking up to the window longingly.)"—Yes'm."

S. H. girl—"Well, what is your name?"

Little boy—"Lassiter, ma'am."

Strange to say the cake didn't come.

"My bonnie lies over the ocean," sing's Willie L——; he will also sit by his radiator for hours at a time, open it, and play steam engine with it, while he works out in his mind the theory of car coupling, and the utilization of smoke.

A Senior accused a Freshman of having missed his Latin, when he said, "I reckon I didn't then, and if you don't believe me come up in my room and I will show you that I have it out." "Yes no doubt," said the Senior, "you can show it to me, a great deal better than you can tell it to me."

The Gymnasium Committee met a few nights ago, and agreed on a plan, to which Dr. Lewis has consented, and has promised to have it opened in a few weeks, which is no doubt gratifying to the boys after it has been closed so long.

Mr. Chis.— says he thinks *Annetus* Ward is one of the funniest fellows he ever come across.

The same Senior who has lately become a "*nur*" in German, has also taken a great liking to Botany and in order to become more proficient in that study has had recourse to a private conservatory in town, as often as three times a week lately. He has made wonderful strides in the science, and it was unaccountable to his fellow students, until the foregoing fact became known.

We have a very low opinion of the way in which the election was carried on in the first ward of new Ward Hall. All the artifices of modern politics were resorted to, and the candidate even used apples to gain favor. We are desirous of a new set of election laws.

The Senior Class has the most conceited man in school. It is the same one who said he thought he would do well if he got married by thirty. He thinks he has but to cast his beaming countenance on one of the fair sex and she is his. If any one mentions a lady in his presence, and the remark should strike him favorably, he will immediately say, "Well, I believe I will go with her this year," or else "She is my girl." His is cheek personified. Besides all this, he says lots of girls smile at him and he don't return them; that one day a girl puckered up her mouth, and he had to look savage at her to keep her from it. He is the worst we ever saw.



Harper is now happy, and passes no more sleepless nights.

The botanical student of the Senior Class has obtained a reduction of one-third in his board, on account of meals taken down down.

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

Six members of the Junior class delivered themes on November 2d. Following is the program :

The Flower Mission.....Miss G. F. Franklin  
Capital Punishment.....Mr. W. M. Cross  
Piano Solo.....Miss M. Cleves Mills  
What Would Women do with the Ballot.....Miss M. E. Money  
The England and English of Chancer's Time.....Mr. J. F. Harper  
Solo: The Song That Reached My Heart.....Miss L. E. Wolfes  
Reflections on the Ruins of Pompeii.....Miss N. M. Thompson  
The Rise of the American Navy.....Mr. J. M. Tull

Miss Franklin gave an account of the aims, labors, and purposes, of the Flower Mission. The question which Miss Money discussed was treated in an able way which, with the very sensible view she took of it and her good elocution, made it a very enjoyable production to her audience. Miss Thompson used some beautiful language in her descriptions of Pompeii on the eve of the great eruption. The themes of the gentlemen were all treated in a lucid manner and were fully up to the standard. Miss Mills rendered her selection in her usual graceful style. Miss Wolfes made her first appearance before an audience at the college and her solo was much enjoyed as the loud applause which it called forth attested.

On November 9th occurred the musical recital, and we may say that it was one of the best ever held in the Auditorium. Music of such a character could not but meet with the highest appreciation by those who were in the least capable of judging the merits of good music. Programme :

Fifth Nocturne .....Leybach  
Miss A. H. Galt.  
Silver Bells.....Dale  
Miss Lena Ewell Gore.  
(a. Tarantelle.....S. B. Mills  
(b. Waltz in A flat.....Chopin  
Prof. T. F. Rinehart.  
Ave Maria.....Millard  
Miss F. Z. Blanton.  
Trovatore Fantasia.....Kuhe  
Miss L. E. Wolfes.  
Fifth Symphony, First Movement .....Beethoven  
Prof. Rinehart. Miss A. Shriver.

The ellectionary exercises of the Sophomore and Freshman classes took place in the college auditorium on November 16th and 25th, the Sophomores on the former date, the Freshmen on latter. The exercises of the Sophomores were of superior merit, and if their improvement for the next two years is as rapid as it has been in the past year, when they shall have become Seniors, they will be able to deliver their orations and essays in a manner becoming their position. The Freshmen, considering that it was their first appearance in that role outside of prepdom, did well, and in a few months would possibly give the Sophomores trouble in a contest between the two classe.

Program for November 16th :

Life's Battle.....Mr. Chiswell  
Bread on the Waters.....Miss Lowe  
A Cooking Experience.....Miss Nusbaum  
Triumph of Faith.....Mr. Shipley  
Vocal Selection.....By the Glee Club  
Sowing and Reaping.....Miss Frazier  
The Leper.....Miss Bernard  
A Hen in Church.....Mr. D. F. Harris  
United in Death.....Miss Ebaugh  
Calisthenics: Dumb-Bells.....(Gentlemen)  
A Nantucket Skipper.....Miss Merrick  
Hints on Health.....Miss Utz  
The Fading Leaf.....Mr. Hadley

A Woman's Pocket.....Miss Mills  
November 23rd :

If We Would.....Miss Walls  
The Old Oaken Bucket.....Mr. J. F. Nelson  
Galileo's Discoveries.....Mr. Stone  
Opportunity for Work.....Mr. A. Whealton  
I Was with Grant.....Miss J. Thomas  
Progress of Humanity.....Mr. L. Whealton  
Piano Duett: Les Coursiers.....Misses Fisher and L. Caulk  
The Dying Soldier .....Miss Griffin  
Sheridan's Ride.....Mr. C. M. Day  
Saint Michael's.....Miss Harris  
The Baggage Friend.....Mr. Rinehart  
Old Ironsides.....Miss Wolfes  
Calisthenics: Marching.....(Ladies)  
Press On.....Mr. W. White  
Anecdote of A. Ward.....Miss A. Thomas  
Arnold's Soliloquy.....Mr. Englar

The ladies marching was well executed.

The second division of the Senior class delivered their first Senior orations and essays on November 30th. Program :

Essay: Mother, Home, and Heaven.....Miss A. L. Jones  
Oration: Something About Humor.....Mr. H. G. Watson  
Piano Solo: Convent Bells.....Miss L. R. Nusbaum  
Essay: The Lifting of the Fog.....Miss L. B. Taylor  
Oration: Wrecks, Our Guide-Posts.....Mr. W. M. Weller  
Calisthenics: Free Hand Movements.

Essay: Influence of Independent Thought and Actioon,  
Miss H. E. Walmsley

Oration: A faithful Student.....Mr. John Byrd Whaley

To say the least the productions were all of an able character. The compositions of the ladies showed careful thought and were read in a clear and pleasing manner. They at least showed themselves to be of no ordinary ability in their powers of composition. Mr. Watson made some good hits of a humorous character. "Wrecks, Our Guide-Posts," was treated in the writer's usual natural and easy style. The last speaker drew some good lessons from the life of Garfield; and his suggestions might well be taken by the Senior class. His mellow, diapason, voice made his delivery very pleasing.

A GLANCE AT OUR EXCHANGES.

We think all college papers should have an exchange column. A paper is a mutual exchange of ideas, in ways, and in means; and when a journal would present to its immediate readers and supporters that which is most interesting and instructive, it must publish not alone that which is concerned with the particular institution of which it is the representative, but that its readers may not be confined in their ideas of college journalism to the narrow scope of their own college, it must give some notice to other institutions and their periodicals. And in looking over the various exchanges which have accumulated on our table we find many of them without an exchange column, or any notice of other similar journals. Whether they want their readers to remain in ignorance of what other college journals and the places of learning which support them are doing, or whether it is neglect, we do not know, but we would urge upon our worthy contemporaries which have no exchange column, to have one. It will be both a benefit and of interest to you subscribers, and your paper will be of greater interest to your exchanges.

The *Fordham Monthly* has come to us. It is one of the neatest magazines in external appearance that we have seen. It contains some good articles, which, however, might be put on half the paper which they are now made to spread over. It makes mention of its college's billiard room and officers, &c., something something which we are glad to say our institution does not have.

We must commend the appropriate and neatly gotten up editorials of the *Washburn Argo*, but we think their journal might devote less space to locals than at present. We believe in papers



giving a goodly amount of space to locals, but not to the exclusion of matter of a more weighty character.

Two numbers of *The Crescent* have come to our sanctum since the last issue of the MONTHLY. Each number contains a good article by B. F. R., and we congratulate the *Crescent* that it can give to its readers such instructive literature.

We have received the first number for this year of *The Portfolio*, of Hamilton, Ontario. We believe it is trying to heed its motto which is the same as the motto of the Browning society of our own institution, and is very appropriate and significant. It is edited entirely by ladies and they fully demonstrate that all the brains are not possessed by the other sex. Its article entitled, "Common sense, The Herald of Progress," is very forcibly written and from what we have gleaned from our exchanges will compare favorably with anything we have seen in any of them. It also contains a good exchange column. It is one among our best exchanges, being far superior to some on our table edited by those who are not the weaker sex.

*The Undergraduate* contains an article on the school system of the state from which it comes, Vermont. It is a very interesting and instructive article, and contains that which, not only Vermonters might profit by in raising the standard of their public schools and improving them generally, but it contains that which the school authorities of other states, our own as well, might be benefited by, and from which they might receive suggestions. Such an article is of a commendable character, and were more of such character contained by college papers, and indeed journals of other character, it would tend to elevate greatly their standard and increase their instructiveness. *The Undergraduate* is a good paper and we are fortunate in having such an exchange.

The *Pennsylvania College Monthly* from our neighboring college comes to us. It is a neat paper and contains some good and spicy reading matter. Its article on Professional Athletics Versus Physical Education is well worth anyone's time to read. It also has an instructive article on Washington Irving. We are glad to note that the Y. M. C. A. of the college has begun its work under such favorable circumstances.

*The Journal* of Heidelberg College contains an excellent address on "A True Education." However, that a college journal reach the sphere of usefulness for which it was intended it should be filled by matter contributed by students, as far as is practicable. A college paper is intended not so much for the pleasure of the students who read it as for the journalistic training which it affords them if they take advantage of the opportunity offered them of contributing. The above mentioned article fills most of the available space in the paper to the exclusion of students contributions.

We unite with the *Thielensian* in urging the alumni of colleges to a support of their college journals. A college paper demands and has a right to expect the support of the alumni of the college where it is published. We cannot endorse the character of the locals of the *Thielensian*, beginning with "spout," "sore shins," &c.

The *College Student* is a good paper and contains some timely articles, but we think it might have more college news in its columns.

We are in receipt of the *Dickinsonian*. It is a well gotten up paper. Its editorials and locals are written in a style superior to those of the average college paper, and none of the trash, so commonly found in our exchanges, is found in its locals. But does Dickinson still allow hazing? We would infer from one of the locals of its paper that this custom of the barbarous age is still permitted.

The *Fisk Herald* contains an article of the strongest possible partisan character. Can't our college papers find something better to fill their columns with than politics? However the paper contains some good literature.

The *Dickinson Liberal* still comes to us and is as bright, interesting, and neat as ever.

The *Lutherville Seminarian* is a bright paper, and we congratulate its corps of lady editors in having a paper so worthy of mention.

We have before us the *College Review*, *The Acamedian*, and many others, which are very good little papers.

#### SEMINARY ITEMS.

After a pleasant, and, we trust, successful term, in advance we have begun our review.

Rev. G. W. Haddaway, '88, pastor of Waverly Mission, was with us from the 16th to the 19th inst., as the guest of J. H. S. Ewell. Bro. Haddaway, we are pleased to state, has labored very successfully this year, having increased his membership from 15 to 75 since last May. He is now somewhat indisposed from overwork, but we trust his recovery may be speedy.

Among those of our students who have enjoyed a leave of absence since our last issue are C. K. McCaslin and G. A. Ogg, who spent their time in Baltimore; William Anthony at Union Bridge and Baltimore, having preached at the former place for Rev. Osbourn Belt. Prof. E. A. Warfield also paid a short visit to his brother-in-law, Dr. J. D. Norris, of Baltimore.

Mr. M. F. Nicholson, of Baltimore, spent a few days with us as the guest of Prof. Warfield. As the result of several visits, Mr. Nicholson has made some warm friends among the students, and is always welcome.

At a recent meeting of Stockton Society the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, James A. Selby; vice-president, C. K. McCaslin; recording secretary, J. F. Smith; corresponding secretary, James Cody; critic, Sherman Phillips; treasurer, R. T. Tyson; chaplain, Clayton W. McAllister.

On the afternoon of the Sabbath which Rev. F. C. Klein spent at the College he paid the Seminary a short visit. He met the students in the chapel, and spent the time in conversing with them about Japan and his work there. We were glad to learn from him that Bro. L. L. Albright, '87, was succeeding admirably, and was quite happy over the prospect of soon having a helpmeet. His visit was very much enjoyed, and when he is with us again we shall arrange for a more formal meeting.

We clip the following from "Our Teachers' Journal," a S. S. Quarterly edited by Rev. J. F. Cowan: "The schools owe a debt of gratitude to Prof. E. A. Warfield, of Westminster Theological Seminary, an institution deserving well of the church, for his painstaking and valuable labors in preparing Teachers' Notes for this (the 4th) quarter." Professor W. has also been engaged to prepare notes for the whole of next year, and this, together with his arduous duties at the Seminary, keeps him busy.

The Methodist Protestant of the 21st inst. has the following marriage notice: "On the 25th of October, 1888, in the parlor of Mrs. Seidmore, in the Club Hotel, in Yokohama, Japan, by Rev. T. H. Colhouer, D. D., Rev. L. L. Albright, of Nagoya, to Miss M. A. Slaughter, recently from the United States of America." The students of the Seminary extend warmest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Albright, wishing them a long and happy life, and may the Lord bless them in their labors among the "children of darkness."

On the morning of the 24th ultimo, we boarded the 7.11 train for Boston, Mass., where the Ninth Annual Convention of the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance was to convene on the following day, and to which we had been delegated by our Seminary. We reached our destination at 9.05 a. m., on the 25th. Perhaps many of the readers of the MONTHLY know just what this Missionary Alliance is, while there are others who are not acquainted with its nature and designs, but who would like to be; and while



we do not wish to intrude upon time and space, yet we want to point out a few of its excellencies in but few words, and ask the prayers of all christian readers for its success. "The aim of this Alliance is the furtherance of practical interest in, and consecration to, the cause of Foreign and Home Missions on the part of theological students, both as prospective missionaries and prospective pastors."

Three students of each school of theology of our broad land, recognizing the grandeur and opportunities of the missionary cause, and moved by a sense of duty to God, who has counted them worthy, putting them into the ministry, and by love for the souls of men, have formed missionary societies among themselves for the purpose of not only diffusing the missionary spirit, but to keep apace with its general workings and movements. Representations from these societies compose the missionary alliance which meets at different seminaries annually. Next year it meets at Chicago Seminary.

The recent meeting at Boston was composed of 525 young theologues from the oldest and ablest, as well as the youngest and weakest, theological institutions of all denominations (the Roman Catholic excepted) in the United States, representing about three thousand students of theology. Besides these there were returned missionaries from nearly every foreign field, with the home missions well represented.

With such an assemblage of the most pious and talented, as well as the most cultured, young men of the church, representing the future generation of ministers of all classes, throwing aside all denominational ties, creeds, doctrines and ecclesiastical politics, to freely and fully discuss the most efficient and speedy means of spreading the Gospel in its simplicity and truth, to all nations and all classes; who can fail to see its power, or to recognize the great and good results that must follow! One of the immediate results is broad-mindedness, and the laying aside of the slavish love of words and doctrines that has proved such a barrier to the thorough promulgation of Gospel truths in heathendom.

Addresses were made by President W. F. Warren, D. D., LL. D., of the Boston University; Rev. Drs. A. J. Gordon, Phillips Brooks and Joseph Cook, of Boston; Drs. J. T. McCrory and Herrick Johnson, of Pittsburg and Chicago; Sherman Brown, of Andover, and many other able divines. Let all Christians pray that these meetings may merit the good pleasure of Almighty God. Seminary, Nov. 22, 1888.

ALPHA.

### THE PRESIDENT'S HOME.

It is meet that space should be assigned to the mention of one of the most generous and noble benefactions that has fallen to the lot of Western Maryland College. Most of the readers already know the fact that the Baker Brothers, of Buckeystown, Md., have given four thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting on College grounds a home for the President. But all will be interested in having a little more information in regard to the matter, and the MONTHLY gladly embraces the opportunity of extending hearty thanks to those who have given so nobly. The money is held subject to the order of the President, and will be paid whenever he is ready to begin the erection of the house. The vacation was so much occupied with other improvements and visiting for students that it was decided to make no movement towards building until spring. Hardly anything can be said to be decided upon yet, but it seems to be generally agreed that the house will be of brick and will be located in the southern angle of the campus, opposite the residence of Mr. John L. Reifsnider. After general plans have been agreed upon they will be put into the hands of a competent architect, and we hope such a building will be the result as will adorn the campus as well as meet all the requirements of a comfortable dwelling.

The donors are Mr. W. G. Baker, whose son has been a stu-

dent here for several years, but has been forced, after repeated efforts, to forego his ambition of completing his education on account of weak eyes; Mrs. Charles F. Thomas, whose daughter is now a member of the class of '93; Mr. Joseph D. Baker, who was a student here in 1869, and whose generous recollection is a great deal longer than his stay at College; and Mr. Daniel Baker who was a student here in 1874-5. All of these are children of Daniel and Mrs. C. A. Baker, recently deceased, who lived long and useful lives and came down to their graves in full season, leaving as their most precious legacy the inspiration to their children to continue their good works.

T. H. L.

Sir Donald Smith, president of the Bank of Montreal, has given \$1,000,000 for the endowment of the Royal Victoria College for Women.

Hon. A. G. Judevine, of Hardwick, Vt., has given by will one-fourth of his estate to the university at Burlington. The bequest is thought to be worth \$200,000.

Merchant (somewhat angrily to bookkeeper)—"I want you to mind your own business, sir. Now, remember that." Bookkeeper (quietly)—"I was under the impression that you paid me to mind yours, sir."

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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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## Western Maryland College Monthly.

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J. B. WIALEY, Editor in Chief.

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FANNIE M. GROVE,

ANNE LUCILE DODD,  
ANNA MCFEELEY THOMPSON,  
L. IRVING POLLITT.

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The ladder of departments, by which our College is distinguished, is calculated to afford means of ascent from the very ground to the very pinnacle. Its rounds are Primary, Preparatory, Intermediate, Collegiate, Post-Graduate and Normal.

As most of the American Colleges have their "cries," or "whoops," by which they are recognized, how would this do for

We, wa, wah! waw, wo, woo!

Western Maryland! hurrah! hurrah!

Praise judiciously given to the worthy is after a source of benefit; but flattery is disgusting and hurtful. We should never act for the mere sake of gaining applause, nor allow ourselves to be puffed up with vanity when we are praised for any good word or deed; for after all we have done no more than our duty, and rarely all of this.

On a certain occasion after the grades for a term had been read out in Chapel, and the students had been dismissed, a group of them who had received low grades were conversing over the matter, when one remarked that he "felt sure that injustice had been done him for he would have received better marks."

Another said: "My marks were low indeed, but 'is' good as I expected, and I don't care." Well, said a third, "I confess that I expected better marks, and I feel disappointed; but upon reflection, I cannot complain; for my teachers are certainly more competent than I to decide in the case, and I have confidence enough in them to believe that they marked me conscientiously."

"So I intend to try my best for the next term, and see if I can not secure a better record." "That's a very sensible course," said a fourth, "and I move we all adopt it." Nos. 1 and 2 dissented and left the circle; but the rest agreed to the proposition of No. 3, by adopting the motion of No. 4, and the consequence was that they all had improved grades at the end of the next term.

Teachers generally, are sure to give good marks when students give good recitations.

J. I. W.

"I'm going to do it," are words that amount to nothing unless they are put into practice. What thy hand findeth to do, do it. That's business. How many wonderful promisers there are in the world, but those who make things move, are the performers. "Going to do it after awhile, are also vain words. Now is the acceptable time." Act in the living present. "One thing at a time and that done well," is an excellent rule, as many can tell.

One editor had observed that the word "smiles" was the longest word in the English language, because in it there is a mile between the first and last letters, another reminded him of the word "beleagured" in which there are three miles, that is, a league between the first two and the last three letter. On the same principle we might set down the word "pinch" among the shortest words, because it has only an inch after the first letter. But how would it do to say the longest word is the word "longest," because it is longest, and the shortest, "shortest," for the same reason? As to the word "short," some wise body long ago discovered that it can be made "shorter" by adding a syllable!

At a recitation in Astronomy our Prof. of Science stated, that, according to the latest calculations, about twenty-five millions of meteors and shooting-stars dash into our atmosphere every year, and as the average weight of these is about five grains or fourteen hundred to the pound, the earth is increasing in magnitude annually about nine hundred tons.

Before these bodies reach our atmosphere they are called meteoroids, while visible in the air they are called "meteors" or shooting-stars, and when found in fragments on the earth they are known as aeralites.

Why am I compelled to study Latin and Greek? I'm sure it will never be of any use to me. It is a mere waste of time. I never expect to read even my text books after I leave college; and I intend to give my time to English branches and let Latin and Greek go. Fellow students, have you not thus soliloquized many times during your short course? But did you not almost immediately follow it with the expression of a longing, which, in words would be somewhat as follows?

"Lecture to me on the importance of Latin and Greek; why if I could use English as that man does I would never care to open a Latin or Greek book. I would care nothing about a knowledge of the 'dead language' if I had such a command as that of my vernacular. I say, have you not often given vent to your feelings in a strain similar to this? Why I can hear in imagination your emphatic, almost impassioned, 'Yes, and I meant every word of it.'

Then you leave us to infer that you would endure the same course of training which has brought to such perfection that man's linguistic powers. Now just here lies your inconsistency. Have you ever stopped to consider how your ideal English scholar ac-



quired his accomplishment? Why it was through just such a course of study as you have been deprecating. "What," say you, "a classical course in order to become an English scholar? Absurd." Well sir, I insist upon it that it is the only way to any considerable degree of facility in the use of elegant English. We hear a man speak; we are delighted, charmed. The ease and grace with which one beautifully proportioned, well rounded sentence is made to follow another astonishes us. His command of language seems perfect and he always uses the word which expresses the exact shade of meaning which he desires to convey. This is an art and therefore must have been acquired, at least developed and polished by training. Upon inquiry you will discover almost uniformly such a speaker to be more or less thoroughly versed in the classics; that his ease and smoothness result from familiarity with the ideals of elegant speech to be found among the vast stores of Greek and Latin literature.

Examine the monuments of English literature. They bear on the very surface evidences that they are productions of authors enjoying at least an imperfect acquaintance with Latin and Greek. And upon consideration you will readily see that these are the natural results of your investigations. It is a postulate that the finest Greek and Latin models have never been excelled, not even rivaled. Then it follows naturally that those most familiar with the best models in existence will, other things being equal, most nearly approach their simplicity of construction, their elegance of expression.

Thus it must appear that the study of the classics is not a mere form to any one looking to the acquirement of a style worthy of our beautiful language. We are ready to admit however, that the real value of a classical course is placed at a disadvantage because its results do not appear on the surface. It is readily seen that a knowledge of the classics in a sort of fixed capital which does not admit of much display. But it is not the less necessary on that account to insure a regular and certain circulation of legal tender. Bear this in mind, young man, while you have an opportunity of gaining a little familiarity with those languages upon which you have accustomed yourself to look as "dead" not only as vehicles of thought but also as to any possible utility. We recognize the fact that as a rule college students want to display all their little learning before the eyes of men, and further that a knowledge of Greek and Latin is not easily thus paraded without subjection to ridicule. We would remind such that the best merchants do not carry their whole stock in their store windows.

There is a growing tendency among the students, more or less, during chapel service, to cut up. Especially is this so during prayer, a time when every student of average intelligence should be devoted and reverent. Instead of this (of which some mention has been made heretofore), among the gentlemen there is throwing of chestnut hulls, pricking with pins, scribbling with chalk and other such nonsense. Among the ladies they practice throwing paper balls dripping with water, and there is a constant flow of giggles. Not content with this, during prayer they will turn and twist around, as though it was a torture for them to listen to a prayer, and indulge in a seemingly interesting and important conversation. But the worst phase of it is that it is carried on by

the two upper classes, but more particularly the Senior ladies, who, instead of this, should set an example for lower classmen. The action carried on is certainly, as it seems to us, beyond all propriety. Seniors should not only be Seniors in name, but also in action, for it cannot but have an evil effect on the whole school. We sincerely trust that you all, upper and lower classes, will not necessitate our mentioning this again.

Christmas holidays are over, and once more professors and students are at their accustomed places, ready, we hope, for five months and a half of active, satisfactory and effective work. Through the kindness of the Faculty the students enjoyed a somewhat longer period for the holidays than usual. The benefit derived from a remission of studies in the middle of the scholastic year is very marked. The faculties have an opportunity to recuperate, and lost energies to be renewed. Both the physical and mental powers are invigorated. Such being the purpose—and effect if rightly spent—of Christmas, we hope our students have returned with the willingness and determination for doing more telling work in the class room by their closer application. Students, there is a time for recreation and a time for work. The first has passed, and let it be a thing of the past in truth. Before you now spreads out the great field of labor, and we only hope that your efforts in it will be characterized by as much earnestness as we are sure your time of recreation was by pleasure.

#### SOME THOUGHTS ON BANKING AND CURRENCY.

BY J. W. HERING, A. M., M. D.

To afford the people a safe and convenient currency is one of the high functions of government.

Whether in our country the power to accomplish this resides in the Federal or State government, or both, is a question upon which men differ, and which, except in an incidental way, it is not the purpose of this paper to discuss.

And, admitting the right of either, or both, to authorize the issue of currency, the expediency of its exercise, in the one case or the other, is a question upon which there is even greater difference of opinion than exists in the former case.

The power to create banks of issue has never been denied the States, and under it State banks, in times past, have arisen all over the country. Until the latter part of 1864 the people of this country were totally unacquainted with other currency of responsible character, except that which was issued by the various State banks, of which there were about 1400 at that time. And, indeed, such a profound impression had been made upon the country by the ephemeral and abortive attempt to establish a United States bank, and so much disfavor and odium, in the public estimation, were attached to the enterprise, that the idea of any other source of currency, except that which belongs to the respective States, was thought by our people to be anti-Republican and un-American. As to the character of the circulation which was issued by the State banks, it ranged all the way from the very best to the worst. From that which was as responsible as the bullion which stood behind it, to that which was as irresponsible and worthless as the flimsy paper upon which it was printed.

Taking it as a whole, however, the State bank circulation was a respectable and responsible currency, and that which any one could feel safe in holding; necessarily best suited for local purposes, and rarely making its way into localities distant from its place of issue, and only then to be returned for speedy redemption.

But the course of events in this country brought us to face



facts, in this respect, to which we were unaccustomed.

Revolutions, it is said, are born in a day, and surely no revolution was ever more rapid and complete than that which occurred in the currency of this country during the period of our civil war.

And, as is frequently the case under such circumstances, what seemed to be but the necessity of the moment, and for the moment, becomes a settled policy.

The Federal government, at the beginning of the war, found itself totally unprepared for the large expenditures which were of necessity laid upon it.

Armies of immense magnitude had to be raised, equipped and paid.

All the multiplied forms of expenditure incident to war were present.

Every avenue to the Federal treasury was crowded with applications for money.

In this state of the case the government, in the very beginning, was compelled to become a borrower.

This was unquestionably a most critical period in Federal affairs.

A serious blunder at this juncture could not easily have been repaired.

To have inaugurated a financial policy which would have been impracticable in its operation, or, if not impracticable, at least feeble and inefficient, would have been an immeasurable disaster to the Federal cause, and from which, in all probability, there could have been no relief.

But instead of financial impracticability, feebleness and inefficiency, there were practicability, strength and efficiency.

It strikes me that nothing in all the operations of the government during the war, from whatever point you may view them, shows so much intelligence, foresight and substantial brainwork, as that which governed the Treasury Department during the early period of the great conflict.

Its policy was not only intelligent and forecasting, but was brave and courageous as well. What it aimed to do, it did—did it promptly—inspiring confidence in the country, thereby obtaining all necessary supplies, and rendering the timid, shrinking and cautious capital of the country available for the uses of the government.

The greatest general of the war was unquestionably the general who commanded the Treasury Department.

At this period the State bank circulation was still in existence.

The first financial step of the Federal government was the issue of United States notes, or what are commonly denominated greenbacks, and making them "a legal tender for the payment of all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt."

This was, without doubt, a high war measure, and the legal tender character of the issue, supposed at the time to be only justified by the exigencies of the times, and so stated by the author, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, in subsequently construing the act itself.

But whether the act is to be regarded as an act of mere arbitrary war power, or as a constitutional prerogative of the government, the currency which was issued by virtue of it, served all the purposes for which it was designed, and was the means of bringing all that was needful, for the time, in the way of war material.

The ultimate decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, affirming the constitutionality of the legal tender act, was fraught with consequences of the gravest importance to many of our citizens, and worked disastrous results to numerous individuals.

The adjudication having been made, however, by the highest

tribunal of the country, stood as it stands now, the law of the land, and the United States notes which circulate so freely to-day, not only have the responsible value of the United States stamp upon them, but are also invested with legal tender qualities.

Of course the legal tender character of this issue is a matter of no moment to us at this time, because the credit of the government is such as to make these notes readily interchangeable with gold.

The next financial step of the government was the issue of interest-bearing bonds. As the war progressed, and the immense expenditures to be incurred became more apparent, it was equally clear that loans upon a more extensive scale than could be made by the mere issue of circulating notes of a non-interest bearing character would have to be placed, and as a result we have the coupon and registered United States bonds.

These were made purchasable with United States notes at par, so that large quantities of the bonds were taken in exchange for the notes, and the notes were again used by the Treasury for its purposes.

But the crowning conception of the times was the act authorizing the establishment of the national banks, whether we view it as affecting the government or the people. What was the effect of the inauguration of the national banking system upon the government at the time?

A large issue of bonds had been authorized.

The possible uncertainties of the war had reduced the government credit. A home market was needed for the bonds, and the establishment of the national banks had the double effect, so far as the government was concerned, of at once placing a large amount of them in our own country, and at the same time giving them credit, both at home and abroad.

It is true the act of Congress providing for the national banks virtually compelled the state banks to retire their circulation. A tax of ten per centum upon their outstanding notes was equivalent to abolishing them as banks of issue.

This seemed harsh, arbitrary and unfair, but as it was an exercise of power, the legality of which has never been questioned, it is for the country to say to-day, in the face of the facts as they existed then and exist now, whether or not it was a wise exercise of power.

But what of the national banking system and its currency? The system is based upon the deposit of United States bonds with the Treasurer of the United States at Washington. Upon this deposit, circulation to the extent of ninety per cent. of the amount is issued to the banks.

The bonds so deposited are held by the Treasurer, specifically as a security for the circulation issued.

The banks pay to the government, annually, as a tax, an amount equivalent to one per cent. upon their average outstanding circulation.

They are required to keep, constantly a reserve, in the cities of 25 per cent., and in the country of 15 per cent., of the amount of their deposit. To the surplus of each bank must be added, semi-annually, one-tenth of the net earnings of the bank, until the surplus is equal to one-fifth of the capital paid in.

No individual or firm is permitted to be indebted to any bank in an amount exceeding one-tenth of the capital.

Five sworn and published statements of the condition of each bank are required annually, and, in addition to the affidavit of the cashier, must have the attestation of three of the directors.

These statements are called for any day the Comptroller of the Currency may select, anterior to the day upon which the call is issued, thereby precluding the possibility of the banks making any arrangement in anticipation of the call, by which they might, if they were so disposed, make an unfair representation of their real condition.



In addition to this, experts in banking, authorized by the Treasury Department, make annual visits to the banks, coming always at such times as they think not, having the power and generally the disposition, to make the examination as thorough as possible, and to require the officers of the banks to make their statement under oath if necessary.

I have thus briefly recounted some of the features of the national bank law, which, I think you will agree with me, throws around the system a marked degree of security and protection.

In any system of banking, however (and this remark is of general application), much depends upon the capacity and honesty of those into whose hands its working is committed.

For however carefully the law may be drawn, and with whatever scrupulous nicety the system may be adjusted, incapacity on the one hand and dishonesty on the other, will do much to thwart, disgrace and destroy.

But what are the especial characteristics of the currency issued by the national banks, which render it superior to the currency issued under any other system of banking of which we have knowledge? Three points shall claim our attention.

First, it is superior in the fact of the absolute security which belongs to it; the measure of its security being the responsibility of the government of the United States.

Constantly the government holds, and must hold under the law, a surplus of ten per cent. of its own bonds, over and above the amount of currency issued, as a security for the redemption of the circulating notes of the banks.

So that it matters nothing to a holder of a national bank bill whether the bank is prosperous or otherwise, whether it is in the full tide of success or in liquidation. Whether by the stupidity or dishonesty of the officers, the stockholders have been swamped, and every dollar is lost to every stockholder and depositor, no matter what disaster occurs to the bank itself, its circulation remains as good as the best, and cannot, under the national banking system, be otherwise.

Now, so far as I am advised, this country is totally unacquainted with any currency which approaches this in the matter of security.

And, indeed, prior to the passage of the free banking act, the circulation of the national banks which were in liquidation commanded a premium of from 4 to 6 per cent. Not, of course, because it was really superior in value to the circulation of other national banks, but because it was not of less value, and could be availed of in the formation of new banks.

Secondly, its greater protection from counterfeiting.

Under the State banking system counterfeiters found an open field in which to ply their vocation.

Every bank issued its own currency, and made it distinctly different from that of any other.

The machinery and processes for printing the notes were comparatively simple and inexpensive.

The counterfeiters were able, to issue notes almost, if not quite, equal in artistic finish to the genuine bills. So that, as might be expected, large numbers of counterfeit State bank notes were constantly in circulation.

But under the national banking system this whole difficulty is in a great measure remedied.

The currency is uniform. There is a certain kind of work upon each national bank bill requiring the most delicate machinery. Another kind requiring the most ponderous and heavy, and more over very expensive.

All the resources of the arts of engraving and printing, practiced under the most favorable circumstances, are centred in a single plate; so that, as we may well imagine, counterfeit national bank notes are comparatively scarce, and, when found, generally clumsy.

But a point of incalculable advantage, possessed by the national bank currency is the fact that it is alike current all over the country.

This never has been, and of necessity cannot be, the case with the circulation of State banks, however responsible the banks themselves may be.

They are of local origin, local character, and consequently of local credit.

No one thinks for a moment of looking at a national bank bill, for the purpose of ascertaining the particular bank of issue. It matters not to the holder what bank issued it, whether in Maine or California, whether the capital of the bank is a million or only fifty thousand dollars.

The circulation is the same from all the banks, all over the country, North, South, East, West, no better, no worse; the system indeed being so perfect in this particular as not to admit, in any section of the country, of the slightest variation in value of the issue of one national bank over another.

If the bank of issue be but one step from your door, its circulation can be no better to you than that of a bank in the remotest section of the country, and if you are in the remotest part of the country, the currency of that next door bank serves you just as well there as at home.

But again. If the State bank circulation were the currency of the country to-day, the difficulties and inconveniences of its use would be felt in a greater degree than ever before.

At no former period of our history was inter-state communication so common and so constant.

The vast system of railroads which now threads and engirdles our country, stretching from ocean to ocean and from lake to gulf, carrying passengers from the land of frost to the land of flowers in a day, would render the circulation issued by state banks almost valueless to a large portion of our moving, business population.

So that, in our reflections, we return to the proposition stated in the beginning, "That to furnish to the people a safe and convenient currency is one of the high functions of government," and ask whether this has ever been so completely accomplished as it is now being accomplished under the national banking system.

Safe.—What additional security can be imagined for the national bank currency? Under what system of banking has equal security been guaranteed?

Convenient.—It would be impossible for a currency issued under the authority of the respective States to possess the elements of convenience which belong to the present national bank notes, and for reasons which it is not needful for me to repeat.

Believing, therefore, as I do, that the national banking system is incomparably superior to any system of banking we have known in this country, and that the circulation issued by virtue of it is the safest, most convenient and in all respects the best which has ever been afforded the people, its continuance is alike dictated by the wisest statesmanship and the soundest principles of political economy.

## PLAGUE STRICKEN, WAITING FOR THE FROST.

Once, in the "Sunny South," stood a fair village

Nestled in flowers, and embowered in green;

Happy and busy and sweetly contented,

As lovely a village as ever was seen.

Birds sang so gayly round mansion and cottage,

Children played merrily out in the street;

The noise of the anvil, the hum of the mill wheel,

Told of prosperity, sounding so sweet.

One day, when the sunshine was smiling its brightness,

The fever fiend came with his terrible breath,

Bringing the whirlwind of plague and destruction.

And scattering broadcast his ripe seeds of death.



Then came the wail of a terrible anguish,  
And prayers ascended from pale lips to Heaven;  
"Oh, God in thy mercy, look kindly upon us,  
Thou, who sweet peace, to our country has given.

Drive from our midst the plague fiend of fever,  
Drive him away with his hot scourging breath;  
Bring us some aid, oh, merciful Father,  
'Ere all of our people are vanquished by death."

Day after day these prayers rose to Heaven,

Day after day death grinned at each door;  
Famine and fever held rule in the village  
Ne'er satisfied,—Still asking for more.

At last when each home had been blighted and broken,  
When the grave-yards seemed filled with one newly made grave  
The fiends of destruction departed together,  
And the arm of the Saviour seemed stretched out to save.

Save, but alas so many had fallen;  
Save, but so many hearts bleeding and torn;  
Vanquished by fever had fallen and perished,  
And gone to the home, whence they never return.

Birds sang once more in bushes and tree tops,  
Sang in this village where help came too late,  
And their songs of thanksgiving fell sweetly and sadly  
On the ears of two maids at the church yard gate.

There at the foot of a cross they both rested,  
Lovely and young and fair as the day,  
Eyes full of sadness looked wearily northward,  
Lips full and quivering seemed mutely to pray.

"Oh, God, in thy mercy bring from the North-land,  
The cold winter wind with his white frosty breath,  
Bring us the Frost King, to sweep through our village,  
And blot out the marks of fever and death.

Fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless,  
All torn away by death's cruel hand,  
Have mercy upon us, have mercy we pray thee;  
Send health once again, to our dear Southern land.

Left all alone in our sorrow and sadness,  
Dear friends and kindred, every one lost,  
Here at the gate of our fair Southern city,  
Plague stricken, we sit, and wait for the frost."

MARY B. SHELLMAN, *Westminster, Md.*

#### DISMAL SWAMP.

Having been troubled with a thousand foolish questions relative to Dismal Swamp and the surrounding country, I will attempt to give a few facts as I see them. The Dismal Swamp is a large body of dense woods situated in Nansemond county, Virginia, and the county of Gates in North Carolina. The area of this vast forest has been computed to be about 100,000 acres. It was thickly settled with juniper, cypress, gum and other timber, which made it very valuable property. To convey this timber to market was found to be a difficult matter, as it was impossible for a man to travel but a few yards without the aid of an axe. For this purpose a ditch was cut from the centre of the swamp to the open country, and through this ditch all the timber was rafted to the Nansemond river, and from there to the different markets. This work was engaged in so vigorously that soon the supply became very small, and there was little attraction for investment. When the swamp was first opened it became at once a harbor and a safe hiding place for runaway slaves, and when one reached that place it became a matter of impossibility to catch him. Before the war

notices could be seen of a negro absconding with a stick on his shoulder and a pack on the end of it, with the following advertisement: "Notice—\$500 Reward. Ran away on the night of June 18th, my negro man Simon. He had on, when last seen, a pair of light pants with a black patch on the seat of the same. He is shoe-footed, knock-kneed, and bends over a little when walking. He was making his way to the Dismal Swamp. I will pay the above for his apprehension or lodgement in some jail. But little work is now done in the swamp, and it will soon become a howling wilderness, a hiding place for bears, wildcats, snakes and other hideous animals. The bamboo and rattan will rule supreme, and in a few years will form an impenetrable jungle. The most interesting and wonderful thing connected with the swamp is the beautiful body of water situated almost in the centre of it. It is generally known as Lake Drummond, supposed to have been discovered by a man by the name of Drummond. There is considerable speculation as to the origin of the lake, and the facts of the case have never been reached, but that does not make it any the less real, or detract any from its beauty. The lake measures five by seven miles, and a more beautiful body of water can nowhere be found. The depth of the water varies from ten to twenty-five feet, and the bottom is of the finest white sand. Of late years several ditches have been cut from the lake to different parts of the swamp, and thus act as feeders, so that the lake, although it has no direct connection with any large body of water, is always full of water. As I have said, the lake is situated in the middle of the swamp, and although there is at times considerable sea, it appears to have little effect on the shore. There is not a place along the entire shore where a man can walk twenty feet from the water without considerable clearing away, and then perhaps be required to battle for his life. This lake has been quite a popular resort for the past few years. The principal attractions of the place are its excellent fishing, fine bathing and free lodging at the Lake Drummond Hotel. The numerous ditches which empty into it are fast filling up, and it will require only a few years to make further visits to the lake impossible. Although the Dismal Swamp is so uninviting, it is one of the healthiest places in the United States. It is said that death from disease has never been known in that place, and it is impossible to tell what age one would attain if they took up their abode in the Dismal Swamp. J. B. W., '89.

#### A GOSSIP ABOUT ART AND ART STUDENTS.

Under this title, talent, imagination or love of art might write a volume, just now, however, a volume is not required; not that the subject demands brevity, but space and the capacity of the writer compel it.

This talk that I have been asked to write is not addressed to those who know all I shall say, nor the many who care naught about it, but to the few who feel that to paint an impossible stork or land-scape on a fire shovel or apollinaris jug, is not the end of a true artist's hope; not the aim of him who sees nature more through the windows of his innocent soul than with wide unthinking eyes. Brush and pigment form little part of his conception, for beneath is that striking of golden chords, too tense, too near another world for analyzation; that sweet mystic melody the shovel decorator will never know; yet to the true artist is like a fine elixir, tingling every vein, a wondrous poem thrilling every nerve, like subtle music, possessing itself of his whole being and stirring his soul to tears.

In feeling, a poet perhaps a musician, an artist—if you will—comprehends something of the rapture of an infinite heaven. Their quick sense and grasp of the beautiful, powerful, sublime; the rainbow thought, born of dreamland, rounding into shape, widening, overflowing into realms of never ending imagination, the half holy, trembling joy that wraps the poor dreamer when



his dream bursts into living reality, and glows and palpitates in radiance at his touch,—very near a heaven is his earth then.

Those who never felt it, fail to understand the feeling of good fellowship that exists and endures ever among art students. True of purpose, noble at heart, hard workers, rejoicing and weeping with each other as the case may be, little heeding Mrs. Grundy and her conventionals, they live a life at once with, and apart from the moving world. An earnest student loves not the praise of the general public, as he does a little word from the master, let the master but say "that is good," it is enough, the student snaps his fingers in the face of the general public and is happy. Nor will you find this student and his master taking an exhibition through an opera glass. That honor is enjoyed solely by the general public and shovel painter. But if one stumbled over a seedy looking group with noses glued to a canvas, with first one eye then the other in a squint, with heads on one side and a subdued murmur of tones values, relations &c. prevalent, it needs no words to say who they are.

A few years ago, Bastien Le Page exhibited at the Salon a portrait to compete for the grand prize of Rome. Its excellence created an immense sensation among artists and connoisseurs who were unanimous in thought that it would own the laurel. But when the prize was given to a wretched painting of a grisette, the artists arose in a mass of indignation. Quickly procuring another wreath and placing it on the head of Le Page, they lifted him high on their shoulders and bore him with waving caps and shouts of triumph through the crowd, till they reached the portrait where they hung the laurel, and all the while great tears rolled down Le Page's cheeks, and, though he lost the prize, his name was famous from that day, and not long afterward he painted the celebrated picture *Jean D'arc*.

Gentle reader, have you ever gazed upon a bepainted shovel and felt a lofty aspiration assail you? Would you like to exhibit before Velasques or Rembrant (could they shake off the tomb) a weak imitation of a shovel as your master piece? Why do so few of us want to study nature; and why should one want to do things merely with the hand unless they have nothing in their heads to express? There are geniuses (?) who don't like nature. She is so commonplace. A highly flavored chromo is the thing; nature is horrid! But I've heard its cheaper to say you don't like Shakespeare and Angelo than it is to write a poem or carve a statue. Rubens as minister to a foreign court, was asked if he did not sometimes amuse himself with painting. "No" said the great master, "I am a painter, and sometimes amuse myself with state affairs.

Cicero declares that the fine arts nourish us in our youth, and invigorate our old age.

When a true musician wishes to move his own and other hearts to ecstasy and tears, does he pall the ear with only discords? Even a poetaster feels something of the harmony that vibrates the universe; then why not the artist—nay—the art student?

Every one has some access to primary truth, but only in the art student does it descend to the hand, and only can the hand speak when thought flows from the overfull heart; for not by mere imitation is beauty, but by arousing the ideal which slumbers at the fountainhead the—mind. True art has no fixed place, no rule; she is a rich current moving onward, and the heart that sends a bark upon the wave, must be noble and strong, for many cruel breakers lie beneath the shimmering sunlit crest. No false heart can bridge the world with soulful thought and reveal with unerring brush-strokes the Inevitable, the Divine! Art in what ever age denotes the height of the human soul at that time and sprang from a necessity as deep as the world. What but the imaginations, vivid and powerful of the old masters could carry the Pagan mind across a yawning gulf to christianity? Note how the History of Egypt is told! Think of it, but to put down your hand and there is that to list with the Sun!

Then to study art is not a waste of time or energy. Into your hands nature will give her grand and glorious secrets. Life will have another meaning save mere existence. A wide world of splendor will open at your touch, and behold! in your hand the sunshine of sunshine, the creative power, inherent, of God.

TERRE VERTE.

NOTE.—Mr. J. Alden Wier related to his class in New York the incident in regard to Bastien LePage.

### A NEW YORK LETTER.

I shall commence my second letter by writing of the great East River Bridge or the Brooklyn Bridge as it is usually called. Trains of cars similar to those of the elevated railways ply back and forth over the bridge, but while a ride is pleasant, a pedestrian tour is a breezy, interesting trip, and preferable for sight-seeing. In the walk of more than a mile one meets at every step new revelations of the vastness of proportions and great skill of construction that make this structure one of the wonders of our land. On either side of the promenade is a railway track for passenger cars and a roadway for vehicles. As this thoroughfare eighty-five feet in width gradually rises the wonder increases. To one who for the first time makes a pedestrian journey over the bridge it is a rare walk indeed. A superb view is afforded of the vast cities and of the East River, its vessels and boats. Although seats for the comfort of travellers are provided all along the promenade, those around the great towers seem to be the favorite resting places; and it is a relief to sit in the shadow of these towers for a few minutes and turn away from the over-powering greatness of the bridge and its surroundings. These towers are each two hundred and seventy-two feet in height above high water, and their height above the floors of the bridge is one hundred and fifty-nine feet. The highest point of the bridge is in the center of the great span between these towers; at this place the floor of the bridge is one hundred and thirty-five feet above high water mark. For a short distance near this point only, was a slight jarring from passing trains and vehicles perceptible. When the tour of the bridge is finally made and one descends from the lofty walk, the attractions of the streets at first seen commonplace; but even when these scenes please as before, a deep and lasting impression remains of the immensity of the great Brooklyn Bridge.

In the apartment called the "Governor's room," in the City Hall, are many portraits of governors of the state, mayors of the city and other distinguished officials; but the pleasant lady in charge of the room does not long delay in directing the attention of her visitors to certain other treasures. These are the table at which Gen. Washington was inaugurated first president of the United States and the inaugural chair. Upon the table is a book in which visitors may record their names. Here is also the desk on which Washington, wrote his first message to Congress and a silk picture of Washington which was two years in weaving and is very costly.

In River Side Park we visited the tomb of Gen. U. S. Grant. Descriptions of Claremont and its celebrated tomb have been so often written that a repetition is needless. As usual two policemen are standing quietly at their post of duty. Looking through the gate of iron bars we see amid beautiful growing plants and floral decorations the sarcophagus of the late hero. Riverside Park extends along the Hudson River from 72d street north to 130th street, a distance of nearly three miles. The average width east and west is about five hundred feet. The grounds are not as yet greatly ornamented, but being considerably elevated above the river, fine views are afforded of the beautiful Hudson.

An interesting locality on 5th avenue is that in which are the two great church edifices—Dr. Hall's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church and St. Patrick's Catholic Cathedral, also the residences of the Vanderbuilts, of Secretary Whitney, of Dr. McLane



and of other noted families. The great Cathedral, considered the finest church building in the United States, is of white marble; and although the corner-stone was laid August 15th, 1858, scaffolding is still on the two great towers of the 5th avenue front and workmen may be seen at a great height. These towers when completed will be each three hundred and thirty feet high. A glance at the interior of this splendid temple of worship reveals a scene of magnificent ecclesiastical decoration. There are thirty-seven memorial windows, which cost about one hundred thousand dollars. There are four altars, which cost about the same amount. The high altar is forty feet high. The marble columns which support the roof are each thirty-five feet in height and five feet in diameter. The total expenditure to the present time has been two millions of dollars, and it is estimated that half a million more will be required to complete the great building.

During two services at Dr. Hall's church we listen with reverence while the great and good preacher, with beautiful simplicity of word and manner, explains divine truths, and, leaning over his pulpit, tenderly imparts advice to his hearers. We think his beautiful life must be guided by some beautiful creed like this:

"Preserve the tablets of thy thought

From every blemish free,

While the Redeemer's lowly faith

Its temple makes with thee."

I shall conclude by describing a visit to Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, Brooklyn, hoping this digression from descriptions of New York sights may be pardoned. As the stranger walks along Schermerhorn street in quest of the noted church he might pass by the unostentatious brick structure and continue a fruitless search further on. Being well directed we are spared this inconvenience, yet we view the building rather doubtfully and cast inquiring glances at other buildings in its vicinity until some one answers in the affirmative, our question "Is this Dr. Talmage's church." We are the first to arrive. The great auditorium is empty and quiet. We note the extreme simplicity of ornamentation. The furnishing of the platform—there is no pulpit—consists of one chair, upholstered with blue plush, and a small stand beside it for holding the bible. The most noticeable objects in the room are the fine chandeliers and the immense pipe-organ. Although it is a rainy Sabbath morning, the vast congregation assembles, and when the opening voluntary rolls forth from the great organ, and the celebrated divine takes his place, nearly every pew is filled. When the voluntary is ended the great throng rises to sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and who, I wonder, would behold this scene and hear this earthly hallelujah without finding here a semblance to fancy's pictures of the scene around the great white throne when the angels sing their celestial hallelujah? In his morning prayer the preacher prays that the worship here may make one unbroken chord with that in heaven. The sermon was, to your correspondent at least, one of those great occasions when under the influence of grand and beautiful music, of sublime scenery or of a great sermon our thoughts and feelings rise to those high levels in which no breath of sin taints the pure atmosphere.

HATTIE BOLLINGER.

### THANKSGIVING.

One of the most pleasant days of all the year to our students is Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving days at Western Maryland, as they have been under Dr. Lewis' administration—we do not know how they were observed before—will always be held in pleasant remembrance by those who may have been so favored as to spend any here. Our beloved president, while always alive to the interest of the student and always seeking to make college life pleasant for the student, and college as much a home as possible, yet makes an extra effort that this day may be pleasant, and one calculated to

store into the mind many pleasant recollections of the many which college life affords. The student is debarred from meeting in the home circle, but has none the less cause for rejoicing and offering thanks in that he has the privilege of being educated in such an institution, one with all the conveniences and requisites necessary to prepare men and women for the stations in life in which they will be called.

Of course dinner is always a feature of the day. Menu for the dinner this year:

Stewed oysters, crackers, pickels, opossum, roasted, with sweet potatoes, baked duck, parsnips, celery, roast turkey stuffed with oysters, boiled ham, mashed potatoes, cranberries, bread and butter, mince pie, coffee. The menu was handsomely gotten up. On the back of each was painted a pretty little flower by the art students, the design for each class being different.

Religious services were held in all the churches of Westminster, which many of the students attended.

In the evening the Irvings held their anniversary, an account of which is given elsewhere. Altogether, the day was a very pleasant one for the students.

### THE IRVING ANNIVERSARY.

Thanksgiving night was the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-second anniversary of the Irving Literary Society. The curtain rose promptly at 7.30 o'clock and Mr. W. M. Weller as President of the Society opened the program with some appropriate remarks in reference to the organization he represented appropriate to the occasion and a word of cordial greeting to the fine audience. This like "all Gaul" was divided into three parts, Faculty, Sister Societies and friends.

President Lewis took this occasion to present to the Society the MERRILL PRIZE, which was won at the Oratorical Contest in June last, but which had never been completed until recently. It is a massin silver wreath of laurel upon a rich plush background, and handsomely framed. A piano duett by Miss A. E. Shriver and Prof. Rinehart, well named from its sparkling and dashy strains, "Fascination Galop," was enjoyed next and was followed by the Anniversary Oration, which Mr. G. W. Ward had the honor of pronouncing. His subject, "The Genesis of A Nation," though hackneyed was presented interestingly and forcibly.

After this came readings and recitations, interspersed with a character piece and music as follows:

Reading—Shinbones Becomes an Umpire.....Henderson  
W. M. Cross.

Recitation—The Student.....Anon  
D. F. Harris.

"The Haunted House," { Mr. Livingstone.....G. E. Day  
Pete, a white washer.....C. A. Roop

Recitation—Caesar Passing the Rubicon.....Knowles  
W. M. Weller.

Vocal Duet—"I Heard a Voice in the Tranquil Night"....Glover  
Miss Nannie Heyde (B. S.); Miss Wolfes (P. S.)

Reading—Ichabod Crane.....Washington Irving  
G. W. Ward.

Recitation—Der Spider und der Fly.....Adams  
E. H. Manning.

In these humor and pathos were happily blended and they were all given in a most credible manner, indeed in one or two instances they were exceptionally good. This is not said simply in accordance with the custom of lavishing compliments in such accounts regardless of the performance itself and is perhaps too meagre praise for such deserving success.

A pleasant diversion at this part of the entertainment was a tableau, "The Death of Socrates," given in accordance with its portrayal in Plato's Crito. Colored lights and other stage accessories heightened the impressiveness of the scene. This was followed by an interesting essay by Mr. J. E. White, entitled "Excelsior."



The last course on the menu of this Thanksgiving literary feast was one of Barker's most ridiculous farces, "A Sea of Troubles." The cast of characters was,

Godolphus Gout (an invalid)..... P. H. Myers  
Hiram Oreutt (a Yankee)..... G. W. Ward  
What's-his-name Thingamy (a man of memory)..... B. B. James  
Byron Bobolink (a budding poet)..... D. F. Harris  
Mike McShane (an Emerald Isle man)..... W. M. Cross  
Stammering Steve (a professor of elocution)..... G. E. Day  
Robert (Gout's nephew)..... H. P. Grow  
Sam (Gout's servant)..... W. M. Weller

Godolphus Gout was a "crank" who turned the wheel of elocution, of which the most prominent cog to him was Hamlets soliloquy. He advertises for readers, hoping to find one to give his favorite selection to his satisfaction. This affords the opportunity to introduce the laughable characters above given. The costumes, stage-setting and acting were above the average amateur performance, and the audience was without doubt well entertained. The entertainment as a whole reflected much credit upon the participants, and could Irving himself have been a spectator on this occasion, he would doubtless have felt proud of the Society that bears his name.

### BROWNING LITERARY SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY.

The grand finale of school exercises for the year of '88 was the anniversary of the Browning Literary Society of Western Maryland College. It was held in Smith Hall on the evening of December 20th.

The previous fine record of the Brownings on such occasions, the fine program announced, the favoring weather and beautiful moonlight all combined to attract an immense audience to College hill, with great expectations of a delightful evening. It is safe to say not one went away disappointed. That one may have a comprehensive idea of the twenty-first annual celebration of this society we give the program in full:

Greeting Chorus.  
President's Address..... Fannie May Grove  
Piano Duet..... "Our Boys"  
Primo Carrie Rinehart; secundo Bessie Herr.  
Tableau..... "Comin' Through the Rye"  
Vocal Solo..... Queen of the Night  
Nannie Heyde.  
Anniversary Essay..... "Morning Glories"  
Mollie Shriver.  
Tableau..... Parsee Sun-Worshippers Watching for Daybreak.

### THE REGISTER

A farce in two scenes, by W. D. Howells. Dramatis personæ:  
Miss Ethel Reed, a student in oil..... Fannie M. Grove  
Miss Henrietta Spaulding, her friend..... L. B. Taylor  
Mr. Oliver Ransom, an amateur artist..... Prof. Rinehart  
Mr. Samuel Grinnidge, an unrelenting bachelor..... W. M. Weller  
Scene I—The apartments of Miss Spaulding.  
Scene II—Grinnidge's rooms on other side of wall.

### STATUARY

Piano Solo—Gavotte Pompadour..... Nannie Galt

### CANTATA

"A Dress Rehearsal," by Louis Diehl. Characters:  
Miss Grove, principal of Grove House Academy..... Georgie Franklin  
Mademoiselle Epinard, French Governess..... Mollie Shriver  
Amy Fibbs, afterwards Cinderella..... Lena Gore  
Clara Wilkins, afterwards the Princess..... Lizzie Nusbaum  
Sarah Ann, the Greedy Girl..... Minerva Utz  
Sophonisba Spivins, the Romantic Girl..... Fannie M. Grove  
Martha Higgins } Afterwards Spiteful Sisters { Laura B. Taylor  
Carrie Jackson } Hilda P. Stem  
Mrs. Farvey, Elocution Mistress and Retired Actress..... Nannie M. Heyde  
Miss Prudence Pinchbeck, a visitor..... Bettie Shriver  
Rosa Jennings, afterwards Fairy God mother..... Gussie Shriver  
Servant..... Grace Scrivenor  
Humpty..... Ida M. Harris  
Accompanist..... Annie M. Shriver

The stage was trimmed appropriately for the season. Prominent in the centre was the crayon portrait of Mrs. Browning, which was executed by a member of the Webster Society and presented to the Brownings by the Society some years ago. The Society, with smiling, happy faces and in bright colored attire, grouped around the President and flanked by the flowing fold of the rich crimson side curtains of the stage, formed a pretty picture. The anniversary essay is always assigned as an honor, and the anniversarian on this occasion proved herself to be a worthy recipient. Special mention must be made of the music in the first part of the program. The two piano pieces were given by the youngest of the Brownings, and this lent an additional charm to their fine performance. They were listened to with rapt attention. The vocal solo was a pretty selection, sung in a clear, sweet voice, and was heightened in its effect by a beautiful accompaniment and a violin obligato part.

Howell's farces are too well known, through the columns of Harper's Monthly, to need any comment as to their merit, literary or humorous. Many in the audience could recall with pleasure the one, "The Mouse Trap," played two years ago by this society. The ladies were very ably supported in the male characters, and the whole affair was given well. The ludicrous situations described by the author were brought out in their full force, and kept the audience intensely interested and entertained. The cantata was the most elaborate piece on the program.

We think the society deserved great credit for their faithful preparation of this lengthy, difficult, and, at times, very humorous performance. Had we the space and time we would have liked to have remarked in detail the various characters and their peculiarities. The argument is about as follows: Miss Jones, the very precise and finical principal of Grove House Academy, has given the young ladies of her school permission to give a dress rehearsal, i. e., "Cinderella." While Miss Amy Fibbs, as Cinderella, is lamenting her sad lot, half starved, beaten, &c., a fussy visitor, Miss Prudence Pinchbeck, happens in the room where the rehearsal is proceeding, and supposes that the whole thing is genuine. Amazed at her discovery, she hurries away for the police. In the meanwhile the play proceeds, with interruptions by the girl who is always eating, and the romantic girl, who is in constant despair over the French novels she is reading. Finally Miss Pinchbeck returns to demand that Miss Fibbs be given up, when mutual explanations follow and the play ends with a spirited chorus. The piano accompaniments were delightfully played by Miss Annie Shriver. The cantata was entirely successful and closed an excellent program.

On the morning of the 21st, after much hand-shaking, well-wishing and general powwowing, if the word may be pardoned, there was a general exodus from the classic halls of Western Maryland.

### A GLANCE AT OUR EXCHANGES.

We are fortunate in having among our exchanges some of the best college journals of the country. While many of the college papers which find their way to us represent comparatively unknown institutions, yet the great majority are from seats of learning which have won merit in the educational world. And although we are always pleased to receive the papers of our leading colleges, in that we get an insight into the labors that are being put forth by them for the educational training of so many of our youth, yet it is a noteworthy fact that some of the poorest periodicals are sent out by the leading colleges of the land, often such as would do credit to no school, while some of the best are maintained by comparatively obscure schools, often attaining a degree of merit in college journalism that would bring credit to any college.

A more beautiful poem than Evangeline does not exist in our



language; and when anything is written about the Acadians whom America's greatest poet has immortalized in his greatest poem, it is always read with absorbing interest. The *Thielsenian* for November contains an excellent article on, The Expulsion of the Acadians. The Empire and the Nation, in the same number, is a good production.

We always gladly welcome the *Simpsonian* of Simpson College, Iowa, for it always has in its pages something worth reading. The last issue contained a very instructive literary article on Oliver Goldsmith. In "Nightmare," a "reverend and potent" senior lays aside the reticence which he affirms a senior generally has—do ours?—in giving others advice and the benefit of seasoned experience; and proceeds to give others some benefit of that which he has acquired. It is a good article. We endorse what the *Simpsonian* says relative to the *Hesperian*, which comes to our table. That worthy scion of college journalism thinks that, "It knows it all," and smarts under the lash of criticism.

No neater paper in general appearance comes to us than the *Ogontz Mosaic*. Its typographical execution is excellent, and it shows careful editing.

We have received for the first time the *St. John's Collegian*, of St. John's College. It contains a well written article on Tariff Reform. The writer deals with the question subtly, carefully avoiding the giving of a partisan aspect to it, but treating the great issue in an impartial and unbiased manner.

The locals contained in the *Acamedian*, or, as it calls them, "Cads," fitly illustrated the truth of, "What fools ye mortals be," especial some of ye. It gives three columns to "stuff" that it wasn't worth the ink which it took to write it. But it seems as though the local column is the receptacle in which some editors of college papers persist in precipitating all their slang. May the day be not far distant when such papers shall be more elevated in the character of their matter.

We like the tone of the locals in the November number of the *Crescent*. There is nothing about them but what is in keeping with good college journalism.

We like to receive such papers at the *Yale Courant*. The literature which it contains is elevating in its character. It contains an article on honesty and manliness among undergraduates which we wish every Western Maryland student knew by heart. Even the great institution of learning which it represents may be proud of having such a paper.

The *University Argus* of Michigan University is at hand. We commend it for giving space in its columns to the censure of misconduct in chapel on the part of some students in that institution.

#### DROWNING OF A FORMER STUDENT.

Mr. Paul Combs, of Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, Md., while out ducking in Brittan's Bay, not far from his home, on Thursday afternoon, December 27th, was knocked overboard by the jibing of a sail and was drowned. At the time he had on heavy rubber boots and a gunning suit, and in the pockets of his coat were cartridges. Thus weighted he immediately sank to the bottom and was drowned. A search for his body was made far into the night, without success. Search was resumed the next morning, and it was found in sixteen feet of water, not far from where he sank. It was natural and life-like when recovered. His funeral took place on last Saturday, and the entire community attended.

On the day of his drowning he, with his mother and brothers, and sisters, were spending the day with his uncle, Mr. J. Frank Ford, whose residence is on the bank of Brittan's Bay. Paul and his brother Ford about noon went out hunting. After trying their luck on land, they got a boat and sailed out in the bay after ducks, and about 4 o'clock the sad accident occurred.

Mr. Combs was a son of ex-Senator Robert C. Combs, and a grandson of the late Judge Robert Ford. He was a young man of bright intellect and high character, and gave promise of a brilliant career. He was educated at Charlotte Hall and Western Maryland College, graduating at the latter institution in June, 1887, with the highest honors. Shortly after graduation, although but twenty years of age, he was chosen a member of the faculty of the Maryland Agricultural College, which position he held at the time of his death.

The deceased was well-known and quite popular in Westminster, and the news of his sudden death was received here with feelings of genuine regret. He visited here less than four weeks before his death, and was expected here again during the holidays.

The following resolutions were adopted by Webster Literary Society on the death of Mr. Combs:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Providence to call into eternity one of the most esteemed and honored of the ex-active members of Webster Literary Society of Western Maryland College,

Be it resolved, That the Society does hereby express its profound sorrow at the untimely death of one whose counsels it valued so highly during his connection with it, and whose future promised much usefulness and success.

Be it resolved, That Webster Society takes this means of extending to the bereaved family of the deceased its sincere sympathy in this its hour of deep affliction.

Be it resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the sorrow-stricken family, as the greatest assurance and testimony of our willingness and desire to share their sorrow with them; that they be published in the WESTERN MD. COLLEGE MONTHLY, and that they be inserted in the minutes of the Society.

L. IRVING POLLITT,

W. MCA. LEASE,

T. E. REESE,

} Committee.

#### COLLEGE LOCALS.

"Oh! Don't mention it."

"Call again."

"I'm so glad to have met you."

Prof. Franklin H. Schaeffer, A. M., Principal of the Preparatory Department, died on January 7.

Nearly every student has returned and is again at work; this time for a stretch of six months. All report a good time, and no doubt all had it, for Christmas is a time of pleasure to school boys and girls especially. Judging from the well filled satchels and valises, most of them brought a taste of the good cheer back with them.

Just before the holidays, about ten of the boys bought dark blue caps, and it is the intention of more to purchase them. They have a very jaunty appearance, and are no doubt very serviceable.

On Saturday, 15th of December, several of the ponds had formed ice that would bear, and nearly all the boys who had their skates, enjoyed a half-day's sport.

The few days before the close of school for Christmas, seemed to have a bad effect on the boys, increasing their sleeping powers wonderfully. At the Inspection hour, it kept the Inspector busy rapping boys up, and the epidemic even reached the President of the Senior Class, and he showed his superiority by necessitating the Inspector to call him up twice, both on his up, and his return trip.

Mr. Mis—on, our diligent researcher of biblical statistics has discovered the 67th book of the Bible, and has named it Samson. Its contents, as he states, consist of the adventure of Samson in the lions' den, and finally how he led the children of Israel into the promised land.

Mr. Hu—n, who last year studied chemistry at St. Johns expressed himself as being very fond of the study, and he says he has special liking for the compound known as an Anhy-d-ride. His room mate is authority for the statement that frequently, he



had heard him singing, in the small hours of the night, "Sing, sweet bird."

How sweet is a girl,  
But oh, how bitter  
That same girl is,  
When her dress don't fit her.—*Ex.*

Terence and Plautus are the same work, so Mr. R——e say's, and "don't I know." The last phrase is his invariable authority for his statements.

For the information of malicious persons, we will state, that if any Senior has been heard talking in his sleep about Barbara Celarent, that it is not his best girl, but he has only been getting out his Logic for the next day.

Inquiring Pollitt—Mr. R——e, What kind of animals are Ruminants?

Mr. R——e. Why those that roam around of course.

Mr. L——e, our gallant Senior, loses no opportunity of extending courtesies to the gentler sex. A few days ago he accompanied a little Miss of 8 years, all the way home, from the College, in the meantime carrying on a spirited conversation with her.

Hud—— says he thinks Moses was the father of Zebide's children.

A beautiful truth from Plato's Apology in the words of Socrates: Virtue does not spring from riches, but riches and all other human blessings, both private and public, from virtue.

Webster Literary Society has been presented with Macaulay's History of England and several other books, by Mr. Lawson.

Echo from Bowden: "Look here what are you doin' of."

Prof. of Zoology to a Chincoteague Islander: Where are the eyes of a hammer head shark situated. On his back bone Professor.

Soph: What would you do if I should make a remark to you in a very dark room?

Fresh: I would make light of it.

Prof. of Mathe. Mr. Mis——, what is the square root of twenty-five?

M. Twelve and a half, (class smiles.) I mean ten professor.

A Senior says the last piece of music on the program should be full of spirit as it is always the finale.

A literary magazine says that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has learned how to speak fluently, since her marriage, French, Italian and modern Greek. We question this statement, as we believe she knew Howe before she was married.

While passing Soph H——y's room a few days ago our steps were arrested by hearing, issuing from within, a harrowing shriek: "Gore, gore! O, gore!" We were about to force an entrance, when the voice gradually subsided, grew softer, then became a plaintive moan, which was so heartrending to hear that we turned away and wept, yes, wept, the first tears that had moistened our eyes for years.

Have you ever read Tennyson's Maud? We have. By whom was it written, do you know? We do not. Oh, dear. I would so like to know the author of it.

D——y says he would gladly sacrifice all his hopes for that Sassafras farm for one smile from a certain lively Junior.

The above is verbatim. Having heard that we had taken note of the remark, he implored his roommate, James, for one hour to intercede in his behalf to prevent its publication. Failing, he came to us and offered us a dollar to keep it out of the MONTHLY, but our integrity of character and stern sense of honor prevented us from accepting the bribe. Nay, we would have refused had it been one dollar and twenty-five cents.—Ed.

Status of the base ball nine: Ward out on low balls, Dorsey at the bat, Weller, as usual, making great slaughter in the field. Intense excitement! Umpire Pollitt's life in danger for calling nothing but balls.

Modesty personified: Soph B——. "Well Ch-ll, do you still receive letters from Crisfield?"

"No indeed, that is all broken up."

Soph B. "Well, whose affections have you now engaged?"

"L——zie's, she is gone on me bad, B." What cheek!!

From the Wae-sche smiles at him at the table we think he has great encouragement to take his corn to the Mills.

Latest triumph for the cold water drinkers: Ch-ll has become a Temperance man. Let the good work go on.

A certain young lady of the Junior class is so Dumm as to have a certain young gentleman of the Senior class Leased.

What relation is Miss C—— to Prof. D——?

Niece.

What is the object of Mr. Ja——es in changing his affections from one Miss C—— to another?

To make a better grade in mathematics.

In which direction will the effect be? That is the question.

Who is Cor. Sec'y. of the female Senior table?

The male students favored us upon the evening of the 8th, which was the close of examination, with a most humorous and enjoyable entertainment, gotten up without preparation. They utilized native talent in a most happy manner. Where all was good we cannot particularize, but in this I am sure both teachers and scholars will agree. It was a pleasant evening of innocent mirth, provoking that genuine laughter which chases away the cobwebs of care and makes future work go easy. The program ended with "Nuts to Crack," which was to be understood in its most literal sense, and after the close of the entertainment an hour was spent in social intercourse, enlivened by laughter and the said nuts. The many times that we have heard the different items of fun alluded to shows that the impromptu entertainment still lingers most pleasantly in our memories.

#### DR. WARD'S COLUMN.

It is very pleasant to receive praise when one deserves it, but it is better to deserve praise whether one receives it or not. We should do right because it is right: whoever follows this rule will be "blessed in the deed," and afterwards, too; for right actions bring no remorse, but perpetual satisfaction. They are, moreover often followed by good results to others, which will sooner or later be thoroughly recognized and acknowledged.

If you treat one well and he treats you ill, and you then retaliate by treating him ill, you lose all the virtue of your first action, and place yourself at a great disadvantage. Having done right, never be driven to retire from your honorable position by the wrong-doing of others.

Did you ever hear of a "twisted tongue?" Perhaps not, nor "tonguested twist," either. But there must have been something of the kind in the cases of two men I knew, one of whom intending to speak of "a singular circumstance," sent a "circular singeumstance," and the other declared that he had just received a "telespatchic degraph," by which, of course, he meant a "telegraphic despatch." The reader has permission to smile; but not out loud, please!

Philosophy class, answer: Where is the "ego," and where the non-ego," in Bernard Barton's lines—

"As I walked by myself,  
I talked to myself,



And myself it said unto me:  
Beware of thyself,  
And take care of thyself,  
Or nobody 'll care for thee."

If the poet was right in saying that "a little knowlege is a dangerous thing," there are great numbers of persons who are "standing in jeopardy every hour," for they certainly have precious little knowledge. But I apprehend that there is far deeper truth in the inspired statement, that "the people perish for lack of knowledge;" and therefore it is a great deal better to have a little knowledge than none at all, provided it be really useful knowledge. And they who have only a little should be constantly endeavoring to attain more, by diligence and thoughtfulness, and careful observation and intercourse with those who can impart it. It is very certain that the poet did not mean to advocate ignorance.

"How doth the little busy bee,  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower?"

A class of young ladies were working sums on a black-board, when a gentlemen entered their room and said:

"I see young ladies, that you are at figures. Will you allow me to ask you a simple question?"

"Certainly, sir," they replied. *two*

"Well" said he, "if I paid a man ~~one~~ *two* dollar to saw a cord of wood in three pieces, how much would I have to pay him at the same rate to saw a cord in four pieces?"

They set to work upon the board, and presently one answered, "Two dollars and sixty cents."

"Oh, no," said the gentleman. "Now let me put the question again: If I paid ~~one~~ *two* dollar for two cuts of the saw, how much at the same rate for three cuts of the saw?"

"Why" said all "three dollars, of course."

"Of course!" said the gentlemen. "Because then you exercised your thoughts; but before you were simply trying some rule that you did not understand. Always think, young ladies, when you are asked to solve a question."

A professor in College told this incident to his class. The next time his class met, one of the young ladies of that class begged permission to ask him a question, which he granted.

"Then tell me, professor," said she, "what relation to me is a lady who is my uncle's sister and not my aunt?"

The professor said, "Why none at all."

"Oh, yes," said the young lady, "She is my mother! You did not exercise your thoughts, professor, before answering my question."

This was a case in which the pupil was sharper than the teacher, and he felt it, but he was not offended "of course!"

One of the most precious and beautiful passages in the Bible is that in which God promises to "guide us with his eye." Only think of it! He who sees everywhere, knows all things, and is infinitely perfect in wisdom, power, love, and every divine and holy attribute, promises his constant, ceaseless, unerring guidance, and gracious protection to all who humbly endeavor to walk as in his sight and to obey all his precepts.

"I'd rather be the least of those  
Who love the Lord alone,  
Than wear a royal diadem  
And sit upon a throne."

Of all beautiful things the most beautiful is true piety. Many take pride in knowledge, or in attainments, or in splendid

talents, or in the riches of earth, all of which if duly subordinated to the service of God may be useful, and matters for grateful thanksgiving, but none of which are worth a thought if God be neglected or denied. He made us for himself, and then are we nearest perfection when we are most devoted to him.

Virtue has been properly denominated "an amaranthine flower," but (it is a sad thing to say) there are many gardens in which it is not cultivated, while other plants receive more attention than they are worth, and even noxious weeds are not excluded. Blessed are the people whose gardens are filled with sweet, beautiful and useful flowers, such as virtue, wisdom, truth and love. These are all amaranthine.

Common things are not to be despised. What should we do with salt? Nor little things. "For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse."

One of the best things Henry Clay ever said was, that he "would rather be right, than be President."

### THE COLLEGE WORLD.

The annual reunion of the alumni of Hamilton College, resident in New York and vicinity, was held on December 18th, 1888.

At Bryn Mawr no musical instruments are allowed in the college buildings. This will, no doubt, have a tendency to increase the number of students.

The chair of metaphysics in Buckwall University was filled, at the beginning of the new year, by Dr. J. H. Hyslop, of New York, a graduate of Johns Hopkins University.

A very important change has been made at the University of the South, in regard to the discipline of that university. The demerit system by which it was necessary for any student to withdraw from the institution who had received one hundred demerits within four consecutive months; has been completely abolished. Now demerits are given for no offence whatever—students stand or fall entirely upon their honor. Repeated infringements of certain essential rules will cause a student's dismissal, but each particular case is adjudged by the faculty in the light of all the circumstances connected therewith. The new system works admirably, and a source of gratification to the friends of the institution.

Prof. Henry C. Johnson has resigned the chair of Latin language and literature at Lehigh, which he had held since 1881.

William H. Chandler, Ph. D., F. C. S., professor of chemistry at Lehigh, has been appointed one of the United States Commissioners to the coming Paris Exposition.

The feeling between Harvard and Yale over the unplayed football game scheduled for the Polo Grounds, on Thanksgiving Day, does not abate. Each team thinks the other is in the wrong and will not succumb.

It was the late Prof. W. M. Gillespie, for many years Professor of Civil Engineering in Union College, and the author of several engineering works, who having received on the same day the degree of LL. D., from two different colleges, expressed the double honor hereafter mathematically as L4, D2.

### QUONDAM STUDENTS.

Miss Ida E. Devilbiss, '78-'79, of Liberty, Md., has completed the course of reading prescribed by that popular and rapidly growing society, the Chataqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and holds a diploma as a graduate of the Class of '88.

Mr. Thomas J. Ewell, '78-'79, is on the reportorial staff of the Baltimore Daily Sun. He wrote the articles in reference to



the recent war of the State Oyster Police Force against the dredgers.

Miss Maggie A. Stem, '90, recently paid the college a visit.

Mr. Clinton Jarman, a rising young business man, paid the college a visit recently. While here he attended a meeting of his old society, the Webster, and extended to it kind words of encouragement.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss H. May Nicodemus and Miss Katie Smith, both of '81, attended the anniversary of the Browning Society on December 26th. Miss Smith spent the Christmas holidays with Miss Nicodemus at her home, at Wakefield.

Mr. N. H. Wilson, '87, has been promoted from the Washington to the New York office of the Loomis Library Association with an advanced salary. Mr. Wilson now has an excellent position with quite a handsome salary, and we are sure that his old friends at college will be pleased to hear of his success.

Mr. Paul Combs, '87, paid Westminster a flying trip on December 1st.

### PERSONALS:

Mr. Harper paid a visit to Baltimore on December 14th, and Mr. Watson on December 7th.

Miss Dumm enjoyed a visit from her friend, Miss Reiser, of Union Bridge, just before the holidays.

Mr. Mace of Dorchester county spent Thanksgiving with his son, Mr. W. I. Mace. He attended the anniversary of the Irving Society, which he enjoyed very much.

Miss Lena Wolfes was made to rejoice recently by receiving a visit from her father and mother, of Annapolis. More visits on the parts of parents would cause less homesickness on the part of children.

Miss Monath, of Miss Grove's native city, paid that lady a visit on Thanksgiving.

We received a letter recently from Mr. Chas. T. Wright, a former student of the college—and a dollar along with it for subscription to the Monthly. Mr. Wright is one of Western Maryland's most successful former students. He was recently elected to the principalship of Belair graded school and academy combined, the number of students being about two hundred. We return our thanks for his kind wishes for the success of the Monthly, and extend our congratulations for his success.

Our old friend, Ford Caulk, paid us a visit in December. He still has the liveliest interest in his old class and the college. We hope he will not forget the rabbits.

### SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

**A NEW FLORA.**—The luxuriant vegetation of Krakatoa was totally destroyed by the eruption in 1883, not a living germ being left. Three years later the island was visited by Dr. M. Treub, who now reports having found six species of microscopic algae, which coated the rock and seemed to have formed the soil on which eleven species of ferns had taken root. A common grass of Java was growing, and there were quite a number of such species of flowering plants as first appear on coral islands. Seeds of fruit of several coral island trees were found on the shore. Krakatoa is ten miles from the Island of Sibesie containing the nearest terrestrial vegetation, twenty miles from Sumatra, and twenty-one from Java.

**A MECHANICAL NOVELTY.**—The remarkable Mannesmann process of making seamless tubes is described by Mr. F. Siemens as consisting in passing the red-hot bar of solid metal or glass be-

tween revolving conoidal rolls. These rolls are so arranged that the varying velocities of revolution with which the different parts of the bar are brought into contact cause the formation of a hollow through the bar's centre. Tubes a foot in diameter, with a shell only a quarter of an inch thick, may be produced in this way, and great strength is claimed for them. Tubes with sealed ends may be made, the hollow centre being a vacuum.

**INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE OF THE NOSE.**—Aprosexia is the name Dr. Gupe, of Amsterdam, chooses for inattentiveness, and he quite singularly finds that the nose is one cause of it. A dull boy became quick to learn after certain tumors had been taken from the nose; and a man who had been troubled with vertigo and buzzing in the ears for twelve years found mental labor easy after a like operation. In a third case, a medical student was similarly relieved. Dr. Gupe supposes that these nasal troubles affect the brain by preventing the cerebral lymph from circulating freely.

**WASTE OF ENERGY.**—In the ordinary sixteen candle power incandescent lamp, according to Prof. E. Merritt, only from four to six per cent. of the energy actually expended is available as light, the remainder being wasted as heat. To lessen this loss is one of the greatest electrical problems now awaiting solution.

### COLLEGE DIRECTORY

#### BROWNING SOCIETY.

President.....	Fannie M. Grove
Vice President.....	Georgie Franklin
Corresponding Secretary.....	Lena E. Gore
Recording Secretary.....	Mollie Shriver
Librarian.....	May Nelson
Treasurer.....	Hilda P. Stem
Critic.....	Minerva Utz

#### PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

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Vice President.....	Hattie B. Walmisley
Recording Secretary.....	Cecilia Dumm
Corresponding Secretary.....	A. Laura Jones
Treasurer.....	Hannah McL. Blanford
Librarian.....	Annie Thomas
Chaplain.....	Marion E. Money
Critic.....	Ada Mather

#### IRVING SOCIETY.

President.....	W. M. Cross
Vice President.....	D. F. Harris
Recording Secretary.....	B. B. James
Corresponding Secretary.....	G. W. Ward
Critic.....	W. M. Weller
Treasurer.....	H. P. Grow
Chaplain.....	P. H. Myers
Sergeant at Arms.....	C. E. Harris
Librarian.....	J. L. Reifsnider
Assistant Librarian.....	B. R. Powell

#### WEBSTER SOCIETY.

President.....	J. B. Whaley
Vice President.....	W. I. Mace
Recording Secretary.....	E. T. Pollitt
Corresponding Secretary.....	G. B. Hadley
Treasurer.....	G. I. Barwick
Chaplain.....	L. A. Shipley
Critic.....	G. M. Hansman
Librarian.....	G. E. Waesche
Mineralogist.....	H. L. Makinson
Auditing Committee.....	{ Ex-President Harper J. M. Tall George Parke

President.....	James Cody
Vice President.....	L. Irving Pollitt
Recording Secretary.....	Bartlett B. James
Corresponding Secretary.....	G. W. Ward
Treasurer.....	Daniel E. Day

#### Y. W. C. A.

President.....	G. F. Beeks
Vice President.....	F. M. Grove
Corresponding Secretary.....	I. Lowe
Treasurer.....	M. K. Slaughter
Organist.....	M. C. Mills



# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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## Western Maryland College Monthly.

PUBLISHED BY THE BROWNING, PHILOMATHEAN,  
IRVING AND WEBSTER LITERARY SOCIETIES.

J. B. WHALEY, Editor in Chief.

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With this issue the term of office of the present staff expires, and we make way for others who, we hope, may show themselves amply fitted for and suited to the work. That they may prove successful journalists is the sincere wish of the retiring staff, and if it is ever called upon for any assistance it will gladly render it. We think we have learned a few things, at least, in regard to how a college paper should be conducted, and do not regret the work we have expended in this special department of college work. College journalism is carried on, for the most part, under trying difficulties, difficulties which are peculiar to itself. In the first place it is just that much extra work upon those engaging in it, and is consequently often performed under the most trying circumstances. Often it happens that when all the matter for an issue is brought together there is lacking enough to fill a page or two, and thus it falls to the lot of some special editor to make up this deficiency, having only a day or two, possibly, in which to do it, and recitations to prepare for and attend just the same as ever. Then let a staff be constituted as it may, there are always certain ones on whom the great burden of the work falls, and some who are dead heads in the truest sense of the word. And it is sure to happen that those who do the least are the most ready to criticise and blame. However, we do not mean to say that we have had any dead heads on our staff. Every member of it, without an exception, has worked earnestly and well, and we will venture to say that there could not be a staff selected from the students of the school in which greater harmony would exist than has prevailed in ours. At the first meeting of our staff it resolved to lay aside class and society ties and prejudices and work for a common interest and to a single purpose, the success of the MONTHLY. It has kept that resolution, and considering the limited time allowed for the work, we do not think that our college paper, conducted and controlled for the last five months for the first time entirely by the four societies, has been a failure.

We have met another difficulty which it has been hard to obviate, and that is in the character of our editorials and locals. Students so frequently take offence at the one if seemingly too

harsh, or at the other if they imagine them a little personal. For instance a local appeared in our first issue, headed "Correspondent." Offence was taken at it because as interpreted by the offended parties, it seemed to call into question their modesty. The writer of this was the author of that local and can sincerely say that a meaning was given it which it was not intended that it should have. The writing of it, as well as the writing of several editorials for the same purpose for which it was written, was prompted by the purest and most unprejudiced motives. However, the ordinary editor don't mind incurring a little ill will if his writings are prompted by pure motives and receive some measure of appreciation, which ours have not altogether done, but which we hope the next staff's will, which we deem as desirable success as we could wish it. We are glad that we have held a position on the staff of the MONTHLY, the training from which we hope to be useful to us in the avocation which we anticipate entering.

In our last issue were many typographical errors which, not through carelessness, but by accident, slipped in. The proof was read immediately after the Christmas holidays, and none of the editors being back, was read by persons not accustomed to reading proof, and hence their unpracticed eye allowed the mistakes to pass by unnoticed. We shall endeavor that it may not occur again, as very slight mistakes in words or letters sometimes makes great mistakes in meaning.

We are glad to note the improvement which has recently been made in our gymnasium. It is now fitted up with all the apparatus found in the modern gymnasium, and there is no reason why a student of Western Maryland should ever henceforth become pale and weak physically for want of a proper place in which to take needed exercise. The method by which it is now managed is a good one and works admirably. The Senior, Junior, and Sophomore classes, as a body with Mr. T. E. Reese its president, control it. It is opened at stated periods every week day except Friday, and each member of these classes has his period in which to act as monitor in it, with full powers to report the misconduct of anyone. And whenever the behavior of one is sufficiently improper to warrant it, the body of students having it under control may eject him, and even suspend him from its privileges for a time deemed proper. The result is satisfactory in every respect, and our students should appreciate, as we believe they do, the great privilege given them in having free use of such a gymnasium.

We are glad to note the strong and healthy condition of the Young Men's Christian Association of the College. We fear that in too many instances the name "Young Men's Christian Association" expresses about all there is of the organization. By this we mean that where the whole responsibility of the Association devolves upon young men, there is great danger that a mere formality will take the place of the fervent Christian spirit which



should characterize all its meetings. We are glad, and we hope not in a wasteful spirit that such is not the case with ours. Considering the number of boarding students we have a large membership, a good proportion of whom are active workers, and we think its influence among us is recognized by all.

These thoughts were suggested directly by considering the object of the convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Maryland, West Virginia and District of Columbia, held at Cumberland, Md., Jan. 24 and 27. This object is to increase the interest in the Association work, to strengthen its influence where it has been but slight, and to carry that influence where it has not been felt before. The fact that our Association elected two delegates, Mr. Pollitt, of the College, and Mr. Cody, of the Seminary, to represent us in the convention, we think shows that it is a live organization, awake to the importance of reaping the benefits offered by representation in such a convention. The delegates returned with clearer and broader views of Association work, and we believe the interest aroused will not remain wholly with themselves.

The value of a life is not to be estimated simply by the number of its years. The records of biography afford abundant illustrations of men and women who had scarcely reached middle age when the insatiable archer's arrow struck them down, and who yet had made impressions on the world which improved it and rendered it more desirable and profitable to their survivors because of the memory of their character and deeds; for every true and noble life is an addition to the world's store of good. The generations of the past have lived for us, and we are living for the generations to come.

Since the founding of Western Maryland College in 1867, many who were identified with its interests have passed away; some full of years as well as honors, others in comparative youth, yet not without honors. The memory of them all is very precious to us their survivors, and we find in the study of their lives and labors much to incite us to virtuous diligence and continued exertion for the welfare of our race, in humble reliance upon Him on whom they depended, and who enabled them to be what they were, and to accomplish what they did.

The recent death of our young Prof. Franklin Harvey Schaeffer at the early age of 27 years, reminds us of the death of Prof. William H. Ogg in 1875, about the same age. Both these dear young men filled the position of Principal of the Preparatory Department of the College, and both were graduates of the College. There was also a marked resemblance in their character, and career. They were both aimable in disposition; both possessed more than ordinary intellectual ability; both diligently improved their College advantages; both gained for themselves the respect and love of all who knew them; both rendered noble, faithful and efficient service as teachers; both found grace and peace in Christ Jesus, and died in the faith, leaving to their survivors the precious legacy of examples worthy of the emulation of all.

J. T. W.

"No excellence without toil," is a truism that every young person should keep constantly in mind. Some of the most talented have failed to make much of life, because they failed to improve their talents by industry and perseverance. J. T. W.

## FRANZ SCHUBERT:

### A Short Sketch of his Life and Works.

BY PROF. T. F. RINEHART.

The great composer, Franz Schubert, was born in Vienna on Jan. 31st, 1797. His father was a school teacher but being, as is the case with most Germans of education, a musician, he taught his son the rudiments of music and gave his bright genius the first impulses toward the prominent and striking position to which he finally attained. At the age of 11 young Schubert, who possessed a beautiful voice, became a member of the choir of the imperial chapel, at Vienna, when the celebrated composer Salieri was for a time his instructor. In 1813 his voice changed and he lost his position in the choir and finally became an assistant teacher to his father. During all this time however his favorite amusement, although not thoroughly versed in the rules of the art, was musical composition, and remarkable as it may seem, he even at this early age had already written songs which in originality and beauty gave high promise for the future. His short life was extremely uneventful. Several times he applied for prominent positions as musical director, but every time the favor was bestowed upon others who, as it will almost go without the telling, were infinitely beneath him in merit and ability. There is pathos in the thought that so great a man and so great a genius should cheerfully struggle on unrecognized and unrewarded, conscious of his own worth yet willingly and zealously toiling in humble seclusion. Such men have their reward but it is the reward that comes to the coral insect that helps to form a continent and dies in its narrow cell, or the bee that laboriously gathers the honey it never consumes. Schubert died November 29, 1828.

He ranks among the most prolific of composers. His songs may be counted by hundreds. He wrote also several operas, masses, and various other vocal works of different styles and forms. Also overtures, sonatas, trios, duos, quartets, quintets, octets, symphonies, &c. His vein of melodic invention seemed inexhaustable, and what Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith may not inappropriately be applied to him, "he touched nothing that he did not adorn." Of all his writings his songs are perhaps the best known and deservedly the most popular.

A school teacher and a man well versed in polite literature, Schubert set no verse to music that was not standard and well worth the trouble. And the way he did it! why, the setting to these gems of language was richer, if possible, than these gems themselves. One forgets the beautiful picture and devotes most of the attention to the exquisite frame. There for example, is that legend of the Erl-king, the spirit of the forest, which the great Goethe thought it worth his while to fasten in lasting verse, and which has been rendered into English by Sir Walter Scott. The Erl-king is a goblin that haunts the Black Forest in Thuringia.

"Oh who rides by night through the woodland so wild?

It is the fond father embracing his child;

And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,

To hold himself fast and to keep himself warm."

Suddenly the goblin of the woods, invisible to the father, appears before the alarmed child. He cries out in terror but is hushed by the assurance that it is only a mist streak rising over the plain. The Erl-king then addresses the boy enticing him away with promises of gay sports, beautiful flowers and innumerable toys. Warned by his son that the Erl-king had spoken to him the father endeavors to persuade him that it is the wind rustling through the dry leaves. The spirit of the woods angry at the resistance to his blandishments threatens force. The frightened child shrieks and moans in the arms of his distracted parent who lashes his horse into a furious gallop. Frenzied with superstitious fears he reached home only to find his well loved child dead in his arms. This short poem, thrilling in spite of its simplicity and improbability



bility derives a much higher charm from the exquisite musical setting it received from Schubert. The accompaniment, in its open desolate octaves and rapid triplet runs, is the personification in sound of swift motion and great fear. Where the Erl-king holds forth promises of pleasure and amusement there is a modulation from the mournful key of G minor into voluptuous and delightful major chords only to rush back again in tumultuous disorder at the shrieking of the affrighted child and the plunging of the lashed and frenzied horse. Oh, Schubert had few if any peers in the realm of song! As in the Erl-king so in all his other vocal works. I have referred particularly to this one only because it is an especially characteristic expression of his unrivalled abilities in this line. In the Barcarolle one can almost feel the swish of the water against the sides of the boat and see the red clouds in the evening sky. Beginning doubtfully and mournfully in a minor key, it closes in a perfect ecstasy of triumph and assurance, as though the poor soul broken on the rack of distress and disappointment yet lives to see at the last the full fruition of toil and endeavor.

Schubert's purely instrumental works, while equally meritorious with his songs, do not take so quick and strong a hold on the fancy and affections. They seem more labored in their effect, and if I may say it without presumption, lack a little in spontaneity and freshness. The family resemblance between his songs and his instrumental works can be seen at a glance. The latter have the same characteristic harmonic treatment, the same fresh and charming melodic themes, the same bold and original modulations, the same sweet and romantic coloring. But when compared with the songs they lack in compactness. His never ending stock of melodic invention not infrequently spurs them out to an interminable length. Nevertheless they possess sufficient of the divine fire of genius to render them not unworthy even of that greatest of masters, Beethoven, in whose footsteps Schubert humbly yet courageously followed and after whose immortal works he lovingly modelled and patterned.

Schubert is a most refreshing and inspiring example of that class of artists who work from a pure love for art and a desire to advance it to a higher stage of perfection and beauty. Rossini, who ranks at the head of Italian composers, and who by some ardent admirers is said to have no peer among great writers of music, used his undoubted talents for the sake of pecuniary benefits alone. Meyerbeer strove for startling effects and immediate popularity, and even the high-minded Mendelssohn seems to have been actuated to some extent, at least, by superficial and sentimental longings that rested on no firm and substantial basis. But, unlike these talented and popular men, Schubert lived a life, obscure and unrecognized. He did not have even the privilege of hearing some of his most elaborate works successfully performed, and the world was not aware of what a brilliant and elevated mind had lived and labored so grandly till he had passed away.

"His soul was like a star and dwelt apart;  
He had a voice whose sound was like the sea;  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So did he travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet his heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

#### INDIVIDUALITY.

Of the great number of created beings, there is not one who does not possess some trait distinguishing him from his fellow men. He may not possess some striking peculiarity, but there is something that sets him apart from others and declares his personality.

Some, of course, perhaps the greater number of people, possess alike the same qualities and defects, with only slightly varying shades and modifications; but there are others whose intense individuality places them upon eminences which others, with less decision of character, would attempt in vain.

If we give any consideration to the study of human nature

under its varied forms, we will discover that, while the number of elements is comparatively small, there is no bound to the range of compounds in the composition of character, but each, though made of the same material as any other, receives in its formation some imperceptible touch, which characterizes it as apart from others, and as possessing a distinctive and separate existence.

The conclusions of others, and often our own observations, teach us that those who possess the greatest intensity of character are destined either to make the most brilliant successes or achieve the most disastrous failures; either their concentrated energy of mind and will is sufficient to win appreciation and attain fame, or their very innate force and power is so intense as to raise them far above the comprehension of others, and in this way cause them to lose the recognition which a lesser may easily gain, though he may lack many higher attributes.

Who is a greater or more striking example of the power and strength of a decisive character than the poet Milton? Throughout his works he carries the deepest intensity of feeling, and it is impossible to think that any but a man of earnest reflection could have written with such convincing emphasis.

There are many others who have received no appreciation, but have merely been accounted queer and eccentric, when only the warmth of recognition has been required to unfold and reveal stored up beauty. There are those who, like William Collins, have mourned their failures and died unsuccessful, when generations after their works are read and admired. Some would rather read smoothly flowing lines, without break or abrupt change, whose only charm is their gentle flow, than some work in which the mind of the author is seen, and which does not lack earnest feeling; but, of the two, that which reveals the spirit and character of the writer is the one which leaves the most lasting impression.

If we consider the great number of people in the world, the many millions who now occupy it, we will find it almost impossible to believe that there are not some persons who agree in almost every respect with some others. There is a story which tells of a traveler in crossing the Rocky Mountains who came face to face with another traveler who was almost a perfect image of himself, and sometimes it would not be very difficult to believe that such a thing could be possible. Such an occurrence is indeed merely a supposed case, yet it is curious to notice the many blendings of the different attributes of character, and just where the line is drawn that marks their individuality.

#### RESOLUTIONS BY IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY.

Irving Literary Society, of which Prof. Schaeffer was a member while attending the College, in their first regular meeting after his death, passed the following resolutions expressive of their sorrow and sympathy.

*Whereas*, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in His beneficent wisdom to remove from our midst, Prof. Franklin Harvey Shaeffer, one of the most esteemed of our Faculty, most distinguished of the College Alumni and most energetic of the ex-active members of Irving Literary Society.

*Be it Resolved*, That in his death, the Faculty of Western Maryland College has lost an earnest worker; the College, a proficient instructor and the community an excellent citizen.

*Be it Resolved*, That Irving Literary Society has lost one who ever felt the greatest interest in her welfare; a judicious adviser and a willing worker.

*Be it Resolved*, That we do extend to his family, our sincere sympathy in their bereavement, and in sympathizing with them, do rejoice that in passing from his suffering, he has reached eternal rest.

*Be it Resolved*, That these resolutions express the sympathy of the entire Society; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to



his family, be inserted in the Society minutes and be published in the Western Maryland College Monthly.

COMMITTEE { W. M. CROSS.  
EDWARD WHITE, JR.  
W. M. WELLER.

PROFESSOR FRANKLIN HARVEY SCHAEFFER.

It is a sad duty to be called upon to chronicle the death of one so near and dear to us as he whose name heads this paper. And as he was not only known by, but a friend of, most of those to whom the MONTHLY goes, it will doubtless be with no less sadness and sorrow that they peruse this record of his short life.

He was the son of Albert Schaeffer of Silver Run, Md., and nephew of Milton Schaeffer, Mayor of Westminster. His mother was a Miss Morelock and died when he was still but a small boy.

He was born December 8th, 1861, was confirmed in the Lutheran Church in 1877, entered Western Maryland College in September, 1878, and graduated in 1883, ranking high in a class numbering twenty-one.

Immediately after his graduation he went to Kansas City, but was compelled to return after a year to his home on account of ill health. Having determined to devote his life to teaching, he taught in the public schools of Carroll county until the position of Tutor in Latin and Greek in Western Maryland College was open to him in 1885. In 1886 he was made Principal of the Preparatory Department, and filled this office with remarkable success up to the first of October, 1888, when he resigned his position on account of the affection of his throat. In the spring of last year he was considerably troubled with it and was for a time under the treatment of a specialist in Baltimore. By this he was greatly benefited and during the summer was almost entirely well; but in the early fall, the dreadful disease, tuberculosis of the throat, manifested itself again, and though he had the attention of the best skill, he declined rapidly until his death, January 7th, 1889.

The above gives but the prominent events of his life, another side of it is written indelibly upon the hearts of those with whom he came in contact. As a student his entire record bears close inspection and is one worthy of imitation. He was faithful to his duties having the unique distinction of passing the first three years of his course without a single absence from recitation from any cause whatever. He was an earnest worker in the ranks of the Irving Literary Society and was always assigned a prominent part in her Anniversaries. As a teacher he was peculiarly gifted, possessing the faculty of imparting his information in an impressive way and inciting the student to study. He had that gentleness and amiability that made his pupils love him, and at the same time that firmness which gave him complete control over them. On several occasions he received handsome testimonials from his class of the high regard and esteem in which they held him.

He died at the residence of his grand-father, Mr. George Schaeffer, in Westminster, where he had made his home since early boyhood. His funeral took place on Wednesday morning at Grace Lutheran Church, and the interment was at St. Benjamin's cemetery, near this city. Students of former days will recall this as the graveyard just a mile or two north of the College. The services were conducted by the Rev. P. H. Miller, his pastor, who preached a sermon from the text, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" Ps. III-10. He was followed by the Rev. J. T. Ward, under whose presidency, Prof. Schaeffer had spent his college days, and by President T. H. Lewis, under whose administration he had been a member of the Faculty. Both paid appropriate tributes to his memory, and the latter spoke especially of his usefulness as a teacher, his worth as a friend, and his religious life. As has been stated above he had been confirmed in the Lutheran Church years ago, and yet he did not base his hope of the future on the grounds of any mere church connection, but

within recent years had determined to live a christian life and so prepared himself for the dying hour.

The pall bearers were Charles P. Cassell 69-72, Joseph W. Smith, '80, J. McD. Radford, '88, John Brundige and Prof. T. F. Rinehart. The pulpit was covered with a black pall upon which was the word "Rest" in white, by the side of the chancel stood a large white cross entwined with flowers, and upon the casket lay numerous floral tributes. In addition to those from numerous friends were a pillow of immortelles from the Freshman Class, a bunch of lillies and smilax from the Browning Society and a badge made of immortelles, of the Irving Society, of which he was an ex-active member.

The church was filled with his friends, for he was beloved by all who knew him, as well as by those with whom he was more intimately associated. The presence of the Faculty and Students of the College in a body was no mere formality, but an expression of heartfelt regret and sorrow at the loss of so loved an associate and teacher.

#### RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE FACULTY.

The following is an extract from the minutes of the Faculty:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from us our friend and brother, Franklin Harvey Schaeffer.

WHEREAS, We desire to express our deep sense of loss and to put on record our high appreciation of his character.

*Resolved*, That in the death of Franklin Harvey Schaeffer, occurring in his early manhood and in the midst of his usefulness, Western Maryland College loses one of the best and noblest of her Alumni, and one of the most efficient and conscientious of her teachers.

*Resolved*, That the faithfulness with which he discharged all the duties incident to his position as a Tutor in the College, and especially the firm and gentle discipline which characterized his administration of the important and responsible office of Principal of the Preparatory Department, eminently merit an appreciative memorial and official record at the hands of his surviving colleagues.

*Resolved*, That we recall with sorrowful pleasure the high moral character, the amiable disposition and the gentle manners which endeared him to all who knew him, but most especially to us, his fellow teachers who best knew his worth and loved him most.

*Resolved*, That the uncomplaining patience with which he bore a sickness, hopeless of cure from the first, excites our warmest admiration while it adds to our regret that he could not have been longer spared to us and to the work to which he had dedicated his life.

*Resolved*, That much as we feel our own loss, we are painfully conscious of the overwhelming loss of the bereaved family to whom we tender our deepest sympathy and for whom we pray the blessing of calm and hold resignation to the ordering of a wise and merciful Providence.

*Resolved*, That this memorial be entered upon the records of the Faculty and that copies of the same be presented to the family of our deceased friend.

GALENA, MD.

MESSRS EDITORS:—A shadow has been cast over our entire community by the death of Miss Mary C. Meredith. Miss Meredith had been in poor health for several years past, and was one of the most well known and highly esteemed of the ladies in our community, and leaves an extensive circle of friends. As a pupil of Western Maryland College she made many sincere friendships and those who knew her best will most regret that she should be taken away just in the midst of a bright and noble womanhood. She died at the home of her father, near Galena, surrounded by all that could make the last moments of a sufferer pleasant as earthly pleasures are measured, yet she recognized the fact that "Earth



has no sorrows, which heaven cannot heal." Chestertown Transcript.

Miss Meredith was a graduate of Western Md., graduating in the class of '82. She was a sister of Miss Carrie Meredith who was a former member of the class of '89.

#### OCEAN CITY, MD.

OCEAN CITY, January 26th, 1889.

DEAR MONTHLY:—You have probably never had any echoes in your columns from this quarter of the world, and you may be surprised at receiving these as you did not know of the writer's destination when he left the college a few days ago. However, it seems as though either business or the fates, or both, have led his footsteps hither, and so here he is with the flat lands of the Eastern Shore on his one hand, and the mighty Atlantic on the other.

How differently the place seems since last summer when here. One would think, were it any other than a watering place, that some dreadful scourge had swept over it, taking away all life and animation, and leaving in their stead a death-like stillness, broken only by the low roar of the waves. Surely the surroundings are not very inviting for one to spend much of the winter here. Nor do the waves, if entered, look as though they would send a thrill of joy through the bather just at this time.

Ocean City as a summer resort is of comparatively recent origin. Yet the time has been long enough since it became such for it to have wider popularity and be more frequented than it is. The writer has never seen a more desirable place on the Atlantic coast for bathing than is here afforded. The place offers every accommodation that could be desired by the visitor. It has four large, first class, hotels: the Atlantic, Congress Hall, Seaside and Synnepuxent, besides cottages which can be rented at very low figures, boarding houses, etc. Ocean City is dull, or at least very quiet, in the summer; and the only social event which breaks its usual monotony is an occasional ball in one of the pavilions of the hotels. Nearly all its visitors come from Baltimore, and Somerset, Wicomico and Worcester, counties of Maryland, and Sussex county, Delaware, with a few from Dorchester county and the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

Property owners here are at present anxiously and interestedly awaiting the construction of the Baltimore and Eastern Shore railroad, which will begin at St. Michaels in Talbot county and have its terminus at Salisbury. Its construction, which is now a foregone conclusion, right of way having been secured and all arrangements consummated by the company to begin work on it at once, will greatly enhance property here. The company has already purchased the Wicomico and Pocomoke railroad, running from Salisbury here, a distance of twenty five miles, which, with the other road when constructed, will make a through route from Baltimore, and a distance of not more than a hundred and twenty-five miles. And there is no reason why the drift of tourists and those frequenting seaside resorts from Washington, Baltimore, and Western Maryland generally, should not be turned towards Ocean City, its railroad facilities having thus been increased. Indeed the extremely poor railroad accommodations are what have kept this resort from gaining the popularity in the past which it deserved. There is only one railroad leading to the place, the Wicomico and Pocomoke from Salisbury, and the trains on it run at the most unseasonable hours, indeed, at about every hour that it don't suit people to go on them. Then they will either get to Salisbury ten minutes after the steamers for Baltimore have left in the afternoon, or else leave ten minutes before they have arrived in the morning, thus always leaving passengers in a dilemma. We don't know whether the railroad authorities are in coalition with the hotel proprietors of Salisbury or not. It is said that the way the engineers regulate the speed of their trains on this road, is that if they get too fast for the passengers to

count the fence posts by the way they are "brought down" a little.

Ocean City, being the only seaside resort in the state, certainly demands more notice from Marylanders, and we believe that if it had equal advantages in the way of travel to and from it with Atlantic City, Cape May, and some of the other popular seaside resorts, it would soon be as noted as they for its number of visitors.

Synnepuxent bay offers excellent opportunities for boating, fishing, and the like. It is a beautiful expanse of water and attracts the eye of the visitor as well as the Atlantic does. I must not forget to mention the life saving station situated here. The method by which it carries on its work always affords the visitor keen interest, and during its short time here of only a few years it has saved many lives and rescued from destruction much valuable property.

I aimed to give you in this letter some of the characteristics of the Eastern Shore people who visit here and something about the towns and part of the state which they represent, but as space prevents I promise to do this in an article for another issue, so for the present, enough.

Hoping to be at College again in a few days, I remain,  
Yours Truly, PHARAON.

#### DR. WARD'S COLUMN.

Some errors in print are from carelessness of the writer; others are due to the printer or to the proof-reader; some are so manifest that the reader will at once discover and correct them for himself; others are perplexing, or amusing, and need to be explained before the reader can get the true meaning of the writer. In the January number of *The Monthly*, page 212, second column, "thoughly" was put for "thoroughly," and "sent" for "said." On page 213, first column, "one dollar" should have been "two dollars," (this was my mistake, not the printer's) and in the second column, "bowers" should have been "flowers," and "with salt," should have been "without salt." Many years ago in an article on temperance, I was made by the types to say that I was "in favor of the liquor-traffic in any form." This was done simply by the omission of the "not" which was in my manuscript.

A reporter wrote: "After Gov. McDowell's speech, many members wept, and Mr. Speaker Winthrop more than once gave way to his feelings in a flood of tears." The printed copy read; "Many members *slept*, and Mr. Speaker Winthrop more than once gave way to his feelings in a *mug of beer*."

A Washington paper informed its readers that a fire in a house in that city was "caused by a pair of geese being upset on a stove." The next issue however corrected the statement by—"for pair of geese in yesterday's paper, read '*pan of grease*.'"

A Boston newspaper man has collected a lot of typographical errors that have the merit of being new, and printed them in the *Transcript*. Here is an extraordinary sentence: "The stay at Indianapolis proved a relief from the monetary which is inimitable on a thirty-hour cautionary journey." For "monetary" read "monotony," for "inimitable" "inevitable," and for "cautionary" "continuous," and the sentence makes better sense. "Mrs. Logan sat babbling at the head of the coffin" appeared for "Mrs. Logan sat sobbing;" "greasers on a seating" for "quavers on a violin;" "a heavy shoe fell" for "a heavy shower;" "the devil of St. Francis" for the "dust" of that saint; "a drove of hogs floating down the Connecticut" for "a drive of logs;" "Dr. Holmes' wood painting" for the Autocrat's "word painting," and "she died and cleared the premises" for "she died and claimed the promises." Once at Worcester the Rev. George H. Hepworth said in an address, "I am not a free lance." The *Spy* made him say, "I want a free lunch." A Boston newspaper reported a critic as saying, "the



toast for Irving, like the toast for olives, must be cut elevated." What he did say was, "that the taste for Irving, like the taste for olives, must be cultivated." It was in Boston that a newspaper reported the arrival in Paris of "Mr. Shaw, of Persia," and still another Boston journal had an orchestra playing a "garrote," and some "conceited music." A "gavotte" and "concerted music" were what was played. About the best blunder of his list is one made by the Springfield *Republican* in the days of Samuel Bowles, the first, who was made to say in an editorial: "And silence, like a poultice, come to heal the blows of Samuel." Of course, he wrote "sound," instead of "Samuel," but it wasn't printed that way.

A newspaper in 1870, giving a synopsis of the new Constitution of Virginia, said: "It has stringent provisions against dueling; it provides that no person who has fought a duel with a deadly woman, &c., shall be allowed to vote or hold office" &c. Of course, "woman" was substituted for "*weapon*."

A North Carolina paper announcing indications of an earthquake at Camden, stated that "there was a loud roar, and a small snake was experienced last night about eleven o'clock." It should have read "a small *shake*."

"As soon as the eloquent gentleman had concluded his address," a reporter is made to say, "the people with great enthusiasm rent the air with their snouts." This is another illustration of the fact that the printers' *h*'s and *n*'s sometimes get in each others boxes.

In an article for the "Methodist Protestant," May, 1888, Prof. E. A. Warfield writing concerning the students of Westminster Theological Seminary, is made to say that they had been "faithful in the persecution of their studies;" and I, in a note, said that I "endorsed the article." But I certainly did not endorse the persecution of studies. The professor no doubt had written "prosecution."

In an old English print the following ridiculous blunder was caused by the simple omission of the letter *c* at the beginning of a word in the third line:

"When the last trumpet soundeth,  
We shall not all die;  
But we shall all be *hanged*  
In the twinkling of an eye."

1st Cor. XV. 51, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall be *changed*."

### QUIET LIVES.

There are a few names whose greatness is so gigantic that, like Poe's "eternal condar years," they "shake the very worlds on high with tumult as they thunder by." In seeking examples of the noble in deed or character we are so apt to bring forward these celebrated men, and, while lauding them to the skies, pass by many quiet lives replete with the virtues which make bright firesides, pleasant social circles, and fill up the gaps left by the great movements of bolder spirits in the field of life.

The every day traits of constancy, endurance, self-denial, unselfishness; the philanthropist of the home circle, the marshal of the school brigade, the quiet, gentle friend, ready to help, ready to cheer; a friend after the Bible fashion—to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice. Memory (alas that it is only a memory) holds two just such lives, which were with us a little while, then passed so noiselessly away that, to the great, gairish, outside world, they almost seem never to have been; but their memory will live, their influence be felt, their loss mourned by some friends while life shall last.

A few years ago a young man came to us from the far West who had dedicated his life to God's service. With him that was no light thing. When the consciousness first came to

him that he was to preach the Gospel, in consternation he fled away, as it were, from the face of the Lord. Leaving all the ties which seemed to draw him to that work, he strove in the hurry of western life, in the great race for gold, to stifle the voice which said "woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." But the call of duty was imperative and he obeyed. Three years of hard work, and then he went to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the perishing. Surely "God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor His ways as our ways," for although well equipped for his work, and long years of usefulness seemed before him, in four months his labors were over, in less than a year his life on earth was ended. Years of preparation and only four months of work. Was his life lost? Does nothing remain to show he has lived? No, that cannot be. "No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby." His last days were spent hundreds of miles from his friends, almost penniless, wholly among strangers. Yet in a letter written the day before he died he says: "My labors are ended; my life must now go to be weighed in the balance. I die happy and willingly, without one rebelling thought to God's will. I want you to think of my last days as wholly blest." The good Christian family who took the stranger and ministered unto him was assisted by a young man who, hearing of their need, volunteered help. This man, though kind and generous hearted, was an avowed infidel, an open unbeliever in God. While at the bed of this dying Christian he was so impressed by the realities of religion, its ever-present help, the comfort of a living Saviour, as shown in the words and character of the sick man, that he has renounced infidelity and is this day an earnest worker for Christ.

Only a few weeks ago another of our number went to join the "innumerable caravan." For years his influence has been felt, not by words—for surely he vaunted not himself, but by the steady man ceasing exercise of duty which must ever make itself felt. As scholar and teacher he was with us nine years. In the former capacity his faithfulness was shown in the report of the Secretary of the Faculty that in four years of school life he had not been absent from any stated exercise. Church, chapel, roll call, recitation, every one for four years. Neither had he asked to be excused from recitation or reported for violation of order. A faithful scholar. Is not that high praise?

We can but lament that a life so full of all gentle graces should be so brief. Last year he was here. We think of the class room, with his patient, persevering explanation; the pastimes, when he was always interested, and, as far as possible, a participant; the quiet but all-pervading influence which was felt by all. Voices sink to a whisper and are filled with tears when his name is mentioned, and we think he will be with us here no more forever.

In one of Tolstoi's bisecting romances he tells of a man in all the revelry of life, growing louder and boisterous and defying; with all the time a hurt that deep in his heart he felt to be a death wound. The man we write of did his work united in all social pleasures, mingled with the students with the same genial manner and cheerful smile which had characterized health, yet all the time (as he told in an hour of confidence) he felt a burning spot in his throat that never ceased its pangs or allowed him one moment of forgetfulness.

If we want examples of endurance, bravery, heroism, let us look around among those with whom we daily associate, and as we search out those hidden virtues it will make us better and nobler, as we feel that they are every day mortals like ourselves, not some far away strangers, who can be our teachers and examples.

"Honest love, honest sorrow,  
Honest hope for the day, honest hope for the morrow;  
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary,  
The heart they have sadden'd, the life they leave dreary?  
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the Spirit  
Echo: He that overcometh shall all things inherit."

*This article said to have been written by Miss Lottie A. Owings, A.M.*

J. T. W.

*Rev. Wilson C. Rymer, died in '86.*



## A GLANCE AT OUR EXCHANGES.

Since the exchange editor assumed this part of the work of the MONTHLY, he has read with increased interest the exchange columns of various other college papers. Some criticise, some praise. Some invite fair and honest criticism, while others smart under it when given. The MONTHLY has in the past and still invites just criticism, believing it when given unselfishly and in a friendly spirit, to be very beneficial. Of course other papers can see our imperfections when we would not; and having them pointed out to us, we may be enabled to have them remedied if they demand it.

Since our last issue quite a number of exchanges have accumulated in our sanctum. Among them we welcome a new one, the *College World* of Adrian college, Mich. We commend one of the editorials in the January number. It speaks of the faulty English used by so many college students and graduates. For instance, there is no such word in the language as "aint," and, having become a senior, it is at least time to cease saying, "I seen," which is a favorite expression of one of our seniors.

We receive the *College Message*, a bright paper from Greensboro, N. C. The December number contains a biographical sketch of Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney which is well written. Under the head of Editor's Folio, woman's sphere is discussed in a very common sense manner; but in dealing with the subject *economics* we think that the writer displayed very little originality as political economist's views are so clearly visible in it.

The *University News*, a weekly paper from Syracuse University, comes as a regular and welcome visitor. It is worthy of very favorable mention in its general make up, and shows some commendable qualities.

As excellent an issue of a college paper as we have ever seen is the *Fordham Monthly* for December. Besides being a handsome paper in every respect it contains twenty-six full pages of readable matter. The matter which it contains, too, is of a high character and none of an inferior grade slips in simply to fill up space as seems to be the case with some of our exchanges. There are several articles in it very appropriate to the issue, being the Christmas one. Several short stories also appear written by the students of the college, which it represents, and they at least show art on the part of their writers. The paper also devotes due space to the different associations, amusements, etc., at the college. For instance, there is an organized home of commons in the school and the proceedings of its last session are given. Such accounts give a person outside of the institution, an idea of the work that is being done by its students beyond the regular course. We shall always take pleasure in reading the *Fordham Monthly*. And however averse its criticism may be to our merit it will not tend in our estimation to make it a poorer paper and thus, as some college papers do, retaliate, as it were.

The *College Student* of November contains an editorial which it would profit many editors of our exchanges to read. It discusses the question of the qualities necessary to make a good college journal. What constitutes a good college paper in the estimation of some, does not in the opinion of others. And before a paper should be so bold in its criticism it should consider that there is a great diversity of opinions as to what true merit depends upon in a college periodical. The same number contains an ably written article concerning a student's sense of responsibility at college, and pointing out those things which are obligatory upon him from a sense of duty, although not expressed in college rules or laws. The *Student* takes high rank among our exchanges.

The *Owl* of Ottawa college, Ont., always meets with a welcome reception. We were especially impressed in the last issue by the way the exchange man went at his work. Probably he was happy that Christmas was so near at hand, and that is enough

to make any college student buoyant in spirits. When we say that the *Owl* is an excellent paper we only give it praise which it deservedly merits. In perusing its columns we do not waste time for there is always something instructive therein. We hope that we may receive it regularly.

We have also received the *Ogontz Mosaic*, *Dickinsonian*, *Simpsonian*, and *Thielensian*. The editorials in the latter are especially worthy of mention.

## COLLEGE LOCALS.

We have at last ascertained why the end of Chissy's nose is so red. The secret lies in the fact that the father of his fair Gertrude, is a Brewer. Yet it is said Chis—is a Temperance man.

Hadley says he is very fond of Shakespeare's dramas. He says he is particularly fond of *Love's Labor's Lost*, as the very title describes so accurately his experience.

Hudson said that if another local appeared in the MONTHLY respecting him, he would leave school. The local man felt sorry to hear this and takes this opportunity of expressing his deeply moved feelings. Whether Mr. Hudson's intention is to return home or go to some far away place and *heyde*, we are not informed.

Western Maryland's pride, and Mount Pleasant's delight visits Baltimore: We take great delight in mentioning Mr. Lease's visit to Baltimore during the holidays. That gentleman during his visit was accorded honors never received before by one from this institution. Mayor Latrobe having become apprised, through the morning papers, of his presence in the city, made haste to call upon him and pay his respects. We are assured by Mr. L—that he was treated with the highest degree of distinction by the Mayor and City Council, the former accompanying him to the Peabody and Pratt libraries, the steamboat wharf, and many other points of interest in the city. We are further informed by the gentleman in question that the Mayor became very much attached to him during his visit. In honoring Mr. L—the Mayor honors our college which makes us all glad. Mr. L—says some people can appreciate his efforts to invent machines.

Griffith is the latest addition to the *Temperance* ranks. Who next?

Freshman table: Mak—"Pass me those pickles." Sto—e, "It *ain't* pickles, its pickle." Eng—r, "Pass me those pickle." Go to the head Eng—.

Bowden inquires in what county Baltimore city is situated. Can anyone tell him?

A. Whealton believes the *Sun* to be a republican paper "from way-back."

## THE BOY HUNTER OF A. I. U.

Ah, I've heard some dreadful stories,  
Of an Island by the sea.  
And Chincoteague they call it,—  
So Bowden related to me.

Where the men are so tall and strong,  
Like giants that fight and kill;  
When compared with the rest of the world,  
Like a Mountain ranked with a hill.

But all the tales seem mere trifles,  
When you hear what Anderson tells,  
Of the "B'ars," Wild Cats, and "Painters,"  
Out in Arkansas dells.

How he kills a fierce old grizzly,  
He, and his comrades, five.  
How they trudged home with their burden,  
'Tis night before they arrive.



This bear had killed a youngster,  
The pet of all the town,  
And Anderson and his comrades  
By this gained great renown.

Watson is glad that the Senior class will not study Juvenal this year, as the *two* books, he says, would cost him two or three dollars.

Prof. of History: "Mr. St—e, who was the father of Latin poetry?"

Mr. St—e: *Annius*.

Prof.: "Can you answer the question, Mr. Hudson?"

Mr. H—: *Nannius*, I believe."

Time: 9 P. M. Bar—ks room. B— (lying across bed) "Get that picture! make haste! Oh, my poor heart will break! Get the picture, picture, picture, Oh!! Roommate responds by knocking a visitor off his trunk and getting out the treasure which never fails to effect a cure. Now this same gentleman has a cousin whom he accompanied from the depot to the college on her return to school after the holidays. On this occasion, for some reason, he persisted in calling her Gertie. He was not corrected and we suppose the poor boy is in ignorance of the fact to this day.

One of the ladies of the Freshment class on being asked to relate some of the great exploits of Pompey, said that he stamped out the fire. How fresh?

Mr. Chis—, after a diligent research, informs us that it was Daniel who wrote the hand writings on the wall at the feast of Belshazzar.

The next staff will consist of the following ladies and gentlemen: Browning Society, Misses Gore and Taylor; Philomathean Misses Jones and Walmsley; Irving, Messrs James and E. White; Webster, Messrs Lease and T. E. Reese.

The male students have organized a court in the college to be known as "The Court of Law of Western Md. College." It is to be governed by the same rules and regulations which govern the circuit courts of the State of Maryland. Its object is to give those contemplating entering the law profession some training and practice for it. It will meet twice a month, and as now organized is as follows: Chief Judge, L. I. Pollitt; associate judges, W. M. Weller and J. B. Whaley; state's attorney, G. W. Ward; attorneys at law, Messrs. Watson, Harper, Harris, Mace, Tull, and E. White; clerk of court, B. B. James; sheriff, W. McA. Lease; with other officers necessary to a court.

Soph Day says he was never "struck" but once, but would have been again had Barcas (Ber-d) been willing.

Mr. Cr—r recently paid a flying visit to New Windsor. Beware, preppy.

Hausman begged us not to publish any locals in the MONTHLY concerning him. We consented on the condition that he would supply our room with apples so long as we should be an editor. He readily consented and so the bitter life of the editor has been sweetened ever since.

During Soph Day's visit to Baltimore he got a Charles St. "shine." We are assured on good authority that Mr. Day says such a shine never comes off.

Waesche has become a Griffith. He marked out all the locals relative to himself in the last issue and then sent his monthly home.

Ask Mr. Barwick about what subject he and his father had such an earnest conversation during Christmas.

Mr. Wat— of the Senior Class took the most prominent part in a cantata at his home during the holidays. Mr. W. met with unlimited success in his new *role*. We are informed by him that he was encoored many times, because of his superior acting,

the whole of Centreville demanded that the cantata be given a second night, and neighboring towns, hearing of the great sensation, requested that it be given to them. Mr. W. says that the foolish act of his taking part in that cantata prevented him from visiting Denton during the entire Christmas. Such is the emptiness of honors.

The College of Fine Arts, of the University of Southern California, has in its Faculty the name of Geo. W. Gooch, A. M. Prof. Gooch is making rapid progress in his profession and we predict for him a bright future.

Teacher to young lady: Miss D. tell us of the invasion of the Danes? Miss D., with readiness, the Danes conquered England and turned the Britons into W(h)ales. General consternation.

Miss C—k, of the Sophomore class seems to think that Bartlett pears cannot be rivalled by any other variety.

Prof: Miss H., what is ego? Miss H. Ego? I love, professor, no, I don't, that is I thought you said amo.

We tremble for the fate of our country, if it be over run by Llano and Estacado, which Miss M— triumphantly announces are to be found in Texas.

Prof. to Miss F. Of what does Geometry treat? Miss F. quickly. Of size and magnitude.

We are sorry to state that Miss G— of the Junior Class who is usually so ready, now when asked a question, invariably answers, "Oh, I Ha(r)dly know.

Mr. C—ll of the Soph. Class, was known to say that if Harrison should be elected he would leave the United States and go to Crisfield. We suppose he is now on his way thither.

Miss S— who returned to College a few days was fortunate in being greeted with smiles both *frank* and *candi(e)d*.

Correspondent: Is it proper for a person, having received flowers from one with whom they scarcely had a speaking acquaintance, to wear them? Answer: In the first place propriety and good sense ought to be sufficient reasons for one not to send flowers under such conditions; and secondly, one's sense of modesty ought to keep them from wearing them, having received them.

One of our Junior ladies who missed one Friday entertainment, has been heard often since that time saying, "Please sing me that quartette that Mr. — sang. We can only meditate on the great wonders now achieved in the line of vocal music.

One of the Sophomore ladies must find Latin to be very beautiful, since she says she has real Hannibal and two antidotes, the latter, we presume, to counterbalance the effect of the former.

The art students were considerably startled the other day at hearing Miss W—d ask in the art room: Are you going to paint that ship life-size?

The Webster Literary Society of W. M. C., will hold its eighteenth anniversary in Smith Hall, at the college, on the evening of February 22d. An interesting program has been arranged, consisting of Literary and Dramatic, and one of the best entertainments ever given at the college is anticipated. Valuable lady talent from the town has been secured to assist in the performance of the program. The usual prices of admission will be charged.

The schoolmates of Miss J— of the Senior Class are forced to believe that she captured a peer's son (Pearson) while on her vacation,

Miss H— remarks that "she never expects to see the beauties of the Hudson;" but we know not what is in the future.

What disease is it that Miss Lowe feels? Mumps. Why? The Seniors are contemplating opening a museum, as there



are two members of the class who weigh (according to their own information) respectively 3000 and 4000 lbs. Curiosities will be received from all quarters and we hope the opening will soon take place.

The "Venetian Boat Song," which was sung by Miss G—— in chapel recently, has been revised in place of the "Stali, Sta-lu," that of Hadley, Had-ley has been substituted while practicing.

Why does Miss S——m of Sophomore Class prefer the first book of the New Testament?

Miss S——s is fond of remarking that she certainly does like persons who are *frank*.

What son is it that Miss F—— of the Junior Class likes best?

Miss L. C——k, when given an instrumental solo for the next meeting in society, exclaimed, "Oh girls, that's mean, you know I can't sing."

It is always an open question on Saturday "what shall we do," and one can imagine the pleasure with which we received word Saturday, Jan. 12th, that Dr. Lewis had a story he would read to all who wished to hear it. I do not think he could complain of either the attendance or the attention during the reading, and the only desire expressed was that it would be repeated. To our delight on the following Saturday night, he again proposed to entertain us in the same manner. This time the inmates of Ward and Smith Hall both enjoyed hearing Frank Stockton's account of his "Negative Gravity Battery." Dr. Lewis in his clear and easy style brought out the humorous points of the story; and by the amount of "smiles" we may presume to say it was enjoyed. We sincerely thank Dr. Lewis for his kindness and hope that he will favor us again in the future.

Mr. Sto——e says he is a Prohibitionist, though he is not a Temperance man. This at first may seem paradoxical, yet, upon second thought, we readily see how it may be so. Mr. Sto——e is to be congratulated on his sensible attitude.

Griffith wants to know how long Commencement Week lasts. Can any one inform him.

It is not everyone who can wear such bouquets in January. Oh, to be a girl and have a beau.

The latest College song, composed by Mr. Dor——y:

Mr. Dor——ey had some very fine bats,  
And he put them in the field of olden;  
And a bat, bat here, and a bat, bat there,  
Here a bat, there a bat, everywhere.  
Bye, bye lassie, won't you come along with me,  
And visit in the field of olden?

Report of the Temperance party up to date:

Four months ago this party started out with but one adherent. Later on three others joined its ranks. We regret to say all save one have backslidden. This ought not to be. Let there be a grand rally around the party of principle.

#### FRIDAY AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

The Christmas holidays compelled us to omit this interesting column from our last issue. We are now in good shape again, and will try and have everything in its place and at the proper time. The exercises for the new year began with the Junior themes. Tsune Hirata San opened the exercises with an excellent paper on "Education in Japan." She pointed out the needs of her native land, and what had been done in the last few years in satisfying those needs. Miss Hirata closed by thanking those who brought her here, that she might obtain that true education which was "founded on the rock of ages." W. M. Cross next told us of the "Effect of Prizes on Scholarships." He set forth

many fine suggestions, both to students and teachers. The program was here varied with a piano solo by Prof. Rinehart. "Thoughts on the New Year" was the subject of an excellent theme by Miss M. L. Shriver. The last of the ladies, Miss J. E. Whittaker, searched for and found the "Causes and Cure for Homesickness." Miss Whittaker is a Southerner, and of course knows all about this awful disease. She cited several causes, but only one remedy, and that was for the student to spend his time in study. Here Miss Blanton favored the students with a fine vocal selection. The exercises were closed by P. H. Myers. He read a carefully prepared paper on "The Building of the ship."

The exercises in the auditorium on January 18th consisted of recitations by the Sophomore Class. We are always glad to see the class of '91 on the stage, for we are sure that we will be highly entertained. Mr. Radford has always shown good taste and judgment in his selections for the class, and they have always shown the result of his careful instructions. Following is the program:

The Black Horse.....	Miss Stevens
Pledge with Wine.....	Mr. Barwick
A Cry for Life.....	Miss I. Caulk
Chambermaids.....	Mr. Crockett
Piano Solo—La Tempete.....	Miss Mills
Opposite Examples.....	G. E. Day
Death of Little Paul.....	Miss Blandford
The World we Live in.....	Miss L. Caulk
The Vagabonds.....	Mr. Waesche
Vocal Solo.....	Miss Blanton
John Maynard.....	Mr. Dorsey
Noble Revenge.....	Miss Scrivenor
Agony's Bells.....	Miss Stem
Voltaire and Wilberforce.....	Mr. James

The exercises on January 25 were conducted by the musical department of the College. The following program proved to be a most interesting one:

Over. from Figaro—Mozart..	Miss Wolfes and Prof. Rinehart
Dein Gedenk Ich—Holmund.....	Miss Blanton
Sonata, op. 14, No. 2—Beethoven.....	Prof. Rinehart
Flower Girl—Bevignani.....	Miss Wolfes
Polish Dance—Schwarwenka.....	Prof. Rinehart
Venetian Boat Song—Blumenthal.....	Miss Gore
Sonata in A flat—Haydn.....	Miss A. Shriver
O, Ye Beautiful Flowers—Gounod.....	Miss Blanton

#### COLLEGE WORLD.

Eighty-six students resigned in a body from the medical department of the University of New York because the faculty refused to promote Prof. Weisse.

Adrian College opened its winter term with twenty new students, and nearly all the old ones back.

Princeton College is to have a scientific expedition next summer, under the direction of Profs. Scott and Osburn. The expedition will go to the bad lands of Oregon for the purpose of collecting fossils for the departments of paleontology and geology. It is to be limited to eight students; to be chosen from the two higher classes. Their expenses will be partly defrayed by the United States government and the State.

Cornell, by a recent decision, has finally lost a bequest of \$1,500,000.

Prof. Hyde, President of Bowdoin College, it is claimed, is the youngest college president in the country, he being less than thirty years old.

W. J. Barnwell, an English mathematician, claims to have squared the circle after fifteen years work. His solution is eight figures, which, in concrete shape, forms a perfect conglomeration.

One thousand acres of mountain land near Ashville, N. C., have been purchased by Geo. H. Vanderbilt, who will build thereon a large industrial college for poor white children, who will be educated to work in wood and metals.—Ex.



Yale is the first American college to have lectures on Volapuk.

John Guy Vassar, nephew of the founder of Vassar College, willed at his recent death \$130,000 to that institution.

Ed. Wolcott, who is to be the next senator from Colorado, was a member of the class of 1870 in Yale, but did not graduate. He retired from college at the end of the Freshman year, with the glorious distinction of having betted all the money he had on the Yale-Harvard boat race and lost. He is 40 years old. Of all the Yale men of the last twenty years Wolcott would probably be selected as one of the least likely students to bring credit to the college. Yet he is the only one in twenty years who has won a national reputation.

#### QUONDAM STUDENTS.

Mr. Charles C. Hopper is now one of the editors of the Chester-town Transcript. He studied law at the Maryland University last winter, and was admitted to the bar during the past summer. Seeing, however, this good opportunity to gratify his fondness for newspaper work, he accepted it. The Transcript presents a neat appearance, and its issues so far have been filled with good reading.

Mrs. Lena Frizell Kennedy, '78-'83, of New York, is visiting her mother in Westminster.

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

Mr. George C. Erb, '86, is now studying for the ministry at the Reformed Theological Seminary of Lancaster, Pa.

Mr. W. E. Roop, '86, who is now a student at Yale, paid us a short visit during the holidays.

Rev. Mark Wilson Chunn, '82, has spent the years since his graduation at Western Maryland, at the Divinity School of Yale University. After his regular graduation at this institution, when he received the degree of B. D., he continued his studies there in the Shemitic languages, and has lately been honored with the degree of Ph. D. We congratulate Dr. Chunn on his high honors.

Amon Burgee, '87, principal of the Graded School of Union Bridge, read an essay before the Teachers' Institute of Carroll county, held January 31st. Miss Carrie Mourer, '87, took part in a discussion on this same occasion.

Wm. M. Gist, '82, writes from McIntosh, Florida, that the orange crop is unusually good, and that it is springtime there in full now.

We have heard indirectly of the marriages of Miss Alice E. Earnest, '77, who is now Mrs. Barber, and of Miss Lizzie L. Hodges, who is now Mrs. Linthicum. Will not the members of the Alumni at least send us the notice of such an important event as this in their lives. Your friends will all be glad to know about it, and this is a pleasant way of informing them.

The executive committee of the Alumni Association held meetings in Westminster on the nights of the 23rd and 24th of January. Their business was chiefly to arrange for what is to be known as Alumni Day of Commencement week. The arrangements made will be made public shortly, and a happy occasion may be anticipated.

#### IN MEMORY OF PROFESSOR FRANKLIN HARVEY SCHAEFFER.

Beloved teacher, guide and friend,

Too soon, alas! thou'rt gone,

The fatal night closed in thy life,

When scarce had fled its dawn.

Thy genius bright, and well equipped,

Stood restive for the fray;

And in life's strife it would have made

For thee a glittering way.

Thy life was love, it knew no hate  
It shone with Calv'ry's light;  
And many were the youthful feet  
It guided in the right.

'Tis strange that talent young and strong  
Cannot its full course run,  
We bow our heads and acquiesce;  
O God, Thy will be done!

Thy life was as a bursting bud,  
That perished ere it flowered;  
It was the Youth of Intellect  
By grim Death over powered.

From earthly greatness thou art barred;  
Thy race begun, is o'er;  
But greater far will be thy fame,  
On yonder heavenly shore;

January 9, '89.

KENAK.

#### '90 TO '91.

On the afternoon of the 14th of January, the Junior and Sophomore classes of the College held a joint meeting for the purpose of carrying out the old custom of handing down the Sophomore cane.

Mr. Mace, the President of the Junior class, having called the meeting to order, said: "Ladies and gentlemen of the classes of '90 and '91, of Western Maryland College: We have assembled in joint meeting to-day for the purpose of witnessing the imposing ceremony of handing down the class cane to our successor, the Sophomore class. I say an imposing ceremony because it represents the transfer of the symbol of authority from the experienced to the inexperienced, from the older to the younger, from the higher to the lower, and from the greater to the less. In other words it represents the transfer of the Sophomoric emblem from the dignified Junior class of Western Maryland College to the class designated, according to the Greek derivatives *sophos* and *moros*, the wise fool class.

But before this cane passes from the class of '90 to that of '91, it is necessary that the latter class should know something of the origin of this custom and the history of this cane. This custom originated several years ago. It became necessary to have something to represent that great organization, the Sophomore class. As the sovereigns of monarchies had a crown as the symbol of their authority and influence, as the president of every organization of prominence had a gavel as the emblem of the authority connected with his position, and as every prominent assembly, in fact, had something by which their special power and talents could be represented, so must the Sophomore Class of Western Maryland College have something by which it could be distinguished from the other classes of the institution. Accordingly a cane was procured and placed in the care of the President of the class. That cane was transferred from year to year, and from class to class, until the Class of '90 became Sophomores. Then it was that the original cane was substituted by this handsome one, the history of which I will now give you.

When the class of '90 made its appearance upon the stage of life, it took the world by storm. Its fame was echoed and re-echoed until its influence was felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Arctic to the Atlantic. No civilized country was ignorant of the remarkable talent of the members of the class, and the uncivilized countries considered it as something supernatural. All the great nations of the globe vied with each other in honoring it. The British Empire, that Empire upon whose dominions the sun never sets, did not hesitate to express its appreciation of the value of such a class to the world. Her Highness, Queen Victoria, ordered this cane to be presented to the class as



a token of the appreciation and esteem. The wood from which it is made was procured from one of the Solomon Islands, near Australia, at an enormous expense. It is a very peculiar specimen of wood, and can only be obtained from the forests of that island. It was then carried to England, made into a cane, and finished and engraved as you now see it. It was sent by special steamer to New York, thence by rail to Baltimore, and arrived here about a year ago accompanied by a note from the Queen sending her kindest regards to the class, and wishing its members the success in the past.

But we feel a delicacy in transferring this cane to our successors, because we hate to part with the token of appreciation and esteem of the Queen of England. We feel almost the consciousness of the incompetency of our successor to maintain the reputation of their predecessor. We feel that there is a lack of that mental capacity which is so necessary to maintain the reputation of the Sophomore class of Western Maryland College. We feel that there is a lack of that energy which tends most of all to strengthen what little mental activity there may be. We feel sorry for the effect that such a class will produce upon the world and especially upon this institution. We have labored so industriously to attain what you will, by your negligence and incompetency, destroy.

But, notwithstanding this, "It will be pleasant to remember hereafter," as the motto on the cane signifies, that we have performed our duty, and that we can not be held responsible for any deficiencies that may occur after we have surrendered to your our dearest treasure, the treasure that has united us, as a class, in love and harmony. But the time has come for us to surrender our trust. If the President of the Sophomore class will now come forward, I will present the cane to him. In the name of the class of '90, and by its authority, I now transfer this cane to your care. Always bear in mind what a great responsibility rests upon you in assuming possession of it. And not only are you responsible for its safe preservation, but your whole class share your responsibility, and are expected to assist you so far as it is in their power to assist. So conduct yourselves that, when you deliver this cane to the next Sophomore class, "It will be pleasant to remember hereafter" that you performed your duty to the best of your ability; and, if you do this, you will be sure to be remembered hereafter, and you will also be able, at least to a small degree, to maintain the reputation of the present Junior class."

Mr. Crockett, the President of the Sophomore class, then made a few remarks in which he ably defended his class. As there was nothing else to be done the meeting adjourned.

The cane, which was presented by the class of '90, is a handsome and costly one. It is made of ebony wood with a head of solid silver, which is beautifully engraved. The words "Presented by Class '90" adorn the plane surface at the top, and on one of the four plane surfaces at the side are the words "Olim Meminisse Juvabit," which form a part of one of the most noted quotations from Virgil's Aeneid.

#### SEMINARY ITEMS.

We are sorry that our examinations prevented us from giving you items for your last issue. Should any of the following seem out of date to some we trust they will not to all.

From the comparison of experiences, all enjoyed the holidays. Jas. Cody and M. E. Grant are the only ones who did any preaching in the meantime.

G. R. Hodge, '89, who has been laboring successfully, as pastor-in-charge, at Middleway, W. Va., since last June, is with us again this term, much to the gratification of his class, and the students generally. L. A. Bennett has recovered, and is also with us again.

Lemuel Fisher and G. A. Ogg, '90, have found it impracticable to return this term. The former contemplates entering the N. Y. Conference, while the latter will continue his studies at his parents' home, Bird Hill, with a view to entering the Md. Conference in the spring.

Dr. Ward, our venerable and much-beloved president, has presented each of the students with a copy of "The M. P. Year Book for 1889," which abounds in useful information and a "report of all the workings of the church." He also placed several nicely-bound and useful books in our library, which is steadily increasing in literary value. It now contains about 1500 volumes principally of theological works. We would remind some of our older brethren in the church and ministry, that the donation of good books which they have read and can find no further use for, would be gratefully received.

We have four new student's enrolled this term:—W. H. Young, Accomac, Va.; H. S. Johnson, Bay View; W. B. Judefind, Edesville, and F. L. Jones, Pocomoke City, Md. This makes a greater number of students than we have ever had before at one time.

Stockton Society is flourishing. The following have been elected as officers for the ensuing term: Pres., J. H. S. Ewell V. Pres., G. R. Hodge; Recd. Sec., R. K. Lewis; Cor. Sec., C. W. McAllister; Critic, M. E. Grant; Treas., L. A. Bennett; Chaplain, W. H. Young.

Mr. Jas. M. Sterling, of Baltimore, paid his friend Ewell a short visit on the 21st inst.

Among those of our students who have been making themselves useful since we last wrote, are: Jas. Cody and M. E. Grant, who preached at Union Bridge and Sam's Creek M. P. Churches for Bro. J. E. Maloy, and report a pleasant time. Wm. Anthony preached twice for Bro. E. Richardson in Glyndon M. E. Church, on the 20th. He also addressed the Sunday School. D. E. Day and M. E. Grant assisted Rev. J. T. Lassell in services at Providence M. P. Church on the 27th.

Jas. Cody was presented with a barrel of fine apples, a few days since. Under a generous impulse he invited "the fellows" in. It is needless to state that they are gone.

The disadvantage of ministers and preachers not being able to sing, was clearly demonstrated by the experience of one of our students during the holidays. He held services in a church and locality that we need not mention. With much complacency he announced the familiar hymn, "Shall we Gather at the River?" having been assured that there were those there who could sing it. He accordingly made that request, but waiting until the silence became painful, he "struck it up" (as he expressed it) himself. He informs us that before he concluded, he had about four tunes. to each verse. Having finished, he wanted to know why no one would help him sing, and was informed by his brother, who was present, that the people did not know *which* tune to "start in" with.

With the exception of a little inside work, the new annex to the Seminary is completed. This was a much needed addition, not only because the appearance of the Seminary needed to be improved, but also because more room was needed.

Twelve more students can be accommodated, and two more recitation rooms were added to the first floor. The new halls connect very conveniently with the old ones, and, because of the enlarged interior and a change of stairway, the inside presents a different and much more attractive appearance. The library will be moved to the rear room of the building, and the old library used for a recitation room. Much credit is due Dr. Ward and Prof. Warfield for their efforts to enlarge the Seminary, and the wisdom of the movement is shown by the fact that we now have



more students than could be accommodated in the old building. With the exception of about \$300, which Prof. Warfield raised by personal solicitations in Westminster, the entire cost of the annex (\$1,400) has been covered by money sent in envelopes by friends of the institution.

This, like the building of Ward Hall, at the College, demonstrates what faith in God and the liberality of christians can do. Our President has asked for \$5,000 to begin an endowment of the Seminary. It is hoped that the friends will continue their donations, so that before the end of the present year the endowment may reach the amount asked. What a grand thing if some big-hearted Methodist Protestant who has a big purse would make the start by sending the Seminary a check for the amount mentioned!

ALEPH.

### "WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT."

## I.

Don't go to the theater, concert or ball,  
But stay in your room to-night;  
Deny yourself to the friends that call,  
And a good long letter write—  
Write to the sad old folks at home—  
Who sit when the day is done,  
With folded hands and downcast eyes,  
And think of the absent one.

## II.

Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my haste,  
I've scarcely the time to write;"  
Lest their drooping go wandering  
Back to many a by-gone night—  
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,  
And every breath was a prayer,  
That God would leave their delicate babe  
To their tender love and care.

## III.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need  
Of their love and counsel wise;  
The heart grows strongly sensitive  
When age has dimmed the eyes—  
It might be well to let them believe  
You never forget them quite;  
That you deem it a pleasure, when far away,  
Long letters home to write.

## IV.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends  
Who make your past time gay,  
Have half the anxious thought for you  
That the old folks have to-day.  
The duty of writing do not put off—  
Let sleep or pleasure wait—  
Let the letter for which they have looked  
And longed, be a day or an hour too late.  
For the sad old folks at home,  
With locks fast turning gray,  
Are longing to hear from the absent one—  
Write them a letter to-night.

FUTURE SCIENCE.—"What would one not give," aske Lubbock "for a science primer of the next century? for, to paraphrase a well-known saying, even the boy at the plow will then know more of science than the wisest of philosophers do now."

DELICATE MEASUREMENT.—The new radio-micrometer of Mr. C. V. Boys—a thermo-electric circuit suspended by a torsion fibre in a magnetic field—shows a temperature change of one ten-millionth of a centigrade degree.

It is not the possession of privileges and advantages, but the due improvement thereof, that makes us the better for having them.

The best kind of sense is common sense.

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed specialist in mind diseases, says: "I am familiar with various systems for improving the memory, and I have recently become acquainted with the system, in all its details and applications, taught by Prof. Loisetete I am therefore enabled to state that his is, in all its essential features, entirely original; that its principles and methods are different from all others, and that it presents no material analogies to that of any other system.

I consider Prof. Loisetete's system to be a new departure in the education of the memory and attention, and of very great value; that, it being a systematic body of principles and methods, it should be studied as an entirety to be understood and appreciated; that a correct view of it cannot be obtained by examining isolated passages of it.

New York, July 10, 1888.

WM. A. HAMMOND.

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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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T. EDWARD REESE, Editor in Chief.

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### GREETING.

With this issue the MONTHLY greets its readers with a new corps of editors. The old staff has sunk into oblivion (save one who has been re-elected) and the star of the new has risen above the horizon.

"They're gone, they're gone

The glimmering spark hath fled—."

They have lain aside their rusted pen; the new have picked it up and it must still pursue its weary way, although in new hands. It must still plod on, its work is not yet done and it dares not tarry. New hands are at the helm to guide the almost newly launched ship over the stormy breakers, and whether it will sink or float calmly on, will depend in a great degree, upon the strength and willingness of the hands in whose power lies its destiny. We know that if we would have success we must work, and work with earnestness and zeal. Determination must be stamped upon our brows; we must push our bark forward, onward; there are no stopping places, there is no go-between, we must face the hottest of the fight, there are none to intercede for us, we must approach the cannon's very mouth. We cannot expect our work to be gratifying to everyone, but we must do the best we can and hope for the best. The world is a vigorous and oftentimes a harsh critic, but we must broaden our shoulders and bear it. It is only by ones own efforts that any tolerable degree of success is attained, and we know full well that if we grow disheartened and discouraged at what may be said of us, if we sit idle, pondering over the wrongs done us, nothing short of downfall awaits us. We must shield ourselves from the daggers of scorn and ridicule, which will be thrust at us on every hand, and go forward. So much for our own efforts.

And now to our readers and friends in general, we send a most cordial greeting. Nor would we forget our exactives. We have noticed with a great deal of pleasure your increasing interest in our periodical. It shows, not only your concern about the Society of which you were once a member, but also that Alma Mater, which should be dear to every one who has partaken of the

advantages attainable within these walls, has not been forgotten. We have also been glad to see an article now and then, in our columns, contributed by former students. This not only tends to encourage the editors, but it gives the paper a powerful impetus, and increases the interest of its readers. And the present staff requests you, kind friends, to continue your contributions; they will, at all times, be gladly received. It shall be our endeavor to grace these pages with nothing more nor less than good wholesome literature. We cannot be expected to dive into the depths of science, we shall not appall our readers with knowledge beyond their comprehension, but we *do* expect to give you good samples of the knowledge rendered available by the institution which we represent. With this simple greeting then, we send our first issue on its mission. How it will be received by its readers, critics and friends we know not. We can only wait and hope.

### DO THY DUTY.

Time with ruthless hands is fast pushing us into the future, scarce giving one a chance to glance back at what we have done; but on and on we rush, mingling with the turbulent crowd. When at length we look back through the long or short vista of years (as it may be), what do we see? Perhaps one reflector may think "a passably pleasant career," not having any acquaintance with more pleasant paths of life.

But predominating are a host of slighted opportunities, unkept promises, and wrongs gone unredressed.

On the other hand, some one else reviews his past life and when finished may remark as the first, "a passably pleasant career;" but here prevails improved moments, kind words and charitable actions. Everyone will say to avoid the former mistakes and pursue the latter course.

Now the course which a person should resolve to pursue is no trifling matter, and in order to act properly, more than a casual thought as to what is our duty, is necessary. Time and opportunities are being constantly wasted by those who form such good resolutions which will be scattered by the first blast of the destroyer. Self-confidence, energy and perseverance are indispensable in effecting these resolutions.

We are told to make the best use of our time. This expression is too frequently misconstrued: It does not mean to enjoy the pleasures and vanities of the world and bring content with having all the natural propensities satiated, as some would interpret it. But it means by doing some actions which may be worthy of commendation.

"Count that day lost, whose setting sun reveals to thee no worthy action done."

Too many are misled with the idea that they are doing something when they are in reality accomplishing nothing. For instance: a student, with book in hand, reading line after line, with his mind anywhere but upon his task; everyone knows he will be none the wiser when he is through than if his book had remained



unopened. Concentration is not included within the range of his vocabulary.

It would indeed be a very narrow-minded person who would debar himself from the enjoyment of other things in his enthusiasm for a favorite and ever-recurring theme. We are told to "suffer not any beloved study to prejudice your mind so far as to despise all other learning."

A man of the world, advanced in life, and with a mind for self, may indeed rejoice that he has safely landed in the port of his lofty anticipations; but it can not possibly be with that calm satisfaction as the one who has varied his path by helping and cheering others; while those who have no special aim are left behind, groping their way, tossed by every wave, with narrow ideas, spoiled dispositions, and with every rankling in their bosoms at the success of their comrades.

Take a few moments of reasonable thinking, realize your position, decide upon the proper path, and then with a firm resolve walk therein.

With the February issue many of our readers will please bear in mind that their subscription expires. That we hope that your interest in the paper has been such that you will renew your subscription goes without saying. The paper will be forwarded to you as usual and you will be charged for it unless due notice be given to discontinue it. We would also suggest that you pay promptly for a journal cannot succeed without the cooperation of its subscribers. Punctuality saves time and money.

Lectures delivered before a body of students are not given the stress and importance, in many instances, that is due them. They give to the student that which cannot be obtained from text books, and also that which is not learned in the classroom. They are the result of the lecturer's careful study, observation, and, best of all, his experience. These cannot be reached by the student in any other way than through the medium of a lecture. The great questions of the day which occupy thoughtful minds should be laid before the college student, who has no way of learning what is going on in the outside world except through the daily or weekly newspaper, which is often very unsatisfactory. There is no better way of overcoming this need than by means of the lecturer. We feel no hesitancy in saying that those colleges which are not fully equipped with persons competent to lecture are behind in the world of colleges, and are not doing what should be demanded of them. No school can afford to be negligent and unmoved in this matter; nor, on the other hand, can any place of learning lay too much stress upon its course of lectures.

#### SELF OPINION.

How often we meet persons who have an excellent opinion of themselves, and are, as we may say, very conceited, about some thing which is appreciated by no one except themselves.

We notice their actions, how everything they do is done with the most perfect self-possession and as far as we are able to observe we find nothing which should cause them to have such exalted opinions of themselves. But in a conversation with one of such a class a word happens to fall from his lips of his education and we discover that his self opinion lies in his slight education.

After we have learned the secret of his ways, we pay strict attention to his manners and customs and notice him trying to display his knowledge on all occasions, in company or in a private

conversation, correcting all petty mistakes made by others and is very particular not to make the faintest error himself; while by being too consequential, often makes greater mistakes than those he has tried to correct.

Nevertheless he continues in his ways, having an excellent conception of himself; trying to have society under his control and sway.

All propositions and undertakings of any kind are brought about by him. Thus he plunges deeper into his own self-opinion and continues to increase this excellent opinion of himself; and during some moments of reflection an idea arises in his mind that he might add to his charms by obtaining a more thorough knowledge of our universe, the origin of our earth, the heavenly bodies and of natural laws in general.

To carry into effect his plans, he begins the study of this science with great determination; he learns first of our system that it is a large body extending from the sun out to Neptune and rapidly revolving through space as one large ball; then how the different bodies were thrown off and rolled up into the eight planets. First, by its rapid motion, Neptune was thrown off. This planet while contracting, in its rapid motion, threw off a portion of its mass, which forms its accompanying moon or satellite.

Next, in the same manner, was formed Uranus with its four satellites; following this one is Saturn which somewhat changed the order of things by having both rings surrounding it and outside of these rings, eight satellites. Next in order is Jupiter having four satellites revolving around it, then follows Mars, one of the minor planets, accompanied by two satellites.

He comes now to the study of our earth, which, while contracting, though in a more heated state than we find it at present, threw off a mass which formed our satellite, or moon. Proceeding further in this study, he came to the next smaller, Venus and Mercury, which left our sun as the result of a once large ball of fire rushing through space. He finishes the course by studying the nature of the sun and moon; and takes a more enlarged study of the outer planets, the atmosphere which surrounds them, and the supposed resemblance of them to our planet.

Having thus learned of the formation of our present Solar system, the nature of the sun, moon and planets, he receives an idea that he would like to visit the distant planets or learn more of their inhabitants. It being impossible to carry into effect his desires on account of distance and conveyance, he determines to read more of the characteristics of these distant planets in the works of excellent astronomers. This he does and his mind is so filled with these ideas that his thoughts are partly turned from his self opinion and are wholly enveloped in this subject. Accordingly he has a dream of the nature of the planets, the inhabitants and the superiority of them over the populace of our planet. A short while after this dream he finds an article recounting the privilege of one of our eminent philosophers, to visit these distant regions in a way similar to his view, though it was more extended.

He traveled from Jupiter to Saturn where he began to look small the beside population of that planet, and so from Saturn to Uranus becoming still more insignificant, till when he arrived at Neptune, the healthy giants of that place had to look at him through a microscope. It was at that moment that the self opinionated person recognized his insignificance in comparison with some of his fellow associates, and became conscious of his folly in being so conceited; formerly he had cherished the idea that he was one of the most, if not the most important of God's creations, but now he recognized his error.

He at once changed his course and would often speak of how conceited he was at one time and would try to persuade others not to cherish such thoughts for he had at last learned of some people in the universe who were superior to him, to whom he was as a mere speck occupying space.



Now that he had received some knowledge more capable of making him conceited he realized that there was always room for more improvement, and afterwards regarded himself as a slightly educated person.

Thus we often find ourselves believing we are of great importance when we have no foundation upon which to base our thoughts or imaginations; while others of us, who really could have the opinion of self think they possess nothing more than a general class of persons possess.

#### A Page from the History of the Class of '90.

"Well, Sinbad, I want you to write something for this issue." Such were the words addressed to the writer by the chief of staff; and on inquiry as to what I should write, received the reply, "Oh, something." Now, being very skillful with the quill (the fact is not very widely known, as this is the first time I have mentioned it), and reflecting that the reputation of the MONTHLY must be sustained (a stronger argument why I should contribute something), I determined to write an article. This decision was arrived at after much deliberation—and after retiring to my downy couch. Soon I was in the embrace of Morpheus, and the affairs of life had melted away before the approach of the god of dreams like fog before the morning sun. \* \*

I was sitting up trying to realize my situation, after having passed an almost sleepless night. I supposed the night was over, although I could only surmise so, because my surroundings were so dark. Where was I? My thoughts were dull and my faculties refused to respond to my interrogation. But soon wakefulness brought back to memory the stirring scenes of the night before, and my question was answered: I was in the Catacombs of Rome, a prisoner held for ransom by Luigi Vampa, the chief of bandits.

I now clearly recollected everything. A world's exhibition was in progress at Rome, and I had been sent here as a special correspondent of the Waverly News, published at Waverly, U. S. In passing along a dark part of the Via Sacra the evening before, I had been seized by bandits and taken where I now am. The dim rays of a candle, suspended from the ceiling of the cave outside of my cell, were thrown around me, enabling me to examine, somewhat, my cell. I found that escape was impossible. Seeing a paper lying on the damp floor, I picked it up, determined to make the best of my not very encouraging situation. What! Yes, it was the Western Maryland College Weekly, dated Westminster, Md., October 3rd, 1900. It was a thirty-two page paper, and contained an advertisement which read: "The College opened on September 4th with an attendance of one thousand students. Fifty thousand dollars were spent during the summer in erecting a wing to the Scientific Hall."

How my heart was gratified with the onward strides which Alma Mater was making. But I must hurry on through the paper which had such an absorbing interest for me, but which I had not been a subscriber to, I was ashamed to say, for two or three years. I had become one of those careless alumni about my College paper, about whom I used to write when an editor of it.

A few pages over an article headed "'90" attracted my attention. It read: "A little over ten years ago the class of '90 graduated with flying colors. It was called the class of lawyers, and everyone predicted for it a brilliant career. It was a prophesy one would most likely have made. A short account of its members since their graduation may be interesting to many readers of the Weekly.

J. M. Tull, subsequent to graduation, attended the Maryland Law University, graduating with distinction. Josh was always a bright boy and the pride of his relatives and friends, and we knew he would make his mark. In the short space of two years after hanging his shingle out in Crisfield, Md., he had a case, a

criminal case at that. A man had shot another's dog, and through Josh's eloquence the man was exonerated from all blame, and the dog convicted of malice aforethought. His rise in his profession from this point was rapid, and this fall he was one of the eight candidates for State's attorney for Somerset county. He was defeated in the convention. In an adjoining county to Tull's, in Worcester, lived E. White, another member of the class of '90. Ed's career since leaving college has been more brilliant than was his career as a student. He is a confirmed old bachelor, the reason of which many can surmise. It was all occasioned by a little dark eyed girl whose *nom de plume* was "Viola Irving." We all pitied White, but it was not his fault, poor fellow, that he was mistaken in her—several had been mistaken before him. White took a two years' course at Princeton after leaving Western Maryland, and is to-day at the head of his profession, and is prominently spoken of for a place on the bench. The president of the class, W. I. Mace, next claims our attention. Pat (as we rejoiced in calling him) was a good natured fellow, and was never seen angry. He studied law for a while, but soon gave it up. For a year or two he was on a canal boat between Delaware and Chesapeake cities. He then obtained a position as cook on a Chesapeake oyster sloop. By energy and attention to business he has risen to the place of mate on the same vessel, and there is a possibility that he may be made commander of the oyster police force, as it is said he is well thought of for that position by Gov. Myers. But Gov. Myers; who is he? Everyone knows. It is no other than our old friend P. H. Myers. Very young to be governor, do you say? Well, yes, only thirty-three; but remember it is those who once were country boys who are our successful merchants, who are in the lead at the bar, and in whose steady grasp is the helm which is guiding our ship of state into the placid sea of prosperity. Philip was a country boy, and although not having the opportunities of some, he yet had ambition, determination, sterling qualities, and a will which some of his more favored classmates, in other respects, did not have. And I doubt not but what his old Alma Mater rejoiced last fall when the people of a great commonwealth declared, by their votes, that he should be their executive.

To trace the careers of two members of our old class we must go beyond the Mississippi. K. Robey received a position on a government surveying party in Arizona after graduation. Two years later he was commissioned by the government as chief of a corps of engineers surveying the proposed railroad route from Yankton, Dakota, to Sitka, Alaska. He subsequently became managing editor of the Aurora Borealis, published at Aurora, Montana, a town a few years ago of only two thousand inhabitants, but now numbering fifty thousand; and friend Kennerly's paper is the leading journal of the city. W. M. Cross soon gave up the ministry and also went west, to be a cowboy and fight Indians. He has been so successful in the latter that to-day not a single red-skin menaces the U. S. government.

Everybody predicted that J. F. Harper would be a politician, and ultimately go to the U. S. Senate. Everybody is sometimes mistaken in their predictions. Frank did make a few stump speeches, but he soon found there was too much corruption in politics, and so he became a book agent. He next tried teaching school, but the worry attendant upon it made him pass sleepless nights, and so told on his health that he determined to give it up and study for the ministry. His subsequent history many of your readers know. He is now president of the Westminster Theological Seminary—Dr. Ward having retired from that position three years ago—and the degree of D. D. was conferred on him by Yale last June. To trace the remaining male member of the class I must cross the mighty Atlantic to Liverpool, and thence take a train for Rome. \* \* \*

Many will remember G. W. Ward, a favorite with classmates, teachers, boys and girls. George was always a close student, at-



tended to his own business, and was liked by everybody, especially his best girl. He became secretary to the American legation at Rome in '94. Something seemed to change his entire life a year later. Since that time nothing definite has been heard concerning him, but it is supposed that he joined Luigi Vampa's band of bandits." \* \* \*

The rays of the candle became dim, the letters and words were becoming misty. I could not read. Was I not to see what had become of the female portion of the class, or who was the author of the article whose name I supposed was at the bottom of it? A man, with a heavy black beard, and in age apparently somewhere in the thirties, approached. I had seen that face. What! Yes it was Ward. He recognized me also, but betrayed not the least emotion. His face was marked by lines of care, plainly showing that all his affairs of life had not run smoothly. He motioned me to follow him, but his manner forbade me speaking to him. Finally he stopped and confronted me: "Sinbad," he said, "I will give you your freedom on one condition, and that is that you never mention to mortal ears having seen me." I promised, and we proceeded. Soon we came in sight of the mouth of the cave and he simply motioned me towards it. As I left him I imagined I saw a tear tracing its course down his cheek. When I issued from the cave the gray dawn was breaking and the chimes of St. Peter's were ringing. Soon they began playing a loud, wild medley. I awoke: it was the six o'clock college bell ringing. It was all a dream.

SINBAD, THE SAILOR.

#### A MARYLAND GRANITE QUARRY.

Being in Baltimore county some weeks ago, and in the vicinity of some granite quarries, I was naturally curious to see how some of our native stone was prepared for market. As my visit was in a winter month, I found but half the force of men at work, and these few would have been compelled to stop, should there have set in any excessive weather.

The country is very hilly, and we find nearly all the quarries in hill sides. The location of this special quarry is in Baltimore county, about one mile from the Howard county line. The rock is removed from its original bed, as is customary in any quarry, by removing the earth and blasting. This having been done, the finest sense of the foreman is called into play, and one that is acquired only by long and attentive practice; he must determine the direction of the grain, in order that the block may be properly split. Frequently a large block that has given promise of some fine stone, is rendered useless by the presence of an inferior quality of granite, which is soft and unworkable.

After the run of the grain has been ascertained, the stone is turned over to the drillers, who proceed to drill the holes preparatory to splitting it. This rock, after the manner of wood, can only be split in the direction of the grain, and this is necessarily an important duty of the foreman. To a novice, the face of the rock is as unintelligible as a tablet of Arabic; but the experienced eye reads it in a few moments, and by a line drawn the entire length of the stone, shows the driller where to make his holes.

When a large block is first blasted, if there is any special piece of granite to be cut from it, such as a monument, door or window sill or anything of like character, the block is of course cut with that purpose. The other pieces, if of sufficient size, are made by the stone cutter into curbing pieces, which we find in the cities. Blocks too small for this purpose, go to another cutter who with a square ended hammer, shapes them into a size something like ten by six by four, and they are called Belgian blocks and are used for paving streets, being placed ends upward. The chips of stone made by the stonecutter are sometimes used to pike the roads.

The men who are engaged in splitting the rock, we find seated upon it on little blocks of wood, as many on each rock as can conveniently work. Their drills are of steel, about one foot in length, and guiding the drill with the left hand, and striking with a short handled hammer held in their right, the clanging of the steel makes a music not at all unpleasant. They drill the holes about three inches deep and about the same distance apart, on the line marked out by the foreman. Each hole requires from three and a half to four minutes to complete it. A drill will make, on an average, three holes before it will have to be resharpened, which is done at a blacksmith shop near by, by a blacksmith who is kept busy by the work.

After the holes are completed the wedges, and their cases are brought out. The cases are thin strips of steel, which are tapered to receive a wedge, which is of course of the same taper. Two strips are placed in each hole and a wedge in them. Then the workman, starting at one end of the block, with a sledge hammer strikes each wedge a light blow in succession; this he repeats three times, striking each wedge in turn, until in the middle of the third trip, when a slight crack appears, and in a moment the rock lays open. In this way the rock can be made in any required size, and can then be given to the stonecutter to smooth up.

The stone takes a very nice polish, and makes a very fine and handsome appearance. It is frequently used for tombstones, often for gate posts. It makes a very desirable building stone, and many buildings in the vicinity are built of it, especially churches. The people use it for foundations, and to wall up wells. It is put to a variety of uses, coming into play wherever rock of any kind is needed.

At the quarry we find a large derrick and engine, used in drawing up the refuse earth, and the rock. The earth is placed directly in the cart bed, lying in the quarry, and this is drawn up by the derrick, placed on the running gear, which is drawn by oxen to the dump. In some of the quarries a small locomotive does the work of oxen or horses.

I left the quarries pleased that I had had an opportunity of viewing one of our home industries, one that is certainly a benefit to the community around it, and likewise to the State.

W. M. W., '89.

#### DR. WARD'S COLUMN.

While we have divine authority for saying, that "the love of money is the root of all evil," we have the same authority for declaring, that money honestly acquired and properly used may be the means of accomplishing great good to others, and at the same time bringing to the user of it the richest and purest reward. "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand." "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Not those of large means alone, have the power of carrying out the counsel of the Saviour and securing the blessings promised. The widow's two mites cast into the treasury of the Lord, were of more value in his sight than the larger bestowments of the wealthy, which in comparison with their means, were less than her two mites; "for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." Thousands of persons to-day are doing more good with little means, than others whose means are immense; and it is only occasionally that we have examples of persons of large means doing proportional good.

If a person desires to test and improve his knowledge, let him answer such questions as these:

How many words can you repeat and tell the meaning of? How many of one syllable? of two syllables? &c. How many of



each part of speech? How many nouns? adjectives? verbs? &c.

What sciences have you any acquaintance with? What do you know of Grammar? Geography? History? &c.

How many counties can you name, and what do you know about them? How many cities and towns? islands? rivers? &c.

What do you know of the different races of men? Their peculiarities? &c.

How many distinguished persons of history can you name, and what do you know about each of them?

How many books have you read of which you can give the titles, and tell anything of their contents?

How many animals can you name and describe?

What do you know of houses, and other dwelling-contrivances of men?

Can you name any of the planets, stars, &c., and tell any thing of them?

How many books of the Bible can you name, and tell any particulars as to their contents?

How many texts of Scripture can you quote accurately?

From what books that you have read can you quote any passages correctly?

Try to answer any such questions as these, and you will *test* your knowledge; or, perhaps, your *lack* of it.

During the visit of the Public School Teachers of Carroll county to the College, one of them expressed to me his gratification and surprise at the extent and excellence of the facilities for thorough education, and for the convenience and comfort of students. He remarked, that it seemed to him a very short time since the name Western Maryland College was first announced to the public, and yet now it was like a household word throughout Carroll county. Yes, and he might have applied the same remark to many other parts of the State; and even of the country. He spoke in highly complimentary terms of the Address of President Lewis upon receiving the Teachers, and said that it had quite won his heart to the institution, so that he not only felt proud of it as an institution of our State, but was disposed to enlist himself in every way in striving to promote its continued prosperity. He could now, having seen and heard for himself, recommend any young man, or young lady, who desired a thorough education and excellent accommodations while acquiring it, to enroll themselves as students of Western Maryland College. Of course, all this pleased the writer of this article very much, and made him feel happy in thinking of the years spent by him in helping to establish and sustain W. M. C.

Human life even at the longest is very brief. "What is your life?" asks an inspired writer, who answers: "It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." Yet, we can but believe that every life, however brief, is given by the great Author of being, for some wise and good purpose. Many a human life indeed closes, so far as time is concerned, before men can discover why it was given, or conjecture why it was taken away. And many lives said to be long according to human estimate, appear to result in no good purpose that men can see. Yea, there have been those who themselves thought so little of their own lives as to "wish they had never been born," and some who hastened their departure out of the world of their own accord. Nevertheless, the Creator's good purpose in giving life, cannot reasonably be doubted; and all sane persons hold the preservation of life to be the dearest of all objects, and instinctively feel that it is more valuable than all other possessions; because of what can be made of it by right use and improvement. It is a grand and solemn thing to live, when we look at life as God's gift for noble ends, which by His will, we may improve or thwart. He made us for Himself, and using life to glorify Him, we secure His blessings, as well as answer His design, and make ourselves a

blessing to ourselves, and to all our fellow-beings. The accumulated wisdom of all ages of the world, confirms and illustrates the fact, that the consecration of life to God is the true secret of human happiness and prosperity in all things that exalt and dignify the race, while neglect of Him can only bring disgrace and ruin to all who are guilty of it.

As in nature, so in literature, there is vastness and variety which no one finite mind can possibly compass. The very thought of it is bewildering. Who can form an adequate conception of all that is implied in that word, Universe? We speak the word, but all attempts to grasp the fulness of its meaning are futile. Even such minds as those of Humboldt, Sir Isaac Newton, and La Place, acknowledged that they knew but little—had been able to explore only an infinitesimal portion of the vast fields they saw stretching out before them. And although they and myriads of diligent students have left to the world, the valuable results of their researches, the toilers for fuller information despair of ever finding a point beyond which they shall see no new horizon. The millions of columns and pages that have issued from the press to-day, still leave room for other millions to-morrow, verifying the inspired language of Solomon that "of the making of many books there is no end." We ought not to conclude, that because we cannot know every thing, it is useless to learn what we can. "A wise man will hear, and will increase learning." But after he has done his best, he will be modest in his estimate of his attainments, seeing that there is still much of which he is ignorant.

#### AN ALPHABET OF INSPIRED PROVERBS.

A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels.

Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasures and trouble therewith.

Cease to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge.

Deceit is in the heart of them that imagine evil; but to the counsellors of peace is joy.

Every prudent man dealeth with knowledge; but a fool layeth open his folly.

Fools make a mock at sin; but among the righteous there is favor.

Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh it is a tree of life.

It is as sport to a fool to do mischief; but a man of understanding hath wisdom.

Judgements are prepared for scorers, and stripes for the back of fools.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight.

Most men will proclaim every man his own goodness; but a faithful man, who can find.

No delight in understanding hath a fool.

Open rebuke is better than secret love.

Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul.

Quietness with a dry morsel is better than a house full of sacrifices with strife.

Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.

Seest thou a man hasty in his words? there is more hope of a fool than of him.

The highway of the upright is to depart from evil.

Understanding is a well-spring of life unto him that hath it. Victory is of the Lord.

When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.

Exalt wisdom, and she shall promote thee.

Yet a little sleep, so shall thy poverty come.

Zeal without knowledge, is vain.



**"THERE IS NO GOD."**

How can a man with mind intact, and brain  
That's so susceptible; produce within,  
And yet by subsequent reproduction  
To foster, a thought at once repulsive  
And destructive to our very natures.

To say "There is no God," is to at once  
Throw into consternation our being;  
And the universe, that doth turn and whirl  
Within itself, varieties of life  
And all inanimate combinations.

To speak the lie, is to wrest the castle  
Of our bright Hope, from its tried base. That friend,  
Truest to discouraged souls, that supports  
And raises them to seek for better things.

"There is no God!" Then whence this very Earth,  
That upward him sustains from sinking now,  
Into limitless space? What! It has sprung  
From an origin atomic, this globe  
That rolls and rolls again, within its course,  
Appointed, with every succession  
Of its regular period.

How came  
The Sun, who by his noon-day radiance  
Imparts to all existences, the force  
That with its life-giving principle, does  
Course through their veins to form the impetus  
For continuity of existence?  
Could this be possible, were there no source  
From whence this life proceeds?

From whence then rose  
The silvery Moon that yet her vigil drear  
Does keep, and tends the resting Earth? The Stars  
Those glittering orbs, that do mark for us  
The outposts of heaven?

Can he still doubt,  
When every form that now greets our eye,  
Shows us by its graceful lines of beauty  
That it is the work of the Master mind,  
The centre, from whence the universe sprung?

Let him see the velvety violet,  
Moss nurtured and tender, that does flourish  
Within its own particular circle,  
Beautifying all its surrounding parts,  
The swamp, dampning, sombre, dreary and cold.  
Who watches its existence, and tends it  
If not God; and keeps its tiny fountain  
With the sap of vitality supplied?

Then may he look at the neat domiciles,  
Of that multitude of feathered creatures,  
Within the deep recesses of whose sides  
Are found those treasures deep hued and fragile  
Tinted with shades acquired by no painter  
So then, whose Master mind must guide their beaks,  
That they may build these dainty palaces,  
Of ever varying architecture;  
And with ever preserving watchfulness  
Guards those rich gems intrusted to their care,  
Fit for regal diadems.

Can he then,  
Still say this, and yet sanction the saying

"There is no God," in his inmost soul?  
When Nature thunders forth the lasting truth  
With brazen tongues, from ev'ry creation  
That has fallen from his hands?

KENAK.

**VISIT OF THE CARROLL COUNTY SCHOOL TEACHERS.**

On Friday, February 1st, at 2 o'clock, an imposing procession could have been seen toiling its way up College hill. The teachers of the Public Schools of Carroll county had been invited to diversify the program of the Institute they were holding in Central Hall School with a visit to the classic halls of Western Maryland, and they had accepted to the full number of 140. They were accompanied by State Superintendent, M. A. Newell, and by the Examiners of five counties. President Lewis welcomed them in Smith Hall, and after his address, in which he gave a graphic description of the work of the various departments, there followed an interesting program of music, elocution and calisthenics. Following is the programme:

Piano Duett—Caprice Hongrois...Prof. Rinchart and Miss Beeks  
Welcome.....President Lewis  
Calisthenics—Dumb Bells.....Girls' Class  
Recitation—Trial of Pickwick.....B. B. James  
Vocal Solo—Longing.....Miss L. E. Gore  
Calisthenics—Club Swinging.....Boys and Girls  
Recitation—The Gambler's Wife.....Miss E. E. Frazier  
Piano Solo—Reveil du Lion.....Miss M. C. Mills  
Recitation—Long Afore I Knew.....W. M. Weller  
Vocal Solo—Queen of the Night.....Miss N. M. Heyde  
Recitation—The Smack in School.....Miss N. M. Thompson

After this the entire company made a tour of inspection throughout the buildings, finishing up in the calistheneum, where a refreshing luncheon was served. All were evidently pleased with what they heard and saw, and many were surprised at the extent and excellence of the facilities for thorough education and for the convenience and comfort of students here offered. At the mass meeting, held in Central Hall School that night, Prof. Newell said that Western Maryland College might justly be called the leading college in the State, for giving equal attention to all sides of education, the physical, the mental, the moral, the athletic. Quite a number of the teachers were formerly students at the College.

**A TRIP TO MARS.**

It was the loveliest time of the year, the month of May, when everything appears suddenly to have awakened to life and filled with freshness and beauty, seems to impart a quickening spirit to every object. Wandering through the woods, fragrant with wild flowers, overhead the blue sky peeping through the overhanging branches, the birds twittering and cooing, is it any wonder that my mind was filled with thoughts about the beauty and freshness of the world around me? Then the thought occurred to me, can ours be the only planet in the vast universe where life exists and where such beautiful and refreshing scenes occur to charm the eye?

Oh for the fairies of old with their magic wands and wishing caps! Musing thus I was suddenly aroused by hearing a small but clear voice saying "I am at your command." Looking around for the owner I saw to my astonishment the most peculiar personage that had ever appeared before my sight. Seated on a stump was a tiny man about two feet high, dressed entirely in red; the whiteness of his complexion contrasted vividly with his attire; his head was covered with a mass of coal black hair combed straight back, while his small black eyes shone bright as two stars. Seeing that I was too dumbfounded to speak, he jumped off the stump and making a profound courtesy, said, "I have come from Mars, in obedience to your desire to know of worlds beside your



own. Come with me and you shall see the wonders and beauties of the planet Mars." Recovering from my astonishment I began to comprehend his meaning, and nothing loth, expressed my willingness to accompany him. He thereupon emitted a low, peculiar whistle, when immediately a huge bird, strange to my eyes, alighted upon the ground. Springing upon its back, my tiny visitor motioned me to do the same and soon we were rising into the air with astonishing rapidity. After traveling a for hours I began to observe the regions through which we were passing. We were surrounded on every side by myriads of stars of every magnitude, some the size of moons, while others seemed but tiny specks in the vast expanse around us. As the distance from the earth increased it also began to appear as a large star shining amid many others. The same was one of wonder and beauty, and it seemed as if the region of the unknown was appearing before us as a new subject. My companion and guide had not vouchsafed a word, but looking neither to the right nor left, kept straight on until I suddenly became conscious of entering a new and strange region, and from the actions of my guide and my own influences, I saw we were nearing the planet Mars. Everything appeared first as a mass of light and color, but on approaching it, things began to take shape and the whole became a scene of wondrous delight. Taking a view of the whole, I saw strange and lonely flowers growing luxuriantly, rivers, shining as with silver and gold, flowing through regions, beautiful beyond description. As we drew nearer many sweet sounds floated to us, which I found proceeded from the throats of many brilliant birds. After a few hours we finally alighted on the bank of a broad river. I had, however, seen no signs of habitation, but was so engrossed with the wonders around me that this did not occur to me. Waiting a few minutes, I heard the sound of music, and soon saw approaching a huge animal floating up the river, while on its back in a box-shaped contrivance, were many little folks similar in appearance to my companion. On seeing us it stopped and we stepped on board. I was then introduced to the assembly as a visitor from the Earth, who wished to see their world. The crowd surrounding me was the queerest I ever expected to appear before me. Their attire was bright red and when assembled together made a bright and glowing appearance. Their small stature was extremely amusing, as their manners were similar to ours. After a short and pleasant journey we landed at one of their principal cities called "The Glass City." No one can imagine the sparkling beauty which met my gaze. All the dwellings were built entirely of glass, different degrees of thickness and in every style of architecture. The sun shone upon the glass, sparkling from every spot, the tiny people moving around in their red costumes, made the scene one of light and beauty. I was escorted through the entire city and treated in every respect as an honored guest. After spending a few days here, I informed my guide that I should like to continue my journey of research further.

We accordingly set out and after a few days arrived at the "Royal City." It seemed as if wonders would never cease, each new sight seemed more wonderful than the last, but nothing could equal the beauty which now burst upon me. It seemed as if all skill which could be obtained, was bestowed on the building of this city. The mines which surrounded the country were searched for the brightest and most costly gems with which to adorn the dwellings. But with all this splendor which I know has never been surpassed; I do not think it could compare with our world with its various inventions, discoveries, etc., which excite in us such delight. Through inquiry, I found that from what I had seen, I could judge of the appearance of the remainder of the planet. At first everything dazzled and delighted me, but soon tiring of the unceasing glitter, I determined to return home, satisfied with my view of the unknown regions and with my trip to Mars. As our journey neared the Earth, how my heart rebound-

ed as once more beheld natural objects, and when I finally reached the spot whence I started and saw all around me the fullness and verdure of Spring, so different from what I had lately experienced, my visit would have seemed a dream if I had not seen away off in the distance, my late companion disappearing. Astronomers may calculate and wonder in regard to the habitation of the other planets but I can inform them that Mars is inhabited by a wondrous and interesting people.

#### FRIDAY AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

On the afternoon of February 1st, we had the pleasure of listening to the Senior essays and orations, which we are sure were interesting to all. Following is the programme:

Essay—Footprints.....	Miss G. F. Beeks
Oration—Cogwheels, Levers.....	W. M. Lease
Piano Duett—Waltzes .....	Profs. Rinehart and McDaniel
Essay—Voices from the dead....	Miss A. L. Dodd
Oration—Standing Alone.....	L. I. Pollitt
Vocal Solo—Mountain Maiden.....	Miss N. M. Heyde
Essay—Why Are They There?.....	Miss F. M. Grove
Oration—Too Ambitious.....	T. E. Reese

The occasion of the Junior themes was very entertaining. The character of the work, both matter and delivery showed that they were carefully prepared. Following is the programme for February 8th:

The Authority of Conscience.....	Miss C. E. Dumm
A Free Ballot and A Fair Count.....	J. F. Harper
Piano Duett—Fay Queen.....	Misses Wolfes and Bernard
Our Duties to Animals. ....	Miss M. J. Fisher
Lessons From Chemistry .....	W. I. Mace
Vocal Solo—Where Art Thou? .....	Miss H. P. Stem
Aurora Leigh.....	Miss G. E. Franklin
Influence of Reading on Character.....	J. E. White

The Literary Recital, February 15th, was very entertaining. The Freshmen deserve a great deal of credit, indeed. The way in which they recite their selections, shows they take great interest in their Elocution. Following is the programme:

True Source of Reform.....	Mr. Manning
The Bachelors' Sale.....	Miss Galt
Imitation.....	Mr. Price
The Toper.....	Miss Hering
Piano Duett—Don't Blush.....	Misses Lowe and Frazier
Somnambulism Cured.....	Miss Shriver
The Last Glass.....	Mr. Miskimon
Money First .....	Mr. Lawson
The Mad Man.....	Miss Wolfes
Vocal Selection.....	By The Glee Club
Literary Pursuits.....	Mr. Broughton
Anger and Enumeration.....	Miss Laughlin
The Cynic.....	Miss Shriver
Difficult Love Making.....	Mr. Dehoff

#### COLLEGE LOCALS.

"You almost freeze me.  
I wish I could melt you."

Mignon.

Menagerie in Ward Hall. Open from 11 to 11.45 p. m. every night. Shanks stage manager. Professors admitted free.

Query. If Ward goes s(low), will Lowe get a re(ward)? Yes, a valentine.

The cotton head has balled. In the Nat. Science room may be seen the product.

The question of *To-be* or not *To-be* has been settled.

The Hudson in his silent flow frequently brings to view *hidden* treasures.

The crows fly Northward and their plaintive *caulks* are heard.

The *groves* wear a fairer garb, and the buds begin to *fill* their *lips* with Nature's elixir.



Summer is near by, or som(ewh)ere's else.

Light-headed Soph. D., explaining a principle in Physics. "Heat, when it expands a body, grows cold." Junior T. "I have my doubts about it." D. Well that's what the Professor said, and I agree with him, for he has had lots of experience."

Laconic speech from Smith Hall during the recent cold snap. "Miss Heaven and strike home." This speech was uttered on the occasion of a foray to the pantry.

As I passed by a corn-field, laid out neat and trim,  
I saw some sage crows on an apple tree limb;  
In close consultation as to which of them all  
The prettiest and wisest with truth they might call.

I could, with distinctness, their grave leader hear,  
And all that he uttered to me was quite clear;  
But the chorus of answers with which they replied  
I understood not, though I earnestly tried.

"The question before us," I heard the sage say,  
"Is, to whom shall we give this garland of hay?"  
"In regard to this matter let all freely talk,"  
One impetuous crow at once cried "caulk, caulk."

"You have heard our young friend," the leader then said,  
While with nods of approval he shook his wise head,  
"He has said what he wished now let others talk,"  
At once rose in concert "caulk, caulk, caulk, caulk."

"Having heard my dear crows" the grave leader proclaimed,  
"But one of our number is the prettiest named,"  
"I declare your choice to be, without further talk—"  
But he could not be heard for their cries of "caulk, caulk."

At the sound of a gun-shot the crows flew away,  
And left on the apple tree the garland of hay;  
Since then I've oft wondered, in crow parlance or talk,  
What meaning they attach to their oft-uttered caulk.

Mr. D—y desires to correct a false impression made by a former local about him. He says it is not a "lively Junior," but an entrancing Senior he is gone on, that is, if his Sassafras hopes are entirely blasted.

Hudson studying Geometry: If two parallel lines be cut "Queen of the Night," by a third, "Queen of the Night." (Sighs.) I wish Parlor night was here.

Echoes from Prepdom: What is the plural of Mouse? Mouses. What is the plural of lad? Ladies. Highest grade attained in Greek this term: six.

In his Latin translation Ward rendered a word meaning bitter, as love. The professor made the following comment: According to Tennyson, spring is the time when our thoughts are engaged by the tender passion. You are a little out of season Mr. Ward.

H—y received some caramels from Smith Hall the other day, and though they were marked "Stale" and tasted as though they were, he seemed to enjoy them, nevertheless.

D. F. H—s says that though he does not possess many dollars, he is wealthy in the possession of *Nichols*.

H—y says that if he had his few possessions here, he would not return to the Tar Heel State, but would settle down at Vienna.

DEFINITIONS FOR THE LADY ADMIRERS OF OUR "NATIONAL GAME."

A *phenomenal* pitcher—One who has often gone to the well without being cracked.

A *short* stop—Fifteen minutes for refreshments.

A *foul* tip—Information in regard to a chicken fight.

A *base* runner—One "who fights and runs away."

First *Base*—The good looking young man in the choir.  
Saw the air—An optical delusion.

A double play—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

A strong club—The Policeman's.

Out on strikes—The condition of some of our working men.

The Umpire—The person responsible for the home club's defeat.

A *low* ball—One that W—d only can bat.

Fresh. Latin Class. Prof. "Mr. B—n. To what gender do nouns of the fifth declension belong? To the Nominative, Genitive, Dative and Vocative. They haven't any Ablative gender professor."

Hudson, it is understood, will soon publish an Astronomy. He may be seen star-gazing any clear night.

D—y who, as all know, has considerable experience in the shoe-blackening line, has hung out his shingle, on which may be read: "It behooves me to give a first class, A No. 1 shine of the Charles street variety for the small price of ten cents. Give me a call, I shine for one, I shine for all, in winter, summer, spring and fall."

Personnel of the new staff: Reese, Chief; White, Stage Manager; James, Actor; Lease, Privateer.

Dor—y has made his debut; his first local appears in this issue. We are afraid though, that he will be discouraged in his literary ventures after D—y has paid him his respects.

The Sophomores have received their class badges, and are deservedly proud of them. The badge, which is of gold, consists of a scroll partially unrolled, revealing the monogram W. M. C., and below this '91, while on the reverse side are neatly engraved the initials of the owner. This scroll is connected by an old-gold chain to a gold pin with a cubical head. It is conceded by all who have seen it to be the prettiest, neatest and most suggestive badge that has ever been worn at Western Maryland College. The Sophomore class is to be congratulated on having obtained such a pretty device, and also on the good taste they displayed in selecting it in preference to any of the many other designs submitted to them.

"SOPH."

A lady of the Senior class has long been acquainted with the use of her mirror, but she has lately discovered a new use which she has informed us, she intends to put into practice. Her position in the dining-room being somewhat inconvenient in order to see its occupants, she has decided to have a glass arranged so she may see everyone, especially those immediately back of her, without turning her head. No doubt there will hereafter be less stiff necks.

There appears to be a certain class in school which does not receive credit for its studiousness, and the oversight on our part we think should be remedied. The members of this class have so acquainted themselves with the scripture lessons for chapel services that their manuals are no longer of any use to them, but remain strapped together under the bench. Let us not neglect our duty.

One of our Sophomore ladies seems to have been in doubt as to whether she was mortal or not, for she was heard to exclaim, "Say Maud, are we mortal?" It is to be hoped that some of the native talent of this class will solve the problem.

A few days ago the Philomathean Society was presented with a handsome gift, consisting of George Elliot's complete works, by Mr. Lawson of the Webster Society. No gift could have been more highly appreciated.

Miss B—, of '89 the other day exhibited a remarkable absence of (*mind*)? She has not been able to explain since how she happened to address a letter home to College.

Miss F—, of the Sophomore class has often been heard in



her sleep to say, Oh Mal, mal! Her room-mate for sometime was under the impression that she had unpleasant dreams and was using the french word for "evil," but lately she has discovered that this was a great mistake as Miss F—— was heard to say in tones of anguish, "Oh 'Mal'—colm."

Centerville, class '92, is cutting his wisdom teeth. We are glad to know that some wisdom is about to be introduced into the class '92, even though it be by the teeth. We hope that all the other members of the class will follow "Centerville's" example.

White (sewing on buttons.) When I leave college I hope to have a *Taylor* to do this for me.

Crow's Nest: Visiting Prep picks up Haggard's "She" from the shelf. One of the "crows:" Say, G——h have you ever read it? G——h: No, I have heard of it though, it has some good recitations in it. Crow groans in despair and turns to his studies.

#### DEDICATED TO OUR GLEE CLUB.

The girls they came in the dining hall,  
Tra la la la la  
And found their chairs would'nt move at all.  
Sing tra la la la la la

The chairs were tied but they knew it not,  
Tra la la la la la  
They seemed to the girls, glued to the spot.  
Sing tra la la la la la.

When the maidens found how the chairs were fixed,  
Tra la la la la la  
They seemed for a moment a little mixed.  
Sing tra la la la la la.

Then quick as a flash some seized their knives,  
Tra la la la la la  
And slashed at the strings as for their lives,  
Sing tra la la la la la

Some others tried to break the string.  
Tra la la la la la  
But that they found a pretty hard thing.  
Sing tra la la la la la.

'Twas fun to see them leaning back,  
Tra la la la la la  
Pulling until their faces were black.  
Sing la la la la la.

At last they were seated all around;  
Tra la la la la la  
The Sophs they laughed but the Seniors frowned.  
Sing tra la la la la la.

The question now is who played the trick?  
Tra la la la la la  
The boys all agree 'twas done very slick.  
Sing tra la la la la la.

Valentines.

Wonder who sent mine?

One of our ingenious Accomac boys enclosed his card with a valentine, for fear the young lady might think he was the sender.

Our Harper's Ferry youth says the reason he can thoroughly master his lessons in so short a time is that he can easily consecrate his thoughts.

It is found by research that there are very few ladies that have secured a P. H. D. We are glad to say, however, one is from our College.

One of the Preps. inquired if Easter came on Good Friday. Can any of the Fresh. enlighten him?

Making time on the electricity plan: Such is the kind of time which the Business Manager makes, and he clearly demonstrated, by going Friday night, Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, that he was not a "slow coach" of the first order. He

didn't go on Sunday night, Monday morning, Monday afternoon, Monday night, &c., &c., simply because she had returned to College, and so of course her series of invitations had expired; but it was not her fault that they had. We commend the Business Manager's lively interest in the very interesting sex.

High grade novels. Stone: What is the use of wasting your time reading such trashy stuff? Englar: There's no harm in reading novels. Not if you read the better class, such as Webster's speeches.

Mace, our learned Junior, classes the Pharaohs of Egypt as one of the seven wonders of the world. Mace will become famous, no doubt, for his archaeological researches.

Something wonderful to behold—a Sophomore appetite. As one of the Sophs was heard to remark, its voracity is only equalled by its capacity.

"Old Reliable," of the Senior Class, had a dream which needed no interpretation. Turning on his (left) side he said—"All's well that ends well."

Prof.—"What is a volcano?" Prep., who will doubtless make his mark if his promising career be not prematurely brought to a finis—"A volcano is a sand bank with a round hole in the top, from which spouts out, every now and then, fire, smoke, water and lather." Prof., smiling—"In other words, it is nature's soap factory."

Harper contemplates a tour through the East (ern Shore). He will start at once for the land of the Stephenites, which is nigh unto the banks of the mighty Chesapeake—a land flowing with smiles and welcomes, and whose daughters are fair to look upon.

A certain young lady of the Freshman class, listening entranced at Shipley drumming his exercises on the piano, exclaims—"It reminds me so of a Lark-in the skies, singing as it soars to'ards heaven's gate." Some one has said "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." How true this is, when a Griffin is so enraptured by strains far from seraphic.

Our inquisitive Montgomery lad would like to know where the Westminster papers are published.

Whose initials are the reverse of each other? B. M. and M. B.

It is rumored that the Juniors have adopted the rules of the National Trotting Association. Their "ponies" are certainly well trained.

Prof. of Rhetoric to Soph., speaking of figures—"What do you think is meant by "the salt of the earth?" "Sodium chlorate, Professor."

Those who are fond of the sport enjoyed themselves several afternoons during the past month skating and sliding on the ice. Judging from the number of the young ladies who were indisposed for recitations for a few days succeeding the cold snap, we think the sliding was especially enjoyed.

Since the last issue of the MONTHLY telegrams have been pouring in to "Western Maryland's Pride," &c., &c., et cetera, congratulating him upon the deference shown him recently by the Baltimore city authorities. He also receives daily many letters to the same purport. He seriously contemplates employing a private secretary to assist in the disposal of his crowded mails. Merit is never without its reward.

Hudson has made dire and dreadful threats against the welfare of our physical organism if we insert any more locals about him. O, where shall we Heyde from his wrath?

Senior L. (earnestly)—"Now, Whaley, I only smiled at her three times at the dinner table." We have been requested by the aforesaid to state that since his recent interview with the mayor he has laid aside his perpetual motion machine, and



has stopped playing steam engine and taken to smiling. He says the mayor thinks his first consideration should be to get a wife, for he feels sure his ideas are deep and destined to open the eyes of the dull world. Beware, ladies, lest ye be doomed.

Prof. Radford—"You will find that success in this world depends altogether on willing hands." Miss Slau—er (absently)—"Yes, Willie's hands." What next?

One of the Sophomores was overheard to say that the most difficult "pony" he has ever had to break in to the traces is named "Trigonometry." He says he is afraid he will never learn its disposition well enough to make it serviceable to him.

Our delegates to the Young Men's Christian Association Convention state that they had a thoroughly enjoyable and profitable time. Mr. Mott, the secretary of the College Y. M. C. A. work in the United States, proposes to visit us in the spring. Mr. Waite, the State Secretary, will probably accompany him.

The architect has completed his plans for the residence of our President, and work will be begun as soon as spring opens.

Two Sophs. consult—"Say, Dor—y, have you received an acknowledgment yet?" Dor—y—"No, Had—y, have you?" "No; what do you think can be the matter?" Is it asked what occasioned this conversation? Well, it was a chocolate cake, price 100 cents, and was sent to Stale and Bat. Now, Bat being ill, Stale can't cut the cake or take any action in regard to it. The only way the local man sees to straighten things is that the cake be submitted to him for consideration.

Miss Coghill has kindly consented, when Prof. Rinehart is not present, to play the organ at the religious services of the Y. M. C. A.

Prof. of Ancient Languages to our bright male Freshman Class—"You are about to take up the reading of the life of Alexander. You would find it easier than Caesar, were it not for the fact that Caesar furnished "ponies" on which to ride, while those who follow Alexander are compelled to walk. Sad news, indeed, for the class, that includes in its number so many and such noted equestrians.

Stone, writing a theorem on the board, spells any "enny." Prof.—How do you spell any, Mr. Stone?" "O, I forgot, Professor; I meant eny."

"Harper's Ferry" asserts that Lincoln was inaugurated April 27th, 1861. Beale graduated in U. S. history last year. He would like to know what is Mason and Slidell's line."

Geology class. Prof.—"Mr. Manning, tell something of the cormorant." Manning—"The Chinese use them to cure snake bites."

Nelson, another budding genius of the same class, told the Professor that the reason the leading goose in a triangle sometimes falls back is because it gets frightened.

L. Whealton, while reciting "Kentucky Belle," in a fit of abstraction remarked that "Damp steers stood on his forehead," and "Rich Ohio started over her broad highways."

Tull has gone home with the mumps. His classmates assert that the mumps came in handy as an excuse for him to go home. Some disaffected maids there were who thought they would annoy The boys who went in parlor night, and all their fun destroy; For an imagined slight, forsooth, they retribution sought, And by not keeping parlor night they thought it cheaply bought.

But eighteen wise and winsome girls, not silly like the others, Assembled at th' appointed hour to meet their college brothers; And what a splendid time we had! How quick the hours flew! And at the tolling of the bell how slowly we withdrew.

Poor girls, we wish you had come in and had a pleasant time, And, if you had, there'd not have been occasion for this rhyme. We trust when, in the course of time, next parlor night rolls round, You'll not out in the chill night air upon the roof be found.

"JAB."

## THE WEBSTER ANNIVERSARY.

The Twenty-second of February belongs of right to the immortal George Washington, and all the praise of the day should be to him. But on his last natal day he was compelled to share his honors at Western Maryland with his illustrious countryman Daniel Webster, the anniversary of the Webster Literary Society falling on the same date.

Promptly at 7.30 p. m., the curtain of the Smith Hall Stage rose before a large and appreciative audience. On the left of the stage a large picture of Washington wreathed in the American colors, rested upon an easel, while to the right upon a pedestal, was the bust of Webster, and a handsome and elaborate new banner, made and presented by one of the society's lady friends. H. G. Watson, as President of the organization, opened the program with a brief, interesting address, at the close of which, he introduced J. B. Whaley, who delivered the anniversary oration on "The Ages of Beauty." This concluded part first of the program. Part second consisted of a farce in one act, entitled "The Yankee Duellist," and Sheridan Knowles' drama "William Tell." The farce was written by a friend of one of the members of the Society and afforded the audience a good hearty laugh. The cast was as follows:

Captain Doolittle.....	T. E. Reese
The Yankee Peddler.....	H. G. Watson
Amanda Doolittle.....	(Miss) H. L. Makinson

The drama is well known both on account of the thrilling incidents it relates, and its high literary merit. It was played by the same Society just ten years ago. It is very suitable for a literary society, as it affords the members ample scope for the display of all their elocutionary and dramatic skill and training. But it requires a great deal in the way of scenery and stage paraphernalia that is not at the command of college students. However the Webster's, by the aid of fine outfits from a Baltimore Costumer, and the good use of all their resources made the lack of a good theatrical equipment felt but little. We give the

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Gesler.....	T. E. Reese
Sarnem, his Lieutenant.....	H. G. Watson
Rodolph } Austrians {	A. S. Crockett
Lutold } .....	L. N. Whealton
Gerard } .....	T. B. Miskimon
William Tell.....	J. B. Whaley
Albert, his Son.....	G. E. Waesche
Meletal, Erni's Fath'.....	W. I. Mace
Erni } Patriots in League with Tell {	J. F. Harper
Furst } .....	L. A. Chiswell
Verner } .....	W. McA. Lease
Michael.....	J. M. Tull
Pierre.....	G. I. Barwick
Theodore.....	W. C. Englar
Savoyard.....	C. M. Day
Emma, Tell's Wife.....	Miss Mary B. Shellman

Officers, Soldiers and Peasants.

The synopsis was as follows:

ACT I.—Scene—Tell's cottage; Emma speaks with Albert, encouraging him in the practice with the bow; Tell instructs Albert; Meletal enters, tottering, his eyes having been plucked out by Gesler; Tell manifests great indignation and sorrow; Albert prepares to make a night journey to Mount Faigel; Tell solemnly vows to revenge Gesler's crime upon Meletal.

ACT II.—Scene first—A mountain storm arises; Gesler, fatigued and having lost his way, leans against a rock, stupefied with terror; Albert enters and offers to guide Gesler to Altorf. Scene second—Patriots in league with Tell speak together, "when next we meet upon this theme all Switzerland shall witness what we do!" Scene third—Gesler and Albert reach Altorf; Gesler tries to intimidate Albert into telling his father's name; Albert refuses and is cast into a dungeon by Gesler's soldiers. Scene fourth—A market; the Swiss compelled by Sarnem to bow to the cap of the Austrian tyrant; Tell rushes upon the scene and puts Sarnem and his men to flight; they return; "Upon him!" Tell is fettered.



ACT III.—Scene at the castle; Tell in chains scorns and defies Gesler's power; Gesler has Albert and Tell to meet; they betray no sign of recognition ("To own the son would be to make him share his father's death"); "He is my child, and I am William Tell;" "I will spare thy life, and thy boy's, too, on one condition." Scene second—Swiss and Austrians; the hero of Switzerland accepts the condition, shoots and falls; "Free!" "For what hid you that arrow in your breast?" "To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!" "To arms, my comrades!"

J. B. Whaley, as William Tell, sustained the part admirably, portraying vividly the sternness of the patriot wrestling with the tyrant for liberty, and the tenderness of the parent in the touching scene where he instructs Albert in archery, and where he shoots the apple from his head. G. E. Waesche deserves great credit for his impersonation of a brave and obedient son. T. E. Reese played the part of the tyrant with such success that the audience could but feel gratified at his downfall. He was especially good in the storm scene, when he was lost in the mountains and was found by Albert, and in the scene where he pronounces the sentence of Tell. The part of Emma, Tell's wife, was played by Miss Mary B. Shellman, of Westminster, who has always been so kind in giving her valuable aid for such purposes to both of the male societies. It is needless to say she did her part well. The minor characters were all well sustained, and the drama as a whole was a most decided success. The Websters can point with pride to the record made at their eighteenth anniversary.

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Sadie A. V. Kneller, '86, of Baltimore, visited friends in Westminster about the 1st of February.

Joseph W. Smith, '80, is Captain of the Westminster Gun Club, and one of its surest marksmen.

Dr. Wm. H. DeFord, '80, is a member of the Executive Committee of the Eastern Iowa Dental Society. He is having remarkable success in his profession.

Three members of the Class of '80 expect to spend the summer of '90 in Europe.

Prof. C. H. Baughman, '71, Misses Carrie L. Mourer, '87, Clara L. Smith, '79, Emma L. Reaver, '86, Florence B. Dffenbaugh, '83, Amon Burgee, '87, all teachers in the public schools of Carroll county, and Prof. J. A. Dffenbaugh, '74, the Examiner, were present at the visitation of the Teachers' Institute to W. M. C.

Rev. Leyburn M. Bennett, '86, of the Baltimore M. E. Conference, and in charge of the circuit at Pikesville, has been compelled to give up his work for the present on account of ill health. It is all the more grievous an affliction because he was so thoroughly interested and earnest in his labors, and was meeting with such success.

#### QUONDAM STUDENTS.

The wife of Mr. Edwin W. Shriver, '68-'70, died at Woodhaven, Long Island, N. J., Feb. 5th. The interment was in the cemetery at Westminster, Rev. J. T. Ward, conducting the services. Mr. Shriver's sisters, Mrs. Dr. Joseph Weller, mother of W. M. Weller, '89, and Mrs. R. A. West, mother of Frank A. West, '85-'86, and Mr. Frank W. Shriver, '73, were present. Mrs. Shriver was an estimable lady and her husband has the sincere sympathy of his numerous friends.

Students of '83-'86, will be glad to know that Miss Mary Galt of Taneytown, whose death from malignant diphtheria appeared in the daily papers last month, was not the one who has been their schoolmate, as the young lady who died had never attended W. M. C.

Rev. G. R. Brown, '85-'86, Secretary of the Georgia M. P. Conference, and the popular pastor of the M. P. Church at Waco,

was married on the 38th ult., to Miss Edith M. Adamson of Talapoosa.

The *Centreville Observer*, announced a few weeks ago, the death of Mrs. Josephine Kendall, wife of Capt. T. W. Kendall, of Centreville Landing. She was the mother of Miss Ada Kendall '86-'88, whose friends will sympathize with her in so great a sorrow.

Mr. Harvey G. Jordan, '84-'86, Mr. Chas. H. Sullivan, '85-'88, Mr. T. A. Kauffman, '80-'82, Mr. Jno. D. Feeser, '85-'88, and Mr. Chas. E. Baumgardner, all teachers in the Public Schools of Carroll county, were present with the body of the teachers when they visited W. M. C.

Mr. Dennis Smith, '68-'78, and his wife, living near Wakefield, celebrated the fifth anniversary of their wedding on the 13th ult. Fully 160 persons were present and all enjoyed themselves very much. Mr. and Mrs. Smith received many useful and ornamental presents.

Miss Emma Abbott, '81-'82, daughter of William M. Abbott, Editor of the Annapolis *Evening Capital*, was married on the 19th ult. to Dr. Amos L. Gage of Baltimore. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Robert H. Williams at the First Presbyterian Church in the Ancient City. Miss Abbott made numerous friends while at College, and has rapidly increased the list since then. She wore the Ward Gold Medal at College and was one of the charter members of the Philomathean Society. She is well known as an ambitious young contributor to various periodicals, and for several years past has been principal of the female public schools of Annapolis. The MONTHLY's heartiest congratulations and best wishes are hers.

Miss Maggie Stem, '86-'88, of Sam's Creek, is visiting friends in Woodstock, Shenandoah county, Va.

We have still another marriage to chronicle, that of Miss Ada Zepp, '80-'81, near Westminster, to Mr. Harvey G. Foutz, of Baltimore, on the 13th ult. Rev. J. T. Murray, D. D., performed the ceremony. The bride wore a neat-fitting traveling costume of terra cotta broadcloth braided, with hat and gloves to match and carried a bouquet of pink roses. After a wedding breakfast, the party took the train for a trip South.

It is with regret we have to announce the death of Rilla Sappington, '86-'88. She died of pneumonia at her home on East Neck Island in the early part of February.

Messrs. J. H. Baker, '85-'88, C. P. Merrick, '86-'88, W. O. Keller, '86-'88, and Miss Carrie Nicodemus, '85-'86, attended the Webster anniversary on the night of the 22d.

#### SEMINARY ITEMS.

Prof. E. A. Warfield and Mr. Ewell have paid recent brief visits to Baltimore. The former to his sister, and the latter to his parents.

On Sunday, the 17th inst., Jas. Cody preached at Hampden Mission, (now in the limits of Baltimore) and addressed the S. S., for Rev. J. L. Stranghn; and Wm. Anthony again preached at Glyndon for the Rev. E. Richardson.

We are glad to announce that our beloved and venerable President, Dr. Ward, who has been confined to his home from the effects of a severe cold, is able to be with us again after an absence of a week or two.

It is, indeed, gratifying to learn that, in the great revival of religion that seems to be going on all over the country, our former students are receiving a share of this blessing in their labors. Among the recent ones we notice, particularly, brother Van-Dyke, '87, who is at Cumberland. He reports a great number of conversions and accessions to the church, and is doing much good. May the Lord continue his blessings.



As intimated in our last items, Lemuel Fisher has been called to Tarreytown of the N. Y. Conference, where, we learn, he has been installed as pastor and is entering upon his labors under favorable auspices.

We had two fair callers a few days since, in the persons of Misses Julia and Dora Johnson, sister and cousin of H. S. Johnson, who were on their way from New Windsor to Baltimore. Their call was much enjoyed, and we extend a hearty invitation for another.

Rev. T. H. Lewis, D. D., has been elected by our Missionary Alliance, to preach the annual sermon before it on Sunday evening of commencement. C. W. McAllister, '90, has been elected by the same society to represent it in the Annual Convention of the Inter Seminary Alliance at Chicago, next October, and J. F. Smith, '91, alternate.

The Seniors are hard at work, making preparations for Conference examinations, aside from the duties here in pursuing the regular course. Those who go out this year are: Wm. Anthony, who will enter the Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church, which meets in Baltimore, March 6th; Jas. Cody, who will go to the New York M. P. Conference; D. E. Day, John H. S. Ewell, G. R. Hodge, and W. Sherman Phillips, to the Maryland; M. E. Grant, to the N. J., and Jas. A. Selby, to the W. Va., M. P. Conference.

We have often heard the advantages and disadvantages of association dwelt upon, but here is a peculiar case: One of our worthies has been paying attention to a certain young lady of "the village," who is compelled to wear eye glasses. The result is he now wears them himself occasionally. That's what *she* says.

Our Faculty has arranged for another series of lectures to be given each Thursday afternoon through March and April. Prof. S. Simpson delivered the first of this series, in Stockton Hall, on the 21st. His subject was—"Paul: His Missionary Labors." The Prof. is much admired, and greatly loved by all of the students who have been thrown with him, and this lecture was listened to with a great deal of interest. It was but another proof of his ability and his thorough Biblical knowledge. Rev. P. H. Miller, of the Lutheran Church, will lecture on next Thursday, the 28th, inst.

On the last Friday afternoon of each month a meeting of the Missionary Alliance is substituted for that of Stockton Society. These meetings are extremely beneficial in helping us to keep apace with the missionary work and its growing needs, and in kindling a love and zeal for it. We believe it was in these meetings that Bro. Albright was enabled to see the mission work in its real, true light, and we know of others who have consented to dedicate their lives to the work, should God require it, whose first impulses in that direction were received from them. Among the interesting items of the program for this month, were two papers, "The Heathen without the Gospel," by Prof. Warfield, and "The Heathen with the Gospel," by James Cody.

On St. Valentine's Day the students received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Dr. J. T. Ward to spend the evening at their residence, "Rose Hill." It has been their custom ever since the Dr. has been President of our institution, to give the student's an annual supper, and the boys always look forward with much pleasure to that event. Six o'clock found us comfortably seated in the Dr's. parlor, where we enjoyed ourselves very much, especially listening to many of the little anecdotes with which the Dr. abounds. Drs. J. T. Murray and Jas. W. Reese and Prof. E. A. Warfield, members of our faculty, and Dr. T. H. Lewis, were also present. An hour passed pleasantly, our distinguished host entertaining us so highly that we almost forgot the purpose for which we had come. Supper was served in the library. The arrangement, which was artistic in the extreme, could only be surpassed by the load of good things that had been liberally provided for by our host. The tables fairly groaned beneath the weight of everything that was pleasing to the eye and good for food, and we sat down to a feast that is the privilege of but few to enjoy, even in this advanced stage of civilization. Supper over, we returned to the parlor, where we were favored with fine music by Bro. Judefind, which was highly appreciated. Several games—very instructive ones, too—were then indulged in until nearly ten o'clock, when we decided it was about time to return to the Seminary. Before leaving, the sacrament of Baptism was administered to Bros. Selby and Jones, by Dr. Murray and Dr. Ward. That over, hand shaking was indulged in, good night's said, we departed much gratified with our visit.

We feel much indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Ward for their kindness, and extend to them our sincere and heart felt thanks. This is the third and perhaps the last time that some of us will ever partake of their hospitality, as our calling bids us soon to say farewell to the place we now so much love. But let our lot be cast where it may, we shall alway refer to three occasions as among the happiest we enjoyed while students at the Seminary.

On Saturday, the 23d inst., Dr. Ward presented the students with a handsome crayon portrait of himself, to be placed in Stockton Hall. The work was done by A. L. Rogers of our town, and is, indeed, first class. It is 30x34 and has been placed in a beautiful substantial frame.

On Sunday, the 24th inst, D. E. Day and H. S. Johnson went to Finksburg to assist Rev. J. T. Lassell in a special meeting.  
ALEPH.

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed specialist in mind diseases, says: "I am familiar with various systems for improving the memory, and I have recently become acquainted with the system, in all its details and applications, taught by Prof. Loisetete. I am therefore enabled to state that his is, in all its essential features, entirely original; that its principles and methods are different from all others, and that it presents no material analogies to that of any other system."

I consider Prof. Loisetete's system to be a new departure in the education of the memory and attention, and of very great value; that, it being a systematic body of principles and methods, it should be studied as an entirety to be understood and appreciated; that a correct view of it cannot be obtained by examining isolated passages of it.

New York, July 10, 1888.

WM. A. HAMMOND.

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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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NO. 7.

## Western Maryland College Monthly.

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T. EDWARD REESE, Editor in Chief.

EDITORS.

LAURA BELL TAYLOR, ANNIE LAURA JONES,  
ELENA EWELL GORE, B. BURLEIGH JAMES, HARRIET ELLA WALMSLEY,  
W. McALISTER LEASE.

Business Manager.....J. EDWARD WHITE.

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There is no institution or society that has done so much for the young men of this country as the Young Men's Christian Association, and its work has been especially felt in the various colleges of our land. The influence of that little band of consecrated young men that first met at Princeton has been widening, until now more than 240 colleges have felt its blessed influence, and hundreds of young men have been brought into a knowledge of Christ. What is the work of the Y. M. C. A. in colleges? Is it not the christian student working to save his fellow student who is not a christian? This is the purpose for which it was organized and the efforts of the few christian students of our colleges have been richly blessed. Such work as this is absolutely essential among a body of students if we are to expect any tolerable degree of morality or even gentlemanly behavior. This has been proven by the schools of our country and other countries which have no such influence in their midst. But the object for which this was written is to arouse the christian young men of our college. The work this year has not been pushed as it should have been. Our intentions no doubt have been good but we have failed in a great degree to carry them into effect. The work around us is immense, our opportunities are glorious, but fellow christian student have you availed yourself of this privilege? Is our association stronger to-day than at any time in the past? Is there a greater percentage of christian boys in our college than in any previous year? We would like to be able to answer all these questions in the affirmative but the facts in the case will not permit such an answer. But we think we can truthfully say there was never a time in the history of our association when christian sentiment was so much respected, and our meetings so largely attended. This is encouraging to us, and we can assure the young men who we so often see in our midst, that they are welcome in all our meetings and we only wish we could prevail upon them to become regular attendants at and even participants in our services. The association was recently favored with a visit from Mr. Wayte, the state Secretary. We will be glad to see him at any time for he is full of good advice and many valu-

able suggestions. We would not fail to make mention of Mr. Mott, the College secretary of the National Committee, who was present with Mr. Wayte. The much valuable information we received from Mr. Mott will always be remembered by those who heard him and we trust will be profitable. He is without doubt the right man in the right place. Already we have formed, at his suggestion, two bible training classes which we are sure will produce good results. The boys are entering upon it in the proper spirit and no one hesitates to sign the pledge and we believe they mean business. This is certainly the best method ever adopted for practical bible study and we trust that we may experience some of its good effects, another of his suggestions which we would like to see carried into effect is the establishing of a series of visits between the Y. M. C. A's. of the different colleges of the state. We think this would be productive of great good to each association. The object of such visits would be to discuss different topics and exchange opinions in regard to matters which pertain to our respective associations. In this way we would get many ideas which would be of great benefit in our college work. We do not know the best way to proceed in this matter but we extend a hearty invitation to the associations of New Windsor and St. John's college, and all the colleges of the state, to pay us a visit.

In a few days, the base ball season will be at its height and the different clubs will meet each other in friendly contest for supremacy. No game has ever met with such popular favor as has base ball in the United States, and the immense interest taken in it by lovers of sport, has naturally caused it to be called our national game. During the past winter, fresh impetus has been given to the game by the tour of two of our clubs around the world under the management of Mr. Spalding. The tour extended through Australia, Egypt and Europe, and it was doubtless a strange sight to see the lofty old pyramid used as a "backstop" or to witness a game in the coliseum at Rome. If Pharaoh or Cæsar had, by chance, been awakened from their tombs by the sweet, chirping B flat voice of the captain disputing with the umpire, they could hardly have restrained themselves from exclaiming, "watch that pitcher." But whether Nero or Cæsar ever attended a game of ball or took the least interest in it, does not concern the American youth of today. The interest in base ball increases daily. It excites the attention of the school boy, the youth, the business man, and even the blushing young lady, who falls into an ecstasy of delight when a player slides to a base on his ear. Although the popularity of this game extends all over the country, no where is there a better field for it than at college. Athletic exercise is an essential element of the collegiate course and nothing is more suited in this line to the majority of our college youth than the base ball game. That this is true can be seen from the fact that every college has a club of some credit. Why should not Western Maryland be ranked among these?



Why should not we have a club capable to cope with those of other colleges? Is it the fault of the students? If so it can soon be remedied, for the material and spirit are not lacking with which to compose a first class nine. All that is now needed is a good diamond and our college will then be able to take her proper place in the field of sport as she has already, in that of education. A good site has been secured but some work is necessary to put the ground in proper condition. It is to be hoped that this will not be delayed in the course of other improvements but that we will after a long time of patient waiting and broken windows, see Western Maryland College in possession of a good base ball ground, and in consequence, a creditable club.

### THE LITERARY APPETITE.

CHAS. T. WRIGHT.

The appetite in its broad or unrestricted sense is a desire which demands gratification, a longing, natural or acquired for the attainment of some object or end.

This definition of the term is as applicable to the mental as to the physical requirements of our nature, and it is to the former of these that we desire for the present to apply it. The literary appetite is in many respects similar to the physical. The desire for food is universal, the mental desire for culture is not. Here the two are *dissimilar*, but the physical appetite in its cravings for certain quantities and qualities of food is largely the result of habit, and here the mental bears to it a striking resemblance, if not an exact parallel; for both are increased or diminished, stimulated or blunted, according to the quantity or quality of the food selected.

The qualities of the literary appetite are almost as numerous as those who read, and the degrees of those qualities are as various as the grades of mental fabulum furnished for consumption. It is not our purpose, however, to classify and define these numerous tastes, but simply to venture a few thoughts upon the general features of the subject.

As to the qualities of this appetite we might mention first the demand for light literature. This demand is more nearly universal than any other, for in the great majority of cases, if one reads much, he takes this class of reading into the circle of his recreations, and if he reads little, this is very apt to be the extent of his perusals. The taste for light reading is to a certain extent beneficial and commendable, but when it becomes the only literary tendency in the mind, the desire that excludes all other mental inclination, that rules and regulates the disposition of all leisure time, it is no longer a normal relish for pure intellectual nourishment, but solely a desire for entertainment, a taste for the sensational, a craving for that which requires no effort for its taking in,—a sort of tickle-palate condiment, not taken for its *utility*, but for its *flavor*. "The book to read," says Dr. McCosh, "is not the one that thinks for you, but the one that makes you think," and yet we find so many people in the society of the day who think, because they can review from memory the contents of the last society periodical or talk glibly of the latest fashionable novels that they are *intensely literary*! What a perversion of the true spirit of the word culture would these self-satisfied sippers of honey-dew make, as "Deep versed in books but shallow in themselves," they flit from book to book, stopping only where they find the sensational, the palatable,—in a word, the superficial.

The literary appetite, we have said, is a thing of culture, yet it may be a taste low or elevated, vulgar or refined, according to the nature of the material upon which it has fed. If a man has never eaten any food except that prepared by a poor cook, he

knows nothing of the richness of bread properly baked or of meats skillfully roasted, and unconsciously grows weak upon his diet, not suspecting for a moment that lack of nutrition is enfeebling him. The lack of a strong, healthy mentality is likewise the result of failure to supply the brain with that solid, normal stimulus, indispensable to its growth, and vigor. Lack of a refined, cultivated, taste, means simply lack of history, poetry, biography, and all acquaintance with those higher and grander models of literary art, which *must*, if sought and studied, breathe a new spirit into him who sits down to the feast, and with that invisible, yet subtle power, which does most when we perceive it least, transform the whole man from a rapid, uninterested, and uninteresting peddler of stale gossip and staler novelettes, to a being of broad, liberal culture, with higher views of life and its nobler possibilities.

Capacities, inclinations, tastes, differ it is true in the higher planes of learning. One delights in science, another in biography and history, a third may take enthusiastic delight in mastering the abstractions of mathematics, or exploring the dark labyrinths of archaeology, yet all these are pursuing lines of thought leading away to the dwelling places of great central facts in the history of humanity or fundamental truths in the domain of science.

The stars of the night differ widely in magnitude, and brilliancy, some far surpassing others, yet even the meaneast and most obscure of these are infinitely brighter and grander than the flickering, inconstant candle, a fitting type of the vulgar, vitiated, intellectual propensity as compared with the nobler and higher ambition of the mind fed and energized by a food whose power lasts longer than the transient stimulant dying with the moment that gives it birth.

Dr. Pryde in his "Highways of Literature" says: "None of the mental faculties of some people have been developed save their curiosity. A story is all they require to amuse their childish intellects and kill their time."

These are truths well worth the contemplation of all young people, for the habitual indulgence in frivolous reading certainly kills all taste for that of a more permanent character, and he who thus indulges is actually incapable of comprehending the spirit of philosophy in it. The old lady who resented the effort of the milkman to sell her the milk that produced the "*nasty yaller scum*," had evidently been reared and fed upon her idolized "sky blue," and knew nothing better or richer.

"The vulgar intellectual palate," says Lowell, "hankers after the titillation of foaming phrase," and how strikingly true this is of the mere sensational reader; froth is all he craves, froth is all he gets, and froth is all he displays.

Give him, on the contrary, rich nutritious food for a season, and he will grow to despise his former fare. He who has never tasted mental food any richer than the current, floating sensations of the hour as found in certain classes of newspapers and periodicals cannot be expected to know what richness is stored away in the pages of such as Milton, McCaulay, Newton, and our own Longfellow, Irving and Hawthorne.

Hungry readers are too often rapid readers, not giving time for the digestion and assimilation of one book by the mind before another is swallowed, and thus a confused mass of useless material clogs the brain, rendering its operations uncertain, unsystematic, and unreliable. It would be, we sometimes think, far better for this voracious class of readers if they were too poor to buy but one book a year, and could not borrow at all, for "to read many books, produces confusion rather than learning, as those who dwell everywhere are not at home anywhere."

They who eat a dozen dishes for breakfast, go to dinner with a dull appetite, and to supper with disgust, no matter how rich and palatable the food may be; so those who voraciously read a confused mass of literature in youth, have little taste for any well defined course of literary work in middle life, and as age advances



grow weary of everything that demands for its perusal the slightest mental effort or exertion.

"Keep good company or none," applies as well to the world of books as to the social world, and since, socially, a man is judged by the company he keeps, we have the same right to estimate his tastes and mental calibre by the nature of his literary perusals and by the books he is known to choose as his private companions and counsellors.

Here is the great touchstone of intellectual character, and literary taste—the books we *habitually* read—and these make us what *they* are, in thought, sentiment, and purpose, either drawing us down to a low, coarse, vapid condition of mentality, or lifting us to a higher, stronger, nobler life, by the energizing and purifying virtue they have received from the touch of a genuine inferior, only to inspiration.

Belair, Md., 1889.

### DR. WARD'S COLUMN.

#### ADMIRATION OF THE POET COWPER.

I would not be a poet if I could,  
To write the finest strains that ever flow'd,  
If they no virtuous sentiment contained,  
Nor principles of truth and right maintained;  
But, oh! like pious Cowper, to uphold  
The glorious things that God's word doth unfold,  
I'd value as a gift of highest grade,  
And even pray to be such poet made.  
For, surely, only God, as I conceive  
Could mortal man enable to achieve  
Such masterpieces of poetic art,  
As sprang from William Cowper's earnest heart,  
Enriched the pages of our literature,  
And fills his readers' minds with thoughts most pure,  
Through coming ages destined to endure,  
And blest results forever to ensure.

Sometimes, indeed, dark clouds his way obscured;  
But, while divine assistance he implored,  
The gloom dispersed, and light illumed his lines,  
So that, in them the highest wisdom shines;  
And souls are led along the heavenly road,  
Beholding beauty in the works of God,  
Entranced with visions He alone could show,  
And causing men the Deity to know—  
Not only as in nature He appears,  
But in His providence through all the years,  
And in His word and by His Son revealed  
To all who to the Holy Spirit yield.  
So Cowper did himself, and found the joy  
That filled his soul, and caused him to employ  
His ransomed powers in sounding forth the praise  
Of love divine, and all-redeeming grace.

Back to my boyhood days, how sweet to turn,  
Review the lessons Cowper made me learn,  
And then, firm holding still to Cowper's faith,  
To hope that I, beyond the stream of death,  
May meet with him among the saved in heaven,  
Where all the glory shall to God be given.

#### SATISFACTION.

None ever got,  
By human plot,  
Enough to meet  
His wish complete.

No miser e'er  
Had aught to spare;

With richest store  
He wanted more.

No epicure  
Could e'er secure  
Pleasures to fill  
Demands of will.

No farmer's field  
Did ever yield  
Crop that would cope  
With highest hope.

No man of trade  
Has ever made,  
The fortune he  
Desired to see.

No merchant's ship,  
Returned from trip,  
E'er brought enough  
Of "precious stuff."

No student's mind  
Could ever find  
Sufficient store  
Of varied lore.

No doctor's cure  
Can make us sure,  
The health we gain  
Will e'er remain.

No lawyer cute  
Can gain a suit,  
Infallibly  
For you or me.

No preacher can  
Devise a plan  
To save a soul—  
God must control.

No earthly joy  
Can satisfy;  
In God alone  
Is fullness known.

Who seek His face,  
And find His grace,  
Whate'er betide,  
Are satisfied.

'Mid earthly scenes,  
From ill He screens;  
And up in heaven  
Full bliss is given.

#### APOLOGETIC.

I have sometimes thought that I would endeavor to put all I write in prose form, but never have I been able completely to cure my passion for that kind of literature which chooses the method of measured line, even when thoughts are not specially fine, and little of fancy or fiction contain, but only refer to things simple and plain. Although I'm not always devoted to rhyme, I am partial to metre, and many a time I have found an advantage in words thus expressed, as being more quickly on memory impressed; and, if the words did but convey worthy thought, to retain them in mind always great pleasure brought. I have therefore concluded, for better or worse, to continue to scribble in rhyme or blank verse, whenever I find myself in the mood, and think that thereby I can do any good. As to being a poet, I never laid



claim; yet, I highly prize those who deserve such a name; as some who are ranked but as prose writers do; and others do not, who verse writing pursue. The great matter is, as I honestly think, that, whether with pencil or pen or ink, one write, he should always have something to say that will not cause the reader to throw time away—that has in it good, solid common sense, with which no wise reader would wish to dispense; and, to say it in language that will not confuse, or puzzle the reader to get at his views. In the hope that I'll always be careful of this, with a kind word for all I the subject dismiss.

### THE CAROTID ARTERY OF THE SEA.

Truly, the workings of nature are wonderful! Often they are unnoticed, yet ever active; often silent, yet ever present. Man, with his limited knowledge, with an eye which enables him to see only a few of the most evident facts, and with faculties which render him capable of comprehending only a very limited number of the mysterious ways which the Great Creator of the heavens and the earth has in ruling the world, making it inhabitable for his noblest creation, cannot know all. But the thoughtful observer and the ever inquisitive scientist have snatched from the bosom of the Incomprehensible a few of the truths that lay hidden there since the foundation of the world. Of these, none is of greater influence or magnitude, or more worthy of attention, than the great Gulf Stream, or, as it is often called, the carotid artery of the Atlantic.

That mighty river of rivers, that vast vessel sailing in that which itself is, laden with a cargo which can be perceived only by the sense of touch, has its starting point under a tropical sun between Africa and South America, in the Atlantic Ocean.

From thence, on account of the rotation of the earth, it seeks a northwest course, keeping about parallel with our eastern coast, at a distance of one hundred miles at sea. As it wends its way northward, at a rate of four miles an hour, it gives off part of its cargo along the way, thus modifying the climate to a great degree. When this vast river of the ocean, which is fifty miles wide and one thousand feet deep, whose volume is as great as all the rivers of the world taken together, reaches the coast of Newfoundland, it separates into two branches. One flows toward the north pole through Baffin's Bay, while the other seeks the shores of Northern Europe.

As that branch of the Gulf Stream which flows toward the north pole enters the bays and straits of Arctic North America, it being salt water and heavy, sinks and flows under the arctic waters, which are for the most part fresh and light, being carried there by the great rivers of the northern part of both continents. This phenomenon has given rise to the belief that there is an open polar sea somewhere in the arctic regions where this stream comes to the surface. Great numbers of birds have been seen, by those who have been in high latitudes, migrating northward, which confirms the belief that there is an open harbor in that locality, and a place for shelter from the bitter cold of the arctic region, made pleasant by the great transporter of heat from the burning equator to the ice-bound north.

The effects of the other branch of this great stream are more manifest, as they can be seen and felt by man. Norway and the British Isles, which are in the same latitude as the frozen shores of Labrador, have open seas the year round, and a climate not colder than that of New York.

Calculations have been made and given to the world by noted scientists, that enough heat is transported from the tropics northward by the Gulf Stream to keep flowing, a stream of melted iron as large as the Mississippi river at its mouth. This is almost incredible, yet actual experiments have confirmed the statement. No mind can comprehend the vastness of the modifying effects such a stream has on the climate of that part of the world through which it passes.

As each particle of water, laden with its caloric burden, sets sail from its equatorial port, it starts on a mission that its influence will be felt at every step of the way. In its slow but sure course it reaches the Bahamas, and clothes them in a garb of tropical fruits. But, not satisfied with its work there, it journeys onward, giving up a little of its load here and a little there, checking the cold wintry blasts that sweep southward from the pole, until it reaches the ice bound regions of the north, where its work is especially felt. Instead of an uninhabitable and lifeless region in the highest latitudes, it gives many reasons to believe that there is an open sea, where trees stud its banks, and grass grows on the plains, where the birds find a comfortable abode, and where, in summer, flowers fill the balmy breezes with sweetness. Instead of a tightly frozen port for three-fourths of the year, it gives Hammerfest a seldom frozen harbor. Instead of a country of snow and ice, with no population, it makes the British Isles a land in which a nation lives that claims to be the mistress of the world.

Although this great stream relieves the tropics of their scorching heat, makes parts of the northern climes pleasant and balmy, and "makes the fields to blossom as the rose," yet it is not without its dangerous and often destructive effects. It is always covered with a dense fog, which is caused by the heated water coming into contact with cold currents of air. This is a great hindrance to navigators and almost perilous to travelers, as the mariner has great difficulty in keeping his course, and the vessel is liable to be wrecked at any moment by icebergs, which have gotten into the stream and are carried with it polewards. Violent thunder storms are also very prevalent and dangerous in the course of this great stream. All these difficulties and dangers make the crossing of the Gulf Stream between the continents one of the most dangerous places for navigation in the world.

What effect would be produced on the climate of the Atlantic Ocean, and the countries along its shores, if it were not for this great artery of the sea, this wonderful modifier of climate, no one can tell. Man can only ascertain its effects, look with wonder and admiration upon them, and see in them the Omnipotent hand of their Creator.

Mc., '89.

### SINBAD DREAMS AGAIN.

The past, that great, that wonderful period! Time may elapse, but its changes and vicissitudes cannot efface its impressions from memory. And as I directed my footsteps towards the Capitoline hill in the gray of the Italian morning, after my release from the bandits, my thoughts were not occupied with the awakening of the great and historical city about me, but with the past—with the page which I had read from the history of the class of '90.

But with the advancing morning I was recalled to the purpose for which I had come to Rome. The convention which I was attending was to adjourn today, and I betook myself to the place of assemblage. To me, the day dragged wearily through, and I was glad when night came and I had wired my last account to the Waverly News. In some way the Roman papers had gleaned a full account of my experience of the night before, and the vivid manner in which they portrayed it made me a subject of great curiosity and interest during the day; and I was only too glad when it came time for me to retire for the night. On rising the next morning a cablegram was waiting for me from my Journal in American, which read, 'you are given a week's leave of absence; go where you please; your accounts have been read all over America.' In an hour I was on my way to Naples. \* \* \*

The effulgent rays of a setting Italian sun were transforming the Bay of Naples into a sea of livid flame. The prospect was beautiful, and I only wondered that such scenes, never losing their grandeur, though repeated at every sunset, had not been a more extended theme for the poet's pen. And though tired as I was



from a journey up Mt. Vesuvius during the day, the view was none the less attractive, and seemed to rivet me to the spot on the shore where I had seated myself. The shadows began to thicken, the twilight of the autumnal evening was deepening around me, and still I lingered. The recollections of the last fifteen years rose up like a flood. Memory and imagination refused to be silenced, and so were given undisputed sway. The tapers of night were being lit in the vault of heaven, and seemed to stud the waters at my feet with thousands of gems. Again the gentle murmurings of evening are heard, as when, nearly two thousand years ago, Horace wrote "*Lenesque sub noctem susurri composita repetantur hora*," and as reverie held me prisoner I was again reading Horace at Western Maryland, the twelve years that had since elapsed having become nothing as the morning's mist, and once more I was a Junior. The moon rose above the waters, and still I was oblivious to time and my surroundings. How long I thus sat I know not, but without a moment's warning heavy hands were laid upon me, and I was jostled into a postchaise, which stood hard by, and was driven rapidly away. To my demand as to the cause of my seizure, and whither I was being carried, I only received the answer "Eternal silence was the condition; that condition you have broken. Whither you are going you will soon know." Indeed, I learned only too soon, for at that moment I saw the lights of Rome in the distance, and in twenty minutes I was again in the Catacombs of Rome, a prisoner for the second time of Luigi Vampa. Yes, I was in the same cell again. I was both angry and frightened. Again Ward, Vampa's first lieutenant, stood before me, but I read only too clearly in his manner what I might expect. I entreated, threatened, prayed, but he only remained stolid and relentless. "Sinbad," he said, "you have divulged the secrets of our cave, and after the rising of to-morrow's sun the world will know you no more." The decree seemed to take away my sensibilities, and I was wrought up to such a degree of desperation that I cared not what became of me. Indeed, so insensible was I to the fate which awaited me, that I began to search for the Western Maryland College Weekly, which I had thrown in the corner of my cell two nights previous. It was where I had left it, and my eye quickly sought the article headed, "'90," which, strange to say, considering my position, I read with interest. It continued:

Mary Jones Fisher is the only female member of our class who has embraced the law profession. Ten years ago her classmates would laugh at her when she spoke of her contemplated profession, and probably they had a cause as woman was then almost unknown at the bar. But as men's ideas and views have rapidly broadened, and been educated, as woman's true sphere, just so rapidly has been this distinguished lady's rise in her profession, and today, while of course comparatively young, she stands at the head of the Centreville bar.

The past ten years have been eventful for Addie Handy. Fortune has smiled and frowned upon her. Some of her past has been marked by adversity, but sometimes it seems as though some of life must be winter in order that its springtime may be duly appreciated. The outcome of which was that she went to India as a missionary five years ago. Since this time she has labored faithfully and successfully; but now comes the romance of her history. In looking over an Indian paper a few days ago we read this notice, Miss Addie Handy, a prominent missionary in this country from the United States of America, was united in marriage, on the 29th ultimo, to the Grand Nabob of Calcutta, Rev. W. McA. Lease, a fellow countryman of the bride, officiating.

"Here is a little column with no dark spots on it. It is as clear as a morning in June, with the dew on the earth glittering like diamonds in the glorious sunshine. Ah, no wonder it is so sparkling, it is the history of Georgie Elsie Franklin! No

woman is deserving of more praise than Elsie Franklin. Wherever good deeds are to be done she has always been foremost. Whatever be the calamity of mankind it seems that Elsie is endowed with power to remove it. By her pleasant and genial disposition she has always made life one constant ray of sunshine. True she has sometimes lost her self control and wandered to the ball room, but some temptations cannot always be resisted. No one is faultless. I feel proud that I ever had associations with one who has lived such a good and upright life as Elsie Franklin."

"The lives of some people are so active and useful that it sometimes appears as though mere activity prevents them from gaining prominence and renown. Such has been the life of Anna McFeeley Thompson, or 'Dear little Nan', as we used to call her. She was always popular with her schoolmates, and deservedly so. As a student she was witty, bright, and brimful of good natured fun. Those qualities she carried into her labors as a teacher, which avocation she has been as successful in as she was as a student. As principal of an Eastern Shore academy she gained and held the esteem of the entire community. She was married three years ago to a prominent journalist, L. Irving."

"The lives of Jewel Whitaker and Lena E. Gore have been so closely connected as to form an inseparable history. They were always girls of original ideas, and of independence, and these they have carried into practical effect in their lives. One year after their graduation found them in the state of oranges and palms, carrying on, all alone, a poultry farm, and raising small fruits for the supply of their nearest market, in the town of Whiteley. They have been eminently successful in their enterprise, and sister Whitaker—we always called all of our class girls sister—has been prominently spoken of for the position of Commissioner of Poultry for the State of Florida."

"Our dear little Japanese classmate, Tsune Hirata, has been realizing, for the last ten years, her dreams of seeing, and helping, Japan come under Christian influence. Her labors have been fruitful in her chosen life, the noblest of human callings. One year ago, when her country embraced our republican form of government, she was placed at the head of the National Female University. That Divine blessings may attend her efforts, is our wish."

Dumbness does not always signify that a person will be unsuccessful. Indeed, Cerulia Dumm has been anything but unsuccessful; for she has been the first of our girls to become a candidate for office. Belda Lockwood and Cerulia, as every one knows, are the candidates for president and vice president, respectively, on the woman's right ticket. And while she will not be elected, yet she has been getting in some telling blows in the stump speeches which she has been making through the country. It is sufficient to say that if Cerulia is not elected it will not be the writers fault, for he believes she would make just the kind of vice president which the country wants.

"Who would have thought it, that Marion Emma Money would have turned out such a flirt and society woman? Every one will remember what a thoughtful, earnest girl, Marion always was. A cloud never marred the horizon of her ever sweet and serene disposition; and as a student she was never known to speak an unkind word of anyone. Those who wanted sympathy always found it in her, and she was always ready to help and encourage everyone. However, there was always one thing which she did and that was to excite jealousy among her class mates, a faculty which every student of superior mental ability seems to possess in relation to their fellows. This faculty of exciting jealousy has ever followed her, and she has broken more hearts of men than—she ever ought to. Today she is the central figure of a giddy whirl of society in one of Maryland's cities."

But whose name is this looming up, flaring like letters of fire



in the tapers pale light? It is that of Mollie Shriver. Ten years ago she was my classmate. What has she gone through since then? Heaven only knows! It is not all here, something is missing. It looks as though the recording angel might, as he wrote it down, have dropped a tear on the page and blotted it out forever. Perhaps I had better not see it. Who knows? From the dirty fragments I can only gather the following: Miss Mary Shriver Eisenwald has a peculiar history. When she first went to Australia there was at first sight a unanimous outburst of admiration. Every one envied Eisenwald in his possession of so handsome a brunette wife. For a few years she was the light of the most refined society. Polite, glib of tongue, graceful, truthful above all things, she could by a single glance crush the heart of any noble man. Then the crash came: Eisenwald is dead! His wife's heart is breaking, but—who can live by the dead? Shall the footsteps of the living be enshadowed by the shades of the departed? The spirit of the dead husband seemed, to the despairing and miserable widow, ever haunting her. She only mourned that some deed of hers, unknown to mortal mind, had hastened his destruction. Here I paused to reflect. Is it possible, thought I, that my loving schoolmate, Mollie Shriver, whom we all thought so much of, has come to this! Who was more popular or more beloved by all who knew her than she? She had such generous impulses, so good, so noble, so true, and so loving a nature that it almost makes my senses reel to think of it! But it must be borne. I snatched up the fragments in agony, and tried to interpret the disfigured characters. What does that next sentence say. "Mary has borne"—I can go no further. Heavens! what! are those the footsteps of the executioner, coming to execute the inexorable decree of Lingi Vampa. He knocks at my cell door, I scream and—awake. It was the foot steps of the professor on his seven o'clock inspection. After the six o'clock bell I had again gone to sleep and my dream had continued; and I have given a faithful and true transcription of it as has been in my power.

SINBAD, THE SAILOR.

### INFLUENCE OF AMERICA UPON JAPAN.

There is an event in the history of Japan, which should be remembered by the Japanese; that is the apparently hostile interference of Commodore Perry with Japan. In 1854 when Commodore Perry arrived at Uruga Bay and demanded the opening of the ports, our government could not easily decide upon his demand for there were two parties in the government; one favored the cause while another opposed it. However, after a short struggle and dispute, the final consent was given to Commodore Perry. I do not know that it is true, but there is a bay near Yokohama, called Mississippi where Perry landed, and as he was from Mississippi so the bay was named, it is said, after his birth place.

A few years after, the first missionary, Dr. Heppon, came to preach the Gospel; but then no foreigner was allowed to live in any part of the country. Dr. Heppon with his wife lived in secret under the protection of a priest in Kanagawa, a town about two miles from Yokohama.

Thus gradually Americans came in contact with Japanese and witnessed the need of help and actually took part in the great change now going on in Japan.

It is said that the Japanese dynasty is the oldest in the world, being more than 2,500 years old. The Emperor was the supreme power and by his word death was decided. The title Tenno the child of heavens is given to him. The country was divided into 64 provinces and each province was ruled by a Daimio. Under the Daimio was a class called Sammai (or military noblesse). They were the most cruel and bloodthirsty people, perhaps, that ever lived. Sometimes they are called two sworded-men on account of wearing two swords. When one secured a new sword,

he would say he would try it, and this meant that he would kill many people and judge of the quality of his sword. This terrible feature of the Samurai and their cruel conduct are more than I can describe. It was no wonder they did not treasure their own lives since they knew not how to value that of others. Samurai says he must know how to perform Hara-kiri, or suicide. It frequently occurred that a young Samurai left home in the morning in the usual way and in the evening he was carried home dead.

Instead of this Samurai we have now a national army, a navy and police to protect the whole island.

Under an American a mail system was introduced and now throughout the Empire the mail is distributed as it is in this country.

In many respects printing is as free as in America, but before the arrival of Perry we had no newspapers. Now we have more than 500 periodicals. Dr. Heppon said until a few years ago he had to send his translations of religious books into China to be printed for in Japan he was not allowed to print them.

In the educational department, the influence of America is greatest. Besides the great work of missionaries, the Japanese government sent here many to take some special course and by their work, the national education is rapidly progressing. Gen. Grant visited the schools in Japan and said they were the best he had seen in his circuit of the globe; and this system was organized by an American. In the last two years the public schools added the study of English language. The time is not far distant when they will adopt the Lord's prayer instead of Nami Amidabutsio, because they are studying the language in which is the prayer of divine origin.

Some prominent men in the literary circles in Japan have proposed to introduce the Roman Alphabet in place of the Chinese characters which are numerous and difficult. A club is already formed for the enlargement of this work.

The Japanese have recognized the Sabbath as a holiday for all government offices and schools. At present, the Sabbath is spent as a day of pleasure, but this is another improvement for the country, when it claims christianity.

An American said his own government opened Japan to the world by the bravery of Commodore Perry. This is true for certainly America's influence is great and the latest evidence of this influence has recently been witnessed in the proclamation of a constitutional form of government by the Emperor, with deliberative houses, similar to the American Congress.

True, the constitution is not modeled closely after the American, for after sending Embassadors to the various countries, that of Prussia has been selected; but no one can doubt that American influence which has been so large an element in the progressive steps by which Japan has reached its present civilization and the illustrious example American's prosperity under a constitution has furnished, have largely brought about and shaped this truly wonderful result.

T. HIRATA.

### JUNIOR RECEPTION.

The intended custom instituted by the class of '89 last year, of giving a reception and supper to the Senior class sometime previous to its final examination, has not been allowed to drop by the class of '90. A few days previous to the 9th ult. the members of the Senior class were made to rejoice by receiving invitations from the Juniors to be present in the College Library on the evening of that date. It might be mentioned, *incidentally*, that twelve of them were accepted—the class numbers twelve.

The invitations said be present at seven, so promptly at two minutes after seven—the Seniors didn't want to be *overanxious*—the invited made their appearance at the Library, and were hospitably received by Miss Money, acting hostess for the class, and introduced to the remainder of the class. Dr. and Mrs. Lewis



and Miss Owings also received, and accepted, invitations to be present.

After an hour spent in general conversation, the company was invited to supper in the calisthenium; and, preceded by the hostess, who was escorted by Dr. Lewis, was led to possibly as beautiful and tastefully arranged a table as it is ever the privilege of the student to look upon and be gladdened by. In the middle of the table was a handsome pyramid, several feet high, formed of various fruits, uniquely arranged and clustered. Other designs were on the table to add to its attractiveness; while there was no backwardness displayed by anyone in doing ample justice to the following tempting menu:

Stewed Oysters	Broiled Shad	Fried Oysters
Maryland Biscuit	Chow Chow	Crackers
Cold Slaw	Chicken Fricassee	Pickles
Saratoga Chips	Cold Ham	Hot Muffins
	Cranberry Jelly	
	Broma	
White Mountain Cake	Harlequin Ice Cream	Chocolate Cake
Minnehaha Cake	Coffee	Ambrosia
	Fruit.	

While the coffee was yet steaming Mr. W. I. Mace, president of the class of '90, declared speech-making to be in order by proposing a toast to, "Our Guests," which was responded to by the president of the Senior class, who in turn drank to the health of the "Class of '90." This toast was responded to by Mr. Mace in a few neat and well chosen remarks. Mr. Harper, historian of '90, next claimed attention to toast, "Our College," which had the desired effect of bringing President Lewis to his feet. Dr. Lewis made one of those pleasant speeches for which he is noted. He regretted that the class of '89 must so soon leave its *Alma Mater*, but saw in the class of '90 material to take its place. His speech combined the two qualities of being instructive and calculated to put everybody in a good humor—who were not already—with themselves and everything else. The supper lasted about two hours, and at a little after ten the guests reluctantly bid good night.

The occasion was just one of those kind that is calculated to cement with mutual regard and warm friendship the two classes. The Seniors will ever hold the occasion among their most pleasant recollections of Western Md., and the impression cannot but be a lasting and happy one. And in future years when the incidents and happenings of college days are recalled the Juniors' hospitality will still be found to occupy a place in memory; and the unique little china cup and saucer, made in Japan, with which each Senior was presented, will be preserved as a beautiful little souvenir and kept as a pleasant reminder of a very pleasant occasion.

To get up such an affair at college is not without its difficulties; and the Junior class is to be congratulated upon its success; Misses Gore, Money and Whitaker, and Messrs Mace, Harper and Ward, who composed the committee on arrangements, are to be congratulated; and above all is Miss Marion Money, the hostess, to be commended for the ease at which she placed everyone and for her successful efforts to make everyone spend a pleasant evening.

PRESIDENT OF '89.

All the Sophomores of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., have been suspended by the faculty for hazing. They left for their homes.

## SCHOLARSHIP GRADES.

The second term of the scholastic year having just closed and the scholarship grades having been made known to the school and its patrons, it may not be considered an in opportune time to ventilate some ideas about a subject now so prominent in the minds of scholar, parent and teacher.

The systems of grading scholarship are almost as numerous as the schools in which they are put in practice, ranging from the mere use of such vague adjectives, as 'indifferent,' 'fair,' 'good,' 'excellent,' to such definite and precise valuation as a scale of numbers and its decimal parts afford, and from grading once a year or term perhaps, to grading each recitation or even question asked. Indeed in some schools each teacher has a system of grading peculiar to himself and it is needless to add that each teacher considers his own system the best. We must not forget that there are many too who oppose grading altogether, but in writing this article all its readers are assumed to be in favor of it. And while it is intended to speak of several features of grading that are new, at least at this school, to arouse some thought on the meaning of grades and the importance of working to secure good ones, is an object more sought after, than to establish the advantages of these new features.

1st. Grades should be considered comparatively. Let us suppose for example that the students of a college are graded according to the following scale, 0 for a failure on recitation, 10 for a perfect recitation and 7 the passing mark. By the use of decimals, a very large number of different grades between 7 and 10 may be given. What then will a grade of 9 mean? What idea of the standing of the student does it convey to the parent? In a general way it says that the student has recited almost perfectly and it brings great satisfaction to both parent and student. But a question that comes with every report to the mind of the ambitious student, and that of the parent properly interested in the education of his child, is not so much, what the grade is, but were there any who received a higher grade, and if so, how many? Much more puzzling to the parent and students as to its correct interpretation is such a grade as 9.87, and they are apt to consider the .87 meaningless although it has cost the teacher infinite pains to weigh, compare, and calculate to reach the degree of exactness expressed by it. But let the parent know such facts as for example, there was one pupil in the class who received 9.90, others who received 9.75, and others were between 8 and 9. This fills the mysterious decimal with meaning, and makes it of more importance often than the integral part of the grade. Numbers it is true have an absolute value, but when used in grading scholarship they have a relative value which even exceeds in its importance the absolute value. To put the question in a little different way, what would a parent care for his child getting a grade of 8.50 albeit this be half way between the passing mark and perfect if every other member of the class received 9.50. Again suppose a student receives a grade of 7.50 in Mathematics, and a grade of 8.50 in Languages. Is the parent to infer that he does more faithful work in Languages than in Mathematics? He would certainly be justified in such an inference if he had only his child's report to judge from. But suppose he has the report of the class to which his child belongs. He might be astonished to find there that only a few were *ahead* of his child in Mathematics, while he was *behind* a much larger number in Languages. How then is the discrepancy in the grades to be accounted for. No two teachers have exactly the same standard of perfection, and while one teacher would grade a recitation 8, another would grade the same only 7, and yet with equal justice, since the remainder of the students would be graded by each teacher by the same standard. Then too one subject may be harder for the entire class than another, and consequently lower marks for the whole class might be expected in this subject. For these reasons briefly given and some others does not permit mentioning, the plan has been adopted



at Western Maryland of sending to each patron the report of the entire class to which his child belongs. From a comparative study of such a report he is enabled to see with the utmost accuracy the class standing of his child.

2nd. More weight should be given to the grade for recitations than the grade for examinations. It is generally customary to find an average grade of the recitations, add this to the examination grade and divide the result by 2 for the term grade. To be brief on this point, let us look at these two hypothetical cases. If a student has been faithful to his work and made a good recitation grade, and should on examination from any unfortunate accidental circumstances make a poor paper, it would seem a great pity that this examination grade should pull down his term grade. On the other hand, if a student should habitually shirk his work during the term, but should 'cram' diligently for examination and perhaps use unfair means in securing the answers to his paper, it would like wise seem unfair that his term grade should be pulled up. In the first case suppose the recitation grade to be 9.25, and the examination grade 8.25, by adding these and dividing by 2, we get 8.75, but by multiplying the recitation-grade by 2, *i. e.* giving it more weight, then adding the examination grade and dividing by 3 we get 8.92, or again if we multiply the recitation grade by 3, add the examination grade and divide by 4 we get as high as 9. In the second case suppose the recitation grade to be 7.25 and the examination grade 9.25, but by multiplying the recitation grade by 2, adding the examination grade and dividing by 3 we get 7.92, and by multiplying the recitation grade by 3 adding the examination grade and dividing by 4 we get 7.75. These cases speak for themselves.

3rd. The recitation grade should be a mean and not an average grade. An average grade is one found by summing all the grades and dividing by the total number of recitations. A mean grade is one that occurs the oftenest during the term (although students usually consider 7, or anything below it, a mean grade). To illustrate, suppose we have the following grades for ten recitations: 8, 9.25, 7, 9.25, 9.25, 9.50, 9.25, 8, 9.75, 9.25, the average grade, found as stated above, is 8.95, while the mean grade is 9.25, because it occurs the oftenest. It would be interesting to show how a student, by making low marks frequently and extra good marks occasionally, might stand high in his class, even higher than one who recited uniformly very well, but space will not permit any further use of these numerical examples. Each one may work the result out for himself. This mean grade is illustrated by the process of composite photography. Person after person is placed before the sensitive plate, until it has been exposed to a large number of faces, and in the resulting picture we see the nose of the greatest number that had noses alike, and all the others neither added to nor took away from the picture, we see the eyes of the greatest number of persons who had eyes alike and so on, and the result gives us the best idea of the noses and eyes of the people who were photographed. Ought we not by this method to get at the grade that most nearly represents the student's worth. Finally the student that excels in one, or perhaps two studies, and does nothing in others, is not given nearly so much credit as one who does fairly well in all. Why then should the grade of a student who vacillates in his recitations from 6 to 9 from 'very poor,' to 'very good,' be given as much or more credit than he who keeps the even tenor of his way at 8.50 or 'good.'

SCRIBUS.

"What a lovely woman!" was the exclamation of Chief-Justice Waite upon passing a beauty when walking down Pennsylvania Avenue with a friend. "What an excellent judge!" said the lady, when her sensitive ear caught the flattering decree of the Chief-Justice.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

The MONTHLY is called upon to announce the death of the fifth alumnus since June last, four of these being since Xmas. All of them have been particularly sad deaths and two of them extremely sudden. Of these the last was that of Miss Mary E. Myers, '82. On March 1st she attended an entertainment in the Town Hall of Union Bridge, and was not only in her usual health, but as her friends recall it now, seemed to be in unusually good spirits. On the morning of March 2nd she was found dead in her bed—due it is supposed to some heart trouble. She was born Jan'y 30th, 1865, entered College Oct. 20th, 1879, graduating with third honors in a large class. She won by her quiet but useful and exemplary life the admiration and love of a large circle of friends. She was a prominent worker in the church and Sunday School, and her death causes a vacancy not soon to be filled.

Mr. Amos Burgee, '87, is Principal of the public school at Union Bridge. Under his management the school has been greatly improved, and through his influence the people are seeing their need of increased facilities, and which on account of the results accomplished by Mr. Burgee, the School Board are favorable to supplying. A short time ago he gave a fine entertainment for the benefit of the school library. Prof. J. A. Dittenbaugh, '74, the School Examiner, was present and made an address.

Rev. Thos. O. Crouse, '71, stationed now at Centerville, Md., has recently been extremely ill with typhoid pneumonia. For several days his fate seemed to hang in a balance, and his many friends awaited with the utmost anxiety to know to which side the beam would incline. We are glad to announce that he is now recovering, and we hope he will be soon in the accustomed place, he fills so well—the 'pulpit.'

Dr. Edwin Fenby, husband of Mrs. Martha Smith Fenby, '76, is the lay delegate of the Mt. Lebanon M. P. Church of Baltimore to the Maryland Annual Conference now in session at Lynchburg, Va.

The Easton *Ledger* in giving some biographical sketches of members of the Wilmington Conference of the M. E. Church, says of Rev. Alfred Smith, husband of Mrs. Jane Bratt Smith: He was born July 28, 1852, in Kent County, Del., of pure blooded Methodist stock; he was educated at the Maryland State Normal School and Drew Theological Seminary; he has held appointments at Oxford, Greensboro and Cambridge, and is finishing his third year at the latter place. He is a prohibitionist of the most radical type, and was talked of as a candidate for Congress in the first Congressional district last year.

Rev. W. W. Dumm, '83, together with his wife, have been visiting his mother in Union Bridge, and while there made a hasty visit to the College. He has now returned to his home in Ohio where he has charge of a Congregational Church.

It is reported that a member of the class of '83 and '87 are very shortly to be married.—The MONTHLY wishes to request of them that they favor it with an invitation and a marked copy of the paper containing a report of the ceremony. A little thoughtfulness of this kind would give the MONTHLY interesting items for this column and old students would thus interest and gratify a large number of their old friends.

Miss Annie M. Bruce, '85, was married on the 6th ultimo, to Mr. S. Lee Tucker, of Easton, Md. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Holmes of the M. P. Church, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Hon. R. R. Butler, near Trappe. No invitations were issued and the marriage was a quiet affair.

The friends and old schoolmates of Dr. Wm. H. DeFord, '80, will sympathize with him in his distressing affliction, the death of his wife, at her home in Anamosa, Iowa, on March 12th. She was in every way a most estimable lady, and her death threw a gloom



over the entire community in which she had lived a useful and beautiful life. She was the daughter of Hon. J. A. Bell, a graduate of Oberlin College and Lake Erie Seminary, a member of the Congregational Church, and a leading spirit in all religious and social enterprises.

A. C. Wilson '85, is chairman of the Cycle Club known as the Potomac Wheelmen of Cumberland, Md.

#### QUONDAM STUDENTS.

Mr. Edward Billingslea, '81-'85, of Cincinnati, while on a recent visit to his mother, who holds the position of Registrar in the Woman's College of Baltimore, spent several days in Westminster. He has grown much taller and is now a manly young man.

Harry O. Nicodemus, '77-'79, of Buckeystown, was married on the 4th inst., to Miss Lizzie McKenney, of the same place. The ceremony was performed in the M. P. Church. Mr. Nicodemus has recently purchased a fine farm not far from his father's home and will go there to live. The MONTHLY extends hearty congratulations.

Another marriage. Fred D. Miller, '82-'83, a prominent merchant of Westminster, was united in the holy bands of wedlock on April 3rd, to Miss Alice Foster of Walkersville.

Edwin Devillbiss, '75-'79, was the representative of the M. E. Church at Liberty at the late session of the Baltimore Annual Conference.

G. O. Garry continues to edit *The Star* of North East, Md. It is a newsy local sheet, and we trust it is receiving the patronage it so fully merits.

Mr. Frank Cunningham of the Citizens Bank of Brunswick, Ga., has been on a visit to friends in Baltimore and Washington, and while in Westminster, was visited by his old friend, J. Paul Earnest, who is now a Washington lawyer.

The MONTHLY has no greater pleasure than in recording the visits of Quondam Students to their College home. Only a few weeks ago B. W. Woolford, '85-'88, who is now in the drug business in Cambridge, Md., came back to see us all, and truly glad were we all to see him. While at school he was a favorite with his teachers as well as his schoolmates, and all regretted he could not continue his college course. Last week Martin L. Sterling, '86-'87, of Crisfield, was with us for a day.

#### ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns, the poet, not the man. We wish you to forget for a little time that he was born of unlearned parents, of the poorest class; that he spent his early years driving the plough and working as a regular day laborer; that he was apprenticed to a flax dresser; that he consumed much Scotch whiskey and delighted to surround himself with congenial spirits, who with wit and song, and the said whiskey, could while away the long hours of a cold winters night. Let us forget all his untoward surroundings, his bitter strivings with poverty, his early death; and looking at him as a poet true to nature, let him speak to our hearts, as the truth must ever speak.

All literary work requires for its perfectness—culture, leisure, true effort; nay even the length of a life time.

Burns had chance for none of them. We have but brief broken glimpses of the genius which never had the opportunity to show itself complete. Yet after fifty years of changing tastes, his works are read and admired by the literary, as well as by that truly natural class who read no poetry unless they find it says something directly to their hearts. To his sincerity, to his fidelity and to truth, most of his popularity can be ascribed.

His love of nature was so genuine that "A Mountain Daisy,"

"The Soaring Lark," "The Mouse," disturbed by the plough, the slight and simple things which the careless pass by, awoke into song the poet soul, and men still read him with delight.

Winter's cold and barren front was ever associated in his mind with "Man's inhumanity to Man," and his "Dirge" to the accompaniment of chill November's surly blast, is so sad and dreary a picture, that we find it difficult to believe it was written by the same hand which penned Tam O'Shanter's comic story. The vein of melancholy which pervades Burns' whole character, is seen even amidst the rollicking fun with which this story of Tam and his woes is filled, for in the midst of Tam's carouse when—

"Glorious

"O'er all the ills of life victorious,"

he tells us—

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,

You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!

Or like the snowfall in the river,

A moment white—then melts forever."

His love for Scotland was one of his strongest traits. To illustrate this it is only necessary to refer to "Scots who hae wi Wallace bled," which composed in the midst of tempest, seems fitted to be sung with the throat of a whirlwind.

In Burns we find the trembling pity of a woman combined with the fire and vigor of a hero. His love was all embracing; and while the tears start as he sings of "Highland Mary," we hear the voice of pity itself, saying

"Ilk happy bird, wee helpless thing,"

That in the merry months of spring,

Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee?

Where wilt thou cow'r thy chattering wing,

And close thy ee?

#### LOCALS.

The return of Misses Handy and Stevens was gladly hailed by us all. We are happy to have their presence among us again.

Miss G—t of the Freshmen class, when being asked who was the first navigator, quickly replied, "Columbus."

A young lady at the Senior table, on being asked if she desired more dessert, earnestly said: "No girls, I thought you knew by this time that one pancake was sufficient for me."

Do we all realize the sad plight in which we have been lately placed, by Mr. R— of the Senior class? It is well known, I suppose, that he is an enthusiast over the German language, and on a certain occasion when he was in a condition to take in any thing, he suddenly swallowed our (mid day) leaving us only morning and evening.

Miss Dodd after taxing her mind with the well known hard study of examination week, took a few days of recreation, by visiting friends and relatives in Baltimore.

Miss Hilda Stem has returned to College after a short period of recuperation, to resume her studies with herclass, with renewed vigor.

Room no. 15, Smith Hall, great improvements. The designer one of the inmates, who expects to take up designing as an avocation.

A sophomore bold and careless and gay,

One afternoon of a winter's day,

Fixed himself up and went to the play.

It was Richard III and a matinee.

The sophomore sat in the front paraquet

And all was serene as a day in May

Until King Richard began to pray

A horse! a horse! in a pitiful way.



When the sophomore sprang from his seat they say,  
And cried, the poor king's fears to allay  
I'll get you a horse without delay  
I know how it is, I have felt that way.

[Ex.]

"Cotton" is a youth of lofty aspirations. Unmoved by feminine loveliness clothed with mortality, his aesthetic taste can only be satisfied by the ethereal beauty of the goddess Minerva, more familiarly known as "Nerva." Hence his dislike, yea even hatred, of Aeneid, for having dared to award the "apple of discord" to Venus rather than to Minerva. It is said that on a recent occasion being mounted on his spirited horse "Interlinear," and meeting "Aeneid" in company with his friend Virgil he put spurs to his steed and boldly rode over them and is now rejoicing in the thought that he will never again be troubled by his old enemy. Watch out Cotton; the horse possessing such mettle and spirit may yet throw his rider. Better sell him.

The jockey's horse has feet of speed,  
Maud S. has feet of fame;  
The student's horse has no feet at all  
But it gets there just the same.

[Ex.]

Makinson likes to speak of his crossing Jone's Falls. He says that tender memories are associated with the name.

## PET SAYINGS OF THE BOYS.

Pat—You bet.

Toby—Yehoa! ho ho!! ho horp!!!

Jab—There now.

Blackie—It behoves me.

Handyite—I'll swamped.

WetL.—Fout Avous.

Junior Class—Hum—m—m.

Drama. Plot—. Time, midnight. Place, college pantry. Dialogue, White—"say Toby this roll tastes good." Robey—"Yes but I am going for a pie. [There were seven pies taken that night. Chf. Ed.]

Lou. W. speaking of Minerva says "He was the god of health.

Truth is stranger than fiction. On examinations the male Juniors affirmed that Troy had five falls. In the fifteenth century B. C. In the twelfth. In the seventh. Three agreed that it was 960 B. C.

When James says I. C. it means something. This is verified by his Math. mark.

To enjoy life one has only to see Shipley and Chiswell prepare math.

"Harpers Ferry" says the brain is called vernaculum.

## PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.

We all are boys was once the song

That I was wont to sing,

When we to Western Maryland went,

Those memories still they cling.

At last the sober life we see,

We'll soon be boys no more;

But with a little wife we'll live

A dream dreamed oft before.

\* \* \* (To be continued in next number.)

Wm. McAllister Lease, Class '89.

If you want to see the latest style of hair cut call at Green's room.

Miss J—s, '89, wishes to inform humanity and the public generally that for the next two months she will be *leased*. Boys, beware! Tread softly.

The latest improvement in "Club Swinging by Note," has been an arrangement for hanging the charts. They are each 6½ feet long and fixed on spring rollers; these are attached to a bracket by which they are all hung upon the wall. This bracket when the charts are not in use closes around them like a box, hides them from sight and protects them from dust and injury. The charts are graded, the first being intended for beginners, the second contains simple but pretty drawings, the third more difficult combinations and so on. "Club Swinging By Note" is gradually working its way into a large number of the most prominent schools, and is meeting with all the success that could be expected of it.

The Lawn Tennis Club has reorganized for the season. Arrangements will be made at once for several new courts, and the rackets will soon "be flying in the air."

Prof. of Latin.—From what is aptus derived, Mr. Bowden? Bowden,—from aptus-tari-tavi-tetum.

Prof.—I think you are ap—to be wrong.

Mr. Whaley, '89, made an interesting lecture to the "Boys" in Carroll Hall recently, to which we had the extreme pleasure of listening. It was quite interesting, and during the course of his speech he pointed them to the fact of their having to rule the country and that everything pertaining to the communities welfare depended upon them. He made many more excellent points but space forbids us mentioning them.—[Ed.]

## EXCHANGE COLUMN.

As we glance upon the table of our sanctum strewn with the many bright, interesting, and instructive *exchanges* from our fellow colleges, it makes us happy. It is indeed a great privilege to have the opportunity of reading what comes to us through college papers. Although they cannot be classed along with the Forum, Century or Scribners in literature, yet many good thoughts and much useful information can be gleaned from them. The *College World* from Adrian, for February, tells us, in a well written article, that the novel should take a high seat in the synecogue of literature.

In perusing the *Dickinson Liberal* for last month, we take notice that it comes to us with every department of it well filled, except that which is under the head of Literature. This department should predominate in every college paper, we think, and should fill a great part of the journal. The Editorials and Locals are good and the paper, in general, presents a fine appearance.

The *Dickinsonian* for February is on deck. It comes a little mixed up, as its editorials appear twice in the same issue. This no doubt was the fault of the binder and not on account of any negligence on the part of the editors. Dickinson College has cause to feel proud of its paper, and the staff may well congratulate themselves upon putting before the world such a neat and interesting journal.

The next exchange that meets our glance and occupies some of our time in reading, is the *Lutherville Seminarian*. Its staff is composed entirely of female students of that institution. One of its editors seems to take a special pleasure in using big words, for in the issue for January there appeared a short article teeming with polysyllables. One of the jaw-breakers was "conversationalist" which takes a well practiced elocutionist to pronounce perfectly. We do not doubt that there is such a word, but we seriously question the propriety of its use when "conversationist," a much better word, can be used.

We are sorry you think a cyclone struck our paper and paragraphed an article, but cyclones cannot always sometimes be avoided.

The *Journal* for February from Heidelberg College has reached us. It ushers itself into our sanctum with more than half of its space filled with only two articles. We do not com-



mend long and often tedious articles for a college paper, but rather moderately short ones that are spicy and to the point. Something that will edify any person who might purchase read, it, whether students, alumni, or persons not connected with the college from which the paper comes.

A great many other *exchanges* are on our table, but time and space will not allow us to make mention of them in this issue.

#### FRIDAY AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

We were highly entertained on March 1st, by the themes of the class of '90. The following programme was enjoyed:

Is Success a test of Effort.....	Miss Lena E. Gore
The Morality of War.....	P. H. Myers
Piano Solo—Operatic Fantasia.....	Prof. T. F. Rinehart
American Influence upon Japan.....	Tsune Hirata San
Battle of the Nile.....	K. Robey
Vocal Trio.....	Misses Heyde, Jones and Wolfes
Supposed Degeneracy of the Present.....	Miss M. E. Money
Moral Power Gained by Good Habits.....	J. M. Tull

The exercises on March 8th, by the Senior class, consisted of essays and orations. Following is the programme:

Essay—Woman's Inventions.....	Miss Laura Jones
Oration—At the Bar.....	H. G. Watson
Chorus...Misses Gore, Harris, Heyde, B. Shriver, G. Shriver and Wolfes.	

Essay—Our English.....	Miss Taylor
Essay—Memories and Hopes.....	Miss H. E. Walmsley
Calisthenics.....	Wand Drill
Oration—Specialization.....	W. M. Weller

On March 15th, we spent a pleasant hour in the enjoyment of the Sophomore's recitations. These were very well delivered, showing the excellent talent of this class. The following is a list of the participants:

The Battle for Life.....	Miss M. Bernard
An Engineer's Story.....	G. B. Hadley
Sewing on a Button.....	Miss M. Merrick
Sublimity of the Bible.....	Miss Iva Lowe
Patriotism.....	L. Shipley
When 'tis Moonlight,—Vocal Solo.....	Miss L. Gore
Calling a boy in the Morning.....	Miss Utz
Revolutionary Rising.....	D. F. Harris
The Last Hymn.....	Miss E. Ebaugh
Instrumental Solo.....	Prof. T. F. Rinehart
John Smith's Will.....	L. Chiswell
Ensign Bearer.....	Miss F. Frazier
Rustic Courtship.....	Miss N. Heyde

#### COLLEGE WORLD.

Michigan University has established a course in the art of writing plays for the stage.

The Senior class of Williams has decided to have no class officers, and also to abolish class day at their graduation.

J. V. Williamson, of Philadelphia, is about to found an institution for the education of boys in all departments of mechanical labor. The cost is estimated at over \$5,000,000.

Allegheny college can boast of a base ball club, composed entirely of young ladies. Let local clubs look out for wonders next spring.

Mrs. Susan D. Brown has made an endowment of \$25,000 to Princeton, which will be appropriated to the new dormitory.

A Princeton Sophomore has devised an absolutely perpetual calendar, which is very highly spoken of and has been copyrighted.

Garfield University, Wichita, Kansas, claims to have the largest college building in the West. It has an auditorium seating 4,000 people and two other halls which will seat 500 each. The cost of the building will be \$250,000.

Gov. Jackson has given \$5,000 to Randolph-Macon College, Va.

A new library costing \$150,000 has been given to the University of Vermont.

A lady is the prize winner in the oratorical contest at the Ohio Wesleyan University.

The Cornell students had a group picture taken recently, 1,100 faces appeared on the card.

The Ogontz School for ladies has adopted the system of "Club Swinging by Note," invented by Prof. W. R. McDaniel, A. M., of Western Maryland College. A chart of swings has been procured from the inventor and placed in the gymnasium at that college for the use of the students. The invention is almost wonderful, yet so simple that any person can learn to use the clubs, even in the most difficult swings, in a short time. Noted men in the gymnastic and calisthenic world have given their hearty approval of the system; and it deserves to be used in every institution where physical culture is given attention.

#### THE HOPKINS HOSPITAL.

Although winter by the calendar, yet the warmth and beauty of that December day was similar to early spring. Being at home for the holidays, that much coveted boon of the students heart, and keenly alive for any opportunity that would not only enable us to spend the time profitably but also result in knowledge, the widening of our views and something that would be useful in our future life, we determined early one morning to visit the Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

Going to the Y. M. C. A. building we received a letter of introduction to the Treasurer of the Board of Trustees through the courtesy of Mr. Morris, its obliging and popular Secretary. Crossing the street, we found the treasurer in his office in the Wilson Building. His permit empowered us with the privilege of visiting whatever of interest that lay in the hospital confines of fourteen and a half acres.

Entering from Broadway you face the main building. Across the main entrance hangs loosely a chain, for what purpose I was unable to discover, probably for repelling vehicles as well as the curious public. To the right is a little dwelling where you register. The hospital building is the result of the care and painstaking efforts of the Board of Trustees, of which Mr. Francis T. King is president. Many were the plans submitted by foreign and native talent, several of these went through numerous, revisions however, when perfected and put into execution they produced not only one of the largest hospitals in America, but also the finest in the world.

The buildings closely resemble in shape the letter E. The exterior presents a marked resemblance to the architecture of Queen Anne. Five hours were spent, without a guide, travelling from room to room and from building to building. The interior is furnished with conveniences second to none. The Main, or Administration Building is the middle one of the three facing Broadway. It rises to a height of 315 feet above tide water. The dome is utilized as a tank, having a capacity of 60,000 gallons drawn on in case of emergencies. Corridors, aggregating a length of 2,500 feet, connect the seventeen buildings, seven of which contain wards whose capacity is 400 patients. These buildings cover four acres of ground. It is estimated that twenty millions of pressed brick, three thousand tons of iron, thirty thousand barrels of cement and three million feet of lumber were used in the construction. There are about forty-five miles of waste, water and heating pipes round and in the buildings. The engine room looks very much like one in a manufactory, being fully as large. Thirteen of the buildings are heated by hot water; for this one hundred thousand gallons are required. The system of ventilation is perfect. About two thousand cubic feet of air is furnished each patient; this is changed every fifteen minutes.

A noticeable feature of the hospital is the nurses home,



which embraces a course of several years. Near it are the dead rooms, and a crematory for consuming the dessected fragments of bodies. The free dispensary is about as large as the City Hospital. The laundry is one of the most interesting of the buildings. An amphitheatre will soon be erected.

It was the intention of the Trustees to have opened the hospital last October, hindrances occurring prevented this, however it is thought it will be opened in the near future. This work was begun ten years ago. Over two millions dollars have been spent. By Mr. Hopkin's will, the hospital is an asylum of the indigent sick of the city of Baltimore irrespective of age, sex or color. Besides the hospital a home for convalescents will be built in the country, also an orphan asylum for colored children. Sb '90

### SEMINARY ITEMS.

Stockton Society, at its session on the 8th inst., elected the following officers: President, W. Sherman Phillips; vice-president, W. B. Juderfind; recording secretary, D. E. Day; corresponding secretary, I. F. Smith; critic, James Cody; treasurer, W. H. Young; chaplain, F. Q. Jones.

The lectures so far delivered in the Seminary have been by Profs. J. W. Reese and S. Simpson, Dr. J. W. Hering and Rev. P. H. Miller. A synopsis of these lectures will probably appear in the next edition.

Why do the Theologues congregate on the Seminary steps?

On the 1st instant Prof. E. A. Warfield was happily surprised by a visit from Rev. W. W. Dumm, B. D., who was his college room-mate. Mr. Dumm is now preaching in Ohio.

On Sunday evening, March 17th, Rev. W. Sherman Phillips preached in the Westminster M. P. Church. On the following Sunday evening Rev. Daniel E. Day filled the same pulpit.

The Seminary is glad to acknowledge the receipt of a number of valuable books, which were presented by Miss Sarah A. Lipscomb, of Washington, and Rev. T. D. Valiant, of Uniontown. Other donations like them will be thankfully received.

Bro. Wm. Anthony has left us, and is now filling his appointment at Bently Springs, Md. By his association with us he has made many warm friends. We were sorry to see him leave, and wish him abundant success in his work.

On the 7th instant we were honored by a visit from Mr. W. E. Wayte, the state secretary, and Mr. J. R. Mott, the collegiate secretary, of the Young Men's Christian Association of America. Among other important things they brought before us the great need of our activity in the missionary work. We believe these men to be truly consecrated to the work of God. They left impressions that will doubtless go with us and aid us all through life. At this meeting a number of our students, at the request of Mr. Mott, volunteered to go as foreign missionaries as soon as the way is opened.

On the evening of the 14th inst., the Seniors were tendered a reception by the Junior and Introductory classes. At the ringing of the bell we all assembled in the Chapel, where we listened to a part of the very interesting program which had been prepared. We then repaired to another room, where was opened to our vision, "that which was pleasant to the sight, and good for food." It is unnecessary to say that we greatly enjoyed partaking of such a sumptuous repast. We are confident in saying that it far surpassed any such attempts of the previous classes. Supper being over the remainder of the evening was spent in listening to appropriate speeches by Prof. E. A. Warfield and the Seniors, and by enjoying innocent amusements and social conversation. We assure the donors that the Seniors highly appreciated their manifestation of respect, and with hearts full of sympathy and love, wish them success and prosperity in all their noble efforts.

Disappointments and failures must attend the efforts of all young men. Not only in the greater concerns of life, but often in those of minor importance. Several of our ladies' men, a short time ago, had the pleasure of attending a sociable in our city. After spending a very pleasant evening the time for separation came, and with it the pleasant task of accompanying the young ladies to their homes. All the ladies were provided with company, with the exception of one, who seemed to have been overlooked—either purposely or unconsciously. One of the gentlemen accidentally observing the dilemma, with all the confidence of one who

never "got left," stepped up to her and in a sympathetic and polite tone of voice said: *Why Miss—have you no company?* The feeling and stern reply was: "*No, I have no company and I don't want any. I am going home by myself.*" Immediately the gentleman's feathers fell, and he slowly wended his way home, thinking over his sad adventure. Poor fellow! We sympathize with him and trust that next time he will be granted more Grace.

ANONYMOUS.

She (as her theological suitor, in putting his gloves from his overcoat pocket, throws out a laundry check)—"Oh, this is some of that dear, delightful old Hebrew, isn't it?" and in your own handwriting, too. I am going to keep it. It may be something very romantic."

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed specialist in mind diseases, says: "I am familiar with various systems for improving the memory, and I have recently become acquainted with the system, in all its details and applications, taught by Prof. Loisetto. I am therefore enabled to state that his is, in all its essential features, entirely original; that its principles and methods are different from all others, and that it presents no material analogies to that of any other system.

I consider Prof. Loisetto's system to be a new departure in the education of the memory and attention, and of very great value; that, it being a systematic body of principles and methods, it should be studied as an entirety to be understood and appreciated; that a correct view of it cannot be obtained by examining isolated passages of it.

New York, July 10, 1888.

WM. A. HAMMOND.

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Organist.....	Carrie Coghill
Assistant Organist.....	Maud C. Mills



# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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The recent centennial celebration of the Inauguration of George Washington brought forth a chorus of praises from the great men of both hemispheres. The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone said "I look upon Washington, among good and great men, as one peculiarly good and great, and that he has been to me for more than forty years a light upon the path of life." Justice M'Carthy M. P. said, "Happy the Republic which has such a founder to commemorate. The destiny of that people ought indeed to be great, ought indeed to be noble and beneficent, of whom George Washington is ever the highest type." Edward Freeman, the historian, in comparing the greatness of Washington with that of Timoleon of Corinth said "It is that type where greatness does not consist in the special prominence of any one quality, but in the harmonious union of many." George William Curtis said " \* \* \* the unselfish purity and the simple grandeur of his character \* \* \*—this distinguishes Washington among all men and gives to the American a dignity which no Greek no Roman surpasses." And so we might fill pages with such high-sounding and yet honest tributes to the worth of the illustrious patriot. Certainly no man in America, perhaps none in the world, has had such homage paid them while living, or such respect shown their memories when dead, as Washington. He has even been made such an object of veneration, has been so commonized that we are apt to think of him as an ideal rather than as a real man. To all this hero-worship, as it might seem, we do not object, for we believe Washington to have been worthy of it all; but we must be careful not to be carried away with the one general idea that he was great—and so far above us that we can gain no lessons from his life, we must be careful not to blind ourselves by facing the blazing headlight, but study his life in parts and be content to let it shine from a distance on our pathway. Though none of us can be Washingtons, we each may gain from his life some one lesson which we may make effective in our own lives.

We are sorry that our April issue was sent out to our readers

with such a wretched appearance—we refer to the mistakes in the print. In justice to ourselves we are compelled to say (with all due respect to our publishers) that it was not the fault of the editors. By some chance unknown to us, the proof, after being carefully read, was returned and the corrections generally, were taken no account of whatever by the printer. We do not say this in condemnation of the publishers, for they may have overlooked it, but we say it in justice to ourselves. There has been complaint and criticism on every hand and if our readers will be a little lenient with us this once we will endeavor not to let it occur again.

Our next number of the MONTHLY will not be issued until the latter part of June and will be a double number for both the months of June and July. It will contain, besides the usual amount of reading matter the commencement exercises. We only mention this so that our subscribers may not be disappointed in not getting their paper on the first Saturday in June as is the usual custom.

What constitutes a good student? We have heard various answers offered to this question, many of which were unsatisfactory, and some not even reasonable. The student who knows nothing outside of the text-books which he uses is a student of the poorest type. His school life is passed about like a mechanical operation is performed. He may be likened unto a machine and his text-books to the materials which are fed it. The machine is started and the text-books are begun to be dealt out to it. If these, the machine's food, are removed, it simply speeds on in its motion without accomplishing anything. Such students are not unknown. We believe students who are slaves of text-books and make them the only source from which to draw their information, with rare exceptions ever become students of high standing in their class, much less students of high standing in the true sense. Text-books are only intended as instruments to direct the mind into broader and more diversified channels of thought. If they fail to accomplish this it is the student's fault. That student who has read the higher classics, who is acquainted with calculus, the ologies, and the like, but whose information stops at this point, don't deserve the name of student. Who is satisfied to go through school, and make good grades if such a thing is possible, and know nothing of the events which are daily happening around him and in his country? To make the question with which we started a practical one, how many students at Western Maryland read the news of the day? How many know just how the trouble at Samoa began? Are there five students in school who can intelligently converse with anyone about our relations with Canada in regard to the fisheries question? Who can name all the members of the Cabinet, and give the names of those who hold first class ministerial appointments? What was the principal business transacted by the Fiftieth Congress, and what are the names of five of the Justices of the Supreme



Court? How was the electoral commission, which counted in Hayes, constituted, and what is the substance of the Inter-state Commerce bill? Can every Senior, who is a voter, give a clear and intelligent reason for the kind of ballot which he casts? Can he draw clear and well defined distinctions between the policies of the different political parties?

These are things which everyone should know, especially one who is far enough advanced to be in college. Such knowledge is an indispensable part of an education. It is practical, and he who neglects it neglects that which is most vital. The nineteenth century newspaper is a great public educator, and so easily is it in the reach of everyone that there can be no excuse for neglecting this part of a finished education—for having an intelligent understanding of public affairs. Text-books are necessary, but they can be mastered with greater facility and profit by one who has a good fund of general information; and the newspaper is today the medium through which this information is to be acquired. We urge upon our students the importance of keeping acquainted with current events.

### THE TOO PRACTICAL.

The present is an intensely practical age. The idea of present profit is the controlling idea of the day. Man no longer estimates his work by the *good* it may do to others, or by the assistance he may render to the advancement of the arts or sciences, but by its financial value to himself.

This idea of the practical, however, is not a thing to be altogether condemned; on the contrary it is an excellent thing so long as it is properly controlled. But, although an excellent servant, it is a hard master, not satisfied with demanding a reasonable portion of the time of him, who is governed by it, but encroaching upon his hours of rest, even upon the holy day of rest, it demands his health and bids conscience be quiet where profit is at stake.

Manifestations of this principle may be seen in every occupation, even the most humble where you would least expect it. The farmer sows and reaps, not that he may make home more comfortable and more attractive, or its inmates more happy, this he would call weak sentimentality, but that he may gather around him more wealth. The practical merchant is he who amasses the largest fortunes in the shortest time. And so we might pass through the various occupations of men and we would find that those who are called "practical men" are those whose success may be estimated in dollars and cents.

This idea of the practical manifests itself in the construction of the very houses in which we live. Narrow, poorly ventilated and poorly lighted rooms is the result, a result which is itself a cause of the most terrible results.

The same tendency to seek only the practical has extended to education. The father who sends his son away to school to prepare him for any of the occupations or professions of life, wishes him instructed only in those studies which relate directly to that profession or occupation. He forgets that a good general education should precede all special preparation; that it is even a matter of economy, as well as of wisdom, that this should be so strange to say he forgets that the best merchants, the best farmers, the best mechanics and the best professional men to-day are those who have fitted themselves for their special work after they had obtained a good general education. That the young man himself should be thus deceived is not so strange, but that the father should be equally blind to such facts is strange indeed.

But let us look, for a moment for the origin of these mercenary ideas of life. This is found in man's natural cupidity. The

desire to possess something and the tendency to fix ones affections upon those possessions are among the first developments of the child's mind. This perhaps may be questioned, and I confess that the child's desire for possessions is a very different thing from the cupidity of the miser, but yet I claim that it is a thing different only in degree and not in kind. This harmless characteristic of the child if fostered or even if left unrestrained will rapidly develop into that very harmful characteristic of the miser.

Now what are some of the influences surrounding the child which tend to the development of this covetous disposition? First, no doubt, is the home training. It is a sad truth, that, in very many homes, the first thing taught the child is the commercial value of the objects by which he is surrounded.

If he is sent away to school he is informed by his father that it is at a cost of so much money every month or every year. If he is idle here, the same thing is repeated to him by his instructors, as if his attendance upon the school were purely a financial transaction in which he and his father were about to be the losers; while that higher and nobler idea of fitting himself for the most useful and most beneficent life among his fellowmen is passed by as a matter of little importance. Having those principles instilled into his mind by those whom he has been taught to regard as his best friends and counsellors, is it any wonder that he should place a money value on everything with which he comes in contact? Would it be strange if he should value his life by the same standard. But we must not dwell too long upon this, for there are other influences besides those of the home and the school-room. Influences perhaps even more powerful than they.

Popular approval greets him who estimates his time and his labor by the popular standard. Observation teaches us plainly, that if a man be constantly employed, if he only work diligently for what he obtain, if he be not actually oppressive to the poor, if, in short, he be what the world calls a practical man, it matters little whether he be charitable or not, he will have the popular approval. With this combined influence of home and of society acting upon him it would be a very unnatural thing if the young man did not come to place a commercial value upon every thing about him, and it is this prevalent opinion among men that makes the young philanthropist a human wonder.

There have been numerous endeavors to meet this demand for the purely practical, and prominent among them the elective system offered in many of our schools. And while we do not deny or even question the advantages of special preparation for the different fields of labor, we do claim that this special preparation should be a supplement to the broader and more liberal education and not a substitute for it. Furthermore we believe that special courses of study are very necessary but we believe too that they have been greatly misunderstood as to their purpose and greatly misapplied.

Let us consider some of the harmful results of this mercenary idea. First we notice the decline of the fine arts. The history of music, painting and sculpture shows conclusively that the masters in each have been men who labored not for profit but for the very love of art itself. Furthermore, it shows that the poorest productions of these same masters have been those productions which had no higher inspiration than the need of money. The soul will not respond to such grovelling and sordid suggestions and finds an expression only when thrilled by the purest and noblest of sentiments.

Its mental evils are no less apparent. The mind that is constantly engaged with the questions of profit and loss may become very shrewd but at the same time it becomes very narrow, and is no more capable of dealing wisely with those abstruse questions of science, literature and government than the fox is capable of performing the deeds that would require the strength of the lion. The men most distinguished for their mental achievements are



men who have put forth their mental efforts not for money, but for the advancement of truth and for the uplifting of their fellow man.

But of still more importance is its moral effects. That this tendency to fix a commercial value upon everything is radically wrong we think no one will attempt to deny. And it becomes even more serious when we remember that this hurtful influence is wielded directly upon the young, and at the very time when their habits for life are being formed. Teachings that are not so hurtful in themselves, but that are hurtful in that the very system of instruction teaches most emphatically that that which is of no immediate money value is of no value. Actuated by this idea of the practical, home influence, school influence and social influence combine to teach to the youth of to-day this most pernicious of all lessons—avarice—while those noblest of all qualities, charity, benevolence and usefulness in life, are regarded as beautiful doctrines, worthy of our highest admiration, but not of our practice. When we speak of educational influence we do not make this charge against all institutions of learning, for we believe there are many institutions in our land that are earnestly endeavoring to teach a higher and a purer principle, and among such we believe our own Western Maryland holds a prominent position. And with just pride we point to her alumni as a proof that she does.

And upon those who are about to go out from her halls into the different vocations of life, and to all young men everywhere who are just entering upon this awful period we would affectionately urge this question: "What estimate will you put upon your own life? Remember that divine warning, 'what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Let this be your motto: 'Measure thy life by love instead of gain. Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth.'"

SENEX.

#### APRIL SHOWERS.

##### I.

O, how welcome,  
Oh, how bright'ning  
Are the April rains;  
Slow descending,  
Half unwilling,  
On the sprouting grains.

##### II.

Like a blessing,  
Gently dropping  
On a doubting heart;  
Comes the showers,  
Courage bringing,  
Making nature start.

##### III.

In the morning  
All is gloomy,  
Earth is dull and gray;  
Buds half open,  
Quickly halting,  
Shameful hide away.

##### IV.

But the moisture  
In its bosom  
Nourishment will bring;  
Strength'ning nature,  
Now uncertain,  
Causing life to spring.

##### V.

Then at ev'ning,

Rushing downward,  
Tears, the sun, the gray;  
And the cloak, once  
Rent asunder,  
Quickly fades away.

##### VI

All is smiling,  
Laughing, joyous,  
April's warm tears bring  
From the dullness  
Of the morning  
Brightest hues of spring.

##### VII.

The fading sun,  
The fulling moon,  
View at once the sight;  
Nature's children  
Gently vying  
Who shall seem most bright.

##### VIII.

Grass grows greener,  
Sky grows bluer,  
Birds sing loud and clear;  
All with loudest  
Voices praising  
April's rains so dear.

W. M. C., April 13, 1889.

#### EASTER AT WESTERN MARYLAND.

Everybody and everything ought to have been glad during these glorious Easter holidays. The sun never shone brighter, nature was just beginning to awake from her long and troublesome sleep, and from every hillside and dale vegetation was springing up as if by magic. The birds never sang sweeter, the frogs never croaked louder, and the girls never chirped and twittered more gaily as they tripped about the lawn to pluck the early wild flower and bear it away in triumph.

Owing to the fact that I have pledged myself to my best—to tell the truth under all circumstances, I am compelled to give you a graphic description of those Easter days just as they were, and the few events which I shall describe are to be portrayed as vividly as though they stood before us—some in all their ugliness, others in all their beauty and spectacular grandeur.

Possibly it would be best to say that the holidays began on Thursday evening, for that was a memorable occasion to some. Some on that great evening, 'ere the sun went down and closed the great window of heaven, sallied forth in their best clothes to the 5.42 train, to meet some one whose smile, possibly, in former days, had awakened in them things strange, and, as they doubtless thought, momentous. You know what followed. Others, again, when night's numberless candles dotted the blue vault, had the pleasure of displaying their literary and dramatic talent, after which followed congratulations. A few well-chosen words with the maids and maidens, and then to bed "and pleasant dreams."

Friday morning came and brought the time of farewells. Everywhere you could see last fond glances cast on some well remembered visage. Now and then, as in the course of all human events, you could discern a pair of happy faces—faces that had mutually agreed to spend the holidays at College, come what would. The 9 o'clock train brought fresh grief to some. He who had gone so light hearted and free to meet the train the evening before now wended his way wearily to this goal, the memory of which was to haunt him many nights. He feign would have put off the sad parting, but "Time and the railroad train wait



for no man." The remainder of the day passed quietly. Dinner being over, some retired to their respective rooms to dive into the depths of literature, while others loitered about the grove, eager to catch the furtive glances which ye frivolous maids are wont to give, wishing, oh! ever so much, that they could mingle with them and share with them their joys and sorrows. Indeed everybody seemed to be in a state of direst agony, and, working on this, two of our gallant and dignified (?) Seniors put on bold enough front to go to the chapel door and peep in. Hesitating for a moment, lest some calamity might befall them, they were rather cautious, but, growing bolder at sight of two of the most tempting maidens, "with Tarquin's ravishing strides towards their design they moved like a ghost." What followed can best be guessed at, but we can add that it almost ended in a stroll to Avondale after ice cream. With the exception of this little episode the day passed quietly.

Saturday loomed up furiously. The monster King of Day sent forth his long pent-up heat with a violence which almost disturbed our senses. Old mother earth seemed to reverberate in her swift rotation and send forth flowers on a thousand hills as though a terrific electric shock had suddenly opened her veins through which her life-blood was pouring like a flooded river dashing over a mountain gorge into the deep ravine beneath. All nature was lovely and we may, with propriety, add that the girls were looking their best. But nevertheless all thought we were to spend another of those weary days in which one feels that all joys have departed and in which forgotten memories come crowding up for utterance and make the heart grow sad. But at breakfast some one asked whether a game of base ball could not be played for the pleasure of the gentler ones. A unanimous yes floated on the air. The game was played. Six innings. Awkward playing. Turning somersaults over bases. Much merriment. A boiling sun. Girls growing weary. Not enough excitement. A few quarrels—and the scene closed. After dinner ye cranky boys appeared to be in ecstasies. Lawn tennis with the girls. Much commenting who each should play with and the two courts were filled with players. Ere many games were played we heard a far off rumbling in the western horizon like the prolonged boom of cannon and looking up we beheld the western sky draped in black. Gradually the roaring monster came nearer, the sky had a dark and angry look, the lightning flashed and the cerulean vault of heaven seemed to be ablaze with an incessant flame of livid fire. It was an August thunder storm. Soon the rain fell in torrents and the tennis players were forced to shelter and *tete a tetes*, which were carried on admirably. Saturday night came and with it ye blushing maids again met their humble "bards" in the parlor. After an hour's social chat refreshments were served and justice was once more satisfied. Games of various kinds were indulged in until 9 p. m. when a separation was again declared in order. Thus ended Saturday.

Sunday came and went as usual. Some went to church and some didn't.

Monday came. The weather was cooler. The morning was spent in anxiety by the boys and in baking and eating by the girls. The boys had an idea that they had sufficiently impressed the girls as to induce them to give them a dinner prepared by their own little hands. But alas, vanity! All was vanity. The looked and longed for treat never came. Thus the morning sped by as a useless lull. Again, in the afternoon you could see depicted on each face that lean and hungry look which characterize those who have been brought to grief.

Finally when hope had almost vanished and despair was gaining a strong foothold, a call was sounded for the boys to come over. They came. Hide and seek was indulged in for about an hour. A few calamities, falling down steps, running over one another, and that scene closed. Then came refreshments. Cake.

Ah, but wasn't it gloriously delicious. No more lean looking, no more hungry glances. Everybody looked happy and I verily believe it was so. Then again came that oft-tried soothing balm of minds distressed—tennis. An hour's playing. A few well chosen words. Some made "time." Others tried to. Soon the supper bell rang and Easter was over. No study that night. Oh no! they, boys and girls must tell how so and so said &c. &c. Thus ended one of the most glorious seasons of holidays we have ever been called upon to spend.

Hoping that these events may not disturb my thoughts so as to banish from my mind all thought of duty to my studies, I am most respectfully

ORMUS, OF IND.

#### DR. WARD'S COLUMN.

Since the last issue of the MONTHLY, I received from a ministerial brother the following:

My dear brother,

Why do you bother

To write so much in rhyme?

Vita brevis, ars est longa, truly,

Therefore, brother, not to be unduly

Prolix, is a virtue every time.

But, frater meus, *you* are long and slender,

And, may be, to develop all the splendor,

Of cogitations wise and bold and tender,

You find it necessary

To give Pegasus the rein.

Yet, while mounted on your flier,

Beyond the moon and nigher

The central source of light,

Remember the sad plight

Of poor Phaeton in the fable,

Lest you find yourself unable

When inclined to vary

And descend to earth again,

You're so dizzied by the motion,

Like landman on the ocean,

Or poor fellow with a brick

In his capillary tile,

You are hurled in double-quick

Ucceremonious style,

Down from heights aerial to this sublunary plain,

Lamenting as you lie in your bruises and your pain,

"O! ne sutor ultra crepidam,

Poetizing is vanity and flam."

Still, my long and loving brother,

If you will persist to bother,

With your rhyming

And your chiming,

And tintinabulation

(Edgar Poe alliteration?)

If Parnassus you'll be climbing,

And it really gives you pleasure

To express yourself in measure,

I have little else to say;

Go and prosper in your way.

As your days on earth increase, may increasing peace be

given,

'Till your days are all accomplished and your spirit rests

in heaven.

To which the following was sent in response:

To my honored brother D. D.,

Thanks for your kind interest in me,

Manifested

And attested,



By your very pleasant letter,  
 Than which I've had no better,  
     Written in rhyme,  
     For a long time.  
 Your tintinabulation  
 Is worthy of your station;  
 'Tis the warning of a friend,  
 To prevent an awful end,  
     That might ensue,  
     Should I pursue  
 Poor Phaeton's course, which, well I know,  
 Doused him at last in the river Po.  
     But let my brother,  
     Himself not pother,  
 Lest Pegasus throw me;  
 For all who well know me,  
 I think will admit,  
 That I'm careful to sit,  
 With long legs astride,  
 On the horse that I ride;  
 And if he have wings,  
 He may fly with the things,  
 But I shall get down,  
 Before I be thrown  
 Like Bellerophon.  
 So, dear brother, be calm,  
 And take no alarm  
 That I'll do myself harm,  
 By the making of rhymes  
 In these naughty times.  
 That "a shoe-maker should  
 Stick to his last" good,  
 Is reason and sense;  
 And I argue from hence,  
 That what rhyming I've learned  
 To good use should be turned,  
 While the prose that I know  
 Should be utilized, too.  
 I know that the Muses yourself has oft courted  
 And perhaps I may say, you've with Pegasus sported;  
 Measured lines from *your* pen, I've read, time and again,  
 And heartily to them responded, Amen.  
 Brother, let us write on, preach on, and pray on,  
 Till of *us* it be said, "From the earth they have gone;"  
 And then, up in heaven may you and I dwell,  
 To praise Him forever, "who does all things well."

#### SOMETHING ABOUT THE EASTERN SHORE AND EASTERN SHOREMEN.

A few months ago the writer addressed the MONTHLY a letter, dated at Ocean City, in which he promised to say something about the Eastern Shore in some future issue. In fulfillment of that promise he now contributes this article, knowing that the MONTHLY's readers have been looking forward to its appearance with great anticipation.

##### A WESTERN MARYLANDER'S OPINION OF THE EASTERN SHORE.

A Western Marylander who has never seen the Eastern Shore thinks it is a plain about fifty miles long and eighteen miles wide; and that such is its flatness that were one to mount the top of a hundred foot pole, raised at any point, he could, at a glance, look over its entire surface. Moreover, if he is a typical Western Shoreman, he thinks that the Eastern Shore is simply a great sand-bank which is "settled," for the most part, by pine trees. Between these pine thickets he allows enough space for many vast peach orchards and numberless small strawberry patches. Indeed, its adaptation to fruit growing is the only good or redeeming

quality which he is ever persuaded to see in it. If you talk to him of its area he will invariably tell you that it is insignificant; while if you speak of peaches his eye brightens and he tells you that the space covered by peach trees must be simply immense—he never tries to reconcile the two ideas. To raise peaches or strawberries he don't think requires any labor; for he will inform you that you only have to plant your peach trees and in a year or two they will bring forth their delicious fruit without their having been cultivated, pruned, or anything of the kind. You only have to stick strawberry vines in the ground, and as the latter is too poor to grow grass or weeds of any kind, there is nothing to crowd out the vines, consequently, they require no cultivation, but begin to bloom as soon as set out, and when May comes you simply have to take your baskets, go to the patch, and gather in the fruit in any quantities. If you tell him that an acre of ground will produce five thousand quarts of strawberries in one season, and that a peach tree will bear two baskets of peaches per year, he is astonished. If you go further and say that you receive eight or ten cents a quart for the one and seventy-five cents to a dollar a basket for the other, he can't understand why every fruit grower don't become a Vanderbilt, and to try to explain why he does not increase the difficulty. The labor which an Eastern Shoreman has to perform in raising his fruits is so slight and easy in comparison with that expended by himself in causing the rugged Western Shore hills to be covered with wheat and grass, that it virtually amounts to nothing. The Eastern Shore farmer has become so effeminate, he thinks, through only having to stir his sandbanks that to put him to cultivating the hills of Frederick, Carroll, etc., would have about the same effect upon him as were he to be sent on an Arctic exploring expedition. That there is any such thing as enterprise on the Eastern Shore, he will not concede. Manufactures, live business men, able lawyers, and enterprising towns and communities, are few and far between. In other words, a kind of lethargy pervades everything. He even thinks, the writer sometimes believes, that society is not as good as on his beloved Western Shore:

##### IS SUCH THE CASE?

By no means. Peach and strawberry culture has been specially cited on account of its being such an important Eastern Shore industry—I might say the leading—and because of its effect upon all other industries—and on account of the tender regard in which Western Shoremen hold it. Let the Western Shoreman well assure himself that the Eastern Shore is not a sandbank desert. One of the leading New York papers recently spoke of it as being a vast fruit garden from which the North and West were destined, at a not very distant day, to draw all their supplies of fruit. Such is entirely probable because other sections cannot complete with it in this industry. However, fruits are not grown without expenditure of means and labor, and the sturdy farmer of the Maryland hills has a counterpart in the robust farmer of the Maryland plains.

Fruit growing is a profitable industry in that it gives employment to a class which would otherwise be unemployed. The urchin, and the old "uncle" and the old "aunt" who still say "Mar's," all find employment in the berry fields of the lower peninsula; and the tramp is an almost unknown animal because when he appears he is promptly set to picking peaches, and so either works or leaves—generally the latter since there is too much industry for him.

##### IGNORANCE AND MALARIA,

two things supposed by Marylanders on the sunset side of the Chesapeake to be so universally prevalent, are here as nearly unknown as in any other section of the country. The Eastern Shore has good schools and, better still, good teachers. The high schools and academies of the Western Shore would not compare favorably with those on the opposite side of the bay. If the high



standard of Eastern Shore schools which is claimed for them is not believed to exist, then the writer only points to the students from that section who are here at college, and their merit as students will testify to the training they have received.

Formerly it was thought that the principal summer passtime of the Eastern Shoreman was shaking and being burned, alternately, by chills and fevers; and the notion is still current to some extent that the miasma rising from the marshes of rivers and streams makes the climate unhealthy, some geographies even going so far as to state this to be the case. The board of health for the state of Maryland, in its last annual report, declared this to be a most erroneous notion, and that it existed in the minds only of those who know nothing of that section. The writer has lived 20 \* \* \* years on the Eastern Shore, and has never had the ague or malaria during that time. Its temperature is never on the extreme, either in winter or in summer, for the Chesapeake and Atlantic, on either side, seem to regulate it in some way.

#### STINGINESS

is not a characteristic of an Eastern Shoreman. Possibly what the dweller on the Maryland hills thinks a lack of industry in his eastern brother is only the absence of stinginess, a thing not at all unknown with himself. The people of the Eastern Shore make money, and, while recognizing its value, are not niggardly in its use. If a town demands some needed improvement its leading citizens do not wait for taxation to effect it, but contribute liberally of their personal means towards meeting the need, recognizing that the improvement will be for their advantage. We will give an example—and not an isolated one—of Eastern Shore enterprise. A few years ago one of its leading towns was swept away by fire. One of its leading merchants was in the city at the time purchasing his winter stock of goods. Being informed of the destruction of his mercantile establishment, he stopped long enough on his way home to order bricks for the purpose of erecting a magnificent new place of business. The burning of this town took place on Sunday night, its entire business section being swept away, and by the next Saturday all the leading business men were established in temporary quarters. But this is only one example of the thrift and energy which pervade the Eastern Shore and enliven its various industries.

Eastern Shoremen are a pleasure-loving people. It is only here that the summer picnic and fishing party reach perfection. A Western Shoreman who has never been on one of the former, has lived in vain. However, social and mental culture are not absorbed entirely by pleasures. Every town has its Shakespeare club or literary society of some kind; while the Chataqua circle is found even in the most remote country neighborhoods.

#### THE EASTERN SHORE GIRL

is a model type of humanity, and her equal is not to be found elsewhere. She knows how to grace the parlor and how to carry on the affairs of the kitchen just as well. She possesses equal intellectual endowments with the Northern girl, but does not, as the latter, seem to think that she was made only for society. The hospitable and social qualities of the southern girl are embodied in her; but she has none of the pride and disinclination to work which often characterize the southern girl. There seems to be in her a happy blending of the good qualities of the northern blonde and the southern brunette. She usually has a purpose in life, and being a person of some will and independence, generally makes something of it. The best school teachers to-day of the Eastern Shore are women, and as a teacher the Eastern Shore girl seldom proves a failure.

PHARAOH.

#### REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE.

To the Maryland Annual Conference.

DEAR BRETHEN: My official labors for the past year by your

appointment have been in the Presidency of Western Maryland College, and I herewith submit my report of the same.

The College during the year completed its twenty-first year of operation, and is now nearing the close of its twenty-second. We all have abundant reason to rejoice that so much success has attended these years, and that out of the years of doubt and instability to which all such institutions are subject, ours has come, at least secure. The present buildings and grounds, the large and growing patronage, the favorable reputation and the satisfactory condition of the debt, all conspire to produce hope and enthusiasm in the future.

#### STUDENTS.

The list of students in attendance lengthens a little with every year. This year we have enrolled 178, an increase of 18 over the number reported to last Conference, which was the largest, at that time, in our history. Of the present students, 91 are boarders, and all the above are exclusive of the theological students boarding at the College. There was an unusual increase in the number of new students, many localities being represented for the first time; and this was due, largely, to the active canvass made during the summer. In this connection, I make grateful mention of the hearty co-operation given me by the pastors whose charges were visited. Not only were their pulpits put freely at my service, and my work publicly commended, but their interest showed itself actively in most energetic assistance to open the way for personal work. Pastors have come home prematurely from their vacations, risen from sick beds, borrowed vehicles, hired horses, driven through rain and heat; and when such sacrifices were protested against, would only reply: "The College is as much mine as yours, and this is my business." May the Lord bless them, and the Church appreciate them!

#### FINANCES.

The management of the income from students has been about as formerly. We are still making a surplus, although not enough for our growing needs; and we are still getting out of debt, although it sometimes seems for us "a long pull."

The 1st term, closing Dec. 10, cleared a surplus of	\$1,861.51
The 2nd term, closing March 25, cleared a surplus of	2,670.56

Making a total surplus for two-thirds of the year of	\$4,532.07
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This amount has been used in the payment of debt, in the purchase of additional grounds and in improvements to the buildings.

The debt has been decreased since last conference by the payment of \$4,000, so that the whole amount now due by the College is \$6,000, of which \$4,000 is on the mortgage given to build Smith Hall, and \$2,000 is due on notes, representing the old debt. The prospect is, therefore, very bright that three or four years will witness the total extinction of the debt.

#### IMPROVEMENTS.

Since the completion of Smith Hall, no extensive improvement has been entered upon, but expenditures upon the building furniture and apparatus have been constantly made.

The main front has been greatly improved by the erection of a porch, extending entirely across the main building, and giving, for the first time, a suitable approach to the building. This cost about \$1,000. An opportunity unexpectedly occurred of buying four acres of ground immediately in the rear of our premises, and this, although somewhat inconvenient as to time, we felt must be embraced and the purchase was made at a cost of about \$800. This ground furnishes ample room for ball and tennis fields and other field sports, and is therefore a most desirable adjunct to the attractive features of the College. Other expenditures have been made on the interior of the building, and in new fittings, etc., which are always called for more or less.



## GIFTS.

For the first time, perhaps, we are able to make report to Conference under this head. This year has been to us a remarkable year in this respect. First came the noble example of the Baker Bros., of Buckeystown, Md., who contributed \$4,000 to build a house for the President's residence on the campus. The plans are already adopted and are in the contractors' hands for estimates. Next came a letter from Mr. Samuel Norment, of Washington, who, upon seeing the notice of the gift wrote to ask the pleasure of furnishing one of the rooms of the building for the President's wife. The St. John's Board of Beneficence, of Baltimore, which has been so long a friendly helper to our College, responded with great alacrity to an appeal, and appropriated \$400 towards the further furnishing of the house; and, while it is not prudent generally to announce gifts before they have been bestowed, we may express the hope that the sum for furniture will be increased by other friends to the amount of \$1,000.

The example was next caught by one of the College graduates, and \$3,000 offered for the erection of a gymnasium; which amount was further increased to \$4,000 by the donor in order to carry out more generous plans. I am not yet permitted to name the giver.

These things have filled me with unspeakable gratitude and convince me that a new era has dawned upon the College, when larger things may be expected and realized.

Nor should mention be omitted of another gift of a very pleasing character, and quite as valuable in its way as the others mentioned. Mr. John Smith, the President of the Board since the beginning, and Dr. J. W. Hering, the Treasurer, at the suggestion of the President of the College, contributed each a life-size crayon portrait to the College parlor; so that we have now upon our walls, Dr. Ward's portrait having been previously given by his successor, counterfeit presentments of the noble triumvirate which successfully piloted the College through its most difficult days.

It gives me pleasure also to record the gift of a handsome and valuable silver wreath as a permanent prize in the Oratorical Contest. This is from Prof. A. H. Merrill, formerly of our Faculty, but now of Vanderbilt University, and will be known as the "Merrill Prize."

## ENDOWMENT.

In respect to endowment, we have made a distinct advance, and, although the beginning is small, it is a great satisfaction to know that we now have \$142 invested as an Endowment Fund. This amount came to us from Central Church, Washington, as the gift of Mr. J. S. Topham, \$100, and the remainder raised by the Young Ladies' Endowment Association of that church. Besides this there is a sum of over \$200 invested by our Alumni Association for the same purpose, and the ladies of Lafayette Avenue Church, Baltimore, have about \$100 in hand for the same. This, including the \$500 given by Mrs. Reese, many years ago for endowment, but used by the College under stress for current expenses, would make a total not far from \$1,000, and this we expect shortly to realize, by replacing the amount given by Mrs. Reese, and gathering the whole sum into one investment. Although the way does not at present seem clear for the energetic prosecution of a personal canvass in behalf of endowment, we still keep it in mind and work it as opportunity affords.

## PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

First, the immediate future opens to us the necessity of seeking students. Constant and enterprising canvassing is the price of satisfactory patronage. We shall not be satisfied with our roll as long as any children of our Church are sent to other schools for education. And we believe that children are often sent elsewhere for lack of proper information about their own school. I shall, therefore, give all the time possible to this work during

vacation, and must again throw myself upon the co-operation of my brethren in the pastorate, "whom I have often tried, never been denied and am willing to try again."

Another building enterprise is also before us in the near future. Our patronage is crowding us out of our present recitation rooms, which remain substantially as they have been for many years, and adequate provision ought now, or soon to be made in this direction. It will probably take the shape of another wing, corresponding to Smith Hall, and a name is ready for it as soon as it is built.

Commending the institution to the same earnest sympathy you have always manifested in it, and trusting my labors in its behalf will meet your approval, this report is respectfully submitted.

T. H. LEWIS.

## IT IS SAID:

That Rome wasn't built in a day.

That Mrs. Eisenwald refuses to speak to the author of "90."

That Mace said he ate, in Chesapeake City, the best lemon pies that were ever made, and that he stayed in the kitchen while they were being cooked; also that he read, in the aforementioned city, Enoch Arden.

That on a certain occasion not long since Tull was a clinging "wine"—who was the sturdy "hoak"? He didn't go buggy riding Easter.

That Hudson has been in a state of elysian bliss for several days (who did he play tennis with on Saturday during Easter?)

That rolling stones gather no moss.

That one of the Senior girls will not "throw away" her male classmates' pictures if she gets them.

That several monopolies were created during Easter, in direct violation of the ordinance of the faculty; and that the last member of the Senior Class, taken alphabetically, is one of the principals in the most formidable one of these.

That no moss grows on the south west corner of the front porch.

That Harper said: "When I left her she said she would as lief return on the 8 train as on the 5.40; and as I wanted to see the baseball game, she agreed to wait for the later of the two. When I got to College she had already arrived. No explanations have followed as yet."

That Ewell, of the Seminary, has employed a messenger in the person of one of the Junior girls; and when anyone fails to put in an appearance the said messenger is promptly dispatched upstairs for them.

That if it is found out who Sinbad is it would be advisable for him to take out an insurance policy on his life.

That time and tide wait for no man.

That Mr. Lease says that "tampering" is contrary to his nature; that if any one is disposed to disbelieve him, he only asks the disbeliever to inquire why he stayed home an entire week at Easter, when there was no motive for so doing except that he might bring back with him his Prince Albert, which, for two months, he had been telling his classmates he intended to wear to church the following Sunday.

That the chief editor wears a diamond ring—"whose," did you ask?

That "Skids" says that the *wolfes* may even yet be *slaughtered*.

That a chief editor invariably develops into a flirt.

That the pen is mightier than the sword.

That a committee from the Senior Class, representing the four literary societies of the College, had a meeting on the afternoon of Good Friday.

That Miss Mi., of the Sophomore class, likes a person of "spunk." For further particulars inquire of said person.



That there will be a great contraction in the Senior Class—after the flight of some years twelve names will be resolved into six.

That a parsonage is in course of erection for one of the Seniors.

That Miss Lo—spent part of Easter in Baltimore, while Ward spent part of his in Union Bridge, and *vice versa*.

That Senior P. has often been heard to say in his dreams—"Would that the last scene in Betsy Bobbett had been real."

That Hadley said he never knew life was worth living until he spent a day at Avondale.

That there has been a void in "Davy's" heart since his preparatory year—so he says.

That Miss I. C. is the only Smith Hall girl who can afford to eat eighty cent New York candy. The same lady also received during the past week a photograph, which is valued very highly. She requests the MONTHLY to state that it cannot be seen by her friends, as it is not intended for the vulgar eyes of the multitude.

That W. McAlister Lease, '89's popular odeist, stopped a day or two at Union Bridge, on his return to College, to see the car works.

That Barwick and Waesche debated "Resolved, That money is more than a mill(s). Affirmative, Barwick; negative, Waesche. A right honorable Senior acted as judge, and rendered his decision as follows: "A mill(s) is the equivalent of money, likewise one-half of a mill(s) is money's equivalent; I therefore render my decision in favor of the negative." Great rejoicing of the negative.

That Makinson promised to furnish, for the remainder of the year, blacking, ink and matches for room No. 13, if the writer would not mention anything which he had said. He also intimated that there might be an occasional plate of ice cream "in it."

That Robey never, in his life, succumbed to the inevitable until Saturday, April 20th. In consequence, one of the visitors at the College forgot to go home on that day as she had intended, and so had to meet the six o'clock train on Sunday morning.

That the lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime.

That a great many things might have been said that have not been said, and it is further said that Sinbad, the Sailor, is said to have said these sayings.

### COLLEGE WORLD.

On account of society strife, the students of Williams are endeavoring to raise, by subscription, two hundred thousand dollars to build a general Chapter house.

President Carter, of Williams College, has received a gift of \$20,000 to found a library fund in honor of James Ruthven Adriance, of the class of '78, who died a year after graduation.

The valedictorian of last year's senior class at Rutgers was a colored man.

Four members of President Harrison's Cabinet are college men. Mr. Blaine entered Washington College at the age of 17, and on being graduated, taught school at the Military Institute, of Blue Lick Springs, Ky. Redfield Proctor, the Secretary of War, was graduated from Dartmouth, in 1851, and afterwards studied law at the Albany Law School. W. H. H. Miller, the Attorney General, was graduated from Hamilton, in 1860, and has a son in the present Junior Class of that institution. Gen. Noble, Secretary of the Interior, was in the same class with President Harrison at Miami, but afterwards went to Yale, and was graduated in 1851.

Mt. Holyoke College has been chartered. Its first president is to be Miss Bingham, of Brooklyn.

Ex-President Hayes will deliver a series of lectures at Oberlin on Political Economy.

Colby is to have a new observatory and physical laboratory to cost about \$5,000. It is the gift of Col. K. C. Shannon, of New York, an alumnus of the college, and member of the class of '62.

Gen. Ben. F. Butler is to deliver the commencement oration at Colby University, of which college he is an alumnus.

Nineteen men were dropped from Cornell last term on account of deficiency in standing. An unusually small number of them were Freshmen.

A bill is before the legislature of Wisconsin to give to the State University one per cent. of the corporation tax, or about \$10,000 yearly, for the use of the engineering department. The regents propose to establish a chair in railroad and one in electrical engineering should the bill pass.

The Emperor of Germany, a few years ago one of the wildest students at Bonn, recently refused a body of students to make a torchlight procession in honor of his birthday, taking occasion to severely censure the students for the growing evils of duelling and drunkenness.

### PHILOMATHEAN ANNIVERSARY.

According to the plan of rotating the times of the various society anniversaries, it fell to the lot of the Philomatheans to hold their annual celebration on the 18th of April, the evening preceding Good Friday. The three other literary organizations had each already given its exhibition and had set such a high standard of excellence that the Philos had to put forth their best efforts in their preparation in order that they might come out not least, though last. The audience which greeted their appearance in Smith Hall on this occasion was a very large one and exhibited every mark of appreciation. In addition to the Faculty, the sister societies and friends from the city, there were present many of the exactive members, whose love for their society had brought them back to lend the encouragement of their presence to the occasion and to witness the success achieved by the Philos of to-day.

The stage was trimmed appropriately to the season in spring dress of vines and flowers, and chief among its decorations was a new, handsome, elaborately embroidered silk banner, all the more valued because of its being the handiwork of one of the members of the society. The program was begun with a piano solo entitled "The Tempest" and played by Miss Carrie Coghill. The piece is a difficult one and required a fine technique and clear ideas of expression to produce it so beautifully as it was done. Miss Laura Jones then made an appropriate address on the purposes and aims of the organization and bespoke the kind attention of the audience to the program. Miss Gertrude F. Beeks recited very sweetly the familiar poem of "Generva." The poem opens with a scene at the marriage feast. Generva to tease her young husband, steals to the garret and hides in a chest, the spring lock of which suddenly closes on her forever. Fifty years afterward her whitened skeleton is found. Three tableaux in connection with the recital made it very striking in effect. The reading of the anniversary essay, "After Twenty Years" by Miss Mary Fisher, was followed by a vocal solo, "As sings the Nightingale" by Miss Lena Wolfes, and a reading "The Funeral of Walter Scott" by Miss Edna Frazier. In this piece the reader is supposed to be dreaming in Dryberg Abbey and sees passing by the walls the long procession of Scott's characters. Accordingly the Abbey wall was represented on the stage during the reading the characters as they were spoken of passed by, making a beautiful *tableau vivant*. This ended Part I.

The remainder of the time was taken up by the drama of "Betsey Bobbett." It was dramatized from the book "My Opinions and Betsey Bobbett's" by the author, and this was its first rendition. Marietta Holly's dramas would not be selected for their literary merit, but as something entertaining, and as such



this proved to be abundantly successful. The character and plan of the play and the kind of humor with which it is brimming over is so well known as to need no comment here. We give the dramatis personæ:

Josiah Allen, a farmer.....	W. McA. Lease
Samantha, his wife.....	Addie Handy
Tirzah Ann, his daughter.....	Cerulia Dumm
Thomas Jefferson, his son.....	Lizzie Caulk
Betsy Bobbett, an old maid.....	A. Laura Jones
Shakespeare Bobbett, Betsy's brother.....	A. H. Griffin
Widder Doodle.....	Anna L. Dodd
Sophronia Gowdy.....	Iva Lowe
Elder Peedick.....	Prof. Rinehart
Editor of Jonesville "Augur".....	L. I. Pollitt
Simon Slimpsey, a widower.....	W. M. Weller
Widder Tubb.....	Maud C. Mills
Dr. Bombus.....	Prof. Rinehart

The parts were well sustained and indeed most of them with exceptional merit. Miss Handy made a Samantha after the author's own heart, while Miss Jones as the old maid bent on marrying, and Miss Dodd as the weeping widow certainly performed their respective parts to the delight of the audience. The young ladies were ably assisted in the male characters, upon which much of the success of the play depends. A bright spot in the history of the Philomatheans will be their seventh anniversary.

#### TEN TIMES FASTER.

The night was black with darkness, the clouds seemed to be rent in twain by most vivid lightning and the startling peals of thunder shook as it were the rain from the skies, which fell in torrents upon the green earth. The wind blew a perfect gale, driving the rain into almost every secret place, moving everything that was not firmly fastened to the earth, while the tall building, Ward Hall, in which I was, trembled by the force of the storm. Soon the hour of ten arrived, the time for retiring, and as usual I went to bed, leaving the elements at fierce battle among themselves. The noise of their battle continued but it was not long before the sounds seemed to become fainter and more distant and at last I was in a deep sleep.

After having slept soundly through the night, I awoke and found that the thunder had ceased to war, the lightning to light up the surrounding country and the wind had subsided into a gentle breeze and that great luminary of the day was casting a few of its rays across my couch.

Thinking it high time to rise, I put forth the usual effort to sit up in my bed to see the time by my clock which sat in sight on my table, when, lo! I landed in the middle of the floor and at the sametime greatly astonished. I stood for a moment in profound amazement, and then looked around me that I might investigate the cause of my sudden rising, surely I must have been aided by some dynamite, but nothing could be seen that might have in anyway assisted me in rising. I felt as light as a feather, the least effort that I made to move was attended with startling results. After a while I became a little experienced with my new feelings and began to look beyond my immediate surroundings to see whether there was any disturbance in the outside world or whether the sensation was confined to me exclusively. To my great surprise, I found that everything possessed of locomotion had been disturbed. Men could be seen tripping about as nimble as an acrobat. They darted past me with almost startling rapidity, at times barely resting on the earth at all. A person with good limbs could jump forty feet in the air with ease and a good athlete could spring a hundred yards without great effort. The horses were not fatigued in the least although driven at a great speed or laden with immense loads. Long trains of cars rolled almost noiselessly along their road not requiring half the usual amount of steam to move them. The national game was given up because when a ball was once hit it would seldom

reach the ground until it was out of sight and lost. The busy little ant, which teaches the sluggard a forcible lesson, would be seen tugging homeward its burden, that was many times larger than the ant itself.

All nature seemed to be perverted. Nothing was stable. Even the church steeples would totter and shake in the wind, while the sturdy oaks of the forest looked down upon the "clinging vine" as much as to say: Lean harder.

Great excitement prevailed throughout the land. Many persons who were inclined to be superstitious, considered the present state of affairs as a bad omen; others thought the millenium had arrived; and still others thought some tremendous earthquake had completely changed the bowels of mother earth. Newspapers commented upon the phenomena, and scientists quickly sought to investigate the cause of so great a nonconformity of affairs. Observations were taken from different parts of the earth by the best astronomers, but it was some time before the truth was found out what was wrong with the mundane sphere, and what was the cause of all nature being perverted.

It was ascertained that the great hurricane mentioned above was of about equal violence throughout the world, and moved in a due eastward course. It was still further ascertained that the friction of the wind upon the surface of the earth was of sufficient force to cause the earth to rotate on its axis ten times faster than usual.

JEAN VALJEAN.

#### EXCHANGE COLUMN.

It is a most pleasing task for us to glance over the different exchanges which usually fill up a goodly portion of the editors' sanctum. They are generally brimfull of advice, wit, humor, good sense and non-sense. As they lie piled up before us, presenting a formidable appearance if we lash the pen too fiercely concerning them, we are still constrained to venture an opinion.

The first one which greets our anxious eye is the *Portfolio* which hails from our sister land, Canada. It is a neat little paper edited by ladies which is possibly the cause of its handsome appearance. It contains some "real" good articles as the *Alhambra*, "Bob" Burdette etc. Does the *Portfolio* think our advertisement cover handsome? We don't object. To your question, "Is Marriage a Failure," we would say, that depends. We presume none of you are experienced.

The *Baltimore City College Journal* presents itself for the first time. It is very young but shows careful editing and we hope it has come to stay and that it will overcome the calamities which so often befall a paper in its infancy.

The *College Student* is as usual full of interest, but it has occurred to us that it is rather too literary. Some of its articles are too long and one is apt to grow weary reading them. However it is full of valuable information, and their poets remind us that the springtime with flowers and sunshine is rushing onward.

The *Dickinson Liberal* has a corps of editors large enough to run a small college. We like the headings of their different departments and all in all their periodical is always up to the standard. It is what a college paper should be—a journal devoted to educational interests.

The *Dickinsonian* strikes the right chord when it says that, "The editors chair is not the place for seekers of ease and pleasure" and that "they must be wise as serpents and harmless as doves." We count the *Dickinsonian* as one of our best exchanges. There is no silliness about it and they always fill its columns with good, wholesome reading matter.

Among other exchanges are *The Acamedian*, *The Owl*, *Lutherville Seminarian*, *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, *The Simpsonian*, *University News* and many others.



## LOCALS.

The races will begin on Monday, June 10th, '89. Entries can be made the preceding Saturday and early Monday morning, and are restricted to the Junior class. First race—Latin, Prize 9.50. Second race—Greek. Prize 9.36. The betting runs twenty to one in favor of "Interlinead", owned by Robey.

"Piney," or Montgomery's pride as he is better known, speaking of Greek orators, said, "Hades and Aristoth were contemporaries."

"Pud" has commenced studying law, and is devoting his attention especially to that part which treats of *Bonds*; how to give and receive them.

Tull commenting on Lysias. "I am a horseman, for I did ride; however I received no allowance money, but had to pay several dollars for the sake of being an equestrian."

Had—y viewing the success of others as regards the fair sex, remarked, "I am going to eat less, so as to get Lena(r)."

'Tis reported that the Juniors would ride on to a ten in Lysias, if there was ever a "mule" in existence.

A. W., of the Fresh. class, says that he will hibernate this summer.

Prof.: Who was George Elliot? Member Jun. class, (much given to phonasm): George Elliot, *he* was a woman.

Hud—n determines on returning home to engage in the Caulk(ing) of boats, for thus he says, "Ill be constantly reminded of the girl I left behind me."

'Squire Bunker: "Professor, my son has been at your college for some time. What do you think him capable of?"

Professor Simpson: "What calling or profession do you wish him to follow?" 'Squire Bunker: "Well, you see, I'm well off. All I've got will be his, and I'm not expectin' him to be anything." Professor Simpson: "From what I have seen of your son, 'Squire, I would say he has capacity enough for that."

Two of the boys have won the honored sobriquet of "monopolist" T—l. and W—e. Robey has received a coat of *Whiting*.

Horace, Ode 22, line 17 gives this advice to posterity—"Pone me." The Juniors obey, without thought of translating.

There is a clump of trees in front of Smith Hall which the girls say reminds them of an old story. Chestnuts!!

Locals are scarce, there seems to be no more truth, every thing has only been "said."

## BASE BALL.

The regular meeting of the Base Ball Association was held on April 6th and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: President, W. M. Weller; Vice President, K. Robey; Manager, J. F. Harper; Secretary and Treasurer, G. E. Waesche. The executive committee will consist of Harper, Mace and Weller.

The First Nine is composed of the following players, although not all have been definitely decided upon yet: W. I. Mace, captain, T. B. Miskimon, H. L. Stone, J. E. White, H. G. Watson, L. A. Chiswell, G. B. Hadley, K. Robey, C. H. Bowden. Mr. Weller is Captain of the Second Nine but all the players have not yet been selected. The ground has been put in very good condition and will in the course of a few years be a first-class base ball field. A large fence and seating capacity for 300 will be erected in a few days. The management will sell season tickets to those desiring to witness the games; otherwise the admission will be 10c a game. We have every reason to anticipate some good games this season and the following will probably be the schedule of games so far arranged, though some of the dates are not yet fully decided upon. At home: April 27th, with New Windsor College; May 4th, St. John's College; May 11th, Gettysburg College; May 25th,

New Windsor College. Games abroad: April 30th, at New Windsor College; May 18th, Gettysburg College; June 1st, St. John's College. A game will also be played here on Athletic day of Commencement week.

Later. Rain prevented the game with New Windsor College April 27th and it will be played later.

The first match game of the season of our first base ball nine took place on the grounds of the New Windsor College club on April 30. Owing to the great interest manifested in the result of the game, about twenty-five of the students accompanied the nine to witness it. They reached New Windsor about 12, and, after being served with an excellent dinner by hotel keeper Dielman, repaired to the New Windsor's grounds. The game was called at half-past one by umpire Harper, with the home nine at the bat. Score:

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Western Maryland College..	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1
New Windsor College.....	0	2	0	0	3	3	0	0	8

The two runs of the visiting nine were made by E. White. The batteries of the two nines, Ensor brothers, of New Windsor, and Messrs. Stone and Miskimon, pitch and catch, respectively, of Western Md., did excellent work. Robey did some good batting and Hadley made a splendid catch in the second inning. Our boys did good fielding throughout, but showed their weak point at the bat. The game lasted a little over two hours. Waesche acted as scorer. Four of the players on the home team were not College students, and the defeat of our nine may be attributed in a great measure to this circumstance.

## ALUMNI AND QUONDAM STUDENTS.

Clinton B. Jarman, —, has been elected a member of the Board of Commissioners of the thriving Eastern Shore town of Greensboro. Not very long since he very gaacefully attended one of his friends at Hymen's altar. We wonder if he was not then practicing for a ceremony in which he is to take a more prominent part.

The Third Reformed Church of Baltimore was the scene of a beautiful wedding at 10 a. m. on the 24th ult. It was that of Mr. Jesse C. Sharrer, one of Westminster's most prominent merchants, to Miss Minnie Wicks, of Baltimore. Prof. T. F. Rinehart, of the College, played the wedding march. C. H. Baughman, '71, was one of the ushers, and a large number of quondam students were in the audience. At a bachelor supper given Mr. Sharrer a short time before his wedding were present—James A. Diffenbaugh, '74; W. S. Amoss, '76; C. H. Baughman, '71, and Joseph W. Smith, '80.

Miss Belle Orndorff, '85, has been visiting her classmate, Miss Sadie V. Kneller, '85, at her home in Baltimore.

The many friends of Mr. Lynn R. Meekins, '82, of the editorial staff of the Baltimore American, will regret to learn that his health is much impaired, caused by too close application to his literary labors.

The semi-annual meeting of the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance, of Maryland and District of Columbia, was held in New Windsor on the 24th ult. Prof. DeWitt C. Ingle, '78, grand worthy patriarch, presided.

Miss Jennie S. Smith, '82, was married at the Mt. Lebanon Church, Baltimore, on the 17th ult., to George C. Emmons, of Washington, D. C.

## Synopsis of Recent Lectures at the Seminary.

PAUL—HIS MISSIONARY LABORS. PROF. S. SIMPSON.

Paul was a true man, scholarly and urbane, a genuine representative type of uncorrupted nobility and faultless aristocracy. While most great men are great in what they say and teach, Paul



was great in what he did and suffered. He is the great doer of the Bible—the voice declaring “I can do all things.” He is Christianity illustrated in deeds red with blood. In his time there was the consummation and concentration of all human power, cruelty and oppression in one vast empire, the widest and most wicked the world has ever seen. Paul held his commission from God to go through this empire, expose its iniquity, condemn its philosophy and denounce its idolatry in plain words, which come down the ages sounding the death-knell of image worship, “They be no gods which are made with hands.” The speaker maintained that the missionary labor of the Apostle was the severest God has ever required of his servants. Paul’s life was used to prove the following proposition: To the extent to which a minister surrenders himself to the guidance of the Holy Ghost, to that extent God may use his services in the conversion of the world.

The address was such in argument and style that an attempt to give a full synopsis of it in the space allowed falls far short of showing the thoughts presented.

#### VOICE PRESERVATION—DR. J. W. HERING.

Referring to the prevalence of throat affections and voice failures among clergymen, it was remarked that the condition was largely due to two principal causes: First, a lack of knowledge of the delicate structure of the organs of the voice; and secondly, an indifference to, if not a positive disregard of, the known hygienic laws of the voice organs. The healthy action of these organs, as of all other organs of the body, is best promoted by good general health. That means outdoor exercise, and good ventilation when indoors; nourishing food and proper mastication; a due amount of sleep, say six to eight hours of the twenty-four, and not too many of those hours after midnight. “Early to bed and early to rise” is sound philosophy. The “midnight taper” may be poetry, but it is not common sense. And then cleanliness and cheerfulness. “Laugh and grow fat” is a good hygienic maxim.

For good chest capacity and strong lungs let the carriage be erect, the chest being thrown prominently forward. Accustom yourselves to deep and full inspirations.

Keep your mouth shut. Prof. Tyndal says if he could leave a perpetual legacy to mankind, he would embody it in these words.

The Doctor dwelt at some length upon the necessity for nasal breathing, and the injurious effects of breathing directly through the mouth. He cautioned the students against the practice of taking water, even in sips, during public speaking, stating that it did positive harm, and unless it be intended to cover a “dead pause” in the discourse, or give time to recover a lost thought, it ought not to be indulged in.

Numerous other points of practical instruction were given, and the lecture was concluded with the remark that the usefulness of a minister of the Gospel depends much upon the preservation of the voice; that God has honored the human voice in making it the vehicle of bearing the mighty truths of His Gospel to human ears and into human hearts. John was a voice crying in the wilderness “Prepare ye the way of the Lord,” and when the blessed Christ appeared He came lifting up his voice, speaking as never man spake. And the living ministry to-day are bearing the same precious words to the perishing millions of the earth, and teaching them by the sanctified power of the human voice.

#### THE APOCRYPHA—BY PROFESSOR REESE.

The lecturer first showed that the books known by this title are not a part of the Old Testament, but were composed several hundred years after the closing words of the prophet Malachi had been penned, and even many years subsequently to the translation of the canonical Jewish Scriptures into Greek. He then dwelt upon the free and general use of the Apocryphal writings by the Fathers of the Church during the early centuries; the high esteem

in which they were held by all the churches of the Reformation; and the belief in their inspiration maintained by the Church of Rome, as constituting a claim on the attention of students and readers of the present day. The lecturer then demonstrated the value of these books, not only from the many sacred associations clinging about them, but from the light which they shed on the literature and history of the Jews. In fact, with the exception of Josephus and a few passages in Tacitus, our reliance is entirely upon the Apocrypha for a knowledge of many events in Jewish history during the four hundred years between Malachi and John the Baptist—events which tended to mould the character of the people and which have even left their traces on the pages of the New Testament. The lecture concluded with a rapid, yet full analysis of the First and Second Books of Esdras, the Book of Tobit and the Book of Judith, as specimens of Apocryphal literature and of the wealth of instruction to be derived therefrom.

#### THE PRIVILEGE AND RESPONSIBILITY OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY—BY REV. P. H. MILLER.

Mr. Miller began his lecture by referring to the times of the Apostles and how they regarded it a privilege to preach Christ, even though they did so at the cost of their lives, adding that the Gospel is preached under far more favorable circumstances now, and that this fact should be duly appreciated. The introduction was continued by a reference to the ministry as higher than any earthly calling, the minister being a representative of heaven.

The leading thoughts were then presented and enlarged upon.

1. The ministry is a work of privilege because it is the happiest work. Trying to get men to accept Christ and thus be made happy has a reflex influence that brings much happiness.

2. It is a work of privilege because it is the greatest work.

Other works are great, but preaching is far greater, it being an attempt to bring heaven and earth together.

Secondly, the Christian ministry is a responsible work. No wonder Jonah fled from it. He looked only at the human side but it has a divine side. God has promised power, comfort and victory. How are we to meet this responsibility of the ministry?

1. By preaching the *Gospel*. It gives plenty of room for rhetorical beauty and grand effect.

2. The Gospel must be preached *as a witness*, or in other words, by *converted* men. Some preachers are not converted. The minister’s life must illustrate the truth he declares.

3. The Gospel must be preached *in love*.

4. It must be preached *simply*. The masses know very little about the fundamental principles of Christianity.

5. It must be preached *in faith*. God *intends* souls should be won, and if they are not, something is wrong. It may even be that the preacher has never been called to preach. God is partner in the work—*Sr. partner*. He will glorify himself in the salvation of souls. The preacher should expect God to honor his work.

#### SEMINARY ITEMS.

The final examinations of this scholastic year are closed, whereof we are glad.

On Sunday, March 31st, James Cody preached in Pipe Creek Church. On Sunday evening, April 7th, J. A. Selby preached in the Westminster M. P. Church.

On March 27th we were visited by one of our former students, accompanied by his friend, H. L. Schlincke, who expects to enter the Seminary next September. Bro. Williamson has several warm friends at the Seminary. We are glad to know that success has attended his labors since he left us as a student, and trust that the Lord will continue to bless him.

On March 30th we were visited by Rev. J. B. Walker, the corresponding secretary of the Ministerial Board of Education,



He talked to us on several subjects, giving us information and good advice. By his manifest interest in the students, and his social disposition, Mr. Walker has become a favorite of the students. We all enjoyed his visit, and hope that he will visit us as often as he can.

On Sunday morning, the 7th inst., M. E. Grant preached in Star Church, Baltimore, for Rev. W. M. Strayer. In the evening he preached at Waverly for Rev. G. W. Haddaway. Jas. Cody filled the same pulpits, at Waverly in the morning and Star Church in the evening.

All the students are sorry to learn that our beloved Prof. E. A. Warfield is not expected to return to the Seminary next year as a teacher. Our students have learned to love him and appreciate his efficiency as a teacher, and his piety as a Christian man. We wish him success and prosperity in all his future career.

W. Sherman Phillips spent a short time in Hagerstown during Easter, and of course enjoyed himself hugely.

M. E. Grant has received a call from the Second M. P. Church, Bridgeton, N. J., which he has accepted, and will enter upon his labors soon after he graduates. James Cody will take work in the New York Conference, with a view of joining that Conference at its next session.

Those of our number who attended and joined the Maryland Conference have returned to complete their course of study. Their appointments are as follows: Dan E. Day, Kennedyville, Kent county, Md.; J. H. S. Ewell, Mariner's, Somerset county, Md.; G. R. Hodge, Middleway, W. Va.; W. Sherman Phillips, associate pastor of Jefferson circuit, Md.; C. W. McAllister, who was left in the hands of the President, has been appointed to Surry circuit, Va. The boys, on their return from Conference, spoke of the people of Lynchburg in highly complimentary terms. They reported a very enjoyable trip. We noticed, from one of the Lynchburg papers, that the people were very favorably impressed with the young men of the Maryland Conference.

Several of our students have left us for this year. Brother Bennett was called home on account of the sickness of his father.

Dr. J. T. Ward, our beloved President, has been very much indisposed ever since he returned from Conference, but we are glad to know that he is getting better, and hope that he will soon be restored to his usual health.

Our Commencement exercises take place this year on the 5th, 6th and 7th of May. All our friends are cordially invited to attend.

ANONYMOUS.

The essential charm of the very oldest books is that they are absolutely and necessarily original. When one reads Herodotus he knows that he is following the movement of a natural narrative; when he reads Homer he discovers how near are art and nature to each other at first hand. Such studies are interesting from a psychological point of view. They show us the real relations and affinities of the untrammelled mind. Nowadays everybody is taught what to admire, and nobody is permitted to pass through Rome in the night. Literary and artistic guides and cicerones beset us on every hand, and we all see the world through the stained windows of conventionalism. When we read a work like the "Illiad" of Homer we find ourselves in contact with the mind of an author who never knew a looking glass or a model—a mind not diseased by introspection and not enslaved by imitation. There on every page is the freedom, the *naivete*, the freshness of the world's unfaded youth.

With books, as with companions, it is of more consequence to know which to avoid than which to choose; for good books are as scarce as good companions.

A lawyer in eastern Connecticut, whose reputation in the community was not very high, met an old gentleman one day, and said to him: "Do you know, Mr. H——, that I am a direct descendant from Miles Standish?" "Is it possible?" was the reply; "what a descent!"

First bunco steerer—Who is that old gentleman coming out of the hotel? Second bunco steerer—He's a professor of some kind. I don't know his name. First steerer—Shall we work him? Second bunco steerer—Work him! Did you ever know a professor to be worth working?

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed specialist in mind diseases, says: "I am familiar with various systems for improving the memory, and I have recently become acquainted with the system, in all its details and applications, taught by Prof. Loisetle. I am therefore enabled to state that his is, in all its essential features, entirely original; that its principles and methods are different from all others, and that it presents no material analogies to that of any other system.

I consider Prof. Loisetle's system to be a new departure in the education of the memory and attention, and of very great value; that, it being a systematic body of principles and methods, it should be studied as an entirety to be understood and appreciated; that a correct view of it cannot be obtained by examining isolated passages of it.

New York, July 10, 1888.

WM. A. HAMMOND.

### COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

VOL. 2.

WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE—JULY, 1889.

NOS. 9 AND 10.

## Western Maryland College Monthly.

PUBLISHED BY THE BROWNING, PHILOMATHEAN,  
IRVING AND WEBSTER LITERARY SOCIETIES.

T. EDWARD REESE, Editor in Chief.

EDITORS.

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B. BURLEIGH JAMES, HARRIET ELLA WALMSLEY,  
LENA EWELL GORE, W. MCALISTER LEASE.

Business Manager.....J. EDWARD WHITE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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Entered at the Postoffice, Westminster, Md., as Second Class Matter.

With this issue of the MONTHLY the present staff finishes its term of office. To say that we feel relieved is at least, necessity, for the handling of the quill and the responsibility for the welfare of the journal is calculated to be a burden to those who have it in charge. Now the burden is off our shoulders and we feel as free as the air we breathe, as to the editing of a college paper. Never more shall a great number of our staff be called upon to assist in running our paper again, for five of us, having completed the course at our dear old Alma Mater, will go forth into the world there each of us to edit an edition of Life whose influence will be felt throughout eternity.

We can but thank our subscribers for their patronage, and hope for a continuance of their support. The MONTHLY is not intended to be a journal that will rival the Century or Scribner's magazines, but a neat little paper brim full of sparkling literature and college news in general, and is well worthy of the support of the alumni and the friends of our college.

Now that the time has come for the most of us to leave these familiar scenes, we cannot but with displeasure and sorrow say farewell. We now put down our editors pen, cease to seek the printers office, leave the sanctum to others, and bid farewell to "all our greatness," while within us there is a voice which seems to say "Long live the MONTHLY."

### DR. WARD'S COLUMN.

In closing my contributions for this volume of the MONTHLY I desire to express to the editors my high appreciation of the honor they conferred upon me by soliciting the same, and my pleasure in knowing that they were sufficiently acceptable to be published. Sensible of imperfection in the articles, I yet trust that some good impressions may have been made by them—some instruction and some entertainment afforded, and some counsel or advice given that may be worthy of remembrance. Before another term of the College shall begin I, if my life is spared, shall have entered upon my seventh decade, and about one-third of my years have been devoted to the cause of education, most of them in connection with Western Maryland College. It could not then be otherwise than that I should feel special interest in those for

whom these contributions were written—young persons (in whom all right-thinking old people were interested), young persons receiving their training at Western Maryland College (in whom, from the very fact of my having been so long connected with the institution, I could but feel specially interested). May the MONTHLY long live and prosper, continuing to be, as it has been since its establishment, a worthy representative of the Literary Societies and of the College. This is the sincere and hearty wish of an old friend.

### THE PLACE BELOVED OF ALL.

No matter where, 'tis loved of all—  
The place whose name I need not call;  
Without my naming it you'll guess,  
And say of it at once, "God bless!"

It may be in some rural spot,  
Which ne'er by you can be forgot;  
With garden fine, orchard and fields,  
That yearly rich abundance yield.

Or, it may be on village street,  
In house not grand, but cosy, neat,  
And with surroundings, to your view,  
As good as any ever knew.

Near river, bay, or the great sea,  
The place I do not name, may be;  
Or near some lofty mountain's base,  
Perchance may be the unnamed place.

Or, in some city it may stand,  
On humble street, or av'nue grand,  
Numbered or not, to you so known  
That it is ever called your own.

It may be where extremes are not  
By wealth or poverty begot;  
But where there's still enough to share  
With neighbors who less favor'd are.

No matter where, if yours it be,  
There is no place of all you see,  
To which your heart so fondly clings,  
Or thought of which such pleasure brings.

You love it for their sakes who dwell  
Within it—whom you love so well;  
And you and they will e'er express  
For it the fervent prayer, "God bless!"

### THE BEAUTIFUL.

Do you love the beautiful?  
Upward turn your eye,  
To the pure cerulean  
Of a cloudless sky;  
Or, if clouds appear, behold!  
Sunlight tinges them with gold.

When the day begins to dawn,  
Beauty is revealed:  
To the rapture of the morn  
Every heart must yield;  
And through all the blessed day,  
Light will loveliness display.



E'en when night comes on, the sky  
Wondrous beauty shows;  
Light reflected charms the eye—  
On moon and stars it glows:  
Here the handy-work of God,  
Radiantly shines abroad.

Beauty, too, on earth behold—  
Everywhere 'tis seen:  
Rivers broad, and mountains bold,  
And vales that intervene;  
And the vast sea has beauty, too,  
For those who said its waters blue.

Behold the lilies of the field:  
What beauty they display!  
And all the flowers that gardens yield:  
How beautiful are they!  
And birds, with wings of every hue,  
How beautiful are they to view!

There's beauty in the human form,  
And face almost divine,  
Which cannot fail to move and charm,  
If we are not supine.  
Who love the beautiful, may find,  
'Tis every where, if they're inclined.

#### WESTERN MARYLAND DISGRACED.

In looking through the columns of the May number of the Collegian, a famous sprig of Journalistic effort which is given to the reading world by time honored St. John's, the writer noticed, among other literary gems, a column given to the description of the game of base-ball played between the St. John's college nine and the team of Western Md. College on May 3rd, the score of which was 9 to 0 in favor of St. John's. It is a description which everyone, who wishes to see truth honored, should read. Possibly copies of the issue containing the said account might be obtained upon application to the business manager of the paper; and if he would be so kind as to place an index at the head of the meritorious column pointing to its tenacious grip upon veracity, and another at the bottom pointing to its grave warning and to those of St. John's nine who *did not forget to be gentlemen*, it would not necessitate a long search to find the choice extract.

In the game referred to the captain of St. John's team began from the first to object to everything which seemed to have the semblance of fairness for the home nine, and by his dictatorial and imperious manner towards the umpire—who was a St. John's student and knew the master he was serving—interrupted the game at every point. We do not object to "kicking," but there is a limit beyond which it becomes simply disgusting.

It was asserted that at the end of the third inning St. John's had batted nine runs, which is untrue. At the end of the third inning St. John's had four runs and Western Maryland three. In the first half of the fourth inning, after one of St. John's men was out with no run scored for that inning, a fly was batted which was caught and the ball thrown to first, the runner there having started for second. The first basemen caught the ball and actually waited for the runner to get back to put it on him, but still the umpire decided him safe. After this manifest injustice and outrage which received a murmur of disapproval from the three hundred citizens of Westminster present, the visiting nine scored five runs, and then the accident occurred to our pitcher and catcher. The writer of the article says that we had another pitcher and catcher, a statement all right except that it lacked the element of truth. Three hundred people had paid to see a game of ball, and we asked to substitute for our disabled battery the

Ensor battery of New Windsor college, that those present might not be disappointed. St. John's objected on the ground that it would not be a strictly Western Md. nine if others were taken out and still in a column beside this remarkable one an account is given of a game played between St. John's and the Agricultural college team which, it asserts, was composed of five college men and four *semi-professionals* from Washington. We stipulated to pay St. John's fourteen dollars with the understanding that a game of ball was to be played, and when St. John refused to accede to any proposition whatever nothing could be done but withhold payment; and in pursuing this course we refer to Westminster which justified our action. Then followed this remarkable sentence: "Our team, however, did not forget that they at least were gentlemen and so uttered no word of expostulation at this exhibition of contemptible meanness and spite." Pray what would they do when not acting gentlemen? The captain of St. John's expostulated fully a half hour with the manager of Western Md., and finally departed uttering imprecations on *ill-fated* Western Md. The nine then left on the train for home "carrying with them anything but favorable impressions of Western Maryland's students in general and the so called base-ball team in particular." Now that St. John's should have an unfavorable opinion of us as students hurts our feelings, for of course Harvard, Yale, Princeton, John's Hopkins, and St. John's only peers in the collegiate world, will hear about our disgrace and it will show us up unfavorably before the world, which will make us feel badly. And then this brilliant peroration: "Let St. John's experience be a warning to other nines." Since then, besides other nines, our nine has played the Pennsylvania college nine which has, as well as its college, *some reputation*, well merited. And as we always pay to clubs, which act honorably and gentlemanly, whatever we agree to, we paid the Pennsylvania college club what we promised. In view of the terrible influence which the *Inter-collegian's* article will exert we suppose Western Maryland's career was brought to a premature close on the 20th of June. Let other colleges take warning at our folly, and in the future, if our college shall even be remembered, shed a silent tear for the fame which she might have won—but only lost. L. IRVING POLLITT.

#### LINES

*To a Little Maple Tree near Ward Hall.*

Oh, Maple Tree, dear Maple Tree,  
All young and tender though thou art,  
Thou hast a lesson taught to me  
That never shall depart.

When wintry winds blew fierce and wild,  
Thou uncomplaining brav'dst the blast;  
And waited patiently and mild  
'Till winter's storms were past.

And in the vernal days of spring  
How beautiful thy leaves appear!  
Prosperity to thee can bring  
No pride from year to year.

Engrafted in a barren ground,  
Where press of herbage scarce a blade;  
Cheerfully thou throwest round  
On all a grateful shade.

So may I when misfortune's storm  
Makes futile every cherished hope;  
Remem'ring thy unbending form,  
With sorrows learn to cope.

And, too, may I, dear Maple Tree,



When most cast down by adverse fate,  
Forget myself in sympathy  
With others' wretched state.

April 27.

T. F. R.

## BASE BALL.

After having met with defeat in their first game of ball at the hands of the New Windsor College team, our club seemed to brace up and in every game it showed a marked improvement over last year's club. All the scheduled games were not played, bad weather preventing some. On May 4th, the St. John's College team arrived here and after being entertained at dinner, the players proceeded to the grounds. The game was delayed for some time by the Captain of the St. John's club, who from the start, showed a desire to have everything his own way. His first objection was in reference to the playing of Anders, the regular second baseman of our club, and after considerable wrangling, our Captain, through courtesy, acceded to his demand. The game was then begun, our nine consisting of eight of the regular team and one 2d nine player. There was a large crowd in attendance, the seats being full and many were compelled to stand. The game was hotly contested, the score at the end of the 3d inning standing 4 to 3 in favor of St. John's. In the 4th inning, after two of the St. John's men were out, and the third man had been clearly put out at first base on a neat double play, but decided safe by the umpire, Mr. Hitchcock, five runs were secured. Such unfair decisions had been given that it was fully demonstrated that our boys were not to be allowed to win the game. The game had hardly been resumed when Stone and Miskimon, the battery, collided while running for a high fly, resulting in a broken nose for the former and severe injuries to the latter. There being no other pitcher available, in order not to disappoint the large crowd of spectators, our Captain placed Ensor, of New Windsor, in the box. The St. John's club immediately began to act the role of "rowdies" and used most disreputable language, refusing to play. Our players took their positions on the field and after nine balls were pitched, retired from the grounds. The umpire did not decide the game either way while in the vicinity of this college, but after arriving home, naturally, in accordance with the rest of his decisions, but contrary to the rules, gave the game to his club by 9 to 0. The departure of the so-called "gentlemen" from St. John's caused no feeling of regret and no notice would have been taken of their ungentlemanly conduct, if such an unfounded and misleading article had not appeared in the "Collegian." It is noticeable, however, in connection with this, that although the St. John's club took such a decided stand against the playing of Anders, and refused to play with him, yet shortly afterwards, they engaged in a game with another college team, with "five semi-professionals from Washington," on it. This evidently shows that they came here with expectation of having a little May picnic and were "sadly left."

The next game was played May 7th with the Westminster club and resulted in a victory for our boys by the following score:

Clubs.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
Westminster.....	1	1	0	0	4	0				6
W. M. College.....	7	3	3	2	2	x				17

Base hits, W. M. College, 8; Westminster, 3. Struck out, by Stone 9; by Westminster pitchers 4. Umpire, J. F. Harper.

The 2d nine of New Windsor College started a game here on May 24th, with the 2d nine of this college. The game was stopped in the 5th inning by rain. The score at the end of the 4th inning was 4 to 3 in favor of our boys.

Contrary to the suggestion of the "St. John's Collegian," the Pennsylvania College team, of Gettysburg, arrived here May 25th and played with our club in the finest game of base ball that has

been witnessed in Westminster for several years. The game was exciting throughout and good plays were abundant. Driscoll and Whitmer both pitched very effectively. White covered first base in great style and made several difficult "pick-ups." Miskimon caught a splendid game, and in fact every man played with credit to himself and club. The full score is as follows:

WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE.					
	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Watson, 2b.....	1	0	1	1	1
Mace, 1. f.....	1	2	1	0	0
Driscoll, p.....	0	1	1	9	0
Anders, s. s.....	0	0	0	1	2
White, 1b.....	0	0	11	0	1
Miskimon, c.....	0	0	9	0	1
Robey, c. f.....	0	1	0	0	0
Hadley, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Chiswell, 3b.....	0	1	1	3	0
Totals.....	2	5	24	14	5

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.					
	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
McPherson, c.....	1	1	11	0	1
T. Harter, 1b.....	0	0	11	1	0
C. Harter, 3b.....	0	0	1	0	0
Whitmer, p.....	0	0	1	13	0
Krapf, 1. f.....	1	1	0	0	0
Filbert, c. f.....	0	0	1	0	1
Tate, r. f.....	1	1	1	4	0
Gehr, 2b.....	0	0	1	2	0
Totals.....	3	3	27	20	2

SCORE BY INNINGS.										
Clubs.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
W. M. College.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Pennsylvania College.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	x	3

On June 8th, the Union Mills club crossed bats with our team and played a very creditable game. Their team work was not very good and their batting weak. The score was:

Clubs.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
W. M. College.....	2	0	0	0	0	5	2	0	1	10
Union Mills.....	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2

Home run, Anders; two base hit, Hadley. Struck out, by Driscoll 11, by Byers 9. Base hits, W. M. College, 6, Union Mills, 2. Errors, W. M. College 7, Union Mills 11. Umpire, J. F. Harper.

A game was played June 1st between the Seniors and Juniors on one side, and the Sophomores and Freshman on the other. The score was 27 to 16 in favor of the lower classmen.

The batting average of the different players of the nine are as follows:

Players.	G.	A. B.	B. H.	Per Cent.
1. Mace.....	4	16	6	.375
2. Robey.....	4	11	4	.363
3. Bowden.....	2	6	2	.333
4. Anders.....	2	9	2	.222
5. Stone.....	3	11	2	.181
6. White.....	4	12	2	.166
7. Driscoll.....	2	7	1	.143
8. Chiswell.....	4	13	1	.077
9. Hadley.....	4	14	1	.071
10. Miskimon.....	4	15	1	.066
11. Watson.....	3	10	0	.000

G. E. Waesche was the regular scorer for all the games.

## IT IS SAID:

That school is over.

That the above is a "chestnut."

That the whole Junior class confidently affirmed on their examination papers that clover is a monocoty ledonous plant, though supplied with a clover leaf, a microscope, and Gray's Botany to prove to them the contrary.



That one Junior, probably to lengthen the list of buds, added to it surreptitious buds.

That a brilliant Sophomore felt *dementissimus* when, on coming from the examination room and consulting his lexicon, he discovered that his pony had tossed him by leading him to parse *demens* as a noun when his intelligence and previous knowledge of the word all told him that it was an adjective-moral: know well your steed befoae you mount him.

By the girls that they did not pony at the final examination. Why of course they didn't!!

That the motto adopted by the girls during Commencement Week was: "Make hay while the sun shines." That of the boy's was "Make time." Consequently everybody "got there," except the writer and he got left.

That Barwick's sole aim in attending college is to acquire *money*. But he finds *money* is'n't easily gotten.

That a large reward is offered by Miss L. Belle Taylor, St Paul st., eve., for any information leading to the identification of "Sinbad the Sailor."

That Irving Society Literary has had a complete overhauling. A number of old books have been discarded from the library and new and standaad works have taken their place. The books have all been renumbered, having now both a consecutive and set number. Each department of literature has its own place in the library; the different departments being separated by division boards and their names placed above them in large conspicuous letters. A new set of Library rules have been adopted which will tend to preserve the library in its present orderly condition.

That Hadley desires six inches of space in the next issue of the "Monthly." He thinks the correspondence between La Grange and Vienna during the summer will bring about the longed-for consummation of his hopes and plans with the above result. The Sophomore class will be invi'ed and will attend. Then ring ye wedding bells!

That Miss Taylor desires an ear trumpet so that she can appreciate the racquet.

That many things said by "Sinbad the Sailor were erroneous; notably, that about I. C.

That Gollitt tried to make time with a Sophomore blonde but she enjoyed, too much, admiring the *fresh* views of the Hudson, so he gave it up.

#### PRESIDENT LEWIS TO '89.

The Seniors were never more surprised and delighted than when, on the first day of their final examinations the President handed them an envelope containing a card on which was the following:

1889  
Western Maryland College.  
The President  
To the  
Nineteenth Graduating Class.  
Supper at Hotel Dielman,  
May 24.

Carriages will be ordered for 4 p. m.

There had been considerable speculation some time before this what kind of supper we would have but no one ever thought that we should dine at New Windsor, a little town 7 miles distant. Notwithstanding we were wrestling with the unfathomable arguments of Butler's analogy that morning and uttering inward imprecations at his conduct in writing such a book I believe that there was not only a forgiveness on the part of each one but you could see a gleam of joy like the glorious sunshine breaking from the clouds overspreading each ones countenance. Examinations after that were easier. The appointed time came and the twelve seniors were in readiness and anxiety to begin the journey. Three daytons and the President's carriage with the necessary equipments were in waiting and with very little delay we were all com-

fortably seated and on our way. The scenery and weather were magnificent. Nature seemed to have on her loveliest smile. Arriving at New Windsor, we repaired to the dressing room. After drowning the sweat from our eyes we chatted on the lawn and played croquet. Supper being announced we repaired to the dining hall at the hotel. The table was decorated with beautiful flowers and a most handsome repast was served consisting of all the delicacies of the season. To say justice was done it would be putting it mildly, but then everyone knows a college student's capacity. Shortly after supper, although all seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely, the President announced that the time for departure had arrived and the homeward journey began. It was just about twilight when we started and the gentle breezes wafting the perfumes of a thousand hills about us made it most delightful indeed. After a three hours drive we again arrived within the walls of old Alma Mater each one feeling that it was one of the most pleasant occasions spent at W. Md. College.

#### ALUMNI.

Rev. L. C. Wainwright, '83, has finished his studies at the Princeton Seminary and is now preaching in Princess Anne, Md.

Geo. C. Erb, '86, having graduated at the School of the German Reformed Church, at its recent session in Keedysville, May 25th. His examinations were spoken of in very favorable terms by the Examiners. He now has charge of a church at Wilton Junction, Iowa.

Miss Annie R. Yingling, '71, has been spending sometime at her brother's, in Tiffin, Ohio. Her absence at Commencement was much regretted.

At the last Commencement of the Maryland State Normal School, Miss Edith Richards, '86, graduated with high rank. Miss Richards expects to make teaching a profession and spares no pains to thoroughly qualify herself for this work.

Miss Jessie Smiley, A. M., '83, is now teaching in the young Ladies Seminary of Freehold, New Jersey. She fills the Chair of Natural Sciences, and in addition teaches Penmanship and Gymnastic. Her sister, Miss Virginia Smiley, '83, is at her home in Carlisle, Pa.

On Wednesday evening, May 22, a very pretty church wedding took place in the M. P. Church of Johnsville, Md. The contracting parties were Miss Mollie V. Nichols, '73, daughter of Dr. J. K. Nichols, and Mr. J. P. Johnsville. The church was very prettily decorated. The Wedding March was performed by the bride's sister, Miss Georgie Nichol's, '83.

Cards announcing the marriage of Miss Lizzie Bollinger Ray, of Rushville, Illinois, to Lewis A. Jarman, '80, to take place June 26th. President Lewis who is Mr. Jarman's uncle, will go to Rushville to perform the ceremony.

Miss Mary Rinehart, '79, was married June 5th, to Dr. W. H. White, at the Lutheran Church of Westminster. Dr. White will hereafter reside and practice in Westminster.

Miss Flora Trenchard, '85, since graduating has been teaching school in Queen Annie's county, but has spent the last year at her home in Churchill.

#### BROWNING REUNION.

The Brownings held their Reunion in the Auditorium. The program consisted of a President's Address by Miss Gore. The history of the progress of the Society during the past year was read by Laura Taylor. A vocal duett was then sung by Bessie and Gussie Shriver. Next was a recitation by Lula Cunningham, followed by an essay by Ida Harris. Lena Gore sang a very pretty solo, after which readings were enjoyed by Misses Trump and Diffenbaugh. Lizzie Nusbaum and Grace Scrivenor favored



us with an instrumental duet and Clara Lewis recited very nicely. Maggie Stem in her usual pleasing manner, sang a solo. Mollie Shriver read an essay and the literary exercises were closed by an instrumental solo by Annie Shriver, who won the gold medal for music. The exactive members were very much gratified at the progress of the Society and at the cordiality of the members. They were next invited to partake of the delicacies of the season. The tables were loaded with viands which would have tempted an epicure. Lobster salad, dainty sandwiches, varieties of cakes, chocolate, ice cream, water ice, bananas, nuts, etc., all were exceedingly enjoyed. The waitresses were kept busy going from one to the other and chatting merrily as they went. It was indeed one of the most enjoyable reunions of the B. L. S. Those present were: Mrs. Dr. Charles Billingslea, Mrs. Jennie Woodward, Mrs. Dr. Lewis, Misses Lottie Owings, Rinehart, Britton, Blanton, Davis, McKinstry, Cunningham, Trump, I. Dittenbaugh, Orndorff, Basshore, Nicodemus, Noel, Van Meter, Waesche, Ada Smith, Kneller, Cassell, Reaver, Thomson, N. Shriver, A. Shriver, M. Stem, Mourer, Thompson, Brown, Mrs. Dr. Fenby, Mrs. Taylor and Prof. Reese.

### BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

Preached Before the Nineteenth Graduating Class,

BY PRESIDENT LEWIS,

Sunday Morning, June 16th, 1889.

Joshua III, 5. "And Joshua said unto the people, sanctify yourselves: for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you."

The children of Israel, in passing from the land where they had been slaves to the land where God promised to make them a great nation, spent forty years in wandering through a probationary and preparatory wilderness. Our text represents them just emerging from that wilderness, and lo! at their feet a river. To cross it requires means which they have not; and not to cross signifies to stay out of Canaan. God proposes to divide the river for them that they may cross in safety but as a necessary preliminary requires that they should "sanctify" themselves, and expect the developments of the morrow.

Out of this incident arises the theme we offer you on this occasion—

Our to-morrow and how to meet it.

Trite and faithful is the description of life "as a vapor which appeareth for a little while, then vanisheth away," and philosophical is the exhortation that always goes with it "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." Yet, notwithstanding our philosophy, every man thinks he will have a to-morrow and boasts himself of its achievements and joys. And in this, human nature is feeling after a glorious truth. For while the exhortation is appropriate and forcible as an argument against procrastination and forgetfulness of present duty, yet it is never meant to lead us to the despair of all future. When practical religion walks by my side and whispers in my conscience not to delay this good deed, not to postpone repentance, not to wait for a more convenient season to act on matters already settled by my judgment, because I hope for to-morrow; when this good angel tells me "Boast not thyself of to-morrow," I know she means to spur me to present duty. But if the pessimist uses these words in derision of any good hoped for from the morrow; if the unbeliever forbids my boast of the morrow on account of his hopeless creed of nothing known and everything doubtful; or if the blatant infidelity of materialism asserts that to-morrow is a bubble on which fools float into oblivion, then my whole nature revolts and the divine voice in my soul cries out against the blasphemy. Up from all the sordid and sensual weights that can be laid upon it rises the immortal part and protests "I shall have—here or there, what matter—but somewhere I shall have a to-morrow." This is the creed Christianity would teach

every son and daughter of the human race. But events are shaping themselves in letters large and bright enough for the world to read that spell "to-morrow" for this generation. Some of us are to die, but our generation is to live, and in the deeds and attainments of my generation I live even though I die. And those whom I address to-day belong to a generation which is to live and work and grow in its to-morrow. It is said that the master of the school where Martin Luther attended when a boy, was accustomed, on entering his school, to raise his hat in respectful salute and upon being reproached for his want of dignity replied: "I salute the future." You, my friends, are passing through the gates to come in no more. What lies before you and what lies in you is not yet fully revealed, but as you pass to join your generation with musical march and joyous banners, I lift to you an admiring salute. I hail the deeds that are to be, I salute the future, "for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you."

You see then that I wish to speak to you about your immediate future, the work you have before you and the means within your reach for accomplishing it.

I. The future of your generation will be the grandest the world has ever known. I argue this,

1. Because of him who controls it. I would lay my first emphasis upon this largest word in the text. "*The Lord* will do wonders among you." There never was a period when heaven seemed so close to earth. And while it was once written as a marvel that "Enoch walked with God," now it is being revealed that God is walking with this generation. Nearer and nearer are we approaching the time when a great voice out of heaven shall proclaim: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people and God himself shall be with them and be their God."

I felicitate you with grateful joy upon the fact that every member of your class has devoted himself to God in personal consecration of heart and life. This is to you the greatest fact of your individual existence. But this is heightened by the relations of your God to your generation. In a sense not possible to speak of before, God has his hand on the coming generation and is to lead it whithersoever he will. He has put his word in men's mouths, his will and sympathies in their hearts, his weapons in their hands, until Moses' prayer is changing from hyperbole to fact and "all the people are prophets. Who will go up against this multitude that owns God as a leader? What array of scholars vain in their attainments and bitter in their sympathies; what machinations of rulers defiant of the bonds the Almighty is drawing around governments; what wrath and hate and despair of evil men and unbelievers dare to take counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed? For these thousands of years God has been waiting for one consummation, to gather an army from among the sons of men. Without men he is invincible; with men he will prove himself irresistible. The hand-writing is already legible upon every wall of every palace and fortress of the future and they who read it shout it forth to those who cannot: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

Again, I argue the grandeur of your future,

2. Because of what has been accomplished in the past. Our first thought strikes upon the realm of nature and the material forces which are made subservient to higher ends in the progress of civilization. Let us by no means conclude that because the last fifty years have witnessed such astounding improvements we have reached the ultima thule. This is the weakness of a finite ambition. Rather let us look at the matter in the larger hope of citizens of the ages to come. If from the vantage ground gained at the opening of this century man has gone so far, what may he not do from the standpoint he now occupies? Those who go out into life to-day know more of nature than was ever known before; why then should we not expect greater wonders in nature than were



ever wrought before? I am not here to prophesy much less to write history, but to offer as a fulcrum for the ambition and faith of those who know the past the achievements of that past. It is not a vain speculation but a sagacious conclusion that "the Lord will do wonders among you" because of the powers already in your grasp.

And this conclusion is braced by the reflection that natural powers are never an end, but a means to higher ends. To use nature wisely and well means to use it for the uplifting of man. And this is to be the great field of human endeavor for the next generation. God has been teaching men but the alphabet in all the wonders discovered thus far in nature, has been but giving him the elements out of which combinations are to be made by further study and use worthy of such elements? The telephone and telegraph, the powers of steam and electricity—these are wonderful discoveries. But to remain simply as wonders, they become no better than toys. It is what man does with them that demonstrates his mastery. And the future is waiting for him to do things as much grander as his implements are more wonderful than any known before. Now to carry these great instrumentalities on to noble uses awaits the present generation. It is a mighty destiny, and the Lord will do wonders among you in leading you to the accomplishment of this destiny.

3. Wonderful will be your future also in the opportunity it will offer for the solution of problems full of menace to civilization. You hear much of these problems, for the very air is full of agitation. Discouraged men speak of them to prove that there is no longer regenerative force left in society, and that further effort is useless. Timid men bewail them as the sure indication of the collapse that is near at hand. Newspapers and platform orators take them up to prescribe infallible remedies. And even College halls do not lack those who feel able to pronounce a final verdict upon them. They are about us everywhere.

But, my friends, you have not solved them yet. Oratory is not likely to get much more out of them nor into them. But a courageous, cheerful faith rejoices in them as work to do and rewards to be gained. They will yield their solution yet to patient, loving work. The poor are to find their perfect alms; the sick their perfect panacea; the relations of labor and capital are to come to perfect harmony; free speech is to be perfectly adjusted to social order; universal suffrage and perfect centralization of power shall meet together, and even the multitudinous, parti-colored opponents of "that sum of all villainies," the drink traffic, shall kiss each other. Do not doubt it. I am not looking for the millenium, but I believe in God, and I believe in you; and as surely as God reigns and every generation advances beyond its predecessor, so surely will all these questions march to their final and satisfactory answer.

Where did these questions come from? Out of mind. They are the product of the contact of humanity and progress. And shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, "I am greater than thou?" No, a thousand times no! These are our questions. And as we have laid commanding hands upon the forces of nature which were to our fathers turbulence and destructiveness, so upon the wild issues that seem now tending to anarchy in the social world, humanity shall fasten its bridle and make them draw in quietness and strength the triumphal car of social progress. Behold the field! Ye are the chosen ones! Ye are the Lord's anointed, and He will do wonders among you.

I am forced to be content with this bare outline of the future awaiting you, and pass on to notice the more practical consideration of the text, viz.: The preparation of ourselves for fulfilling the obligations of our future. "Sanctify yourselves." Here I desire to get away as far as possible from the formal requirements of sermonizing, and try to realize the equipment needed for a young man or woman to enter life. We will not trouble ourselves with

the theological disputes about sanctification, but by the aid of the incident of our text and some practical survey of our situation, try to bring out the meaning of this word as it applies to our present needs.

(a.) Joshua proposed by this word to answer the question, "Whose are you?" They were on the frontier, and just across the dividing river lay the land to which they were destined, and yet for which they must contend. Before a start was made it was needful to settle thoroughly the matter of ownership and mastery. "Set yourselves apart, therefore, unto him you are willing to acknowledge as master." And this must be the first element in all true sanctification. I tell you, and experience will soon confirm the saying, that it is impossible for you to go through life without some master. "Choose ye then this day whom you will serve." The danger and defeat and humiliation of your life will not lie in loyal submission to a master, but in vacillation. If you serve God to-day and Mammon to-morrow; if you vibrate between a determination to be a disciple and a despiser of Jesus of Nazareth, you are sure to suffer the fate of those who in times of slavery were reckoned the most pitiable slaves—slaves subject to sale. But the dignity of your calling lies in your privilege of choice; select your master. And because it is given you this day to see the outlines of a future to be made great and happy under the superintendence of the Lord of Hosts, sanctify yourselves unto him, adjust your principles and train your powers in harmony with omnipotence, that he may "do wonders among you." I am not ignorant of the many solicitations you have to other service. It has come to be very generally believed that while God may be a good master for Sunday, his principles are not at all applicable to the occupations of any other day; and that if one wants to succeed in life he had better succeed first and then sanctify himself unto God. But this lie, like others born in our deceitful hearts, is very stupid. If we live in God's world, and are working with God's materials and instruments, how can a man succeed apart from God? And if sanctification be a necessary preliminary to successful work, how foolish for a man to propose it after his work is done. It is like believing that two and two make five if one only says it often enough. But they make four, tho' all the world say five. And God owns and governs this world, tho' no man serve him. Settle it, then, in your heart this day whose you are, and, if the Lord be God, sanctify yourselves unto him and serve him only.

(b.) Another element of sanctification is concerned with the proper direction of our energies. Here again vacillation is failure. In a multitude of ways by the things nearest us we are taught that success depends not so much on the place where we work, but on how long and how intelligently we work there. Singleness of purpose and tenacity—these are the wings that bear us to lofty results. The universal movement in all industry towards specialism is the manifestation of our appreciation of the truth. To do well means to do one thing well, and this is what sanctification means. A successful general is he who is able to form a multitude into a mass and drive it towards a point. This was God's purpose respecting the men with Joshua. To cross the river, to surround fortified cities, to overcome opposition, to establish a nation, all were to be done singly, by one impulse and by one effort. To gather them together, then, before a crisis, and focus them, so to speak, upon that crisis, could only be done with those who would resolutely set themselves apart from every other ambition, and fix their energies upon the matter in hand until it was accomplished. God is also standing before you, calling you to great purposes, offering you a share in the renovation of the world, ready to do wonders among you. O, young men and women, are you sufficient for these things? Have you the power to consecrate yourselves to a great idea? Is your measuring line great enough to reach unto God and perfection? Or, are you going to content your-



selves with small things, and busy yourselves in many things while God wants men of one idea, and wants to furnish the idea. He wants to do wonders among you, and he wants only the separation of yourselves from smaller things unto that which is worthy of you. May he give you grace this day to sanctify yourselves. May he fill you with a great aim and nerve you with resoluteness for pursuing it.

(c.) Sanctification is not a dogma, nor a blessing bestowed by another, but a result to be worked out by yourselves. Let us apply this proposition to the things we have already mentioned. The wonderful things God proposes to do among us in the realm of nature are possible only to those who sanctify themselves unto nature; who set themselves apart to discover and apply the secrets of nature one by one. Now, you must see that not the preparation to do a thing, but the doing of the thing is the real setting apart of one's self to it. To resolve to find a new force or a new element is or may be an instantaneous act, but it would be a misuse of terms to call a man who did but this a specialist. Specialists in science or in industry are not produced by resolutions nor by instantaneous processes. The sanctification comes as the result of the life work. In the same way, when we engage in the humanities we produce a satisfactory result only in action. To get men educated, to enlarge the sphere of human sympathies, to make men's enjoyment richer and more innocent—these things cannot be brought about by any process of manufacture. We cannot set men apart to these things, we cannot sanctify them by lecturing to them, or by inducing them to sign a pledge, or by showing them how rich and how obligatory the new life is, nor even by placing the manufactured product complete upon them, and asking them to wear it and enjoy it. To sanctify a man to temperance you must let him work out the temperate habit, and so with any uplifting reform you try to carry among men. We can never reform men against their wills nor without their co-operation. But much more than this. There is a spasmodic virtue which is almost a vice. It is mockery to speak of sanctification to a man whose virtue is only a day old. I am speaking now only of the small morals. Refinement, for instance, is a beautiful virtue, worthy of our constant efforts, but spasmodic refinement is hypocrisy. Why should we call him a refined gentleman who simply acts after refined customs on occasion? "Are any ladies present?" said one of a company of officers seated in Gen. Grant's tent, prefacing therewith an intended vulgarism. "No," said the General, "but there are gentlemen present." These are the refined manners of too many "gentlemen," so called. As Alexander Clark says, "They purr deliciously and step with soft grace in the parlor, and eat mice in the cellar." No; true refinement is not a garment, but a business, a life; and it takes a lifetime to work it out.

What shall we say, then, of those who would persuade you that to become perfect you only need to pray, or to wish very strongly, or to believe very positively? Are not God's methods uniform? More wonderful than all the wonders He is going to do among you in nature, or in civilizing reforms, are the wonders He will do in your characters. Will He then who will not permit the simplest discovery without intense and long-continued application; who lifts humanity to higher levels on the bleaching bones of martyrs, and by the struggles and sacrifices of philanthropists; who has made the symbol of all uplifting His own cross; will He then give you perfection for a sigh? Believe it not, my friends. "From the days of John the Baptist until now the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and men of violence take it by force." Here, too, stretches a river along, and some of you are to-day come to the brink. What shall part those waves for you to cross in safety? Think you meditation will do it? Will reading good books, or hearing good sermons, or even preaching them, do it? "And it came to pass when the feet of the priests touched the brim of the river the waters divided." Our journey opens to us

as we go. And on the other side of this river lies a city. All its streets are pure gold, and its inhabitants never say "I am sick;" and they that are therein wave triumphant palms and strike melodious harps, and fill all the hours with jubilant festivities. But lo! it is a walled city; frowning battlements and strong fortresses are on every side. It is the city of perfected character. What shall give you admittance into that city? Do you hope for it by walking through the valley of death? O, my friends, it lies on this side of that valley, and the way to it is over the mountains of life. You must take the city by work. Wealth never built a city costly enough, and omnipotence will not make it strong enough, to keep out the man who works out for himself the eternal glory of a perfected character. Tho' its gates were every one a solid, separate pearl, and fastened to their places by bars of adamant, they must give way to him who approaches by the road of consecrated work.

Come, then, and sanctify yourselves this day. Consecrate yourselves to unremitting, intelligent, lofty work. So shall the King greatly desire you, and the world shall lift up its hands to bless you, and angels shall salute you as you near the city, and cry again to the gates of pearl, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors, and let the children of glory come in." And He who is the eternal light of the city shall take you by the hand and lead you to your thrones, saying, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I overcame and am set down with my father on his throne."

#### QUONDAM.

Paul W. Kuhns, '81-'87, now a student at Gettysburg College, was a delegate to the 28th International Convention of the Y. M. C. A., in session at Philadelphia from the College Association. Paul graduated at the recent Commencement at Gettysburg, and has now gone to his home in Omaha.

Three of Maryland's best county papers are edited by old students of Western Maryland. The *Carroll News*, at Union Bridge, by Prof. Edward Reisler, '68-'70; the *Star*, at North East, by Geo. O. Garey, '74-'78. and the *Transcript*, at Chestertown, by C. C. Hopper, '78-'81.

W. L. Scabrook, '69-'72, while attending the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, made himself a very useful citizen of Adams county. Last fall his voice was heard from the republican stump, he was orator on Decoration Day, and since then umpired a game of base ball giving entire satisfaction to the visitors. He has accepted a call to the Lutheran Church, at Wichita, Kansas, and has now gone there to fill that charge.

H. C. Jones, '80-'81, of Liberty, Frederick county, who has been at the John's Hopkins University for three years, took his degree of A. B. this June at the head of the scientific division of his class. Mr. Jones has in his time held two scholarships, one an ordinary and the other an honorary Hopkins scholarship. These are the only ones held in this State at that university west of Baltimore since its origin. He will likely remain at the Hopkins for his degree of Ph. D. which will require three years longer; and at the same time that he receives his degree of A. B. he will probably be appointed to a university scholarship which will be the third awarded him. He will finish his course in Germany, and we are glad to say he is growing stout under the pressure of hard work.

George S. Topham, '77-'79, lost his very interesting little son, June 1st.

The Commencement at Western Maryland College, so well described in our local department, has been the most successful in the history of this growing and progressive institution. The College has grown steadily since its foundation, and in the past three years its advancement has been rapid. It now ranks high among educational institutions, and its prospects are bright for still further advancement. Students of five years ago returning to visit its halls, scarcely recognize the College, so many have been the improvements, and present students will find many changes when they return in September. Not only in buildings are the improvements noticeable, but in the excellent discipline, enlarged scope of studies, and general management of the College.—Democratic Advocate.



COMMENCEMENT.

Just as surely as the years come and go, so surely come and go the commencement seasons. This season, abounding in flowers of oratory as well as those of nature, in gilt edged essays, white dresses and the like has just been passing at Western Maryland College. But before entering into a detailed account of the happenings of this week, we wish to say a word of what first impressed the visitor to "the throne" of this "queen of letters," as the hill, where on Western Maryland stands, has been styled by some late enthusiast.

Even before one enters the grounds the walls of beautiful gray-green stone, layed in the rough with red mortar, of the President's new residence, are seen growing under the mason's hand. This, as has been published several times before is the generous gift of the Bakers, of Frederick county, some of whom have themselves been educated here, and others of whom have had children educated here. But a little further on another building is in process of erection. This is a gymnasium, which, when completed, will be handsome and commodious and will be fully equipped. This too, is a gift, and from a graduate of the college. These things are significant and indicate the dawning of a day of prosperity, such as Western Maryland has never known before. Such examples are sure to be followed, and it is when the friends of an institution are moved by the generous impulse to give of their means for its support that it begins to move onward to eminence. During the past year a porch has been built, extending along the full front of the main building, which is so appropriate in design, and is in every way such a satisfaction, that everyone pronounces it the right thing in the right place. A look inside of the building also reveals improvements here and there. The reporter was even permitted a glance into the laundry where steam machinery has been introduced, the engine of which has been placed in the most convenient position for running a dynamo and before another commencement Western Maryland will be lighted by electricity.

On Saturday, June 1<sup>st</sup>, the Commencement for 1889 opened with what is hereafter to be known as

Athletic Day.

In the morning the upper and lower classes "crossed bats" (if we may be allowed the parlance of the ball ground), on Geiman's Field. The grand stand was filled with ladies from the college and the town, and there was a goodly number of spectators, although Saturday morning is a rather unfavorable time for an audience, even if base ball be the attraction. At 10.30 a. m., Umpire J. F. Harper put the ball in play with the upper classmen at the bat. The game continued until the end of the seventh inning, when it was called on account of rain. We give the score, but it must be remembered, while looking it over, that the two nines are not regular clubs, but made up for the occasion.

UPPER CLASSMEN.						
	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.	
Watson, 2b.....	3	3	4	1	0	
Mace, 3b.....	1	0	3	1	2	
E. White, 1b.....	2	2	8	0	0	
Robey, c.....	3	2	0	0	0	
Weller, p.....	1	0	0	8	0	
Cross, 1. f.....	1	1	0	1	1	
Ward, c.....	0	1	5	3	0	
Myers, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0	
Cramer, s. s.....	0	0	1	0	0	
Totals.....	11	9	21	14	3	

LOWER CLASSMEN.						
	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.	
Stone, p.....	1	1	0	9	0	
Waesche, 1b.....	0	0	8	0	1	
Chiswell, 3b.....	0	1	1	0	1	
Dorsey, r. f.....	1	0	1	0	0	
Miskimon, c.....	2	0	9	3	1	
Hadley, s. s.....	1	1	1	0	0	
Mackinson, 1. f.....	0	1	0	0	2	
Harris, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0	
W. White, b.....	0	0	1	2	4	
Totals.....	5	4	21	14	9	

SCORE BY INNINGS.										
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
Upper Classmen.....	2	0	4	0	2	2	1			11
Lower Classmen.....	0	2	0	2	1	0	0			5

Home run, Cross; two base hits, Watson; E. White and Chiswell; Struck out, by Weller 7, by Stone 8.  
In the afternoon there was to have been a Tennis Tournament on the Ladies' Grounds, but this was postponed on account of rain.  
In the evening the annual Calisthenic Exhibition was held in Smith Hall. This is one of the most popular entertainments of the week, and Smith

Hall was full to overflowing at an early hour. The stage looked very pretty, with rich dark red back ground, on which were arranged artistically, ball bats, racquets and other athletic insignia.

THE PROGRAM.

- 1 Flag Parade.....Class of twenty-four young ladies Music.....First Regiment March
- 2 Free Gymnastics.....Male Preparatory Classes Music....."Over the Ocean" March
- 3 Poles.....Female Sophomore Class Music.....Circus Kenz Gavotte
- 4 Fancy Marching.....Male Junior and Sop'more classes Music.....Clarion March
- 5 Dumb Bells.....Female Fresh. and Prep'tory classes Music.....Vacation Song
- 6 Wands.....Male sophomore and Freshman classes Music.....Diagonal Waltz
- 7 Racquet Drill.....Ten Young Ladies Music....."Tripping Through the Meadows"
- 8 Pyramids.....Sixteen Young Men
- 9 Club Swinging.....Senior and Junior classes Part I. Music....."Thine Alone" Waltz Part II. Music.....Myosotis Waltz

The twenty-four young ladies in the Flag Parade were arranged according to height, from the tallest to the shortest, and were divided into distinct groups of fours by dresses and flags of red, white and blue. Their first appearance on the stage was in a V shaped figure, the tallest being in the centre, this gradually dissolved into a straight line, the straight line into four triangles that fitted together at the centre, the triangles into an X, the X into four circles, the four circles into two concentric rings, marching in opposite directions, then followed the figure of a cog wheel, a moving bower and many others, during which many tableau effects were produced. The Free Gymnastics showed the earliest stage of physical training given regularly in the school, and the first of the exercises, although very simple, were greatly admired for the smoothness and uniformity of motion. The last part brought in some tiptoe jumping, which required considerable skill on the part of the "preppies" and was very pretty. There seems to be something inconsistent in putting Poles on the program for ladies, and yet the manner in which the class of Sophomores handled the poles, showed plainly that they could use them with appropriateness and grace, and doubtless with great profit in physical development. Four young ladies stood between each two poles, making four hands to each pole. The movements were chiefly with arm and body and required perfect concert of action. The "Fancy Marching" was somewhat military in its character and the young men, in their athletic shirts with blue trimmings, presented a very soldierly appearance as they wheeled, quarter wheeled, obliqued, evaded and the like. Of course military precision was not to be expected, but surely this style of marching must have all of the advantages, while it avoids the disadvantages of a purely military training. It is fascinating, not only to those who witness it, but to those who take part. The class in Dumb Bells, although made up of the youngest girls had one of the hardest exercises, but they did well. Their movements required great rapidity of motion, and were so difficult to remember from the fact that different parts of the class did different movements. All of these varied movements were parts of one harmonious whole that kept the closest attention of the audience. From a consideration of the disposition of the muscles over the shoulders and chest, it is readily seen that to secure the best results in physical training freedom of motion at the shoulder joint is very necessary. The wand is an admirable means to this end, and the exercises with this piece of light apparatus, in addition to being so useful, are of the most fascinating character. The class stood in six files, and each file made movements that were complementary to those of other files, and, by watching the whole class instead of an individual performer, the prettiest designs could be seen marked out. The gliding rhythm of the waltz was well adapted to the graceful change of position in body that was continually required. This number of the program was probably the most admired of all. The gay tennis suits and jaunty caps of the young ladies in the racquet drill made a pretty scene, and their graceful tripping movements about the stage, the unimaginable ways in which they used their racquets and the sham game they played met with rapturous applause. The Pyramids were very ingenious groupings, in which the boys exhibited their skill in walking up on each others' shoulders, doing the "handstand" and other gymnastic feats. As the system of club swinging which is now used in many of the most prominent schools of the country was instituted at Western Maryland, one naturally expects to find a fine exhibition here in this line, nor could anyone have been disappointed who saw the closing performance of the above program. The way in

which all manner of long arm swings, compound twists and wrist circles were done was truly wonderful. Several of the young ladies were the perfection of statuesque gracefulness, as they stood with quietness of body, while their arms carried the clubs in a bewildering maze round and round. Miss Anna Shriver deserves special compliment for her fine accompaniment on the piano to the whole performance. Her playing was in perfect sympathy with each exercise and she thus contributed largely to the success of the entertainment. The piano music was heightened in effect during the marches by the drum in the hands of Mr. J. C. Mobley, of the Westminster Band. Prof. W. R. McDaniel is Director of the Department of Physical Culture and the entire exhibition was arranged by him. It must not be forgotten that the exhibition represents the daily drill of all the students of the school, and great credit is due Western Maryland for the way she cares for the development of the body while developing the mind.

Baccalaureate Day.

The weather of this Sabbath was no exception to customary weather on Baccalaureate Sundays. It was bright and warm. By 10.30 A. M., the auditorium was filled with the congregations of the M. P., M. E., and Lutheran Churches of Westminster, all of which dispense with their regular morning services on this day and unite in the worship at the college. The platform was occupied by the choir of the M. P. Church, the Faculty and Graduating Class, and the Ministers. The service was opened with an anthem by the choir, "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing." Following this, Dr. J. L. Mills, of the M. P. Church, announced the familiar hymn, beginning "God of my life whose gracious power."

This being sung, he led the congregation in the Lord's Prayer. Then came a responsive scripture reading, led by Rev. G. W. Cooper, of the M. E. Church, the selections from which were from Psalms xxiv, and 1 Chron., vii, with the Gloria Patri by the choir intervening. After this Rev. P. H. Miller, of the Lutheran Church, repeated the commandments, and the school chanted the responses, at the conclusion of which the entire congregation joined in the Apostles' Creed. Ex-President J. T. Ward, D. D., offered prayer, and read the Scripture lesson from Eph. iv. and this beautiful and impressive service was then closed with a fine anthem by the choir, entitled "O Shepherd, so Tenderly Leading." President Lewis then proceeded to deliver the baccalaureate sermon from the text: "And Joshua said unto the people, 'Sanctify yourselves, for tomorrow the Lord will do wonders among you.'"—Josh. iii, 5. The theme drawn from the text was "Our tomorrow and how to meet it." The discourse was eloquent, full of good solid thought and delivered in a forcible manner. Could the young people, for whom the sermon was especially intended, only prepare for the future in the way directed, their success here and hereafter would be assured.

At 4.45 p. m. the Y. M. C. A. held its last meeting for the year. President W. M. Weller presided, and the meeting was addressed by Rev. J. T. Ward and Rev. S. R. Murray. This organization, together with the Y. W. C. A., have done good work during the year, and their regular weekly prayer meetings, bible classes and other religious work has helped many a student toward a better start in life, and sustained him at that critical period of his Christian experience when he is most likely to fail.

At night Rev. S. R. Murray, of the Central M. P. Church of Washington, D. C., preached before these organizations in the M. P. Church of Westminster. His theme was "The privilege of Christian association and the necessity of power from on high for effective Christian work." His text was found in Hebrews, 1st chapter, 23d, 24th and part of the 25th verse; also in Luke, 24th chapter and 49th verse. His sermon was a masterly one in every way, and highly appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Murray is one of the best pulpit orators of the M. P. Church. The choir sang several very beautiful anthems.

Fine Art Day.

PAINTING AND DRAWING.

Monday is known as Fine Art Day, because it marks the opening of the exhibition of the Painting, Drawing and Art Needlework that has been done through the year. At 3 p. m. the studio was thrown open to the visitors and all were soon lost in the beautiful work that filled all the walls and easels about the room. The exhibition grows with each succeeding year and but a meagre idea can be given of the size and worth of the collection, or of the effect produced by the whole in its artistic arrangement. At the head of the hall was a large painting



in oil, 6x4 feet, entitled "Wounded." It was the work of Annie Lucile Dodd, of Wye Mills, Md., and it must have required of her a great deal of time and patience in its execution. Several deer darting across a snowfield are startled to find themselves near a hunter's hut, and one had received the fatal shot just as he leaped into the air. This picture is flanked by two paintings of Mattie Merrick, also of Queen Anne's county. One is a scene of Swiss Mountains, the other is appropriately called "By the River." This is Miss Merrick's first year's work, though one would not think it in looking at the pictures. She has besides these several paintings of flowers. Beneath the above named pictures hang two excellent crayons that at even a short distance strongly resemble engraving. The one, a picture of three horses' heads that are very true to life, especially in the position of the heads, is by Mary Fisher, of Denton, Md. The other, a picture of a pointer dog, is by Annie Laura Jones, of Summit Bridge, Del. Both of these ladies had a number of pictures each, that attracted the attention of many. Miss Fisher had one water color that was beautiful and was more artist-like than anything else, a scene of "Dutch Boats;" two panels of flowers from nature, Narcissus and Dogwood; and pen and ink drawings. Miss Jones had three water-colors of water scenes which were very delicate and pretty; a crayon of a peasant on Terra Cotta paper, a very fine thing; and a number of pastels. The best one is called "The Day is Done" and it is truly "a thing of beauty." The tints are wonderfully worked in and the whole effect is very pleasing. Pastels seemed to be more popular than any other pictures and there were many very beautiful ones around the room. In these the various colors seem to blend with such exquisite harmony, and there is a softness and warmth about them that paintings do not possess. One of the prettiest is by Miss Bertie Keen, of Westminster. It is a sunset scene, showing a stream and boat, and considerable foliage, behind all of which are the bright tints of the clouds as the sun in setting has colored them. The picture was in an exquisite frame of white and gilt. Miss Keen had other work and she very kindly loaned the vases of Persian ware that were refilled each day with fresh flowers. Annie H. Griffin, of Denton, Md., had several pastels and paintings in which she showed improvement on her work of the preceding year. Her bunch of La France roses, done in oil, were about her best. Very prominent on the walls was the collection that represents the work of those to whom the school gives drawing in regular course. The primary class had a good space full of drawings from straight line objects, and the preparatory department exhibited excellent work in map drawing and in original designs. The maps were all colored. Carrie Rinehart, Bessie Herr, Maude Shriver and Jimmie Bond, all of Westminster, were spoken of as the best in this line. In original designs, W. J. Sheahan, of Dennyville, Me., J. H. Elgin and F. R. Cassell, of Westminster, and J. H. Dulaney, of Baltimore, deserve special mention. Along with this work it is well to mention the work of W. M. Weller, of Cumberland, who exhibited a fine group of mechanical drawings. H. P. Grow, of Frederick, Md., was awarded the medal in painting and drawing. His best drawing was a head of Moses, in charcoal, his best painting was a picture of a violin, sheet music and drapery, done from nature. Grow has considerable talent, and will without doubt make an artist. His best drawing here last year took the premium at the Frederick County Fair. President Lewis' daughter Miriam, forso young an artist, has a fine exhibit. On the centre table were a set of after-dinner coffee cups painted by her. She had a number of pencil drawings, a picture or two in charcoal of still life, some water colors from nature and a pair of sepias that were unusually pretty and well done. Lillie Woodward, of Westminster, who is also one of the youngest students, had some pretty work in pencil drawing, charcoal, water colors from nature and decorative painting. Her clover from nature, and an oil picture of still life, were her best. Grace Hering, of Westminster, had a good collection. One pencil drawing from nature of hers, a newspaper, basket and grandmother's spectacles, attracted much attention. Her decorative work was good too. Gertrude F. Beeks, of Still Pond, exhibited a screen with beautifully painted panels. Adelia Handy, of Somerset county, had one or two pieces, and an especially good sunset scene in oil. Nora Shower, of Westminster, who has lately begun this work, had some good drawings. Nettie Shriver, of Avondale, had two water colors, one Jacqueminot roses and the other autumn leaves, both of which were large pictures and had prominent places.

Though mentioning it last, we have no intention of overlooking the work of Edith Stevens, of Edesville, Kent county, for she has much that is to be admired. Two panels, one of magnolias and the other of fleur de lis, in water colors, together with a sepia from still life, form a group that was about as exquisite as anything in the room. And now, having said so much, the writer feels that he has done but scant justice to the effective teaching of Miss Rinehart, who is in charge of the department, and to the faithfulness of her students.

#### ART NEEDLEWORK.

The visitors were not disappointed in expecting to find the art needlework finer than ever before, although it has in previous years attained such a high standard. Lena E. Gore, of Vienna, Dorchester county, Md., had a collection of six handsome pieces of work; a table scarf on velours, in arisene and silk, was exceedingly rich in effect; her sofa cushion in a Persian design was one of the most elaborate on exhibition; her head rest, while less pretentious than some others, was a very dainty design, most beautifully executed. Miss Fannie May Grove, of Hagerstown, Md., had a lambrequin in plush applique and silk, a wreath of autumn leaves. The design originated at the Decorative Art Rooms in Baltimore, and was one of the handsomest at the late exhibition there. Her sofa cushion was from the Art Rooms in New York. Its duplicate, worked by a lady of this class, sold from the art rooms last winter for \$30. It was in Italian stitch, in blue and old pink, on slate colored sateen. She has also a sofa scarf, in Kensington and gold, which is very handsome. Iva Lowe, of Greensboro', Md., had a lambrequin of lemon-colored satin sheeting, with horse chestnuts and leaves, in solid Kensington, in browns and greens outlined with gold. The stitches were as even as if woven, and the colors most artistically arranged. Darning is one of the most adaptable of the new stitches, and Miss Lowe used it to good advantage in large conventional lotus flowers, in gold filo and rope silk on blue green sateen. Miss Mattie Merrick, of Merrickton, Queen Anne's county, Md., had a table scarf of rich blue plush, embroidered in brown with a design of horse chestnuts and leaves. It is a very elegant article, the plush ornaments and China silk lining adding to its beauty. Her stand cover of soft moleskin plush, in wavy lines of pink rope silk, in Kensington stitch, is as handsome as it is unique. A handkerchief case of pink China silk had a delicate vine of Virginia creeper in white filo. Betty Shriver, of Avondale, Md., had a buffet scarf on linen duck, embroidered in oranges in natural shades in solid Kensington and darning; a table scarf of velours in arisene and silk; her bureau scarf is one of the most elaborate pieces of darned work. Lizzie Caulk, of Sassafras, Md., had a sofa cushion of elegant design of conventional Japanese lilies, wrought in rope silk and filo, in pinks and pale lemon satin sheeting. Her lambrequin was also very handsome, and she had a dainty sachet bag in blue plush and satin, worked in rosebuds and forget-me-nots. Ida M. Harris, of Mt. Ephraim, Md., had an elegant garnet plush lambrequin in gold colored rope silk; her bureau scarf was beautifully worked, and her headrest, in painting and embroidery, was one of the prettiest. Nellie Wantz, of Westminster, and who is only a little girl of the primary class, has one beautiful work. Her table scarf on pale olive felt, in arisene, and a pin-cushion in pink India silk, with design of a wild rose and leaves, shows care and neatness. A. Laura Jones, of Summit Bridge, Del., had a table cover of sage green satin sheeting, beautifully embroidered in a conventional design in pinks and greens. It was a simple but very elegant design. Her sofa cushion was a combination of painting, Kensington outline and short and long stitches. The designs were from the Art Rooms in Baltimore and were very handsome. Annie H. Griffin, of Denton, Md., had six articles showing care and merit. Her lambrequin was on sage green satin; the design, in plush applique, consisted of griffins rampant, at stated distances, in green plush ornamented in gold, connected and surrounded by an embroidered scroll design in several shades of sage green filoselle. Her table scarf, on navy blue surah, with one end embroidered in dogwood and the other in wild roses, was so perfectly done in stitch and shade as to pass for painting. Fannie E. Walls, of Queen Anne's county, had one of the prettiest head rests, the old pink showing well on a light wood brown. She also had a morning glory twining on a trellis worked on a linen bureau scarf, which was very natural looking. Annie L. Dodd, of Wye Mills, Md., had but one piece, a centre strip for a dining table. It was on heavy French drilling, in white and gold rope

silk. It was one of the richest things on exhibition. There was nothing more beautifully worked in the collection than the lambrequin of Grace Scrivenor, of Eldersburg, Carroll county. It embraced Kensington outline, solid Kensington darning, short and long stitches, and is faultlessly done throughout. Her sofa was from the Art Rooms in New York, and had a handsome finish of moss fringe. Mary Bernard, of Greensboro', Md., had a queer Japanese design on old gold satin. It was difficult to tell whether they were flowers or butterflies, but the work and shading were exquisite. A washstand scarf was very handsome, and a handkerchief case in forget-me-nots was very delicate and pretty. Gertrude F. Beeks, Still Pond, Md., had a lambrequin in plush applique of conventional tulips in shades of red and pink, with green embroidered leaves; her bureau scarf in blue was beautifully executed, and the design very pretty. This department is under the efficient management of Miss Lottie A. Owings, the Preceptress. She keeps in constant communication with the Decorative Art Rooms of Baltimore and New York, and obtains from them most of the designs and materials. All the latest stitches are taught, and every effort used to make the school on a par with the art schools of the cities. Western Maryland will make an exhibit at the State Fair next fall, and much of the work on exhibition now will be seen there.

#### CONCERT.

In the evening the annual Instrumental and Vocal concert was given in Smith Hall.

#### PROGRAM—PART FIRST.

- 1 Piano Quartet.—Overture to La Gazza Ladra.....Misses A. Shriver, Beeks, Mills and Wolfes.
- 2 Vocal Solo.—Sing, Smile, Slumber.....Gunnod Miss L. E. Gore.
- 3 Piano Solo.—The Brook (Transcription).....Pape Miss M. C. Mills.
- 4 Chorus.—Ave Mari.....Abt Solo Obligato, Miss Wolfes. Misses Hyde, Stevens, M. Stem, Gore, G. Shriver, Dumm, B. Shriver, H. Stem, Mills and Laughlin.
- 5 Piano Duet.—Finale from B flat Symphony.....Schubert Primo, Prof. Rinehart; Secundo, Miss T. E. Caulk.
- 6 Vocal Solo.—(a. Caro nome (Rigoletto).....Verdi (b. Sands of Dee).....Clay Miss F. Z. Blanton.

#### PART SECOND.

- 7 Piano Solo.—(with Organ Obligato) Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn Miss Anna Shriver.
- 8 Vocal Solo.—Deep in my Heart.....Centemeri Miss M. A. Stem.
- 9 Piano Solo.—(a. Songs without words, No. 24, Mendelssohn; b. Romarze, Op. 26, No. 1, Rubinstein; c. Waltz, Op. 42.....Chopin Prof. T. F. Rinehart.
- 10 Vocal Solo.—The Butterfly.....Torry Miss N. M. Hyde.
- 11 Vocal Sextet.—Row Us, Boatmen.....Campana Misses Gore, M. Stem, Wolfes, Stevens, Dumm and H. Stem.
- 12 Piano Quartet.—Waltz in A flat.....Moszkowski Misses Wolfes, Mills, Beeks and Galt.

It will be seen from the above that this occasion was a treat to all music lovers, so far as the make up is concerned, and those present were gratified to find that the rendition did no discredit to the music. On one side of the stage was a handsome new Decker Grand Piano, of the purest and most delightful tone. This is an acquisition to the department that has long been wished for and that will hereafter afford great pleasure on all such occasions. Besides this there were also on the stage two Decker Uprights and an Estey Organ. The stage was prettily decorated and the performers were arranged in a semi-circle near the centre. The two quartets were bright and dashing selections and were played with much viracity. The two pianos afforded a volume of sound that made the large hall ring. It would be a compliment worthily bestowed if we could speak separately of each number of the program, but space is not allowed us. Yet we must say not only that all did well, but that all did remarkably well, and if the Department of Music is to be judged by this concert, it is evident that the College is doing as good work in this department as in others. The piano solo, with organ obligato, by Miss Anna Shriver, the most advanced pupil of the department, was without doubt the sweetest piece on the program and was played excellently. The organ blended beautifully with the piano and produced a most pleasing effect. The numbers, by Miss Blanton, who is the head of the Vocal Department, and by Prof. Rinehart, who is the head of the Instrumental Department, demonstrated that those who are at the head are thoroughly competent to show by their example how the music they teach may be given in the very best style. The concert was a great improvement on that of the previous year and delighted all who were present.



**Undergraduate Day.****GRADES AND PRIZES.**

The undergraduate is not to be left out of Commencement Week, even if the Seniors do think it is intended for them alone. With great fear and trembling they assemble on the morning of this day to hear the reading from the mighty book wherein are the records made during the year. The Faculty occupied the stage, and by the Secretary's desk was suspended the medal board, glittering with its array of gold and ribbon. It was beheld with envious eyes, and the question "who shall it be?" was answered to many by the ghost of neglected opportunity. The exercises were opened with devotional services, after which the Secretary read the grades of the various studies during the year and announced the Honor Roll:

**SENIOR CLASS.**

Valedictory.....L. B. Taylor, Baltimore  
Salutatory.....A. L. Jones, Summit Bridge, Delaware  
Valedictory.....L. I. Pollitt, Salisbury  
Salutatory.....T. E. Reese, Cranberry

**JUNIOR CLASS.**

Gold Medal.....M. E. Money, Leeds  
Gold Medal.....G. W. Ward, Daisy  
Honor. Mention.....J. M. Tull, Marion  
.....J. F. Harper, Centerville  
.....W. I. Mace, Church Creek

**SOPHOMORE CLASS.**

Gold Medal.....H. M. Blandford, Clinton  
Honor. Mention.....E. I. Caulk, McDanieltown  
.....E. A. Ebaugh, Houcksville  
.....T. E. Caulk, Cassafra  
Gold Medal.....D. F. Harris, Mt. Ephraim  
Honor. Mention.....S. S. Crockett, Solomon's  
.....P. H. Dorsey, St. Clement's Bay

**FRESHMAN CLASS.**

Gold Medal.....W. E. White, Whiton  
Certificate of Honor.....F. R. Cassell, Westminster  
Honor. Mention.....T. C. Rounton, Uniontown  
.....F. M. Phillips, Laurel, Del.  
.....F. M. Hymiller, Westminster

**FIRST YEAR PREPARATORY.**

Certificate of Honor.....R. A. Parke, Westminster  
Honor. Mention.....W. H. Leister, Westminster

**INTERMEDIATE YEAR.**

Certificate of Honor.....L. K. Woodward, Westminster  
MUSIC.

Gold Medal.....Marianna Shriver, Westminster  
PAINTING.

Gold Medal.....H. P. Grow, Frederick City  
ART NEEDLEWORK.

Gold Medal.....F. M. Grove, Hagerstown  
President Lewis then proceeded to bestow the medals, after which he made some happy and appropriate remarks to the school. The exercises were closed with prayer by the venerable Ex President Ward.

**SOCIETY REUNIONS.**

In the afternoon the four literary societies, the Browning and the Philomathean, composed of young ladies, and the Irving and Webster, composed of young men, held their annual reunions and spreads. Each had "a feast of good things," both intellectually and gastronomically. A large number of friends and visiting exaives were in attendance. No sentiment aroused and cultivated by college life seems so strong as that called forth by the literary society, and hence to those that return there is nothing that so rekindles the old memories and good fellowship of school days as the society reunions.

**SOCIETY CONTEST.**

The warm society feeling aroused by the reunions is a fitting preparation for the society contests which follow at night. At an early hour Smith Hall was filled, and intense interest and excitement of the occasion could be seen on almost every face in the audience, and certainly on every face on the stage, which was occupied on the one side by the Philomathean and Webster Societies, and on the other by the Browning and Irving Societies, with their bright banners gaily waving over them. After the Westminster Cornet Band had dispensed an inspiring selection, Gertrude Beeks, in a very pleasing manner, introduced Edna E. Frazier, of Middletown, Del., as the first essayist of the Philomatheans. Her subject was "The Beautiful in Nature as an Uplifting Force," which was a fine paper and given in a distinct and beautiful delivery. Lena Gore, on the part of the Brownings, then introduced Georgia Franklin, of Westminster, whose theme was "Crowned and Sceptred." The band then discoursed more music, after which W. McA. Lease introduced W. I. Mace, of Church Creek, Dorchester county, as Webster's first orator. He delivered in a forcible manner a thoughtful speech on "Hypocrisy Dethroned." Then came Irving's first representative, D. F. Harris, of Montgomery county, introduced by the President, W. M. Weller. His subject was "The Education of Mankind," and his speech showed great care in preparation and his elocution was very beautiful. After more music came the Philomatheans and Brownings again. Marian E. Money, of Leeds, for the former, with "Wind Blown Leaves" as a subject, and Nannie Heyde, of Baltimore, for the latter, with an essay on "Let There Be Light." Still more music, and the Websters and Irvings were again on the platform,

J. F. Harper, of Centerville, representing the former with an oration on "Rocks in the Sea of Life," and Wm. Cross, of Clarksburg, representing the latter with an oration on "The True Source of Happiness." Immediately after this Mrs. S. K. Herr, of Westminster, as judge for the Philomatheans and Brownings, came upon the stage, and in a neat and appropriate address announced her decision in favor of the Brownings, which met with tremendous applause from the Browning side of the house. Dr. Lewis then exhibited to the audience the handsome Merrill prize, which was won at the last contest by the Irving Society, and which was now the object of contest. Prof. M. A. Newell, of the State Normal School, then came forward as the judge for the Irvings and Websters, but before announcing his decision asked of President Lewis the privilege of presenting to the lady societies a prize similar to the Merrill prize. It is needless to say his generous offer was gladly accepted, and met with great applause from the audience. He then announced the Websters as the winners of the Merrill prize, at which a shout of exultation went up from all the Websters. The contest is now one of the most interesting entertainments of the week.

**Alumni Day.****CLASS EXERCISES.**

There is a time to weep and a time to laugh, the good book says. This time in commencement comes when the graduating class has its exercises. The stage decorations for the occasion were in orange and black, the gentlemen of the class wore orange ties and gloves, the ladies wore black dresses with sashes of yellow. The program, of very unique design, printed on black in gold, read as follows:

**CHIMES.**

Ho ye, all ye, mer having business with the Class of '89 will now come forth and transact it.

Organ Voluntary on the Piano,\*

Senorita Beeks.

President's Address by the President,

Monsieur Pollitt.

This speech is funny and the audience is expected to laugh.

Scribe's Report, by the gentleman himself.

Minutes of the Class from September 1st, '88, to June 19th, '89.

Treasurer's Report by

Treasurer Weller.

History of the Class,

Herr Historian Reese.

Prophecy—A Novel.

Fraulein Prophetess Jones.

The Class Annals will now be presented to the Faculty, with great fear and trembling,†

Shield Presentation.‡

Class Ode.

Intermission.

Oration.

\*This piece is music.

†On the part of the Faculty.

‡This has been paid for.

§Water is served whenever called for.

The Class Shield was of burnished brass on hard wood and contained the names of the Class, and was placed on the walls of Smith Hall.

Each item of the program was full of fun, keeping the audience in constant laughter.

**ALUMNI DINNER.**

At 3.30 p. m., the annual business session of the Alumni Association convened in the Library. There was a goodly number in attendance and the meeting was interesting, though no business of much importance was transacted. The following officers were elected: President, H. L. Elderdice, A. W. B. D., of Baltimore; Vice President, Mrs. Martha Smith Fenby, of Baltimore; Secretary, Hattie Bolinger; Assistant Secretary, James A. Dissenbaugh; Treasurer, Franklin P. Fenby; Trustee of Alumni Fund, William R. McDaniel; Executive Committee, Lizzie Trump, Belle Orndorff, Franklin P. Fenby and James McD. Radford, with the President, *Ex-officio* chairman. At this juncture President Lewis announced dinner, and all repaired to the Dining Hall where a bountiful repast was spread. After the dishes had been removed, James A. Dissenbaugh responded to the toast *Alma Mater*; B. Franklin Crouse to the theme, *Western Maryland Before the Legislature*; H. L. Elderdice to "Our Ladies"; Lynn R. Meekins to the Press as an Educator. Mrs. Clara Smith Billingslea, Mrs. Mary Ward Lewis, Lizzie Trump and Flora Wilson, each gave appropriate readings. The occasion was one much appreciated and enjoyed by all. The Trustees who had been in session on this day, were also invited to the dinner, and were present in a body. At their session they elected two new members, Samuel Normant and James Topham, both of Washington, D. C.

**ALUMNI ORATION.**

At 8 p. m., in Smith Hall an oration was delivered before the Alumni by the venerable ex-president Ward. He was heartily applauded when he appeared on the stage, and no one could have been so acceptable to all the old graduates as he, whom they had all learned to love so well. His subject was "The Advantages of a College Education." The class of 1889 was publicly welcomed as members of the Alumni Association and the program was enlivened by piano music kindly furnished by Prof. Rinehart and Anna Shriver.

**Commencement Day.**

The weather, which all the week up to this time, had been so capricious was on this day very decided, and decided in the right direction. It was beautiful, as beautiful Maryland weather can be. Owing to the large class and the necessity of getting through in time for the afternoon trains to Baltimore, the exercises were commenced promptly at 9 o'clock. The large stage was filled with the Board of Trustees, Faculty, Graduating Class, Students and orchestra. The Graduating Class presented an unusually handsome appearance. The ladies' dresses were especially to be admired for their sweet, simple beauty. They had discarded the profusion of silks, satins and laces so customary, and wore gowns of Pers an lawn, made in Empire style. Grist's Orchestra, of Baltimore, occupied one end of

the stage and furnished the best music that was ever given at a Western Maryland Commencement. Prof. J. F. Rinehart, of the College, acted as the pianist and made good use of the new Decker Grand. The music was a feature of the exercises and was a source of great delight. The program for the exercises read as follows:

**PROGRAM.**

Prayer.....By Rev. J. L. Mills, D. D.  
Music—Overture "William Tell".....Rossini  
Salutatory Essay—The Sphere of an Educated Woman  
Annie L. Jones, Summit Bridge, Del.  
Salutatory Oration.....The Seal of Character  
T. E. Reese, Cranberry.  
Music—Melodies (Erl King, &c.).....Schnubert  
First Essay.....At Our Windows  
Harriet E. Wamsley, Baltimore.  
First Oration.....Immortality of Lawyers  
H. G. Watson, Centerville.  
Music—Roman Carnival.....Mendelssohn  
Second Essay.....Heroism of Common Life  
Fannie M. Grove, Hagerstown.  
Second Oration.....Science, the Champion of Truth  
W. M. Weller, Cumberland.  
Third Essay—A Voice from the Nineteenth Century  
Annie L. Dodd, Wye Mills.  
Music—Mazurka.....Strauss  
Third Oration.....The Prisoner of Matter  
W. M. Lease, Mt. Pleasant.  
Fourth Essay.....The Ladies of the White House  
Gertrude F. Beeks, Still Pond.  
Oration.....Compensations of Providence  
J. B. Whaley, Suffolk, Va.  
Music—March Majestic.....Wagner  
CONFERRING DEGREES.  
Music—Waltz: Dreaming Eyes.....Waldteufel  
Valedictory Essay.....The Inspiration of Necessity  
Laura B. Tay or, Baltimore.  
Valedictory Oration.....Journalism  
L. I. Pollitt, Salisbury.  
Music—March: Tarntuhsen.....Wagner  
Benediction.

The Salutatory on the part of the ladies was pronounced in French, and on the part of the gentlemen in Latin. Both were given with marked fluency and distinctness. After the first essay and oration the exercises were interrupted by the arrival of a large number of people from Baltimore, that had arrived by the incoming 10 o'clock train. This train also brought the Governor and other distinguished visitors, among whom were Prof. John E. McCahan, Superintendent of Schools of Baltimore; Dr. George L. Horn, School Commissioner; Albert Marshall, Secretary of the School Board, W. J. C. Dulany and Revs. F. T. Little, J. D. Kinzer, D. L. Greenfield, J. M. Gill, G. W. Haddaway, R. S. Rowe and H. L. Elderdice. Mayor Latrobe sent a letter of regret, having expected to attend, but being disappointed at the last moment. As the Governor came upon the stage the orchestra struck up "Maryland! my Maryland." The essays and orations were much complimented by the visitors for their composition and clear delivery. When the time came for the conferring of degrees, President Lewis addressed the Class as follows:

*My Dear Friends of the Nineteenth Graduating Class:*

—I am about to perform my last official act in connection with your apprenticeship in the workshop of learning. I and my associates have followed you through all the steps of your collegiate way, and we have now reached the quay, and before you step aboard ship and sail into new lands we pause a moment to give you good voyage, and say the last words of counsel and cheer. You go forth resolved, as your motto suggests, "to bear the burdens of life." Good, stout men, and pure, courageous women you are, and I do not know why you should not bear a generous share of that burden. You have had enviable opportunities for preparation, and you now have a fair start. You may be sure there will be no scarcity in the matter of burdens. And what you will do is not at all determined by what you have received, but by the use you make of your faculties in the future. Graduation is only a forecast, and not always a wise one. There is plenty to do, and if you do not find it you are the loser, and not the world. If you are looking for burdens and sacrifices and unsympathetic witnesses, you are on the right planet, and if you are trying to avoid these you will pardon me for saying you are scarcely fit for any planet. And I have great pleasure in my confidence that you have not given yourselves to Christ so thoughtlessly as to expect no cross. But it is vain to attempt to give you directions, much as our hearts yearn to see you succeed. The wisest man could not tell you what to do to-morrow. Let your chart be "Depend on God and on yourselves, and on nothing else in all the world." Take with you the assurance that you have friends here bound to you with peculiar solicitude. Come back to us in person when you can, but in memory, in love, in fellowship, always. Other duties will call us as they call you. But we shall keep you in our hearts and prayers and healthful sympathy evermore.

At the close of this he delivered the customary Latin address to the trustees and class, after which the members of the class received their diplomas at the hands of His Excellency the Governor. President Lewis then announced that the Trustees had conferred the degree of A. M. in course upon Lewis C. Wainwright, '83; Leyburn M. Bennett, B. Alfred Dumm, George C. Erb, Charles M. Grow, Edward T. Mowbray and Wm. E. Roop, and that Prof. George W. Devilbiss had been elected Principal of the Preparatory Department. He also made public mention of the gift of the Baker Brothers, and the fact that the gymnasium was the gift of Miss Annie R. Yingling, '71; also that Samuel Normant, Esq., of Washington, D. C., had established a permanent annual prize of \$75, to be given to the best student in oratory, and that Prof. M. A. Newell had given a silver laurel wreath, similar to the Merrill prize, as a permanent prize for contest between the Browning and Philomathean Literary Societies. The program was concluded at 12 o'clock, and the immense audience dispersed in every way delighted with what was the most enjoyable and gloriously successful Commencement ever held at Western Maryland.



## SALUTATORY.

BY MISS A. L. JONES.

Premièrement je salue juin balsamique, le mois de fleurs et de bous cieux, et l'occasion heareuse quand la récompense vient à l'ouvrier; car, c'est à nous comme dans la nature, le commencement de fruits. Pendant les mois passés tous les deux, nous avons été le sujet de travail gracieux, de semaille, d'ondée's enrichissantes, et maintenant ceux qui nous aiment, ils observent avec plaisir le temps de mûrir.

Jui est-ceque je distinguerai dans la foule amicale?

Vous, pères geuireux, les commissaires, pur le soin vigilant de qui nous avons joui ces opportunités, je vous fait accueil de coeur emtier.

Notre Président, digne, dont tous les efforts et l'ambition entière sont pour l'avancement de bien-être du collège, et de nous, je salue seulement comme l'on puurait qui avait reçu dévoué. C'est notre grand désér que sa vie ait prolongé, qui il réalise tous ses desseins chériss.

Et vous que nous appelleins nos amis chériss, la Faculté, dont le soin assidu, le travail, endurant et la devotion désiuter-résse ont fait notre carrièr ici nous vaut. Tout ce que cést, je vous salue avec une émotion filiale. A cours des raisous les plus hautes, vous possédez anjourd'hui la place la plus proche de nous, et votre sourire encourageant, est le soleil qui fait ce jour glorieux. Prenez toute notre gratitude; prenez toute notre appréciation reconnaissante, on si vous ne prenez pas toute, alors ce que nous retenous, ce sera une bonte, que nous distribuons parvotre faveur aux autres qui nous sont chériss, et qui nous fait heureux anjourd'hui parleur presence.

En manifestant leur intérêt, nous sommes riguiillonnes de travailler avec plus de zèle.

Nos compagnons de college ont été une agence impertante en assistant notre carriéré au collège. Car ils nous ont offri beaucoup de bons mots, comme nous avons fait une application lente et persévérante, et ils ne nous eut per présenté pae d'occasion de plaisir, et leur souriré génial nous prêtent anjourd'hui, l'assurance silencieusse et encourageanté.

## SALUTATORY.

BY T. EDWARD REESE.

Hoc festo die anniversario, curatores honorati ac reverend vos imprimis salutamus. Floruit et florebit quotidie magis, vestris auspiciis, collegium Mariæ-terræ occidentalis. Qua de causa vos nunc adesse nobis gratissimum est. Viam novam vivendi cras ingressuri, benedictionem a vobis rogamus et vehementer petimus. Vobis universis singulisque et academiæ nostræ, quam cum magno studio sustinueritis, successus prosperos det Deus omnipotens! Et nunc tibi, Præses dilecte, salutationem facimus ac præsentiam tuam benigno vultu animoque exceipimus. Gratulamur tibi quod in administratione rei publicæ academiæ tam felix et faustus fuisti. Dotes ingenii tui omnibus not sunt. Itaque non sum prædicaturus laborem in negotiis tuis, industriam in agendo, celeritatem in conficiendo, consilium in providendo. Quid opus est dicere quantas tu res quantaque felicitate in collegio extruendo gesseris? Testis est ædificium Wardianum amplificatum; testis est domus Smithiana, opera tua, condita; testis est benignitas amicorum quæ tibi pecunias ad jacienda fundamenta ædium præsidis atque gymnasii commodavit; testis est discipulorum copia tanta! Tibi bene de nobis merito maximam gratiam habemus. Te, Præses honorate iterum, salvere jubemus.

Magnam voluptatem ex præsentia vestra, Professores Præceptoresque doctissimi, hodierno die capimus. Ad suscipiendum gradum in artibus primum nos paravistis. In hoc collegio, vobis docentibus, ad res pulcherrimas "ex tenebris ad lucem" erutas

vestro labore deducimur; nullo nobis sæculo interdictum est, in omnia admittimur. Disputare cum Socrate licet, dubitare cum carneade, cum Epicuro quiescere, hominis naturam cum Stoicis vincere, in consortium omnis ævi incedere. Vestro consilio et auctoritate veram sapientiam quam nulla abolebit ætas, nulla diminuet, ex animo amare didicimus. Itaque usum præceptorum, quæ nobis tradidistis, toto vitæ nostræ curriculo persequemur, ut ea quæ nobis dixistis infigantur animis nostris eaque re nobis accedat habitus. Amanter ac cum summa observantia, præceptores vos salutamus.

## VALEDICTORY.

BY MISS L. B. TAYLOR.

The hours and minutes fly swiftly by and bring to us the sad part of this otherwise happy day, the parting from those with whom we have been so long associated. The time has now come when the tie of friendship which has bound us together for a few years must be broken and the severing sends a thrill of pain through our happy hearts.

The mind instinctively goes back to the time three years ago when I first ascended College Hill and beheld our dear old Alma Mater within whose walls I have been so kindly sheltered. Since that time change after change has occurred, improvements have been made and still the work advances. The spacious hall in which we are now situated, has been erected and has become an indispensable part of the building. Through the kindness of two of our friends, our beloved President will soon have a beautiful home of his own, where he can entertain and enjoy the comforts of a home life. Near this in course of erection is a gymnasium, the gift of another friend which will be a building of which we may be justly proud both for its advantage and for its structure. We who are here for the last time as students of W. M. C. will never have the benefit of these edifices, but our sincere wish to those who remain is that they may be to them a source of advantage and pleasure. But as we review the improvements which have occurred in the College, what can we say for ourselves, have we kept pace with its progress or have we allowed ourselves to linger in the path of duty and delayed putting forth our best efforts? Let each one ask himself the question and in the future guard against the temptations which beset him in his College life. In a little while we will all be out in the world's broad field of battle. Let us not be one of those who drift along with the tide, but let us be always watchful and ready in all things. Thus we linger on the brink of separation and fondly go over the weeks and months and years just gone, but the word must be spoken, the "Good-bye" said.

To you our beloved President, who has been to us a kind guardian in the past, we can only say Good-bye, with a heart full of gratitude for your kindness and help and the sincere hope that happiness and prosperity may attend your future life. Our board of Trustees with their venerable President, we thank you for your help and support and bid you a regretful adieu.

To the faculty we can say that our intercourse with you has been one of pleasure and will always form a bright spot in our past. In many ways have we been intimately associated and in all things have you worked for our good. To you we wish a happy future and a sad farewell. Behold classmates we have all reached the end for which we have striven and stand on the threshold of a new life filled with bright hopes. But the hour of triumph is determined by the thought that we must part never to meet again as a class of W. M. C. But the memory of the pleasant hours spent together will ever prove a halo to our lives amidst the joys and sorrows of the future. As we leave our beloved Alma Mater, may we all have for our watchword our motto "Oneri vitæ, simus pares." Words fail to express the



feelings of my heart and I fain would linger over the parting but must say "Good-bye."

To you dear schoolmates with whom we have passed many pleasant, happy hours we bid farewell with many fond wishes for your success.

Friends and citizens of Westminster we thank you for your presence which has encouraged us on so many occasions and it is with deep regret that we leave the many pleasant associations which we have formed. To one and all I can only say

Good-bye, Good-bye dear friends Good-bye,  
How sweet the words, though full of pain;  
God's blessing ever follow you  
E'en though we never meet again.

### VALEDICTORY.

BY L. IRVING POLLITT.

Four scenes have been enacted. The Freshman, Sophomore and Junior, one, two and three, passed rapidly, and today scene the fourth closes, and the curtain falls forever on the drama in which the class of '89. were the characters. The tide of the years has quickly borne along another class, and it now comes to where it must bid an adieu to the rippling waters of school life, and confront the mighty sea of the future with all its uncertainty and fears. To some of you who have seen eighteen valedictorians stand where I now stand, and heard their farewells, it may seem the same old story: yesterday a class came, today it graduates, and tomorrow it goes out into the great unknown. Our departure may be given only a passing thought, and our absence scarcely be noticed, yet remember that while it is an old experience to you it is a new one to us. The emotions which this occasion arouses in us are no less real because they may seem affected and unnatural to you. We have lived among you the period of our lives in which the most lasting impressions are made; and in the years of the future our thoughts will still revert to the pleasant years passed in your city, and the kindness and hospitality which you have often shown the class of '89. will not be forgotten. Westminster has become as a second home to us, and you the friends of a more advanced childhood; and it is not without regard that we must say adieu to you, and cast a last lingering glance over the beautiful hills, valleys, and woodlands of Carroll, possibly never to meet our gaze again.

My schoolmates, when I think of the pleasant associations which have been formed between you and our class, and that today these happy relations must be broken, it becomes anything but a pleasant duty to speak the parting words to you. At various times in the past we have welcomed you as fellow students among us, but after today that relationship will have ceased to exist, and the student's life will know us no more. We have the ranks in which, for four years, we have been enlisted, but they will be filled up well, we hope and believe, by you. When the old bell shall proclaim the beginning of a new year next September you will hearken to its call, but its reverberations will die away unheard and unheeded by the class of '89. Other footsteps will fall where ours have fallen, other voices echo through these halls made sacred by associations. We can only wish that your remaining college days may be prosperous and happy; and let me say as a last farewell that I realize now as never before what a friend my college has been to me; and if you may ever be disposed to be ungrateful to her for what she has done for you, it will be ingratitude to your best friend.

To you, respected teachers, we would bid an affectionate good-bye, and we will ever remember that it was you who tried to prepare us for the requirements of life. Dr. Lewis, whatever our lives may prove, you have done your part. May you have God's speed in the noble work which you are doing for mankind.

Classmates, to-day closes a chapter of our lives, and to-morrow will open another, grim and stern. The flight of the year has

been only too swift, and, as the moment draws near when we shall cease to be a class, I almost feel like crying. Turn back, O years, in your flight, and deal not so harshly with us! But, cruel though it may seem, fate has decreed that the time has come for class ties to be forever severed, and to none can this bring deeper sadness than to him who addresses you. This sadness is intensified when we look at the past and see that a class has scarcely ever met after graduation with an unbroken number; a vacant chair silently testifies too often to an absence. But though to-day we cease to be students, yet may the golden cord of memory ever unite us as members of the Class of '89; may he from whom comes all wisdom and goodness bless and prosper each member of our class.

Alma mater, thou who hast watched over us so tenderly, farewell! Friends, schoolmates, teachers, classmates, farewell!

### THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

After the rendition of La Gitana waltz by the Westminster Cornet Band, Webster's first orator, W. I. Mace, was introduced by the President of the Society, Mr. Lase. In introducing his oration Mace spoke of the comparison between good and bad characters, mentioning as examples of the latter the flatterer, the envious man and the proud man. All these, he said, are injurious to the elevation of individual as well as national character, but their influence is slight as compared with that most detestable of all characters—the hypocrite. After defining hypocrisy he proceeded to dwell upon the fact that it is the hypocrite's concealment of his true character that makes him so odious, using as an illustration of this the character of Benedict Arnold, the traitor. It is due to the fact that a hypocrite is a false friend, rather than an enemy, that makes him so detestable. From an enemy nothing is expected except a constant effort to injure the character or standing of one's self, to harbor a feeling of jealousy or envy, or to exhibit open violence; but a true friend is one who offers consolation in sorrow, rejoices in one's good fortune, and seeks by all the means at his disposal to secure his welfare. He is the recipient of confidence, of love and of fidelity; he becomes, as it were, a partner of our experiences; our triumphs become his triumphs, our defeats his defeats. Whenever, therefore, we are deceived by one who is apparently a friend—for no true friend will deceive—the pain becomes more intense, our faith is lessened, and we are led to look upon the whole of humanity as false, and to suspect those who are ever faithful. After dwelling upon the difficulty of unveiling hypocrisy, he suggested some methods by which it could be avoided. These were the practice of self-control, careful selection of companions and an effort to avoid the influence of evil surroundings, concluding as follows: Finally, no better method presents itself to us than that of following the examples of the great men and women who have died and left their impress upon posterity. History is full of the portrayal of such characters, and romance depends upon them for its fascinating influence. It is the nature of man to strive to excel; to select some illustrious personage whose virtue he wishes to acquire, and to use his life as a model by which to construct his own little bark. The lives of Washington, Webster, Franklin, Irving and many others furnish exalted examples to the American youth. The youths of England find examples worthy of imitation in Alfred the Great, Wellington, Pitt and others, and all find incentives to the formation of a noble character in reviewing the lives of John Wesley, Martin Luther, Queen Esther, who pleaded so bravely in behalf of her condemned countrymen, and Florence Nightingale, who spent her noble life in relieving the suffering of wounded soldiers in the Crimea. These names will serve for generations to come as lights along the paths of glory, to show us the way to a noble manhood or womanhood. Such names as these will have more influence than self-control, surroundings, associations, or even reason in bringing about that "destined perfection of mankind in a future golden age,"



which the poet Shelley tried in vain to secure, and will serve as barriers against all forms of corruption and vice, inducing man to become more and more like the Being in whose image he was created. Then let us, in our search after the elements of true character, follow the examples of those whose lives are worthy of such imitation; or, in the words of a celebrated poet:

"Since truth and constancy are vain,  
Since neither love, nor sense of pain,  
Nor force of reason can persuade,  
Then let example be obeyed.

#### THE EDUCATION OF MANKIND.

D. F. Harris spoke upon this subject, the substance of which is as follows: The subject of education is one of great importance. This is evident to us all when we compare the results of the educated mind to those of the uneducated. Man's faculty of comprehension must be trained from the beginning, as a child is taught the way in which it should go, and the only method to be used advantageously is education. Imagine man in a depraved state, unrefined and ignorant, comparing him with our intelligent and God-fearing citizen of to-day. When this is done we cannot do otherwise than to feel proud of our surroundings, at the same time giving all credit to the giver. In looking around we observe the impressions made by education stamped upon the brow of both the young and the old, and we feel convinced that there is a valuable charm in education. In expounding the subject under consideration I admit that it is somewhat hackneyed, but remains still a topic of great interest to us. At some former periods it was the training of a learned class, giving an intellectual superiority. Enlightenment is the very essence of education. There is only one way to elevate the poor boy, and that is by giving him a chance to develop his mental capacities. Education is the instrument at hand. Man's mind, well directed, leads to improvement, and in the end characterizes him in the front ranks of successful individuals. Thus the mind should not be neglected, lest all its vital power is lost. When the time for education has gone by, the man must be launched upon the sea of life, a helpless creature. The heathen is ignorant of the workings of nature in her many mysteries, while he considers the sun merely as a ball of fire rolling through the sky, and sinking into the broad expanse of water beyond his vision. But educated man can study nature in her workings here upon earth, and in that limitless space beyond the skies. What is more inspiring than to have such a desire as to urge the mind to penetrate nature's mysteries? Although there have been men who have transported our common intellectual natures to the very highest point of human perfection, there are still minds that are capable of equaling, if not surpassing, those of the former. Instill good principles into the young, and the harvest will be bountiful. Teach them to elevate man, and to centre their affections upon the welfare of their fellow man. Man's heart may be depraved, yet it cannot refrain from doing good. Then let education be hereditary; let the youths notice the effects of education wrought upon mankind in the days of their fathers, and labor to break asunder the fetters of ignorance, causing the light of liberty to shine as it never shone before. Let your labor not be in vain, but struggle to do mankind good, and strive to carve from the rough and unshapely mass of man some glittering gems of intellectual worth, leaving the result with Him, whose will, not ours, be done.

The second orator of the Webster Society was J. F. Harper, of Centreville. His subject was "Rocks in the Sea of Life," and a synopsis of the oration is here given:

The oration starts out with an allegory, describing the departure of a ship from the harbor of a seaport city, with the winds favorable and all on board full of joy and the anticipation of a safe and prosperous voyage. It then describes how, after a few days, the wind died away and the vessel lay motionless on the calm sea. While thus situated it shows how the captain neglected to take

warning at the sudden fall of the barometer, and is not prepared when the sun bursts suddenly upon them. "The ship trembles at the blow," and, borne along in the furious gale like a leaf in the autumn breeze, is dashed upon a hidden reef. Amid the wailing voices and cries of the helpless she sinks, a wreck, into the bosom of the angry waters, the result of delay and neglect of opportunity.

Such is the voyage of life. What is here allegorically pictured we may see every day realized in the blasted hopes and shipwrecked prospects of early manhood. How many at the threshold of life are all hope, animation and eager expectation? The skies seem to smile over them, and the sea appears like a vast mirror, slightly rippled here and there. How many, dazed by this alluring outlook, and seeing in the future no drawback to their ambitious desires, find themselves disregarding their opportunities and negligent at the post of duty. Hope fades into despair; expectation is no longer bright.

As we launch our fragile barks upon life's ocean, as we stand upon the summit just before the start, we are apt to be deceived by the outlook. The panorama that spreads before our vision appears grand and attractive. We do not see the pitfalls hidden beneath the spreading vines and the danger lurking on every hand. We see only the grand culmination our hopes and ambition, and too often overlook the rest. Such an hallucination will but end in blighted prospects and a useless life. A well-defined purpose and an energetic mind, ready to improve every opportune moment and permitting no delay, is the firmest foundation upon which to rear the monument of success.

Every man is the engineer of his own fortune. Greater responsibility rests upon his watchfulness and care than upon that of the engineer, who holds in his hand the throttle of that powerful locomotive as it roars and plunges along its way loaded with human freight. But how often is this caution neglected; how many disregard their sense of duty; how few realize the grand field that lies before them. The oration then goes on to show how great are the responsibilities of life, and how, through negligence and delay, we may be wrecked on some rock in the sea of life. It then describes how the successes of Hannibal were due to his staunch and unswerving devotion to his post of duty. Success in life only comes through hard, energetic labor, and a firm and resolute heart. No stone must be left unturned, no time lost, no opportunity neglected. It is not one great deed that makes man a hero; he who does his duty well, whatever may arise, is the greatest hero of all. Trust no future, however pleasant.

Let the dead past bury its dead!

Act—act in the living present!

Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Energy is the keynote of success. It fires the soul into great activity, when misfortunes are thick around and hope has almost vanished. \* \* \* \*

In vain did the valiant army of Greece for ten long years contend with almost despairing courage around the walls of Troy, until at last, through our grand and final effort, victory was achieved over the powerful nation of Priam and 'the looks of the mighty Hector were mingled with the Trojan dust.' Perseverance is one of the greatest elements of success because it keeps the mind, like a sentinel on watch, ever on the lookout for the improvement of an opportunity. Heroes and gods of antiquity may tread the golden halls of Olympus and sip the flowing nectar from the shining cups, but greater than these is the man who through perseverance and strict attention to duty, moulds for himself an honorable character, and makes a success of life.

Across this rough and stormy ocean of life, every human bark must sail. Each man is his own pilot and upon his watchfulness and devotion to duty depends the safety of the ship and the ultimate result of the voyage. 'There's a destiny that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may,' and by improving our op-



We are sure that the graduates go away from the Westmin.



ster Theological Seminary feeling much benefited by having gone through such a thorough course of study. We have now commenced the great work of our lives, and we trust that we will do honor to our profession, to our institution and to ourselves.

ANONYMOUS.

The names of members who had died during the year having been announced, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of respect, who reported as follows:

WHEREAS it has pleased all wise Providence to remove by death, during the past year, from active membership in the Alumni Association of Western Maryland College, Mrs. Louisa D. Hooper (James), '74, May C. Meredith, '82, Mary E. Myers, '83, Franklin H. Schaeffer, '83, Theophilus Harrison, '85, and Paul Combs, '87;

And whereas said members were held in the highest esteem and respect in said association, be it therefore resolved:

1st That the announcement of their death is received with the most profound regret in that we realize that the Alumni has lost some of its most valuable members, and Alma Mater some of her promising sons and daughters,

2d That we adopt this method of expressing our heart-felt sympathy for the friends and relatives of the deceased in their bereavement.

3d That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes and published in the COLLEGE MONTHLY.

ALONZO L. MILES, Chairman.

M. AGNES LEASE,

LORENA L. HILL.

#### PROFESSOR D. W. HERING AS LECTURER AND AUTHOR.

The Brooklyn Eagle of recent date contains a report of a scientific lecture delivered in Brooklyn Institute by Professor Daniel W. Hering, who occupies the chair of Physics in the University of the City of New York. The subject of the lecture was, "A Physical Law and its Value to Science and Art."

The matter considered was Hooke's law of elasticity, which was illustrated by experiments and lantern projections. The intelligent and interested audience frequently interrupted the lecturer with applause. In the conclusion of its report the Eagle says:

"The illustrations accompanying the various stages of the discourse were so simple that a child could clearly have comprehended what was being done. In spite of the abstruse and scientific nature of the subject, Professor Hering spoke so easily and naturally that it is fair to presume that every one of the audience who applauded him so generously went home with a moderately clear idea of the law of elasticity and its value to science and art."

A book of about sixty pages has lately fallen into our hands, entitled, "The Relative and Absolute Value of Electrical Units," of which Prof. Hering is the author. The object of this valuable but unpretentious little book is "to introduce a student to quantitative experimental work in electricity." This work will doubtless be found very helpful to all students of the interesting subject of electricity.

Prof. D. W. Hering, whose boyhood was spent near Johnsville, Frederick county, is the son of Joshua Hering, of Mechanicstown, and a first cousin of Dr. J. W. Hering, of Westminster. The foundation of his education was laid in a school taught in Johnsville by John S. Repp, now of this place. While under Mr. Repp's instruction he displayed great fondness and aptness for the study of mathematics, and there, doubtless, was begun the work that led to the high scholarship to which he has attained. He was among the first students at Western Maryland College,

where he also filled the chair of Mathematics for several years. His higher education was obtained in Yale Scientific school, of which he was a graduate, and at Johns Hopkins University, where he held a fellowship for several years, prosecuting his studies in physics and mathematics. From the Hopkins University Prof. Hering returned to Western Maryland College, filling with great satisfaction to the institution the chair of mathematics for the second time. While there he was called to the college in Alleghany City, Pa., and from there to his present position in the University of New York City, which he has filled with much honor for the past three years.

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed specialist in mind diseases, says: "I am familiar with various systems for improving the memory, and I have recently become acquainted with the system, in all its details and applications, taught by Prof. Loisetto. I am therefore enabled to state that his is, in all its essential features, entirely original; that its principles and methods are different from all others, and that it presents no material analogies to that of any other system."

I consider Prof. Loisetto's system to be a new departure in the education of the memory and attention, and of very great value; that, it being a systematic body of principles and methods, it should be studied as an entirety to be understood and appreciated; that a correct view of it cannot be obtained by examining isolated passages of it.

New York, July 10, 1888.

WM. A. HAMMOND.

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