

# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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## Western Maryland College Monthly.

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This issue represents the first efforts of a newly-elected staff of editors. Being thus in their novitiate, they would beg the indulgence of the circle of readers who will scan critically, and, we hope, with some degree of pleasure, the contents of the present number. Many difficulties attend the preparation and issue of a college paper at a time and under circumstances like the present. For example, there must be a rush in order to get the paper out at the stated time, and this more or less cramps the efforts of the editors, and renders impracticable some good features which sufficient time might allow them to present. In the present case we owe our readers an apology for the tardy appearance of the MONTHLY. It was toward the close of the past month before the present management could get in operation, and it has exerted itself to the utmost to be on time.

The purpose of this paper is known to the majority of its readers, yet we think it will not be out of the way to say a few words in this connection. The MONTHLY is designed to show forth whatever of interest is going on in the College, and also to afford those students who desire it an opportunity to exercise their literary propensities. Its object is not to be an instrument for the pedantic display of whatever learning may exist in this institution. It is intended to partake of the nature of both a news and a literary journal.

Formerly the editor-in-chief of the W. MD. COLLEGE MONTHLY was a member of the Faculty; but, with the idea of making it a paper run exclusively by the students, its entire management was entrusted to the four Literary Societies of the College. This arrangement manifestly imposed upon the students greater responsibility and increased labor, yet a year's experience has shown that they are equal to the undertaking. The new MONTHLY has passed through the period of infancy and trial, and, we think, has proved a success. Now, it is the resolve of those at the head of it at present to continue it a success; but, in order to do this, they must have the co-operation of the other students. Their aid must be of two kinds—both financial and literary. Therefore let them hand in their subscriptions immedi-

ately, and when they are called upon to contribute to the columns of the paper, let them give encouragement to the editors by willingly responding in the affirmative, thus showing their interest in what equally concerns us all. But the duty of the students does not end here. They should endeavor to obtain subscribers from among their circle of friends. And the friends of the College will please bear in mind that any assistance which they may render in getting new subscribers will be duly appreciated, and we hope we may be pardoned in saying that in our opinion they will be conferring a favor not only upon us, but also upon the persons to whom they recommend the MONTHLY.

As this is the first issue since the erection of our handsome and well equipped gymnasium, we give below a few pertinent remarks concerning the potency of exercise. Exercise, in the first place, is a law of nature, and when transgressed, that is, no exercise taken, evil results follow. Whether or not American stamina is declining we will not consider, but will say it is the duty of every American to keep it from declining. Moreover, it is our duty to exercise in a systematic manner. We are placed here to live as long as possible, and if we disregard those matters which will increase our days, we break and will have to abide by the greatest of all laws, the laws of our Creator. If, then, there are some who would prefer to be excused from a long life, let them remember this injunction: Exercise, lest you slowly commit suicide. That is what you who do not take the requisite amount of exercise are doing—slowly taking your own life. But that is not all. You are so gradually diminishing the duration of future generations, that, in the distant future, a lifetime might only be the days of a fly. The colleges with their gymnasia are giving the world its leading men—men who, by their physical and mental development, can endure the onerous and wearing-out duties of this life. Exercise, if for no other reason than it is your duty.

Never, in the history of Western Maryland College, has there been a more favorable opening of the new scholastic year than the present term presents. The prospects for a most successful year are highly encouraging. The increased facilities for a thorough collegiate education, as well as the efforts that are being made for the pleasure and comfort of the students, has been rewarded by a largely increased patronage. The register shows that in the term just begun a far greater number of students have entered than at any previous time. Consequently, as we glance about the halls and campus and greet our old schoolmates, whose faces are familiar to us, we, too, feel almost like strangers, as we find ourselves surrounded by so many new faces. A hearty welcome to you, new friends! We are glad to receive you into our College circle, and to join hands with you in our efforts for the acquirement of an education.

There is no better evidence of the steady progress of our institution than the improvements that confront our eyes as we return from summer vacation. The two new buildings that orna-

ment the campus would be a credit to any college of high standing, and show conclusively that Western Maryland is in the front ranks of modern improvement. Labor has its sure reward, and we predict for our President, whose efforts in this line have been untiring, a year of great success.

In view of her past advancement, it is reasonable to expect a most prosperous future for the College, as she stands as a beacon light upon the hill, and firmly plants her banner with the motto: *E tenebris in lucem voco.*

The Faculty of the College has been increased this year by the addition of three members, whose ability and efficiency in their respective posts of duty is unquestioned. Prof. G. W. Devilbiss, '75, occupies the position of Principal in the Preparatory Department, and will, no doubt, both from his experience and personal qualifications, prove an excellent teacher. H. G. Watson, '89, our new instructor in gymnastics, having received special training with reference to his line of work, should be a fully competent teacher of the art of physical culture. Miss Katie M. Smith, '81, is eminently fitted for the position she now fills, that of assistant instructor of English branches.

The "Mail and Express," of New York City, mentions the names of seven institutions that opened this year with the largest Freshman class in their history. This number should be increased to eight by the addition of Western Maryland whose Freshman class this year is larger than ever before, numbering fifty-one. Few Colleges can boast of a more steady increase of students, and with its roll now footing up to 197, no better evidence is needed of its worth and merit.

#### IF WE COULD FIND THE KEY.

Written for the Democratic Advocate by C. T. WRIGHT, an old student of W. M. C.

To every heart there is a door,  
With close drawn bolt and bar,  
Forbidding entrance to its depths  
To those who stand afar.

To each heart's door there is a key  
Somewhere concealed or lost,  
Well fashioned for its place and part,  
With wondrous skill and cost.

This massive door with bolt and lock,  
And stubborn rust fast bound,  
Will never yield to human hand  
Unless the key be found.

God never made a heart so hard,  
Nor one so icy cold,  
That some heart could not soften it,  
And cause it to unfold.

And though the life seem hard and stern,  
And rough as life can be;  
The heart will open wide its door  
To him who finds the key,

Belair, Md., August 2, 1889.

#### AVAILABILITY IN POLITICS.

"Availability, not merit or qualifications, is the only requisite to secure a nomination." This is stated by Bartlett as the general

rule in American politics. In the motto of the so called practical politician, it means primarily the power to attract votes, to command support at the polls. Whether the nominee is the best man, and most suitable one that could be obtained, or even a fit man for the place is a secondary matter. But the *main point* in view, and continually kept in mind at the conventions when the ticket is made out and the claims of the several candidates are considered, is the strength he will afford the ticket by having his name upon it, whether the person who is to be the nominee will be popular, will he be sure to draw out the full vote of his own party in his favor, and be able to secure votes from the opposite party. Do you consider this rule a good one? Do you think these principles, which are paramount in governing the action and deeds of our political leaders, beneficial to the public interest? In considering the subject I am compelled to think otherwise. They may be in some respects to a few of the politicians, but not to the interest of the public at large. It often leads to electing and instating in office men who are wholly unfitted for the positions they are to fill, and not competent to perform the duties which necessarily devolve upon them; often men who are devoid of principle, and who when placed in office do not hesitate to use their influence and the power that has been vested in them for the accomplishment, and promotion of their own selfish interests. There has an instance of this kind come under my direct observation, within the past few years, in one of our counties, where a rumseller, who on account of his polite and courteous manners, was a favorite with the masses of the people of his town, the majority of whom were in favor of liquor. He was brought forward by the people of his district as a candidate for the legislature, in opposition to a man of well known moral character. But the party knowing that the rumseller would command the greater number of votes for the ticket, placed him upon it. When in the legislature he succeeded in passing a bill, permitting the sale of intoxicating drink, one of the greatest curses to this land, in two villages, where it had been prohibited by the previous legislature, and tried his utmost to reduce the high license system which now exists in the county. But this is a common occurrence in our counties and cities year after year. In 1886, of the eighteen members of the House of Delegates from Baltimore city, about half of them were gamblers, and men who frequented the bar room. Why is this the case? Why are men of this stamp allowed to have a share in making some of our most sacred laws? Simply on party grounds; they were the available candidates. In politics at the present time in order to be a thoroughly available candidate, one must be a partisan, on whom the party can depend upon to do all in his power, when once in office, to advance their interests.

No bitter partisans have a right to be placed in office. They throw themselves passionately into the cause they have embraced, push its peculiar views beyond proper limits, overlook the reasonable qualifications, and forget that practical wisdom and plain common sense are generally found about half way between the two extremes. Every incumbent has a clear right to exercise the elective franchise. This no one will controvert or deny. But he has no right to employ the influence of his office to exercise an agency which he holds in trust for the people, to promote his own selfish and party purposes. He is the servant of both parties, and responsible to the people as a body for the trust reposed in him. In late years, in order to secure a candidate for the Presidency who will be available, they deem it necessary that he come from New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, or some of the Northern States; one whom the Northern capitalists and trust companies will support, while the South is not even taken into consideration. This centralizing of power in the North is contrary to our republican form of government, contrary to the constitution of the United States, which declares that every State shall enjoy the same rights and privileges. It will ever tend to increase the wealth and im-

provement of the North and impede the progress of the South. This method of conducting our elections has a tendency to lower the form of politics, and in the long run will injure the party who trusts too much to it. Good and capable men are deterred from presenting themselves for office in competition with experienced politicians, or from engaging in politics at all. We will now endeavor to show what true availability should be. First, high personal character should be a requisite. It is of but little consequence whether men in political office are Democrats or Republicans, but it is of vast importance whether they are honest or dishonest, whether they are enlightened statesmen or a parcel of ignorant, brawling politicians; whether they occupy their place as the guardians of the national weal, or as the selfish and unprincipled panders of their own individual welfare. And it is also a respect which all citizens owe to themselves that they receive instruction on these matters, to find out the truth, whatever it may be; to be governed by it, however different its teachings from previous conceptions or prejudices. Secondly, special fitness for the position sought should be required by training and education. Their duty cannot be discharged with rectitude unless it be discharged with intelligence, and it becomes the duty of every office holder to make up his own mind on all the great questions which arise in administering the government. How numerous and important are these questions, such as the protective policy question, on internal improvement, on the circulating medium, on the different families of the human race existing in the country, on the relation of the country with foreign powers, on the disposal of the public domain, on the nature of our political system, as consisting in the harmonious adjustment of the Federal and State government. The good citizen, who is not willing to be the slave of a party because he is a member of it, must make up his mind for himself on all those great questions, or he cannot exercise the right of suffrage with intelligence and independence. As the majority of them are well, or ill informed on these subjects, the public policy of the country will be guided by wisdom and truth, or the reverse. There are other civil duties to be performed for which education and special fitness furnish a still more direct and appropriate preparation. They are those of the judges and jurymen. They are placed in the jury box, to decide on the numberless questions which arise in the community; questions of character, of property and of life. The jury passes on your fortune and your reputation to pronounce whether you live or die. Go into the courts, are they light matters which these men are to decide? Look in the anxious faces of those, whose estates, whose good name, whose all, is at stake, hanging on the intelligence of these men, or any one of them. Then it is we see the necessity of having men who are capable of following up an argument, of estimating the evidence after hearing the counsel on both sides, and of rendering a true and independent decision. If these were the requirements sought for in selecting our officers, the form of politics would be raised from its present corrupt state to a higher plane. And the party which first adopts this plan of selecting capable men, which have the general welfare of the country at heart, will meet with success. For it will ever be true that, "He serves his party best, who serves his country best."

J. E. WHITE, '90.

#### DEATH OF WILKIE COLLINS.

From "Baltimore Sun."

William Wilkie Collins, who died September 23rd, was the last of that bright galaxy of English contemporary novelists which included the names of Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Disraeli, Trollope, Charlotte Bronte and George Eliot. No English of his time equaled Mr. Collins in the intricate construction of his plots and in the intense interests with which his readers followed their development. In characterization he was weak. There is no

one of the many characters he has drawn that stands so boldly out of the canvas as to be remembered hereafter except that remarkable creation, Count Fosco, in "The Woman in White," which is conceded to be his best novel. But in all of them he had the faculty of arresting attention and of carrying his readers with him, while in the power of dramatic construction he was superior to any of his contemporaries. About fifteen years ago Mr. Collins visited the United States and gave a series of readings from his works, but he was far from being as successful as Dickens and Thackeray, partly because the structure of his novels did not admit of being broken up into detached parts, but more perhaps from his own defects as a reader. His principal novels are "Antonina," "Basil," "The Woman in White," "The Dead Secret," "Armada," "The Moonstone," "The Law and the Lady," "Man and Wife," "Poor Miss Finch," "The New Magdalen" and "I Say No." Besides these, he was the author of many striking stories, which were subsequently published in two or more volumes—one under the title of "After Dark" and another under that of "Miscellanies." Mr. Collins was an industrious writer, and was engaged in literary work up to the time of his last illness. When death released him from his sufferings he was in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

And it came to pass there came a period when it was necessary for the well-being of a certain individual that she branch out from the narrow sphere of her own imagination and make the world sensible of her existence. Hence was a duty imposed.

I was building air castles (my favorite occupation) one evening, when an editor, who chanced that way, seeing my altitudinous stare, said "whence thy rapt state? for get thee down from thy air castle, as I have something to speak with thee. In three days and seven hours the MONTHLY goes to press; now get thee a hustle on and for it write me a column." Says I, "since my great abilities as a writer are but imperfectly known, and this the first great opportunity offered, I hasten to comply. But the subject—in that word lies the stumbling block of many a theme writer—what shall the subject be?" Suppose you try the Class of '90." "Chestn—" "Stop," says she, "that word is odious. There are already too many persons addicted to Chestnutphobia." Says a noted lecturer, "the chestnutphobia is a thing we should avoid. The glorious sunshine is a chestnut, the sparkling water is a chestnut, and happiness itself is a chestnut," and, continued the editor, waxing warm, "this slang term is bad, no matter in what light we view it; truly, it is as bad as the habit of chewing gum." I agreed with her, but expressed it not. Now, I demurred on account of the hugeness of the subject, for truly it is a big (?) class, and then here are in it some boys, yes, and girls, too, that do not stand back for any difficulty, e. g., hooking chapel, apples and recitations. The class, I am sorry to add, have the bump of acquisitiveness largely developed, especially when French and history are in order, and I have learned after great difficulty that the Professor of Ancient Languages often complains of non-attendance on the part of the male members. Be that as it may, that evil does not belong to Ward Hall alone, and it will be much to the honor of the said class if that pastime be dispensed with. Let them do away with it, set a better example to the lower classmen, and then, '90, your work will not be in vain.

The deaconess remarked to me the other day, "how well our boys carry their dignity; now, if there is anything I admire, it is a class of young men sensible of that quality." "Yes," says I, wishing to cheer her, "especially is this noticeable in your president; yet it is due him, as well as his classmates, to say that he bears it with modesty, remembering that the greatest only are in simplicity divine."

Beyond the wall of dignity, whose height is easily scaled, lies

the territory of humor. Its boundaries are easily passed, and it goes a great way in forwarding the popularity of '90. Humor is somewhat indigenous to the class as a whole, every member being endowed with a large share, at least that is what the deaconess says, and she has had lots of experience, taking, as she does, the Leed. Underlying the vein of humor is the quartz rock of steadiness, a great item in the character of the class, who know well that the "mæstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the mæstrom, and the star than the comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God places us." Now, class of '90,

"Your lessons will soon be ended,  
And your parting hour will come;  
When you bid farewell, as college chums,  
To your beautiful mountain home.  
But above the mountain summits,  
Beyond the glorious sky,  
Sometime you shall come to a country  
In the light of God most high.

DAISY.

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BY LEGAL RIGHT.

Eyes ever ready to lighten  
With flashes of anger and pride,  
Melting to soft liquid glances,  
Sweet evidence Love has supplied.

Lips of the ruddiest ruby,  
Curling in anger or scorn,  
Pouting in fashion so tempting  
As makes strict decorum a pain.

"Oh, for the lot of a cousin,  
Privileged mortal!" I sighed.  
Rights sweet as his, how I covet,  
Alas! which to me are denied."

Hearing my plaint she assured me,  
"Such wishings I ought to condemn,  
But, moved by my natural kindness,  
I will make you a cousin *pro tem*."

—Yale Record.

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A TRIP TO PEN-MAR.

It was on the morning of September 21st. A small company, consisting of six of the College boys, very hastily made up their minds to go to Pen-Mar. Only one of them had been there before, and he was continually *harping* on the attractions of the place and the pleasures to be enjoyed. This, together with the fact that it was getting late in the season and that it would therefore soon be an undesirable trip, entirely removed all hesitancy which the others manifested in consenting to go.

Well, they started, light in heart, and, it must be confessed, in pocketbook also, and one of the company had no overcoat. He was very positive that it would be in his way, and it is needless state that before they got back he changed his tune, and his teeth played the accompaniment to the new tune.

They anticipated much, and they saw much, yes, even more than they expected. Who can tell what the future will bring forth?

All of the party are from parts of the country entirely destitute of the pleasing scenes and variations which a mountainous region presents. In the places of their childhood, dear to their hearts it is true, the monotony of the level country is varied only by the monotonous appearance of the pines.

So, it is evident that they were wide awake with the highest

degree of expectation. Nor were they disappointed. As the train neared the Blue Ridge, exclamations of delight and astonishment emanated from the lips of several, but especially from B—. The others were highly entertained as well as instructed by his remarks. For instance: "Aint that steep! My laws: I wouldn't like for this train to fall down there." And on a sudden he caused considerable alarm by crying out, "Hello! There's a stone as big as my head that blowed square in my eye!" After some difficulty the stone was removed.

At about 11.35 A. M. the train reached Pen-Mar, and they alighted. Being very prudent they did not propose to start out sight-seeing without due preliminaries, so they repaired, some to the hotel and some to the table of friends, for dinner. Having done justice to the fare (and they were never known to fail to do this,) they engaged a vehicle to take them to all the points of interest. Does the reader expect the beauties of the Blue Ridge to be portrayed here? If so, he or she must be disappointed. Such is not the object of the writer. High Rock, Quirank, Ragged Edge, the Blue Mountain House, and other places were seen. Each one quaffed in rustic fashion the limpid fluid afforded by Glen Afton Spring. The view from High Rock, though the day was not very favorable, was truly magnificent. Cumberland Valley presented the appearance of a stupendous piece of patch-work. The eyes of all devoured the beauties before them and all were abundantly satisfied.

The vehicle returned to Pen-Mar. Had everything been seen? B— persisted in wanting to ride the flying horses, and,—well, how did it come about? Anyway all at once three of the College boys were conversing with as many—shall I say ladies? Oh yes, girls *will* flirt, and boys, you know, must respond to their advances, or else have thrust upon them the stigma of ungallantry. There is no telling where this matter might have ended had not the departure of the ladies rendered a separation necessary. They left, but they took with them two canes which the boys had cut as relics.

The time came at last for departure. Back toward College the train sped, bearing pleasant memories and sharpened appetites.

By the way, B— declares with much spirit that though Pen-Mar and vicinity are very pretty, they can't begin to come up with Chincoteague, and Har— has in view a trip to Abbots— to look for his cane.

ONE OF THE TRIPPERS.

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CYCLING FOR STUDENTS.

BY EDWARD Y. BOGMAN, M. D. (HARVARD, '76)

The chief object of physical exercise among students should be recreation, not training. The one, recreation, is to "renew vigor," to produce a "good condition," to make a man "fit" to meet the moral, intellectual, and physical demands of life. Training is to prepare a man for one continued effort of a few minutes' or hours' duration. The former is beneficial to the student; the latter is of at least questionable benefit.

The students in his athletics should seek health. Health means wholeness, *i. e.*, that every organ of the body should perform its functions in a normal manner. The perfect action of all depends upon the wholeness of each part. The wholeness of each part depends upon recreation.

In this process of recreation, no factor is of more importance than physical exercise in the open air. For among the new materials supplied, none is of more importance, or demanded in greater quantity, than oxygen, the most natural, ready, and perfect source of which is fresh air. By the deeper respiration, the quickened circulation, and the more rapid oxidation, performed during exercise this oxygen is received, transported, and used,

more perfectly, while at the same time exercise increases the removal of waste, by the more complete expiration and the increased excretions.

The student of to-day no longer believes that a good physique or even good health is incompatible with intellect and morality. The sallowed-face, sunken-eyed, spindle-limbed, dyspeptic student of the past, with his reputation of twenty hours' study and four hours of sleep, that "consumer of midnight oil," is no longer the pride of both his professors and his class.

The Governing Boards of our colleges favor athletics as a moral and intellectual, as well as a physical good. That of Harvard College, in its report for 1888, says:—"Those who actively participated in athletics . . . are thereby benefited not only physically, but also mentally and morally."

The student of to-day, realizing this, asks: "What form of exercise shall I take?" If in exercise he seeks recreation and not training, he demands a form that will be a recreation in the popular sense of the word—a restful pleasure—as well as in its original meaning—a reconstruction. In fact, to the student, to be a relaxation, a sport must be a pleasure.

Examining the most popular methods of exercise, he finds that the gymnasium, even in our best ventilated buildings, does not supply the fresh air of out-door sports, and yet we must depend upon it during several months of the year; that the National Game, baseball, so deservedly popular, limits the number of its active participants, circumscribes the locality in which it can be played, and is actively enjoyed generally by only the younger students, and that tennis, that most active and graceful of sports, also limits its numbers and locality.

He also finds that boating and riding, than which, some claim, no exercises are better, are limited, the former by locality and both by the purse.

According to the Harvard College report on athletics, walking was the form of exercise followed by the greatest number of students. This seems to give weight to the question. Do not the majority of students demand a form of exercise, giving a change of scene, association, and adventure? Do they not (unless enthusiasts in some particular for of these sports) sooner or later rebel against limitation of numbers or locality, until they lose both pleasure and benefit?

The very tastes and habits, pursuits and circumstances, of students' life, while demanding exercise in the open air, also require a form that

1. Is adapted to all constitutions, ages, and to both sexes.
2. Is undoubtedly healthful.
3. Is moderately safe.
4. Gives change of scene.
5. Leads to varied adventures.
6. Is fascinating.
7. Is sociable.
8. Is educational.
9. Develops self-reliance.
10. Leads to moderation.
11. Tends to morality.
12. Can be followed in most places and seasons.
13. Can be combined with other pursuits both useful and pleasurable.
14. Can be turned to practical uses.
15. Is economical.

This the student will find in cycling.

The first claim of cycling is, that it can be enjoyed by all constitutions, ages, and by both sexes. By the weak and strong; "gring" and athlete; by the fleshy and thin, "class infant" and "class giant"; by the old and young, professor and student; by both sexes, the fair daughter of Vassar and the son of "Fair Harvard."

Cycling, with the caution of moderation, is healthful. The question of perineal pressure has passed with the growth in the perfection of the saddle. The question of the heart is answered by moderation. Scorching on the wheel, as surely as excessive pedestrianism, base running, fast rowing, or prolonged tennis playing, will produce irritability and over action of this organ. Cycling in moderation is one of the best forms of exercise by which to overcome this too common result of excessive exercise in youth.

Living in a university town, and meeting from time to time students suffering from the combined effects of sedentary life, lack of exercise, and students' boarding-houses, the writer has found no better prescription for the resulting dyspepsia, hypochondria, and nervous depression than cycling.

The prize scholar of our female colleges, that too common patient of the Gynecologist and Neurologist, would not have failed of reaching the scholastic goal, but would probably have ridden by the doctor's office without cause for stopping, had she during her college life taken to the wheel.

Only the timid professor, or the over cautious parent, would question to-day the safety of cycling. Our ladies now ride so gracefully, easily, and safely as to put a quietus to this question.

One of the best claims as a sport is the constant change of scene and variety of adventure which it furnishes. Not limited to a prepared field or lawn, it carries its votary along the boulevards and turnpikes, from village street to country road, mid field and wood, over hill and dale, skirting pond and river, varied by the cautious riding in city streets, by a brush with a companion or trotter on the Macadam, by a lazy run along the path made shady by forest arches, by an exciting coast down some steep hill, by the cheering salutation of some passing wheelman, the quaint remarks of some farmer jogging on his way, or by the bright gibes of some street gamin.

Probably no sport is more fascinating than cycling. It would be hard to find a person who has followed it in moderation to whom this fascination has not increased with each succeeding year.

One of the best elements of our American college system is its social life. The education a man receives from the social side of his college course is often as beneficial as that which he receives from his books. This element of sociability is also one of the best claims of cycling. The agreeable companion of one's ride, the jolly rendezvous at some country inn, the interchange of cycling tales, the comparison of machines, all lead the weary mind of the student to new thoughts, giving the recreation of sociability.

Cycling is educational. A man cannot ride a wheel through a country, without making many character studies both quaint and interesting; without seeking to know the history of places, people, and customs. In his rides, he learns, much of rocks and flowers, trees and hedges, insects and birds, and the lay of the land.

From the first time balancing on the step to the time when the cyclist finds his wheel to be a part of himself, there has been a corresponding growth in self-reliance, until the timid bookworm has developed into the confident rider.

Cycling tends to moderate, and moderation is the highest morality. From the joke that no one ever saw a cyclist come home intoxicated on his wheel, we may turn to the fact that cyclists are among the most temperate of men. The most amateur of wheelman, the man who "only rides now and then for pleasure," is soon led to temper his indulgence in eating, drinking, and smoking, as he is amply repaid by the greater enjoyment from a better "wind" while riding his wheel.

The only limit that can be made to the claim that cycling, can be enjoyed in most places, is the political condition of our roads,—a limit that will decrease as the League of American Wheelmen becomes each year a more influential factor, not only to reform these same politics but also as an educator on road

building. The experience of the past year has proved cycling to be possible in all seasons.

Cycling does not limit the follower to its pursuits alone but may be combined with other sports and even turned to practical ends. While enjoyed as a recreation, it can at the same time be used as a means of transportation. The larger number of students in a college live within a radius of a score or two of miles. A large number of these return to their homes at least once a week. No better means of transportation and exercise combined, can a student have at the close of his week's work than the afternoon ride home and the return ride to college. The student, collecting and arranging his thoughts for some intended essay or oration, will find them to come more readily and clearly, while riding along some quiet road, than in the closeness of his study.

### BASE BALL.

At a meeting of the Base Ball Association of Western Md. College, held on September 16th, the following officers were elected for the first term, which extends to the first week in April: President, W. I. Mace; vice-president, K. Robey; manager, G. E. Waesche; secretary and treasurer, D. F. Harris. The president appointed as an executive committee Manager Waesche, J. E. White and J. F. Harper. The manager made the following appointments: Captain of first nine, H. G. Watson; vice-captain, W. I. Mace; captain of second nine, W. E. White; vice-captain, Will Mills.

The Association has been increased by the addition of many new members, and the outlook for the future is encouraging. All of last year's club have returned except one member, and his position can, no doubt, easily be filled from the large number of base ballists among the new students. There are no match games scheduled for the season of 1889, as the remaining period of favorable weather is too short for any games to be arranged, and the college clubs generally are not sufficiently organized for inter-collegiate contests this early. The remainder of this season, therefore, will be occupied in selecting and practicing the clubs for the spring season, when we hope to put forth a club that can snatch victory from its opponents, or, at least, make the games close and interesting. We have the material to do it, and all that is needed is the proper development of this material. A good ground has been procured, and, by the liberality of our friends, a grand stand, which will seat one hundred and fifty persons comfortably, has been erected, and other improvements have been made. Let us, then, who are lovers of the national game, do all in our power for the promotion of this most healthful and pleasant pastime, and show to the friends of Western Maryland College that she can reach that position in the base ball world which she occupies as an institution of learning.

The Juniors and Sophomores played an exciting game of ball on Saturday, October 5th. Through the unavoidable absence of Waesche, the Junior catcher, Mace a Senior, was substituted. The players were as follows: Juniors—catcher, Mace; pitcher, Day; 1st base, D. F. Harris; 2d base, Dorsey; 3d base, Richards; short stop, Hadley; left field, Barwick; centre field, Shipley; right field, Crockett.

Sophomores—catcher, Manning; pitcher, Miskimon; 1st base, W. White; 2d base, Bowden; 3d base, Jones; short stop, Nelson; left field, A. Wheaton; centre field, Williams; right field, Caton.

The game was well played, considering the short practice, and was close throughout. Following is the score by innings:

Clubs	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
Sophomores. ....	3	1	4	0	1	0	0	1	2	12
Juniors .....	4	0	3	0	2	0	1	0	3	13

One out, when winning run made. Base hits—Juniors, 12; Sophomores, 8. Struckout—by Miskimon, 10; by Day, 4. Umpire—J. F. Harper.

### SOME HISTORICAL NOVELS.

*From "The Travelers Record."*

The Nuremberg of half a century before Durer's time is pictured in Ebers's last novel, Margery, just translated. Durer's influence is seen in Holbein, who was at the English court in the period of Miss Yonge's Armourer's Prentices, which should be read with an older book, Miss Manning's Household of Sir Thomas More. The Reformation leads to the struggle of Holland against Spain, and the thrilling story of the siege of Leyden in Ebers's Burgomaster's Wife and Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic. Miss Yonge's Chaplet of Pearls tells of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, and the Huguenots' history has been written by Smiles and more lately by Baird. The stormy period of the Thirty Years' War is well brought out in Miss Roberts's Tempest-tost. The rise of Puritanism in England, and the beginning of its ascetic influence, are shown in William Black's delightful picture of English country life, Judith Shakespeare. The Civil War, from the royalist side, is in Church's With the King of Oxford. Edna Lyall's in the Golden Days, a story of Charles II.'s reign, or Walter Besant's For Faith and Freedom, give the best type of Puritans; and the letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple, published last year, are as entertaining as a novel, and show that the home life and amusements of Cromwell's day were very different from the accounts usually given in school histories.

Are there no American historical novels? Are there no romance and color in American history? The settlement of Canada by the French has been almost untouched by novelists until Mrs. Catherwood's story, the Romance of Dollard, appeared in four late numbers of the Century. The love tale is Mrs. Catherwood's own, but the heroic defense of the Long Sault and many another stirring deed are told in Parkman's histories. It is impossible to understand the history of England, France, or America for the last four hundred years without keeping all three in parallel lines and noticing events which affect one or all. There is a Parallel History of France and England, by Miss Yonge, with a column on every page for each of the two countries, and one between them for events influencing one or both. The book is now out of print, but it is very easy for any reader to make one on the same principle.

Besant's Dorothy Forster is a story of Lord Derwentwater's rebellion, in 1715, and an unusually graphic picture of the time. If you wish to know what was going on in the same year on this side of the sea, read John Esten Cooke's Knights of the Horse-shoe, a Virginia novel. Stevenson's Kidnapped and Mrs. Barr's Last of the Macallister's give the story of the rebellion of the Forty-five. Mrs. Barr's Bow of Orange Ribbon is a pretty picture of New York life in 1760, when the city took its tone from the Dutch families who had settled there a hundred years before, and the English inhabitants or officers were regarded as interlopers. Miss Hoppus' Great Treason is Arnold's story, written by an Englishwoman, and surprisingly good in local color and thorough in historical research. It would be somewhat interesting to read the answers to the question "Have you ever read anything on the English side of the American Revolution, and do you know anything of the good friends to the colonies who were in Parliament at that time?" if it were given at one of our school examinations. Lord Mahon's History of England from 1713 to 1783, or Morley's Life of Burke, or Green's History of the English People, throws a new light on the subject. Mrs. Marshall's In Four Reigns is useful in bridging over the English period from 1780 to 1840, but is a story of a very mild type, as is the same author's Under the Mendips, telling of Hannah More and the Bristol riots. There are many novels of the French Revolution, but almost all of them are of an earlier date than those which I am giving you. A Child of the Revolution, by Miss Roberts,

author of *Noblesse Oblige*, an earlier story of the Reign of Terror, and Walter Besant's *Holy Rose*, which tells something of the life of the French emigres in England, bring French history down to the early part of this century. Blackmore's *Alice Lorraine* has some spirited scenes in Spain during the Peninsular War, and Tolstoi's great novel, *War and Peace*, is a history of Napoleon's campaigns, including the disastrous Russian winter, from 1807 to 1812.

Cable's *Grandissimes* and *Old Creole Days* bring before the reader the life of Louisiana, with its strong infusion of French manners and feeling. In contrast to it are Eggleston's books, which give from actual memory the rougher, freer life of Indiana in the early forties. The last, *The Graysons*, is the story of the young man whom Abraham Lincoln defended on a charge of murder. Mrs. Barr's *Remember the Alamo* is a novel based on the Texan war for independence in 1836. The great novel of the Civil War has not yet been written. Perhaps the distance is still too short for correct perspective. Dr. Weir Mitchell's *In War Time* is more than a suggestion of the four anxious years, although it has no actual battle-scenes. *Ramona* is the tale of later wrongs to peaceful Indians put into beautiful prose.

To return to England and the Continent, it is easy to construct history from the novels of the last fifty or sixty years, with their allusions to politics, art, social life, wars in the Crimea, India, Zululand, and Egypt. Almost any good novel leads to a thousand questions of the day. Take for example, Justin McCarthy's stories, or those which he has lately written with Mrs. Campbell-Praed, *The Right Honorable* and *The Ladies' Gallery*; or Walter Besant's studies in the East End of London, and his efforts for improving the condition of the dwellers there, as told in *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, *Children of Gibeon*, or *Katherine Regina*.

The novel with a purpose is a historical novel, a record of the time at and for which it was written; and to-day is rich in such novels.

C. M. HEWINS.

\*That is, since 1878; Simms, Cooper and the older group catalogued in the B. P. L. list, are not under consideration here.—C. M. H.

NEW STUDENTS.

As "THE MONTHLY" goes to press, there are enrolled upon the College register the names of 197 students. This is a decided increase over last year, or any previous year in the history of the college, and three more have engaged rooms which carries the total number to two hundred. Every available room in both Smith and Ward Halls, is now occupied. The number of new students is 75, and their names and places of residence are given below:

Eliza Baukhages.....	Washington, D. C
Edna Boulden.....	Chesapeake City
Bessie Clift.....	Sassafras
Helen S. Crouse.....	Westminster
Sallie M. Dale.....	Whaleyville
Pearla M. Devilbiss.....	Westminster
Lizzie F. Dorsey.....	Port Republic
Mary R. Elliott.....	Centreville
Beulah E. Erb.....	Westminster
Lillian Erb.....	" "
Ethel M. Fowler.....	" "
Carrie S. Gehr.....	" "
Katie Irwin.....	Boonsboro
Kate C. Jackson.....	Dailsville
Bessie F. Lemen.....	Williamsport
Ethel T. Lewis.....	Parksley, Va
Lettie McCoy.....	La Grange, N. C.
Nettie V. Raisin.....	Centreville
Lucy M. Redmond.....	Annapolis
Mary L. Ridgely.....	Sykesville
Virginia Reese.....	Westminster
Elizabeth I. Reese.....	" "
Katie Reislser.....	Union Bridge
Edna E. Schaeffer.....	Westminster

Ida M. Shane.....	Norrisville
Sallie Spence.....	Newark, N. J
Anna M. Sweet.....	Westminster
Mary E. Tagg.....	Easton
Lucy C. Taylor.....	La Grange, N. C
Catherine B. Thomas.....	Westminster
Gertrude M. Veasey.....	Pocomoke City
Annie B. Whaley.....	Plymouth, N. C
May L. Whaley.....	" "
Emma B. Wilson.....	Fort Meade, Dak

Richard S. Allen.....	Vinitaville, Va
Frederick E. Baukhages.....	Washington, D. C
James L. Billingslea.....	Westminster
William P. Caton.....	Alexandria, Va
Calvin E. Clay.....	New Market
Robert G. Claypoole.....	Baltimore
Leonard E. Devilbiss.....	Westminster
John Eliason.....	Middletown, Del
William H. Forsythe.....	Sykesville
William E. Harding.....	Wicomico Church, Va
John H. Harrison.....	Crumpton
Isaac J. Hudson.....	Chincoteague Island, Va
Talton M. Johnson.....	Curtis Mills, N. C
Frederick R. Jones.....	Bay View
Lewis B. Lawler.....	Rushville, Ill
Dorsey W. Lewis.....	Parksley, Va
William W. Livingstone.....	Westminster
Hammond S. Leas.....	" "
Charles K. McCaslin.....	Baltimore
Samuel B. McKinstry.....	McKinstry's Mills
Joseph S. Mills.....	Westminster
William P. Mills.....	" "
Crawford L. Queen.....	Lorentz, W. Va
John L. Reifsnider.....	Westminster
Marshall P. Richards.....	St. Michaels
George H. Ryland.....	Crumpton
Robert A. Sellman.....	Mt. Airy
Wallace Sellman.....	" "
G. H. Sharrer.....	Washington, D. C
Frank T. Shaw.....	Westminster
Arthur F. Smith.....	Frostburg
Ira F. Smith.....	Lorentz, W. Va
Harry D. Sweet.....	Westminster
Lewis Tharp.....	Harrington, Del
Frederick S. Topham.....	Washington, D. C
Naaman P. Turner.....	Salisbury
Graham Watson.....	Centreville
William A. Whealton.....	Chincoteague Island, Va
James S. Williams.....	Geneva, N. C
David E. Wilson.....	Fort Meade, Dak

Of the 197 students on roll, 106 are boarders, 60 males and 46 females; they are distributed over the country as follows: Arkansas 1, Dakota 2, Delaware 5, Maryland 157, Maine 1, New Jersey 1, North Carolina 9, Virginia 11, West Virginia 4, District of Columbia 4, Illinois 1, and Japan 1.

QUONDAM.

George F. Landers '82-'83, after leaving here was appointed by Hon. Milton G. Urner to a cadetship at West Point. He graduated there in 1887, and is now a Lieutenant in the 4th Artillery Regiment, U. S. A., and stationed at Atlanta, Ga. He visited the College while on a visit to his home in Maryland during the summer.

Dr. Walter R. Brown, '83-'86, having successfully passed the examination required by the State Board of Health, has been licensed to practice in Pennsylvania. He has located in Paintersville, in Westmoreland county.

On the 3d of August, in Union Bridge, Theodore A. Kauffman, '80-'82, of Denning's, was married to Fannie E. Baker.

Peter M. Lamothe, '74-'76, of Mantanzas, Cuba, paid a hasty visit to Westminster during the past month.

It is with great regret we are compelled to make record of the death of Prof. Abram Wright. He was a student at Western

Maryland from '72 to '74, when he left to accept a free scholarship at St. John's. He graduated at the latter college in '78, and since that time taught in various schools. But four years ago he established Wright's University School in Baltimore, and his school was soon prominently known as a training school for the large universities. He had the highest recommendations, and his patronage was of a most flattering character. He died of typhoid pneumonia on September 1st, in the 34th year of his age. He leaves a widow and two children.

Another death that saddens us is that of Mrs. Mollie R. Leatherbury, formerly Miss Mollie Stevens, '82-'84, which occurred after only a few hours' illness, on August 29th.

Prof. E. H. Norman, '81-'82, for five years a prominent member of the faculty of Bryant & Stratton's Business College, of Baltimore, is now at the head of the business course at the College at New Windsor.

Paul W. Koons, '81-'86, son of Rev. H. W. Kuhns, D. D., formerly of Westminster, is now holding a position with the First National Bank of Omaha, Nebraska, the oldest and one of the leading banks of the city. Its capital is \$500,000, surplus \$100,000, and its deposits over \$2,000,000.

At an examination of teachers in Carroll county during the summer, out of 80 applicants for certificates of qualification, the highest grade was made by Miss Maggie Lockard, '82-'83.

Rev. E. O. Ewing, '74-'76, and Rev. H. D. Mitchell, '85-'86, were each very prominent at camp meeting during the summer, the former as the manager of the Methodist Protestant Camp at Mt. Airy, the latter as leader of the Young People's Meeting at the Methodist Episcopal Camp at Summit Grove.

The many friends of B. W. Woolford, '85-'88, will be glad to hear that he has been promoted to the position of senior clerk in the drug store of Dr. Wm. Thomas, Cambridge.

H. L. Makinson, '87-'89, will spend the winter in Florida.

Woodland I. Tood, '82-'84, practicing at the bar of Selma, Ala., has become prominent as a vocalist. He is a paid singer of the Presbyterian Church and in the Synagogue of that city.

#### LOCALS.

Rah, rah, rah—rah, rah, ree-rah, rah, hulla-balloo, W. M. C., rah!

Tune up your voices, boys,  
Let every one "jine"  
In a good old college yell, boys,  
All along the line.  
'Ere long we'll leave these walls, boys,  
These walls we love so well,  
To join in a sterner watch-word,  
Than our simple college yell.

Wasn't vacation short?

How did you enjoy "Parlor Night?"

Don't forget Rule 11.

How those apples float!

Notice: Reuben's dog is no longer chained near the kitchen door at night.

Serious condition of the Senior class: Ward, Harper and White on the lookout for a sweetheart. Toby and Mace on the verge of uncertainty, although the latter continues to talk in his sleep about Kitty. Josh, however, still claims to have his *Hand(y)* in, as heretofore.

At present, a serious question of debate in W—'s mind is, "Which of the finny tribe is the more attractive to me, the *Taylor* or the *Whale(y)*?"

A new form of physical culture, climbing the fire-escape by

moonlight. Music not yet introduced. Professors excluded.

And now has come the time when ye college boy girdeth up his loins and sallieeth forth in quest of the apple orchard. It is safe to say that the said orchard will receive frequent visits from said boy, until the demand exceeds the supply.

W—te positively asserted on returning to school that he would not have a girl this year, but from present appearances, it seems that his declaration is about as much to be depended on as a prognostication by Wiggins.

Say Johnson, "Where did you get that hat?"

Miskimon has great faith in the "Egyptian Sorcerer."

Miss Heyde is said to be an admirer of old Greek philosophers and statesmen, and to hold in special esteem, Aristides.

There is henceforth no doubt about Ba—ck's being especially fond of *Rasins*, "don't you know." He not only keeps a supply on hand at home, "don't you know," but appears to have a supply here at College also.

"What fools we mortals be!" Did you ever think of it?

The Freshman class this year numbers fifty-one.

Wanted—A young man of considerable experience, well qualified to act as assistant bookkeeper, to assist in keeping straight Smith's running account at Sophomore table, as the work involves too much labor for two men alone. For further particulars, apply to T. B. Miskimon, or A. L. Wheaton.

It is reported that Mr. R., room 26, upon writing home about the reception which the Y. M. C. A., tendered to the new students on Sept. 14, by a *lapsus pennae*, said the assembly was treated to *I scream*.

There's a light young lad in the Sophomore class,  
He's from Chincoteague Island they say;  
Who oft parts his hair on each side of his head  
And studies his Greek before day.

In reciting a lesson in Rhetoric last week,  
He caused all his classmates to smile,  
For he wasn't prepared to recite very well,  
Though he'd studied it then quite a while.

The question propounded was simple enough,  
However he answered it wrong,  
For after considering it well he exclaimed  
"Why lengthiness is something not long."

Miskimon says there are 206 bones in the human skull, while C. E. Harris, after considerable investigation, has concluded that there is exactly the same number in the spinal column.

Junior R. informed one of his classmates this week that the diaphragm consisted of bone. We would advise him to study medicine at once, as he would no doubt have a bright future before him, were he to adopt that profession.

Ram it in, cram it in;  
The Freshmen's heads are hollow.  
Slam it in, jam it in,  
Still there is more to follow;  
Hygiene and History,  
Astronomic mystery.  
Ram it in, cram it in,  
Freshmen's heads are hollow!  
Rap it in, tap it in;  
What are professors paid for,  
Chuck it in, tuck it in;  
What were Freshmen made  
Ancient Archnology,  
Latin Etymology.  
Rap it in, slam it in,  
Freshmen's heads are hollow!

Bang it in, slam it in,  
 All there is of booking;  
 Bang it in, slam it in,  
 A Freshman's delight is hooking,  
 Greek, Geometry,  
 Prosody and Zoology.  
 Bang it in, slam it in,  
 Freshmen's heads are hollow!

Hoax it in, coax it in,  
 They are loath to unwind;  
 Rush it in, crush it in,  
 What is in the prophets mind.  
 Algebra, Histology,  
 Physics, Clinicology,  
 Calculus and mathematics.  
 Hoax it in, coax it in,  
 Freshmen's heads are hollow!

[In order to secure the future continuance of this paper, and our own safety, the editors beg leave to announce that the above poem was written by a member of the Freshman Class.]

Können Sie Deutsch Sprechen? If you can't, we warn you against engaging in any conversation with Seniors or Juniors, for they seize every opportunity to pour out their unlimited knowledge of the German vocabulary.

The new fire escape is a very handy thing in good weather, but we would suggest that some protection against the rain be constructed, in case of bad weather. For even in this short time, several of our boys, whose urgent business in town prevented them from coming in before ten o'clock, feeling a delicacy in walking up the steps and thus annoying and disturbing the sleep of other students, took the short cut up the iron ladder. As it was raining at the time, they report that they were very much inconvenienced by the dampness.

What Miskimon doesn't know, or Eliason hasn't seen, must be a very insignificant matter and unworthy of consideration.

McKeever has started a fruit exchange. He is very fair in his transactions, for he does not attempt to Heyde the bad fruit at the bottom of the basket.

One of the new students when asked what society he intended to join, replied that he "didn't know, for where he came from, there was no distinction, everybody went in the same society."

Miskimon has returned this year with a fresh lot of base ball and prize ring gossip. When warmed up by the subject, his style of speech is fluent and precise, and he requires very little prompting. When engaged in his eulogy of Sullivan or the St. Louis base ball club, his remarks are sublime and deeply affecting. He occasionally throws in the word lalla for the sake of euphony.

The great question: What is Robey going to do for a moustache?

#### IN MEMORIAM.

We miss thee, W. Shindle, the fool,  
 From our jolly little circle here at school,  
 For no longer do we hear,  
 With wonder akin to fear,  
 Of the way you used to break the 11th rule.  
 The base ball team regrets that you have gone,  
 When they think of the applause you often won  
 As you stood upon 3d base,  
 With that true professional grace,  
 Thou famous "old man Shin," from Dickerson.

BY HIS ROOM MATE.

In Junior Science: Prof., holding up two bottles of slightly different size. "Mr. J., can you tell me which of these is the

larger?" Mr. J., very promptly, the smaller one, sir. Such is the acuteness of Jr. perception.

"Pat" and "Kitty" are names heard around the Senior table sometimes, and Pat's classmates envy him because of the novelty and rythm of the phrase.

Brilliancy I. What metre do you consider most pleasing for amorous effect? Brilliancy II. The "meet-cr" in Parlor Night, of course.

Who is "Floss?" For information you are referred to the "Exponent of Mechanicstown," whose mental equilibrium is said to have suffered serious disturbances of late on her account.

W. to Pres. B. B. A.: "How was the game yesterday?" Pres.: "Brooklyn shut Columbus out, score, 10 to 1."

One of our boys has commenced to write poetry! We advise this specimen of W. Va.'s gallantry to "hide" (?) at once. We are not allowed to give the "kee" to his name.

#### WARD HALL MUSEUM.

The following may be seen in the building at any time, no charge for admission. A fine Harper, an excellent Marshall, animated Clay and a walking Clay-pole, unmatured Mace, the brilliancy of Day, the philosophy of Grow(th), a Ful(1)ton, a furless Robe(y), a Mr. Mis(s)kimon, the beauties of the Hudson, boys who can (are) Wheal-tons, a good Smith, a whole Ward, good Ry(e)land, a profound Bow(den), a native J. E. W, a dry-land Ship(ley), an utter Rout(son), a tip Top-ham, a Bar-wich, a democratic Queen.

At the laying of the corner stone of the Carroll Hall, a copy of the "MONTHLY," along with the other papers of the city, was placed in the glass receptacle in the stone. It would be well to state that the said copy will probably travel down to posterity and the student who chanced to be mentioned in the "local column" of that particular issue, can rest assured that at least one item of his biography will pass on to future generations whether fame or fortune or even the girl he loves, ever smiles on him hereafter or not.

Sm-th, a sophomore, on receipt of a letter much blotted, remarked earnestly, that "the girl is a dark brunette, consequently her tears make a black impression.

One of our tourists to Pen Man, on his return said that "He was unable to express what he saw in thought, and that ten dollars would not buy it.

"Shindle" no more entertains us with Ah! ha! ha! nor Toby with his war-hoop.

There has been in previous years so much sweetness on one side of the house that a *lemen* has been lately required.

"The cat can look at the Queen."

This year although we lament the loss of our accustomed *Grove*, yet we feel benefited by an additional *Cleft* and *Dale*.

There is one of our lady students who is very particular that everything she says shall be *pat*; of course this renders conversation with her very *spicy*.

A Senior lady on entering the German class for the first time, was saluted by the teacher with the greeting, "Guten Tag;" to which she replied, "Poodle dog? No Ma'am, havent any."

Miss D—was heard to remark a few days ago, that she wished that she were gifted with Foresight (Forsythe.) We sincerely hope that this may be so.

Can anyone inform us with what degree the name of Cicero should be followed, as one of our ladies was seen diligently search for an A. M., B. D., or P. H. D., in a book written by him.

Miss G—seems to think nothing is difficult which crowns one with *Laurels*, and has been heard to say that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," yet this does not always atone for the loss of other things; however there are such things as reminders and they may serve to ward off low(e) spirits.

A lady was heard to remark at the table the other day, with expressive glances; "which shall it be, which shall it be, I looked at John, then at—ley."

During the new year there have been many aspirants for the crown, and one lover of royalty has been heard to remark, "Oh would I were a Queen."

Drama, 1 act 3 scenes.

1st scene. Study hour. Rap at the door, young lady falls behind the bed. 2nd scene. Young lady; L—get up this minute, its nobody. 3rd scene. Door opens to admit teacher Rise and fall of Temperance.

### THE YINGLING GYMNASIUM.

The College has its gymnasium at last, and it is a building that the donor and all who are connected with it can be reasonably proud of. It is not only attractive, but of unique design, from Gott, of Baltimore. The dimensions are suitable, but spacious for a college gymnasium, being perhaps the largest building of its kind in the State. The foundation is of impervious rock; then comes brick, and finally shingles complete the handsome structure.

The foundation floor will be furnished with the necessary bath rooms, but not at present, owing to the absence of requisite funds. The gymnasium floor proper comes next, and is unobstructed. Upon this floor will be placed the usual developing apparatus, such as horizontal, parallel and vertical bars, rings of different kinds, wooden upright and vertical ladders and rope ladders, with other appropriate climbing apparatus.

Nearly all of the fixtures will be portable, so that they can easily be removed in case of public exhibition or calisthenic drill. Of course mattresses, rubber mats and many unmentionable necessities will make up the outfit. Chest weight machines will adorn the walls, and, with the quarter circles and rowing machines, will make the development more systematic. Above the floor, extending around the room, is the gallery, to be utilized for seating capacity and used for the track, making thirty-three laps to the mile. That portion on the inside, which is not of brick, will be wainscoted, so that its neatness and attractiveness will be much enhanced.

The purpose of the gymnasium is not to make acrobats or even athletes of the students, but to develop them into strong and healthy men and women. Daily systematic exercise will be given to all, as the course is compulsory. The young men will be measured each term, so that special exercise and advice will be given in case of deficiency in any of the muscles, with a view of obtaining symmetric bodies. Appropriate exhibitions will be duly given to show the progress of the department and the utility of the course. Classes will be formed and leaders appointed to excite proficiency and to economize time. This is a cursory description of the good work that will soon go on, and it will prove that the same exercises that were so salutary in the days of Father John will be as beneficial in this age of physical culture.

### ALUMNI.

Dollie Whittington, '88, is teaching at Crisfield.

W. M. Weller, '89, is now on a civil engineering tour.

Prof. James McD. Radford, '88, having been two years away from his native State, Georgia, made a hasty march thither to "the girl he had left behind him" as soon as school had closed for vacation. Since then the only tidings of him tell us that on August 8th he was married to Miss Cora Heard, of Covington, Ga.

At the fall meeting of the Teachers' Association of Queen

Anne's county, Flora Trenchard, '85, took part in the program by giving a select reading.

Hattie V. Holliday, '81, is still engaged in school-teaching in Annapolis, and is a leading singer in the P. E. Church choir of that city.

Dr. D. E. Stone, the Prohibitionist candidate for Comptroller of the State, is the father of Lenore O. Stone, '86.

Mrs. Alice Fenby Gist, of Mackintosh, Florida, spent the summer with her parents in Maryland.

Flora E. Wilson, '80, gave a pleasant reception at her home during the month of August. Loulie M. Cunningham, '81, and Georgia R. Nichols, '83, were among the guests. Miss Wilson has reopened her popular school at Union Bridge.

We are glad to announce that Miss Kate M. Smith, A. M., '81, has resumed the position held by her at the College from '82 to '86.

Carrie L. Mourer, '87, assistant in the Central Hall School of Maryland, in the examiner's report of the teachers' examination is mentioned as among those receiving the highest grade. Miss Mourer spent part of the summer at St. Michael's, visiting her cousin, Prof. Wm. S. Crouse, '71, and Edith Richards, '86. Miss Richards is teaching in the High School at St. Michael's.

Prof. DeWitt C. Ingle, A. M., '78, for the past four years principal of the Millersville Academy, has resigned that position to take charge of an academy at Atlanta, Ga. Prof. R. L. Brockett, so fondly remembered by all the earlier students of the College, and the father of Mrs. May Brockett Ingle, '74, is to be connected with the school.

Retta Dodd, '87, and Annie Dodd, '89, tendered a dance to their lady and gentlemen friends at their residence, near Wye Mills, during August. Bessie Miller, '81; Lenore O. Stone, '86, and P. B. Hopper, '74, were present; also Wm. J. Price, a quondam student, Edith Stevens, Nannye Heyde, Nettie Rasin and J. Frank Harper, students at present, were among the party.

Rev. Hugh L. Elderdice, '82, for several years pastor of the Broadway M. P. Church of Baltimore, has been granted a leave of absence to complete his theological course at Yale Divinity School, which was interrupted five years ago by the death of his father.

Rev. E. A. Warfield, '82, A. M. B. D., has entered the Senior Class of the Yale Divinity School, and after graduating will pursue a graduate course in the Semitic languages.

Charles E. Stoner, '82, of Birmingham, Alabama, General Land Agent of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, is on a visit to his father in Frederick county.

One of the saddest deaths that has ever occurred in the circle of the Alumni is that of Ida E. Gott, '85. On Sunday, July 7, when a lady friend who had come to visit her was about to leave, she got in the carriage with her friend, and, in starting the horse off, frightened him by the use of the whip. The horse ran, and in passing through a gate overturned the carriage, throwing the young ladies against the gate post. Miss Gott's skull was badly fractured, and she died not long after from concussion of the brain. She was a most estimable young lady, and Western Maryland loses in her one of the brightest of her Alumnae.

Dent Downing, '87, since graduation has been on an extensive tour with an engineering corps in Mexico, and at present holds a position in the Fifth Auditor's office of the Treasury Department.

President T. H. Lewis and wife, of Western Maryland College, gave a delightful reception on Tuesday evening, August 13th, at the College, in honor of their nephew, Lewis A. Jarman, Esq., and bride, of Rushville, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis received their guests in the large reception room of the College. Mrs. Jarman, who is a handsome blonde, was becomingly and ele-

gantly attired in her bridal dress. After some time spent in social conversation, refreshments were served. Mr. Jarman was formerly a student at the College and graduated with the class of '80, and afterward studied law at the Law School, Baltimore, where he graduated with honor, and has since practiced his profession at Rushville, Illinois, his present home. Mrs. Jarman is a daughter of Wm. H. Ray, who was the Republican member of the 43d Congress from Illinois. Among the guests present were a number of Mr. Jarman's former classmates and students of the College, which made the reception a pleasant reunion. Among those present were Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., ex-President of the College and President of the Westminster Theological Seminary; Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Lewis, Anna R. Yingling, A. M., and Charles H. Baughman, A. M., of the Class of '71; Dr. Chas. Billingslea and wife, formerly Clara Smith, and B. Franklin Crouse, A. M., Class of '73; Prof. James A. Diffenbaugh, A. M., Class of '74; Rev. T. H. Lewis, A. M., D. D., Class of '75; Dr. W. H. White, former student, and wife, formerly Mary Rinehart, Class of '79; L. A. Jarman, A. M., L. L. B., Prof. W. R. McDaniel, A. M., and Joseph W. Smith, Class of '80; Loulie M. Cunningham, A. M., Class of '81; Mrs. T. H. Murray, formerly Florence Hering, and Franklin P. Fenby, Class of '83, and John H. Cunningham, Class of '86; Kittie Noel, Ada Smith and Dr. Joseph T. Hering, of Westminster, former students.

Chaplain and Mrs. David Wilson request your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Jennie Frances, to Lieutenant Joseph C. Byron, U. S. Army, on Tuesday, October 5th, at noon. Fort Meade, Dakota. Such was the invitation the many Maryland friends of Jennie Wilson, '86, received a few weeks since.

A. Laura Jones, '89, of Summit Bridge, Del., entertained at her home during a part of the summer, her class mates, Misses Laura B. Taylor, of Baltimore and Fannie M. Grove, of Hagers-town.

W. McA. Lease, '89, was one of the delegates to represent Frederick county, at the Republican State Convention in this city, October 1st.

Fannie M. Grove, '89, has been given charge of a flourishing school at Brownsville.

T. E. Reese, '89, ex-Editor in Chief of the MONTHLY, paid his old friends in Ward Hall a flying visit, Sept. 17. He is now attending the State Medical School in Baltimore.

**FRIDAY AFTERNOON.**

The exercises on September 20th were conducted by the musical department of the college. The following program proved to be an interesting one.

- Piano Solo, { a. By Moonlight,..... Bendel.
- { b. The Erl-King,..... Schubert-Oesten.
- Prof. T. F. Rinehart.
- Vocal Solo—The Flower Girl ..... Bevignani.
- Miss Wolfes.
- Piano Solo—Grand March ..... Pease.
- Miss Clift.
- Vocal Solo—The Butterfly..... Torry.
- Miss Heyde.
- Vocal Duett—Our Mountain Home..... Glover.
- Misses Gore and Wolfes.
- Piano Duett—Andante from 2nd Symphony, ..... Beethoven.
- Prof. Rinehart and Miss McCoy.

Owing to the delay of the classes in starting their regular work in elocution, no exercises were given Sept. 27th

The Seniors occupied the stage, Friday, October 4th. The essays and orations were well prepared and were attentively listened to. The musical part of the program was very creditable to the participants, Misses Coghill and Rasin.

- Essay;.....Friendship.
- Miss C. E. Dumm.

- Oration,.....Desire of Distinction.
- Mr. W. M. Cross.
- Piano Solo,.....La Tempete.
- Miss C. C. Coghill.
- Essay,.....Not in Vain I Waited.
- Miss M. J. Fisher.
- Oration,.....The Slavery of To-day.
- Mr. J. F. Harper.
- Vocal Solo,.....Fishermaiden.
- Miss N. V. Rasin.
- Essay,.....The Life of Lord Byron.
- Miss G. E. Franklin.
- Oration, .....Sympathetic Emotions.
- Mr. W. I. Mace.
- Musical Staff.
- Misses Gore, L. Caulk, McCoy and Clift.

**EXCHANGE.**

The *National Magazine* is the name of a new literary venture of Chicago, which begins with the October number. It is published under the auspices of the new "National University," which opens October 1st, of which it is the organ. The first number will contain articles on literary, educational and scientific subjects, and a prospectus of the University, which is said to be modeled after the London University, and has extensive non-resident courses, teaching many subjects by mail. Published at 182 Clark street.

**AMONG THE COLLEGES.**

Prof. Todd, of Amherst college, is to lead the Government expedition to Southwestern Africa to observe the total eclipse of the sun on December 22.

One-third of the students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired at college; one-third die prematurely from the effects of close confinement at their studies; and the other third govern Europe.

In Michigan University "a larger proportion of women than of men are taking by choice the full classical course," President Angell reports. Men are becoming scientific rather than classical on account of the new openings in scientific professions, while women study "Greek and Latin, to meet the requirements of teachers."—*Toledo Blade*.

The Council of the Archæological Institute has issued a circular letter addressed to the public, appealing for contributions for the fund to be used in the excavation of the site of Delphi, Greece. The sum of \$80,000 is desired. There is a village called Kastri now situated upon the site of the famous oracle, and its buildings must be paid for then removed. The excavation is to be conducted under the management of the American School at Athens in Greece. The circular is signed by Charles Eliot Norton, Joseph W. Harper, Jr., Allen Marquand, Russell Sturgis, Henry Drisler, Daniel C. Gilman, Francis Parkman, Stephen Salisbury, Frederick J. de Peyster, John G. Peters, Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve, James Russell Lowell, Henry C. Potter, Wm. Pepper, Julius Sachs, Wm. Ware, and by the directors of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens for several years past. In the circular the signers say: "The investigation of the remains at Delphi is the most interesting and important work now remaining to be accomplished in the field of classical archæology. The part which Delphi played in the history of Greece is too well known to need recounting. The imagination of every man who recognizes what modern civilization owes to ancient Greece is stirred by the name of Delphi as by no other name except that of Athens. To recover what may now be recovered of the remains of its ancient greatness, to ascertain all that may be ascertained concerning the character of its famous buildings, to collect the fragments of the works of art which lie buried in the soil, to gather the inscriptions with which its walls were covered, to gain all possible knowledge concerning it—is a task of the highest honor to those who may accomplish it, and one which Americans may well be proud and glad to undertake.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

**AT THE SEMINARY.**

We are glad to report, that the Seminary opened with a bright outlook, for the students are numerous. We were much pleased, on our return, to find a great improvement made in the appearance of the Seminary by a nice coat of fresh paint. The Seminary and its surroundings, but more especially the general interest of the Professors in us and our studies, are incentives to us, to begin, continue, and end our prescribed course, with careful attention, absorbing interest and inquiry, and a practical application of every branch of study. We expect the Seminary to have a most successful career the present scholastic year.

C. K. McCaslin and J. F. Smith, Seminary students, entered the College this fall, but we are glad to report, that they still room with us, and are exercising their powers for good among us.

C. A. Davis, of Horntown, Virginia, who entered the Seminary, stayed with us about a week, having contracted an overwhelming sufficiency of homesickness, yielded to its influences, and without much ceremony, quit our halls and departed for home. We hope that he will soon return and complete the Seminary course.

All of the students of the Seminary and two of the College met Rev. Augustus Webster, D. D., at the residence of Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D. All felt it to be a great treat to listen to his experience in the ministry, his wholesome advice, and his especial blessing on us. We would like to meet him again.

Revs. B. P. Truitt, C. W. McCallister and G. A. Ogg have been with us for a short time. Bro. Ogg and Miss J. Effie Ports were made one on September 25. We wish them long and happy lives.

F. J—s, shortly after he arrived among us, being all broken up by circumstances unknown to us, evinced great melancholy and general depression of spirits, so much so that he did not enter the Seminary until after he had been here a week. In the course of time, there arrived a very wide envelope containing a missive, fraught with good news, a balm for a heart disease to which he became an heir, and much to the joy of us all, his gloom was dispelled and all within him rejoiced. He values the letter at five hundred dollars.

On September 13, Stockton Society was organized and elected the following officers:—W. B. Judefind, President; J. F. Smith, Vice-President; J. F. Valliant, Recording Secretary, R. K. Lewis, Correspondent Secretary; Dorsey Blake, Critic; W. H. Young, Treasurer; and F. Q. Jones, Chaplain.

On September 28, The Missionary Alliance was organized and elected the following officers:—Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., President; J. B. Whaley, Vice-President; Dorsey Blake, Secretary, and J. E. Grant, Treasurer.

PHILOKALEAN.

**PERSONALS.**

Messrs. J. E. White, W. E. White, J. M. Tull, J. F. Harper, G. B. Hadley and C. H. Bowden spent the day at Pen Mar, Sept. 21st, and report a good time.

I. F. Smith and C. K. McCaslin, students of the Seminary last year, have entered as students of the College.

We are glad to see with us this year, J. B. Whaley, '89, and although he is no longer with us as a student, yet he will always find a warm welcome among his many friends in Ward Hall. Mr. Whaley occupies the position of tutor in English Branches at the Theological Seminary.

**SOCIETY ENTERTAINMENTS.**

In pursuance with the plan adopted two years ago, the society anniversaries will occur this year as follows: Thursday, November 28, the Philomathean Society will appear upon the stage; Thursday, December 19, Irving Society; Friday, February

21, Browning Society; Thursday, April 3, Webster Society.

The dates are well distributed throughout the year, and each anniversary will be looked forward to with interest by the students.

Now for the Philos.

There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way of doing things.

As a father should provide for the religious education of his children, so should a government for the instruction of its subjects.

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.

**COLLEGE DIRECTORY.**

**BROWNING SOCIETY.**

President.....Bettie Shriver  
 Vice President.....Georgia Franklin  
 Recording Secretary.....Grace Hering  
 Corresponding Secretary.....Nannie Heyde  
 Treasurer.....Lucy Taylor  
 Librarian.....Lettie McCoy  
 Critic.....Nannie Galt

**PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.**

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 Vice President.....Addie Handy  
 Recording Secretary.....Anna M. Thompson  
 Corresponding Secretary.....Edna E. Frazier  
 Treasurer.....Lizzie T. Caulk  
 Librarian.....Grace Phillips  
 Chaplain.....Marion E. Money  
 Critic.....Nannie Blandford

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 Vice President.....P. H. Myers  
 Recording Secretary.....G. W. Ward  
 Corresponding Secretary.....J. E. White  
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 Assistant Librarian.....G. E. Day  
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**WEBSTER SOCIETY.**

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 Vice President.....W. I. Mace  
 Recording Secretary.....G. E. Waesche  
 Corresponding Secretary.....G. B. Hadley  
 Treasurer.....P. H. Dorsey  
 Chaplain.....L. A. Shipley  
 Critic.....J. F. Harper  
 Librarian.....C. H. Bowden  
 Mineralogist.....F. M. Phillips

**Y. M. C. A.**

President.....J. B. Whaley  
 Vice President.....G. W. Ward  
 Recording Secretary.....B. B. James  
 Corresponding Secretary.....D. F. Harris  
 Treasurer.....R. K. Lewis

**Y. W. C. A.**

President.....Carrie C. Coghill  
 Vice President.....Edna E. Frazier  
 Corresponding Secretary.....Marion E. Money  
 Treasurer.....Cerulia E. Dumm  
 Organist.....Lettie McCoy

# Western Maryland College Monthly.

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NO. 2.

## Western Maryland College Monthly.

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J. FRANK HARPER, Editor in Chief.

EDITORS.

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G. W. WARD,

ADELIA HANDY,

NANNY M. HEYDE,

J. M. TULL.

ANNA McF. THOMPSON,

Business Manager.....W. M. CROSS.

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The country has just passed through the excitement of another election, which, though confined to a certain number of states, partook more or less of national importance. Once more the voter has been called upon to exercise the right of his political franchise. The issues of the day have been fearlessly expounded by the speakers of the contending parties, candidates have been eulogized and abused from the stump, and the voter has cast his ballot after due consideration, we hope, and with an unprejudiced mind. Is it too much to expect this of every fair minded voter? Is it too much to suppose that every sensible citizen should realize the responsibility of his ballot and after weighing carefully the claims of each party, vote accordingly? Yet it is to be regretted that a vast number of the voters of today come far short of their duty.

But as to may have been the nature of the voting, whether or not the public will has been fairly expressed, we do not pretend to say, as we look upon the result of Tuesday's election. Some are elated, some are disappointed. Some have indulged in a good "hurrah," some go around with a dejected look. Each fair-thinking voter, however, is satisfied with the knowledge that he has done his duty as a citizen and will be contented with the result.

The election just held seems to have been as fairly conducted as could have been desired; the popular voice of the people appears to have been correctly reached. It is natural that some of the defeated party should cry "fraud;" it is but customary that the cry of "fraud" should arise even before the voting. But as Senator Vance once remarked in one of his speeches in the Senate; "The darkies on the old camp-ground who loudest sing and shout, Are going to steal somebody's hen-roost before the week it out?"

There are many defects in our election law which open the way for the abuse of the ballot. It is through the ballot that our country is governed; it is through the ballot that our laws are framed and altered; it is upon the ballot that our destiny as a nation depends. Can our system of voting not be improved? The Australian ballot system, from the success and approval it

has met with wherever tried, seems to afford a remedy. By allowing a voter the free and unrestricted use of his ticket, by keeping away crowds that always infest the polling places, by putting a restriction upon bribery, and by making it almost an impossibility to "stuff" the ballot-box, it is certainly preferable to our present law. At any rate, let us, as free American citizens, have the benefit of some system that will be more effective in preserving the sanctity of our right of suffrage. The independent voter demands it; the patriotic citizen demands it; the nation demands it. Surrounded as we are by partisans, urged on by a partisan press, it is necessary that our law be so improved as to prevent the further corruption of our political franchise, and thus give us more effectually a free ballot and a fair count.

Why is there abroad a sort of prejudice against college students? That there is such a prejudice we think does not require proof. Indeed, so common is it that it is often set up as an argument against the college—its usefulness, its real advantage.

We think one cause, probably the chief, may be found in the students themselves. Young men wrenched from the grooves in which they have been sliding, by mere force of circumstances at hand, find their advent into college an opportune moment for assuming new proportions, for widening the groove, for altering the laws of their procedure. Each thinks it a favorable time to remodel his whole complex existence, and reconstruct himself after an ideal itself resembling a piece of patchwork, composed, as it must be, of fragments gleamed promiscuously from characters the most opposite, and thrown together with no other guiding principle than a vague desire to appear "great."

The effort fails, but the mischief is not compassed by that sentence. The original character was somewhat symmetrical; was so bound into a whole that its parts could be brought into sympathy and its energies directed. It was of the same order as the characters among which it grew up, and so could share with these the experience of life. But this monstrosity, which has been produced by an awkward attempt at remodeling, is such an oddity that men, so far from seeking to engage such an individual, shrink from all relation with him. That student has placed himself without the ordinary laws of individual co-existence by his failure to observe those laws.

It is not strange that the practical public refuse to recognize these persons, and turn to men of sound sense instead, no matter what their former training.

If students generally, and those contemplating a course at college, could realize that the institution is merely a place for training and developing the powers each has already, and not a machine for turning out fully rounded and perfect characters from even the basest material, they would derive far greater benefit from the institution, and the objectionable prejudice would soon disappear.

The subject of ponying is one with which the majority of

students are acquainted, either theoretically or practically. A "pony" may be a translation of some author or a key to a mathematical work. Indeed, the sphere of ponies includes all subjects which require the student to exert the powers of his own mind to discover reasons and to work out results. Now, the peculiar advantage of many of these studies is the training which they afford in these processes. But ponies have the reasons already discovered for us, the results already worked out. So, while the same amount of knowledge may be acquired, the training, which may be considered equally as important, is entirely lost. But the statement just made as to the amount of knowledge gained is a questionable one. These things which have cost us trouble and labor are not likely to be forgotten soon: on the other hand the impression made by ponies is only ephemeral, the knowledge is only tasted, not digested. Again, ponying deprives one of the pleasure which follows upon the consciousness of having discovered a truth or solved a problem. Ponies have done all this for us: they have robbed us of a subtle enjoyment.

But this is a practical age, and we must do as much work as possible. With the help of a pony we can read twice as much of an author as we could otherwise. The reply to this is that the quality of work is as important as the quantity, if not more so. However, where the main object in view is expedition, ponies are useful, but when lessons are of reasonable length the only excuse for them is either laziness or stupidity. Of course there are some whose aim is to get through with their lessons with as little work and trouble as possible: they are in reality the persons for whom "ponies" were provided. They are too indolent to walk, and therefore if they go at all they must ride. There are a large class, hence the enormous demand for ponies.

Now there is a class of students whose paramount object is to make high marks, and to this end they sometimes make use of ponies, since these convenient animals often take them across places which would have been impassable to them on foot. In such a case as this, ponying takes on a moral aspect, for if a student of this class succeeds in disguising his underhand methods from his teacher, and thereby gets credit for that which someone else has done for him, he certainly does great injustice to those of his rivals who enter the race depending upon their own abilities. Some are skilled enough to deceive their professor, but in many instances the teacher's penetration can distinguish the equestrian from the honest pedestrain, sometimes when the former hasn't the slightest suspicion of such a thing.

Of course we discriminate between ponying and downright cheating during recitation and examination. The latter is contemptible.

"Virtue has its own reward:" Ponying has its own punishment.

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In the short space allotted it is impossible to do more than suggest a few thoughts concerning the college department of that world-wide organization, the Y. M. C. A., to say nothing of its great workings outside of institutions of learning. It seems hardly necessary to say that no one else feels the necessity and direct influence of the College Y. M. C. A. so forcibly as the student himself. The restraining influences of a Christian home having been suddenly thrown off, his school life, and not infrequently his

character, is determined by the directing forces of the new circle which he enters. If, instead of being hazed, as he expected, he is met by a pleasant countenance, a warm grasp of the hand and a kind word of encouragement, and is invited to attend a Y. M. C. A. reception, he is convinced at once that the boys are not the ruffians he expected to find, but a band of Christian young gentlemen, among whom his faith stands at par.

Perhaps there is no period in one's life in which good influences are more essential to the forming of an excellent character than the few years spent at college. We believe there are more temptations crowded into the four years of college life than one meets in any other six years of his life. It is here that the views are broadened, the judgment becomes fixed to a certain extent conclusions are drawn, a degree of self-reliance is attained, and a notion of life and of many things pertaining to it received. While all this is being done it is very necessary that the spiritual man is looked after, otherwise it may never be done. Certainly no one is what the Creator intended him to be until he is developed physically, mentally, spiritually.

Since national character is the aggregate of individual character, and since the college bred youth of this generation shall rule the next, the future condition of our country and of the world depends largely on the class of men that go forth from the colleges of today. Each person revolves around himself as satellites all his associates who are less powerful than himself. The more powerful the centre, the greater the number who revolve. Other things being equal, the educated man is greater, of course, than the uneducated. If the college student shows himself worthy, he is looked to for decision, for judgment, for example. Then, because of the influence our college boys are to wield, they themselves would be influenced for the better. We know of no agent better suited to this work than the Y. M. C. A.

Again, nowhere are these men a greater power for good or evil than in the various professions. The physician has a direct influence over society in his daily business. Some one has said that the bar is second only to the pulpit in its influence. The statesman either keeps the government pure or corrupts it. The author fills the youthful mind with thoughts either elevating or degrading in their tendency. The convictions of the successful editor become the convictions of his readers. While the college aims at filling these and various other positions with educated men, the college Y. M. C. A., co-operating with the college, aims at filling them with educated Christian men. It strives to do this by causing the little college world, with its phases of character, its society, its temptations, its work, its amusements, its joys, its sorrows, its organizations, its government and departments of government, to set up as high a standard for its inhabitants as possible—by causing it to attain as nearly to the ideal as may be.

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We regret to announce that P. H. Myers, of the Class of '90, and Business Manager of the MONTHLY, has been compelled to leave College on account of failing health. He was a student popular with all, but liked most by those who knew him best, and the Class of '90 loses one of its most industrious members. W. M. Cross has been selected to take his place upon the staff.

**THE DEAF BEETHOVEN.**

BY JULIA ROMANA ANAGNOS.

He sits like Memnon, turned to stone,  
 Yet breathing notes of glory,  
 Strong as old Vulcan's hammer strokes,  
 Sweet as the swan's last story!

He cannot feel the mighty thrill  
 That sways us at his gifting,  
 The thunder echoes of his will  
 The world to rapture lifting!

He cannot taste the glowing cup  
 His hand for us is pouring;  
 He cannot with those wings rise up  
 On which he sends us soaring.

Strange Providence; to crown us all  
 And leave the king bareheaded,  
 To rouse us at a deaf man's call,  
 And he to silence wedded!

Yet it is thus and ever thus,  
 The glory is in giving;  
 Those monarchs taste a deathless joy  
 That agonized while living.

Great Tantalus, go quench thy thirst  
 At fountains sempiternal,  
 Where broken hearts need never burst  
 And all the year is vernal!

A temple fair, not made with hands,  
 Such was on earth thy building,  
 A house not set on garish sands,  
 Nor marred with foolish gilding.

Its walls colossal marches are,  
 Its steps sonatas golden,  
 Its vaults the boundless symphonies  
 Whereby the stars are holden!

Can Phidias o'ermatch the feat?  
 Amphion cannot reach it,  
 Nor Orpheus, with all his love,  
 Nor blazing Sappho teach it.

Gigantic architect of sound!  
 Sublime though stricken mortal,  
 Heaven closed thine ears to all around,  
 And oped to thee its portal.

The tones seraphic streaming thence  
 Are ours for now and ever;  
 Then let us praise thy glorions gift  
 Till all our heart-strings sever.—*Set.*

**THE REVOLUTION OF WAR.**

"Westward the star of empire takes its way" is an expression as truthful as poetic. So far back as the mind of man runs, emigration has been toward the setting sun until civilization has girdled the earth. Emigration like a current, set in from the East, and for over three thousand years has been flowing Westward. It has struck the surf beaten shores of the Atlantic, and counter-currents have begun to roll back. Babylon and the cities of the plain sent pioneers to explore the unknown West, and now their descendants are returning to gaze in wonder on the changes which time has wrought. These changes have been sharp turning points distinctly marked, and by them we judge not only of the past, but form an estimate of the future.

On the soil of Greece the bold natures of the Indo-European race, springing from the countries of Media, Persia, and Macedonia found a foot-hold. From these sprang the Grecian Princes, successors to Alexander, and the nations that trod Rome under foot, only in turn to be treated likewise. In this evolution we may behold the pictures of the ages; the glory and power of all the empires of the world. War was the insatiable god that produced these gigantic upheavals. Marathon was the first. Here it was that the spell of Persian invincibility was broken forever, and the spirit was aroused that defeated Xerxes and led Alexander on the Asiatic campaign. Truly were the intellectual treasures of Athens and the liberal enlightenment of the Western World secured by this victory. The time came for Athens to bow to the inevitable, for a stronger than her was in power. 'Twas at Syracuse her pride was humbled and she became a vassal of Rome. Says Arnold "The Romans knew not how deeply the fate of the whole Western World was involved in the destruction of the Athenian Fleet in Syracuse harbor." Had this great expedition proven victorious, Greece and not Rome might have conquered Carthage; Greek instead of Latin would be the principal element in the language of Spain, Italy and France. The dominion of the West was left for Rome and Carthage to wrangle over with even greater flights of military genius than was ever displayed in the East.

Penned up in Aristotle's shop was a spirit, as yet untamed. Sparta was raising up an avenger in her midst; he it was whose progress Asia beheld with awe and astonishment. "The sweep of whose conquests," says Arnold, "was as wide and rapid as that of her own barbaric kings." Her civilization existed for nearly one thousand years; its effects will endure for ever. Such is the nature of the third turning point and Arbela the name. Rome, now aware of her power, gained as it was by the overthrow of the Grecian Empire, finds immediate use for it, for the Semitic family of nations has planned a scheme by which alone Carthage could hope for success, that of surrounding Rome at once from the West and North of Italy by two chosen armies led by the two sons of Hamilcar. The Indo-Germanic nation, of which Rome was a part, was ever hostile to the Semitic. The defeat and death of Hasdrubal by the Consul Nero witnessed the ruin of the sovereignty of Carthage. Metaurus was the bomb that started the wreck of Carthage; soon her entire civilization vanished like a fallen star. Rome began to feel the oppressor's heel. Mahomed and his frantic followers held sway and conquering Arabia, he invaded and subdued Persia, Syria, Egypt, Africa and Spain. Here was his course stayed, and Western Europe was rescued from the belief of Islam at Tours by Charles Martel. The Saracens were checked, and Martel left to extend his power. By his mighty marshalling of the confused forces of the Roman Empire, he is held to be the ablest organizer of his time. A few years after his death we note the ravages of the Danes, who committed depredations and often made permanent conquests. With these contended Alfred of England. The Saxon line predominated.

In Normandy a courtship was in progress, and the affirmative answer by Arletta to Duke Robert influenced the drama of the world in all of its subsequent scenes. Had she not fascinated Robert, Harold would not have fallen at Hastings, no Anglo-Norman dynasty could have arisen, no British Empire. Yet, even as Harold felt secure in his power, there came a presence of which he was dimly conscious, and a voice, whose echo only he heard calling through the gloom. Another nation had bent low at the feet of that unknown god, whom men have named war, and was borne away on his rushing pinions to the spaces of the concealed. William of Normandy, triumphant at Hastings, fanned to a blaze the smouldering embers of English liberty.

France thrusts herself forward, and the eyes of Europe are turned upon her, for at Orleans she makes her last stand for main-

taining the independence of the monarchy and the right of her sovereign. There was a world-wide interest in the result of this struggle, by which the unconscious heroine of France rescued her country from the English yoke. England, thoroughly checked in her desire for conquest, grandly held her own in 1588. In that memorable year a dark cloud hovered over her, and Europe watched in fearful suspense until that great check-mate on the chess-board of human politics declared in favor of the island queen with her Drakes and Cecils as opposed to the power of Philip and the craft of Rome.

The cloud that overhung England broadened, and its shadow touched not only Western Europe but extended to its central and Eastern portions. That over Central Europe was cleared by the lightning shaft. Frederick the Great hurled the bolt, which, splitting the Holy Roman Empire, left the balance of power in the hands of Prussia and Austria. Here it remained until the French Revolution. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, France, under Louis XIV., menaced the liberties of Europe. For forty years he had success, and had it not been for Blenheim, all Europe might yet suffer under the effects of French conquest like to those of Alexander in extent, and the Romans in durability. Russia felt the creeping touch of this onward shadow and rose to meet it equipped by the genius of Peter the Great, who, though defeated by that astonishing meteor that for a decade swept across the Northern sky, yet raised Russia to a controlling factor in the politics of Europe. Pultowa witnessed the fall of this meteor, that in shooting across the horizon had assumed for a moment the appearance of splendor.

The next convulsion that shook Europe was that fearful torrent of fire and blood—The French Revolution, which rushed to its crisis like a rock rolling down a mountain. France had sown to the wind, now she reaped the whirlwind. Never were such great political experiments made in so brief a time. "The transition from the Monarchy to the Republic, from the Republic to the Reign of terror, from that to the Consulate and finally the empire, was swift as the flash that leaves no sign save the destruction attending its path. At Valmy she redeemed herself" and from this place, and from this day forth, commenced a new era in the world's history. In less than twelve years she risked her all under that prince of generals, Napoleon Bonaparte, who, escaping from Elba, defied Europe on the field of Waterloo. Here she staked herself and lost, and France to-day is not stronger by a single city, or a single acre, for all the devastating wars of the Consulate and Empire.

Europe's future as affected by war is soon portrayed. England or Russia will gain the supremacy; that is all Europe will soon be either Cossack or Republican, with chances in favor of the former. Russia in the last sixty-four years has advanced her frontier eight hundred and fifty miles towards Vienna; she has approached four hundred and fifty miles nearer Constantinople, possessed herself of Poland, advanced to within a few miles of the capital of Sweden and stretched herself forward one thousand miles toward India. She is the avowed and acknowledged champion of monarchy against democracy. At present, the secret societies are a great factor in fostering war. These are more numerous than some people suspect. The German Socialists and the Russian Nihilists are the most powerful. They are growing in secret as rapidly as some kindred societies are growing in the open. In secret and in the open alike, there is a vast power growing and growing, increasing in volume and bulk from hour to hour, from year to year. God only knows in what fashion it will reveal itself. But you may depend on it, that when the spark does spring from the cloud, people will look back on 1688, 1798 and 1848 as mere playthings. The Great Revolution is still to come; it may be nearer than some imagine.

## MANAGEMENT OF MEN.

*From the Baltimore Sun.*

When Alexander Pope wrote "The proper study of mankind is man," he gave expression to a far-reaching truth, illustrated every day. To understand man is his various moods, to be able to control and guide him, is to be a king among men. Self-control is the first fruit of such study rightly carried on, and then follows the control of others—not as an exacting master, but as guide and friend. The leaders in business, in politics, in war, the men who attain eminence in the active affairs in which large numbers are associated, although they may not have set out to make a study of man, and may, in fact, be unconscious of their attainments, have nevertheless acquired a knowledge of themselves, which gives them self-control, and a knowledge of the moods, impulses and weaknesses of others that enables them to take control as leaders. Such power is not necessarily associated with a high degree of culture in other directions, nor, on the other hand, does the possession of general intelligence necessarily include this power. The contrary is very frequently the case, literary culture arising from a close study of books, depriving one of that intimate association with men which is essential to a knowledge of their dispositions, emotions and passions. Even the books that "hold the mirror up to nature" present but a partial and imperfect view of man. The true student must go to nature herself for instruction. It is this circumstance that sometimes gives rise to wonderment at the success of this man or the failure of that by those who fail to consider the great value of a study of man to those who would be guides or leaders, or who are called upon to manage large bodies of men. He who learns by study, observation or experience when to humor, when to command, and how to play upon the hopes, ambitions, cupidity or fears of others, so as to get them to do his bidding, has mastered the greatest of all instruments, beside which the playing upon a pipe is indeed simple. There are men of this kind who, having special aptitude for command, soon learn unconsciously it may be, how to lead, guide or drive others. They come to the front in war, in politics and in business life, and succeed oftentimes in spite of defects in their scholastic training, while their better educated rivals, lacking knowledge of men, fail altogether, or if they rise above the ranks, gain only subordinate places. Until within recent years there have been scarcely any attempts to make man a school study; nor is it to be expected that the study as now carried on will take the place of experience in raising up managers of men. Yet it is worth while for those who find themselves deficient in this respect to formally begin the study in their own person as in that of others. Self-study is always useful, for it develops unexpected weaknesses that may be corrected if there is a disposition as to the weaknesses of others, through which they may be controlled or managed. When Hamlet, having vainly importuned Guildenstern to play upon the pipe, throws it upon the floor, he exclaims: "Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass, and there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it." In that passage a strong figure of speech is presented, illustrating what may be done by those who have made a proper study of mankind. They can play upon humanity as skillfully as the musician plays upon the pipe. Guildenstern lacked knowledge more than Hamlet lacked advancement, but there were doubtless others even in that day who could have sounded Hamlet from his lowest note to the top of his compass, and have guided and controlled him. At all events, the ruder instruments represented by common men may be played upon, and it is those who have made the study recommended by Pope who do play upon them, and become leaders among men. It is a study that all can undertake; the subjects are innumerable, and the guide-book to them all is ever present in the student's own person.

## FOREIGN INTERFERENCE.

We were seated in the hammock;  
It was sometime after dark;  
And the silence grew longer  
After each subdued remark.

With my head upon her shoulder,  
And my arms about her close,  
Soon I whispered, growing bolder,  
"Do you love me, darling Rose?"

Were her accents low, to equal,  
All my heart had dared to hope?  
Ah! I never knew the sequel,  
For her brother cut the rope!

— Wesleyan Lance.

— ?

"Hark ye, Daisy," said my editor friend, "thy former production was fair, and very creditable to thee. Bestir and gird thyself up, and let us consider together, for behold, during the last month I have been diligent, and have embezzled information from the public that they are desirous of hearing the more."

Now I was pleased thereat, and determined to write yet another column, and thinks I to myself, since I have a great interest and a firm friend in the Class of '91, I'll remark a few words concerning it.

Yet even as I wrote one Pickle, a dweller of the land where Groves flourish, happened to be near, and says she "Daisy, to whom are you writing?" "Oh," says I, "I am writing about you; am going to mention you in the paper, don't you know?" "Now, Daisy," she remonstrated, "please don't." "My dear girl," says I, "esteeming you so highly, I'll have to make mention of you." But thereat she smiled not, yet pondered in her mind how she could win *hiv* point.

Now I was full of joy and chocolate caramels, and heeded none of these changes, but even as I wrote the drop of ink used as a mirror by the Egyptian sorcerer flowing from her pen revealed visions of the past. Mary was wroth on account of this title, yet it expressed much to her friend in Ward Hall, and he was pleased thereat, but in an evil moment he expressed great faith in the Egyptian sorcerer, and henceforth he appears in the local column forever.

Beware, O, new student, and profit by the example cited.

"When you are far away, remember your friend of St. Clement's Bay," wrote one of '91's promising sons to a dweller in Smith Hall, and upon my questioning him parlor night to tell me something of the fair unknown, absently replied, "Dar now, I guess we're private now." The male members of the class will confer a great favor if they will investigate the case of St. Clement's Bay, for I noticed of late that he and Bat remained together a little closer off, and for several weeks she has passed him by on the other side of the avenue.

'91, remember the best companion is the frank friend who is not afraid to tell you of your faults, and there are two I wish to mention, one on our side and one on the gentleman's side. The former is that of disturbing chapel services by the ladies of '91 on the first bench by loud talking and silly laughter. This cannot result in any material benefit to you; rather it creates a bad opinion, and remember, my friends, when you sow an act you reap a habit, and when you sow a habit you reap a character, and this character remains whether you be at school or away. The one on the gentlemen's side is that of disturbing the recitation of a professor by mimicing certain actions, to the discomfort of the teacher in having to reprimand, and in having to give a low mark in consequence. Truly it would be to the honor of the class as a whole to heed the advice of one who is in a position to know.

Having had but limited opportunities to be with the gentlemen, I can only judge of surface appearances; to say the least these are favorable, and they make use of small opportunities. Neglect not these, "nor slumber in the tents of your fathers. The world is advancing, advance with it."

'91, make use of your splendid opportunities; here you enjoy the Indian Summer of life; show by your conduct in chapel and recitation, that you appreciate the interest manifested in your welfare by the Faculty. Here

"Mid the rocks, the hills and the mountains

You are spending your college days,

And wonderous is the picture that opens to your eyes,

And stretches to the boundaries of the overarching skies.

Embrace these blessings, and in time "when the body shall drop as a withered calyx, the soul shall go forth as a winged seed."

DAISY.

## THE WEEKLY HOLIDAY.

Shakespeare has said:

"If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work."

That is, all have a certain amount of work to perform. Man was not created to spend his life like the listless butterfly, seeking pleasure only; like the busy bee, he must gather honey for the winter. Nor was it intended that he should work all the time, because "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" but it is necessary to unite these two in order to make life happy.

The authorities of nearly all schools and colleges are agreed that one day besides Sunday should be set apart as a day of rest from the regular routine of daily duties. The mind of the youth, they contend, should not be taxed beyond its ability. This is a necessary precaution. By common consent, Saturday has been selected as this holiday. We suppose it ought to be Saturday simply because it is Saturday; but, when we come to think of it, the question naturally arises, "Would not some other day of the week answer the purpose as well if not better than Saturday; for instance, Monday?"

We know not to what extent this custom has been adopted, or even considered, but we do know that some institutions of learning even require students to work six days out of seven. Assuming, however, that there should be one holiday during the week besides the Sabbath, it only remains necessary to say why some other day would answer the purposes better than Saturday. This day we believe to be Monday.

It is a noticeable fact that by the present system, Mondays' recitations are decidedly worse than those of any other day in the week. In confirmation of this statement, ask the teachers of this College, or any other; they will tell you that it has ever been their experience. The student is fully aware of it, and is led to ask himself the question, "Why is it that it is so, and what advantage would Monday offer in this respect? The time intervening between Friday and Monday is so long that one is apt to forget before Monday what he learned Friday or Saturday. Reciting a lesson shortly after it has been studied, tends to impress it more strongly on our memory. Besides, when we have so much time at our disposal, we are apt to delay our preparation until the eleventh hour. It is a hard matter for us to study our lessons until it is absolutely necessary, and the more time we have, the more tardy will be our preparation. It is a common experience that if our time for doing a certain amount of work is limited, we set about it with a determination to complete it, knowing that there is no time to spare. When the time is unlimited, other duties engage our attention, and we are comforted by the assurance that there is time later on for that particular duty. But the time never comes, and we realize this fact when it is too late to remedy it. If the weekly holidays were on Mondays, better recitations would be the result, because the time for preparation

being Monday instead of Friday, Saturday or some other doubtful period, there would be more certainty of preparation and less certainty of forgetting what we have learned. By the present system at least one day must intervene between the time for study and the time for recreation, and this interval is a gulf that cannot or will not be forded so long as Saturday remains the weekly holiday. A few, indeed, may cross in safety, but the great majority will be found on Monday morning, either on the opposite bank or in the current. The good results of such a change would soon become apparent in the elevation of the standard of the first day's recitations.

Again, this change would have a tendency to increase the morality of students by diminishing the temptation to study on Sunday. Some students, knowing that Saturday has been idled away and that there is not sufficient time Monday morning to make up for their negligence, wishing to be on an equal footing with their more prudent classmates, make use of the Sabbath to prepare their work for the following day, although their conscience condemns such a course. But conscience is disregarded and treated as though it were subordinate to the necessity of its violation, even though that violation be a moral wrong. If the holiday should be on Monday, there would be no need of this sting of conscience, since the Sabbath would come immediately after the last school day of the week, and there would be no necessity for using it to prepare for the next school day.

Finally, what student, after a week of hard study, feels disposed to begin studying immediately for the next week? He naturally feels tired when Friday night rolls around. But since he has so many other duties to perform on Saturday, and his conscience forbids his studying on Sunday, he must endeavor to study his lessons on Friday or suffer the consequences on Monday. As the body, after a period of violent exercise, needs rest in order to repair its wasted energy, so the brain, after a week of hard work, requires a short period of rest before undertaking the tasks of the next week. By this means more benefit could be derived in a shorter time. If our week of school ended on Saturday instead of Friday, the remainder of the day could be devoted to much needed rest, Sunday could be enjoyed without any feelings of uneasiness for the morrow, and our refreshed minds could more readily imbibe from the fountains of knowledge the truths contained therein. Why, then, should not this change, which would offer such superior advantages, be made? Why should not a custom which would increase morality, provide a better system for work and produce better results be adopted? In this age of advancement, which has for its motto "Ever upward, onward!" anything that will increase the standard of education is desired. There is no good reason for believing that this custom would not improve the scholarship of many students. Therefore it is desirable. If it is true in theory, it would also be true in practice.

W. I. MACE, '90.

#### Opening of the Yingling Gymnasium.

Tuesday evening, the 29th ult., was the occasion of great rejoicing to the students of Western Maryland, for it was then that the doors of the Yingling Gymnasium were formally thrown open. The other College buildings were illuminated in honor of the event, and promptly at 7.30 p. m. the long line of students, 250 in all, including Seminarians and Faculty, proceeded from the main building to the front entrance. The gallery, which is intended as a running track, was well filled with interested spectators, and the students stood around the room immediately under the gallery. The red brick wall below the gallery, the Georgia pine wainscoting above, the graceful arch of the beams and braces, the new and splendid equipment of apparatus and the animated faces of the enthusiastic company, all in the bright gaslight, made a picture beautiful to behold. The exercises of the evening

were inaugurated with fancy marching by a company of young ladies, and they executed the many evolutions in their usual graceful and attractive way. Following this, President Lewis, in behalf of Miss Anna R. Yingling, of the Class of '71, the generous donor of this gift to Western Maryland, and who was present on this occasion, made a short presentation speech, which met with rounds of applause, and called forth from the boys in their most ringing tones the College yell. After this came wand exercises and club swinging by the students, but the feature of the evening decidedly was the performances of four of Baltimore's finest amateur gymnasts, who so kindly came up for the occasion. They were Prof. Schultz and Mr. Hadyn, of the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, and the Miles brothers, of the Baltimore Athletic Association. They exhibited on the parallel bars, flying rings, vaulting horse and horizontal bar, and did some of the best tumbling that one could expect to see. All were delighted with the many feats of strength and skill, and manifested their appreciation by continued applause. After the exercises were concluded a general inspection of the building and furnishings followed, and in examining it, one could but be impressed with the great good to be accomplished by such an accessory to a college, not only in the way of legitimate pleasure, but in robust healthfulness and the development of a fine physique and carriage.

#### Exchange Department.

This is a new position for the present exchange editor, and he feels as he imagines he would if he had on a suit of clothes much too big for him, and were in a conspicuous place with the eyes of a large audience upon him. Of course the question has occurred to him what shall be the features of his column, and the question has been one not easily decided upon. The editor who occupies a similar position on one of our esteemed contemporaries is of the opinion that this department should contain the "cream" of all our exchanges. Now, according to this principle, if all college journals were like some, there could be no exchange column at all; but, however that may be, we differ with our honored friend in believing that criticism should enter more or less into the matter of this department.

We are gratified at the large number of college journals which have found their way to our table. They are so numerous as to preclude the possibility of referring to each one separately, and if some are not mentioned please let it be borne in mind that it is not because they do not deserve special mention, for very few are absolutely indifferent; the majority are deserving of praise, and that class which merits censure is not entirely wanting.

The Owl still wings its way to us, and let it be assured that it will ever be received with true Southern hospitality. Its hootings are indeed most pleasant to hear.

The Practical Student, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, is a weekly visitor. Everything about it seems to be eminently practical—its name, its matter and its motto, which is as follows:

"It is not wealth, nor fame, nor fate,

But git-up-and-git, that makes men great."

E. R. Good and Bro's. paper duly reached us. Though the management of this paper may be Good in name, it is not good for the reputation of the students of Heidelberg University. If the latter have anything to do with this journal at all, it is evident only to themselves. We like "to render unto each one his due," and if the Good brothers are fortunate enough to receive any assistance in their good work from the inmates of the institution which they represent in such a good manner, we would like to be informed of the fact, so that we may be able to distribute the credit where it belongs.

The Guildford Collegian and the Oak Leaf are able exponents of the institutions which they represent, and partake of the nature of their home, the "Sunny South." They are ever welcome,

bringing, as they do, sunshine even in the cloudiest weather. We have one fault to find, however—they have no exchange column. And the same remark applies to the Baltimore City College Journal, and indeed to many others.

The Pennsylvania College Monthly still maintains its high standard of excellence, as the October number evinces.

The Adelpian contains much readable matter. The October number has an article "Cramming as a Fine Art," which students will find interesting.

We have received two German papers, Germania and Jung Amerika. The editor begs leave to be excused from passing judgment on the merits of these journals, since he is neither a German nor the son of a German. He will first refer them to the consideration of some one of his friends who is fortunate enough to possess the requisite knowledge of that Sprache. The Germania is a fortnightly journal for the study of the German language and literature, published at Manchester, N. H.

The National University, located at Chicago, is a new departure in this country. It is modeled after the London University. Its aim is "University Extension," it proposing to bring the advantages of university instruction within the reach of many who otherwise would be debarred from them, by teaching various subjects by mail. A copy of the first issue of its organ, the National Magazine, has reached us, and it contains the prospectus of the University, and several articles setting forth the peculiar advantages of the methods to be employed.

Gallantry, if nothing else, would forbid our leaving out entirely the Portfolio. This sister paper is edited exclusively by ladies, and, really, makes us "feel proud of the female sex." But there seems to be somewhere in the staff a sour tooth, which has a tendency to insert itself mercilessly in the tender parts of the Niagara Index, which paper is not on our exchange list.

Under the head of exchanges, the University Argus, which, by the way, is a very attractive paper, has quite a lengthy article favoring the doing away with examinations. It was written in reply to our editorial in the organ of the University of Texas, which opposed the regulation recently adopted by the Faculty of the institution abolishing final examinations. The article in question states that examinations are not in keeping with the progressive spirit of the age. The only objection brought forth is that the pernicious practice of "cramming" always precedes these occasions. We don't think this can have any weight, for it stands to reason that it is infinitely easier to "cram" for each daily recitation than it is for an examination on the whole of a subject. And besides, the vision of this coming ordeal acts as a goad upon those who otherwise would have in mind only the means of skinning through each day's lessons. "What is the use of studying this thoroughly?" they would say. "We won't have to recur to it again." Examinations are after all the surest test of a student's work. If rightly conducted they show whether he or she has given proper attention in the class room, and has comprehended the connection between what has been learned day by day. Unless this relation is understood the knowledge is of little avail. The influence of examinations is rather beneficial than otherwise to the slothful student; the faithful student has no reason at all to object to them.

Conspicuous for the tastefulness of its appearance, as well as the excellence of its matter, is the Fordham Monthly. This paper has long been on our exchange list, and is always received with much pleasure.

Many other exchanges have found their way to us, but limited space forbids further mention.

**COLLEGE COLORS.**

We have often been asked the question, what are your college colors? But strange to say, Western Maryland has never

been represented by any particular set of colors. Recognizing our need in this line, a meeting of the students was called October 26, for the purpose of making a selection. After the various combinations of every imaginable color had been fully discussed, the motion to adopt "black, white and red" was finally carried. The combination is certainly a pretty one and every student should at once avail himself of the ribbon that he may display to the world the colors of Western Maryland College.

**CLASS OFFICERS.**

At a meeting held October 14th, the class of '92 elected their class officers. For the benefit of the new students, who may not be informed with regard to the officers of the upper classes, a complete list is given below :

**SENIOR.**

President.....W. I. Mace.  
 Historian.....J. F. Harper.  
 Secretary.....W. M. Cross.  
 Treasurer.....J. E. White.  
 Prophetess.....Anna M. Thompson.

**JUNIOR.**

President .....A. S. Crockett.  
 Historian.....G. E. Waesche.  
 Secretary.....L. A. Shipley.  
 Treasurer.....G. I. Barwick.  
 Prophetess.....Nannie M. Blandford.

**SOPHOMORE.**

President.....T. M. Johnson.  
 Historian.....L. N. Whealton.  
 Secretary.....A. F. Smith.  
 Treasurer.....J. S. Williams.  
 Prophetess.....Sallie Spence.

**ATHLETICS.**

Lawn tennis has received a great deal of attention from the lovers of the game during the many balmy afternoons of October. At a meeting of the association, Mr. Watson was elected President and D. F. Harris, Secretary and Treasurer. The courts have been put in good condition and some of the players are becoming quite expert in wielding the racquet. The association now numbers 28.

Base ball has also received its usual share of attention. A series of games having been arranged between the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes, the boys went into contests with all the earnestness of professional players. The games resulted as follows :

- Juniors defeated Sophomores 13 to 12.
- Freshmen defeated Sophomores 16 to 8.
- Juniors defeated Freshmen 23 to 11.
- Sophomores defeated Freshmen 10 to 5.

The Juniors, not having experienced a defeat, are champions so far.

On October 19, the Upper classmen crossed bats with the Lower classmen, and the boys, encouraged by the presence of their sister classmates, played an interesting game. The score was 18 to 8 in favor of the Senior's and Juniors. From the playing thus far, the outlook for a good nine in the spring is highly encouraging.

**LOCALS.**

- It is thrilling—
- To see Crockett fall down;
- To hear Toby sing;
- To see Bowden in his Prince Albert coat;
- To hear Pat Mace whistle;

To hear Eliason relate how the Spaniard saved his life;  
 To see Miskimon strolling down Pennsylvania avenue;  
 To hear Will White trill the "Little Fisher Maiden;"  
 To see Shipley run;  
 To hear Ansley Whealton's soliloquy on the *Clift*;  
 To see Lassiter climb the fire escape;  
 To see Griffith smile;  
 To listen to Sellman's remarks on the great "pacificator;"  
 To hear Thorp exclaim, "which!"  
 Who went out to the love-feast?

Miskimon has offered to furnish the editor with tablet paper and pencils the remainder of the year if he will not expose in the local column how that he (Miskimon) thinks that the St. Louis base ball club was cheated out of the pennant, how he eulogizes the art of prize fighting, how he was heard singing in his sleep "Mary had a little lamb," and how he dreamed that he was a lamb. It is needless to say that the editor, being of a benevolent disposition and having run short of paper, accepted the offer.

A. Whealton desires to state to the public that although he still continues that tri-weekly, "My dear Ansley"—business correspondence with Chincoteague, that does not prevent him from carrying on the College branch of the business.

Robey, overcome by his infatuation for *pickles*, at last admits that he is "struck."

"Oh! we've all been there before,  
 Many a time, many a time."

In these lovely autumn days, how fast,  
 We tread the long front porch,  
 In order that we may often cast,  
 A smile toward Ward Hall.

[The writer of this verse, after working two hours trying to make the 2d and 4th lines rhyme, was compelled to give up in despair. We will allow it to stand as it is and call it the Shakespearean metre.]

It is to be deplored that some persons persist in altering some of our best poems to suit their individual tastes. The following alteration of a beautiful verse was found among the papers of a promising youth from Whiton, room 15:

There was a Merry Fisher maiden,  
 So lovely and so bright,  
 A joy unto the sight,  
 A joy to the eye of White.

P. S.—Composed in a moment of ecstacy.

The "MONTHLY" is ever ready to echo any words of praise for our students coming from other sources. The following was clipped from the "New Era," published at Middletown, Del., which only corroborates the opinion we have always held concerning one who is Middletown's pride and Western Maryland's delight. "John A. Eliason has left for Western Maryland College. Johnnie is a bright, promising young lad and ambitious beyond his years. He was once a reporter on our staff, and later on figured conspicuously in the great drama, 'The Golden Ring.'" We might also add, that Mr. E. entertains us daily with his copious remarks about Middletown, and we will soon be able to give a graphic and well connected history of that town.

Our latest exponent of monopolies and trusts, J. M. Tull. Monopoly in operation last Saturday night in every month.

Centreville's latest production: Mike.

Together with the sublime and inspiring la-a-a-a, la, la, la, la, la, la, of the vocal students every morning and the delicate chirping of the Canary birds in the dinning rooms, we don't wonder that homesickness is so prevalent in Ward Hall, or that even Toby should occasionally favor us with his song, "Listen to my tale of woe."

## ACROSTIC.

He saw her, he was "struck,  
 "Yes, that," says he, is luck,"  
 Delaware, from whence he came,  
 Eliason, his name.

Give Topham a sun flower and we will have a typical Oscar Wilde.

"I'm a Jonah" muttered T. B.,  
 And his face was sad and pale,  
 "I'm a Jonah" that is certain,  
 And my ma provides the whale."

"He that courts and goes away,  
 May live to court another day;  
 But he that weds and courts girls still,  
 May get to court against his will.

Prof. of Physiology: "Mr. Lawler, what are the front teeth called?" Mr. Lawler: (after considerable thinking.) "Scissors."

## A PUZZLING QUESTION.

Why is it that "Harper's Ferry," was fifteen years of age, when he came to college three years ago, but now is willing to give affidavit that he is but fourteen?

Mr. Crockett is quite an enthusiast upon the science of "chemistry"; or one would be led to think so, were he to scent the fumes that issue from room No. 29, whilst he is experimenting.

A Turn(h)er is the latest addition to "Ward Hall Menagerie." That's more than most of us are capable of doing.

As regards base ball rules, Miskimon is infallible.

"His jaw dropped"; do you see the point?

Prof. ——— "Mr. Miskimon, name some of the animals in England during the "Rough-Stone Period?" Mr. M—— "Cedars, pines, oaks, poplars and a great many others."

How many room mates did Eliason have at "Davis's Military School?"

Hey, there Eliason! What's become of that Spaniard with whom you fought a duel?

Since our last issue 6 more students have enrolled, thus bringing the total number so far up 203. The new accessions are: Miss L. G. Hull, Baltimore; Miss G. M. Saylor, Westminster; Mr. W. H. Litzinger and R. E. Marshall, Vienna, and — — Magruder, Washington, D. C.

Promenading was liberally indulged in last "parlor night," and it is safe to say that somebody was mighty tired when the quarter bell rang. Mace and White tried to exemplify the law of perpetual motion in a quiet little walking match; the former is said to have come out winner by 3 laps. "Dike" ought to have been here.

Eliason has started on his second batch of anecdotes.

For the champion bannister slider (in Senior class) and transum climber, apply to Smith Hall.

The boys have been Raisin(g) quite a discussion as to what took Beifsnider down to meet the train Monday evening, October 28.

Any one desiring beautiful calico neckties in the latest styles, will please apply to N. Price Turner, advertising agent.

The love of Money is the root of all evil, but he who takes care of his pence can let the pounds take care of themselves.

To see a "sheepish smile," watch "Kid" W—— when he sees Miss S——

What kind of fish do you like best? Why Hering, of course.

We expect a Senior to be dignified, but not forever Cross.

What is the light of Day? His head is the lightest thing about him.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," so, boys, never run away to Hyde.

Don't fool with the Queen of hearts, for there may be the deuce to play.

InTemperance is certainly a great evil.

Nowadays Jona(e)s is not swallowed by a Whale(y), but instead, is caught by a Hering.

Would you like to learn how to Caulk a boat? Go to "Pud."

"It takes nine taylors to make one man," but it only takes one Taylor to unmake nine men.

We have heard that a Wolf(e) is especially fond of Hering. De gustibus non est disputandum.

Dr. Lewis has taken a Leas of seventeen years on the college grounds.

Pitty Pat goes the Kitty Cat.

One of England's geological curiosities is a chalk Clift. Of course it is White, but Whealton even disputes this fact.

Give Crockett an inch and he will take an L. — (C).

German teacher to Senior: "Ist Ihnen Taschen uhr von Silver oder von Gold?" Senior with very red face pulls out a nickel watch.

We know that between two hills there must be a valley, but College hill is unique in having a Dale on its very summit.

A potato *masher* and a Lemen squeezer are two things not needed here.

Miss L—s has a Cat-on the list of her pets.

"I wish I were a fish with a great long tail,

Way down in the deep blue sea;

A sardine, a halibut, a Hering or a Whale(y),"

So sings our friend, Eddie.

The "bright orb of Day" smiles weekly upon a certain young lady of this town.

"Shake not thy gory locks at me," said the half crazed Macbeth. Look out boys, those same Gory locks have not yet lost their fascination.

Would the S. P. C. A. prevent one from "cutting up a lark?"

It is well known that Maud S—— is very fast.

The college boys are all fickle; every blessed one of them turns his back on his girl—in chapel.

We have read that of all Nature's creations, man alone becomes intoxicated; yet the moon gets full occasionally.

Miss Th——'s heart is tender and soft,

When she thinks of a certain Dehoff.

Though "old Hickory" has been dead so many years, Pat ye remains true to his old leader Jackson.

We know a young lady who thinks her Ha(i)r-[r] is so handsome that she wouldn't part with it for anything.

Miss F—— is still said to be an admirer of the Hudson, though many of her lonely hours are occupied in thinking of M. C.

The Mace was once a warrior's pride, but now 'tis merely the toy of a Kitty(n).

Wae——, our all-wise Junior, wishes "parlor night" to be very stormy and blustering. He wants to see something of a Gus(t).

It has been said that some of the girls are intending to court-Marshall one of their classmates, just for fun. The nature of

the alleged offence is unknown, but we are sure that the accused will have justice done him.

#### COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

Room 16. Roll Call. All present, or accounted for. The bed groans, and its feet fly, and great is the fall thereof. Order called, and hymn announced. "Please sing, omitting fourth stanza." Harpers Ferry beats time and Robey his past Record. Suddenly loud and angry words reach us from behind the curtain. "I challege you, sir, I challege you." "Pistols the weapons." These were the words of A. W——on to Herr H——r, resulting from the supposed preference of the latter by B. C. The weapons are supplied and loaded. White is time-keeper. At the word "fire" W. starts back, reels, and shrieks, "O Bes—" falls. "Die villian" is heard and all is still. Enter Prof.

James has abandoned his relationship experiment and is studying math. assiduously. Shipley has been admitted as a partner.

The "dry land Ship(ley) has commenced a MSS. for a dictionary. 'Tis said he had the audacity to call a P. H. D. a new curriculum. "What a vile fellow, by gum!"

Fall from the topmast down to the deck,

Fall from the house-top and break your neck,

Fall to earth from heaven above,

But never, never fall in love. Beware!

Wanted, a great big gun to shoot the person who threatens to thrash the local editor.

Pay up your old subscriptions.

Read the advertisements.

Say Richards, "What did the band play?"

Miskimon has been diligently studying the Bible instead of Greek all the year and has widened the known boundaries of biblical knowledge by his discovery of the eleventh commandment. He says it reads thus: "There shall be no communication between the departments." This gentleman will probably take a course at the Seminary.

We much regretted to hear this week that our brilliant Sophomore, Mr. Jones, had lost his he(a)ring. We sympathize with the gentleman very much in his affliction and hope that it is only a temporary affair and that he may soon be able to perceive sounds again.

As we go to press we learn that Mr. J——s has been recommended to try as a remedy smiling across the dining-hall and, from the way he is progressing as present, it will no doubt culminate as he desires.—Ed.

"Hath music charms?" Well after having examined its effects for some time we conclude that it hath. A few days ago Mr. A. L. Whealton began to tune his vocal chords so as to produce the tune of "Fishermayden." At first he began to practice in his room simply to amuse vistor, but after frightening his room-mate very badly and distracting all his visitors, he sallied forth into the halls and from thence upon the college campus. Among the results noticed lately the most important is that rents in the college neighborhood have decreased 25 per cent. The steward also has laid in a large supply of ice to prevent his stock from spoiling, and the milkman drives three squares out of the way since the day he passed in range of the sound and had his milk soured. Street loafers and suspicious characters of all kind have left town and police court business is crippled. The opening of the new gymnasium was deferred two weeks, and the President's house is still incomplete.

Junior R. is the most bashful fellow we ever saw, as he said a few days ago that he drank a whole glass of water, because a certain lady at the Jnnior table was looking at him and he could not summon the courage to meet her gaze.

HEZEKIAH CALE.

Come boys, bring out your rusty pens,  
And clean off all the rust,  
For Bowden says whate'er occurs  
More locals have he must.

Although last month the staff did think,  
They did a large space call  
To spread his name throughout this land,  
He thought so not at all.

For after reading in his room  
Three times the local space,  
At last he came forth in the hall,  
With sad and troubled face.

When asked why such a pensive face  
Emerged from twenty-four,  
He said, "I feel like going home  
And coming back no more."

"For I have waited all this while,  
Some thirty days or more,  
To see my name in letters bold,  
Of times about a score.

"But lo! I only find a few,  
That Pen-Mar item's here,  
But then to find the other lot,  
I've searched both far and near.

"Now boys I tell you plainly now,  
When next month rolls around,  
I want to see that local space,  
With Bowden's name well crowned."

Then boys, bring out your rusty pens,  
And clean off all the rust,  
And then the acts of Hezekiah Cale,  
Will be well known we trust."

Misses Rasin and Irwin paid a visit to Baltimore, on Friday, Oct. 25, returning the following Monday.

In stating the officers of the B. B. Association in our last issue, we named D. F. Harris as Secretary; it should have been G. B. Hadley.

Toby says he is especially fond of pickles and oysters.

"In union there is strength," especially in the union of two such virtues as temperance and patience.

Feature of the gymnastic exhibition: Pud's falling down.

H——, one of our Seniors, informs us that blood is the price of liberty. B——k, the Junior, says it is war. Tobe comes to the rescue with the correct answer, eternal vigilance.

The great question of the day is, "Who paid the festival bill, C—t or E—n?"

Miss G——, of the Senior class has given up the idea of raising poultry in the tar heel state, and has decided to study the profession of Law(ler), at Rushville, Illinois, while Miss W——y of the Sophomore class says that she hopes and confidently expects to become mistress of the White house ere long. Miss H——s, of the same class, says that her greatest ambition is to become Rich(ards).

E——n, of the Freshman class, in speaking of his prospect of being reported, said that he did not think the Professor would "give him away."

The Sophs, with craniums minus knowledge,  
Boasting championship of the college,  
Challenged the Juniors, one autumn day,  
A game of base ball with them to play.

The day was come and the weather was cold;  
The Sophs were confident and bold;  
But the Juniors beat them, twelve to eleven,  
(We can do it again;" yea seven times seven.")  
The Sophs did next the Freshies, combat,  
Thinking to win the game with the bat;  
But the Freshies were "sluggers," and pounded away  
At the ball so hard that they won the day.  
The Freshies thinking the Juniors to beat,  
As easily as they could their dinners eat,  
Met them at least on the field of battle  
And rushed into them like a herd of cattle.  
But Routson got "rattled," and Day kept cool,  
And he showed them then that he wasn't a fool;  
For before the end, at half past five  
We had them, fourteen to twenty-five.  
Now Seniors, and others of reason bereft,  
Who want to succeed and not to get left,  
Beware how you with the Juniors engage  
In base ball, for 'twill not be very sage.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

LITERARY RECITAL, OCTOBER 11, 1889.

Fourth of July.—Bethune.....Mr. Dulaney.  
Room For You.—Howarth.....Miss Zepp.  
Cataline's Defiance.—Croly.....Mr. Bowden.  
The Vale of Cashmere.—Moore.....Miss Galt.  
The Prisoner For Debt.—Whittier.....Mr. Eliason.  
The Hole In The Floor.—Anon.....Miss Shriver.  
Twilight Idyl.—Burdette.....Mr. Dehoff.

MUSIC.

Piano Solo—Grande Valse Brilliante.—Leybach...Miss L. Caulk.  
Voting For School Committe a la Lorraine,.....Miss Harris.  
Uncle Reuben's Baptism.—Anon.....Mr. Cassell.  
A Short Sensational Story.—Anon.....Miss Woodward.  
The Fireman.....Mr. Manning.  
La Dame Aux Camelias.....Miss Phillips.  
Chubb's Clock.—Max Adeler.....Mr. Elgin.  
Miss Edith Helps Things Along.—Bret Harte.....Miss Hering.  
A Georgia Volunteer.—Townsend.....Mr. Miskimon.

JUNIOR THEMES, OCTOBER 18, 1889.

The First Step to Success.....Mr. G. I. Barwick.  
Completeness.....Miss Mary Bernard.

PIANO DUETT

La Chasse Infernale—Wills.....Miss McCoy, Miss Taylor.  
Voices From the winds.....Miss N. M. Blandford.  
Novels, Their Influences.....Mr. A. S. Crockett.  
The World's Fair.....Miss E. I. Caulk.

VOCAL SOLO.

Tempest of the Heart—Verdi.....Miss Dumm.  
The National Flower.....Miss T. E. Caulk.  
The Moment of Success.....Mr. G. E. Day.

SOPHOMORE RECITAL, OCTOBER 25, 1889.

The Two Roads.—Richter.....Mr. Johnson.  
The Charcoal Man.—Trowbridge.....Miss Coghill.  
The Warrior.—Anon.....Mr. R. Nelson.  
Little Miltiades Peterkin Paul.—Brownjohn.....Miss B. Shriver.  
Description of A Storm—D'Israeli.....Mr. Rinehart.  
Je Suis Americaine.—Anon.....Miss A. Thomas.  
"Shake Und Agers."—Brown.....Mr. Caton.  
A Hundred Years From Now.—Ford.....Miss Rasin.

PIANO SOLO

Une Promenade Dans Le Jardin—Fred T. Baker.....Miss Clift.  
Sublimity Of The Bible.—Halsey.....Mr. McCaslin.  
Mill River Ride.—Donovan.....Miss G. Shriver.  
The Spirit of Liberty.—Webster.....Mr. J. Nelson.  
Lasca.—Desprez.....Miss Jackson.  
A Kiss In The Dark.—Thompson.....Mr. Smith.  
An Adjuration.—D. N. Shelly.....Mr. Turner.  
Popping The Question.—Anon.....Miss Wolfes.  
The Life Boat.—Anon.....Mr. Jones.

**QUONDAM.**

Mamie K. Slaughter, '85-'89, paid us a short visit October 26. Her many friends were quite glad to have the pleasure of Miss Mamie's company "parlor night," and regret very much that she will not be with us this year as a student. She leaves soon for her home in Arkansas.

H. L. Makinson, '88-'89, paid his old friend Harper a visit on the 25th ultimo. He is now on his way to the "Sunny South."

Graham Maloy, '85-'88, honored us with his presence a few weeks ago. It is needless to say that we were all glad to see old "Pat" on College Hill again.

**HYMENEAL.**

BYRON—WILSON.

At high noon, Tuesday, October 8th, in the Post Chapel at Fort Meade, occurred the wedding of Lieutenant Joseph C. Byron, 8th Cavalry, and Miss Jennie Frances Wilson, '86, daughter of Chaplain David Wilson, U. S. Army.

The chapel was prettily decorated with flowers and plants, combined with evergreen, while flags were draped over the windows.

Promptly at 12 o'clock the splendid orchestra of the 8th Cavalry, from behind a screen of evergreen, sounded the strains of the bridal chorus from Lohengrin, and the bridal party entered the chapel in the following order: Chaplain Wilson with the bride and Mrs. Wilson. They were met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Lieut. Robert J. Duff, 8th Cavalry. Chaplain Wilson, proceeding to the place of officiating clergyman, the ceremony was then solemnly performed, concluding with the Lord's prayer to the accompaniment of the orchestra.

After the ceremony the bridal party and guests proceeded to the quarters of Chaplain Wilson, where congratulations and best wishes were extended to Mr. and Mrs. Byron, after which an elegant collation was served.

At 2 o'clock the bride and groom left for an extended tour in the East, and will visit Boston, New York and West Point. It being a military wedding, all the officers present were in full uniform, as was also the groom.

The bride was attired in handsome traveling costume of cloth and velvet with toque to match. In addition to the officers and ladies of the garrison, there were present Colonel and Mrs. Tilford, from Fort Robinson, and their guest, Miss Casey, from Kansas City. Quite a number of wedding gifts from friends, both at the Post and elsewhere, were displayed.

**MUSICAL RECITAL.**

Included in the public exercises given at 1 p. m., on each Friday, at Western Maryland College, are Musical Recitals. These come regularly on the first Friday of each month. Accordingly there was one on last Friday, November 1st, when the following program was given in very excellent style:

1. Overture—Don Giovanni.....Mozart  
Prof. Rinehart and Miss L. Caulk.
2. { a. In Old Madrid.....Trottere  
b. To Sevilla.....Dessauer  
Miss Blanton.
3. Sonata, op. 13.....Beethoven  
Prof. Rinehart.
4. Serenade.....Schubert  
Miss Wolfes.
5. Rondo in E flat.....Weber  
Prof. Rinehart.
6. { a. Roberto o tu che adora.....Meyerbeer  
b. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.....Ambrose  
Miss Blanton.

**COLLEGE NOTES.**

An eminent professor in a college being challenged to find a rhyme to "Timbucto" promptly replied with the following verse:

If I were a cassowary  
On the sands of Timbucto,  
I would eat a missionary,  
Skin, bones and hymn book too.—*Ex.*

The Cornell *Sun* has issued a Sunday edition. This is the first college paper ever issued on Sunday.—*Ex.*

Sherman of Yale, recently broke the inter-collegiate record for the running broad jump, jumping 22 feet.—*Pulse.*

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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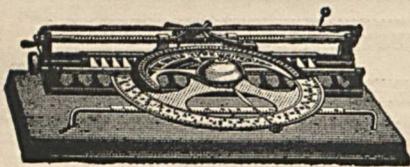
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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

VOL. 3.

WESTMINSTER, MD., DECEMBER, 1889.

NO. 3.

## Western Maryland College Monthly.

PUBLISHED BY THE BROWNING, PHILOMATHEAN,  
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J. FRANK HARPER, Editor in Chief.

EDITORS.  
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NANNYE M. HEYDE, G. W. WARD, ANNA McF. THOMPSON,  
J. M. TULL.

Business Manager.....W. M. CROSS.

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The moral influence of physical exercise is one of its visible and most note-worthy results.

The body becomes languid and the disposition morose when physical exercise is lacking. During a period of sickness, a person is usually petulant, owing to the absence of vitality which diseases suppress and soon exhaust. The philosophy is the same with those intangible persons who are ready to eat you up if even you look at them askance. They have no vitality about them, save enough to quarrel and find fault with the world and everybody in it. What they and all such peevish creatures need is more blood to gush through their veins. Physical exercise produces the desideratum—the vitality essential to cheerfulness and deadly to languor. Before exercise you are depressed and melancholy; after exercise, light hearted and cheerful.

Thus, we see that physical exercise increases vitality and vitality produces cheerfulness; and the influence of cheerfulness is by no means morbid.

The influence exerted by educational institutions is becoming more obvious as the leading magazines are published from month to month. Some of the most pertinent and powerful productions are from the pens of College Presidents and Professors. This evidently shows that the times are not only built up by data from text books, but are also edified by relevant ideas from the instructors of our institutions of learning. The domain of knowledge is being monthly broadened; for when articles appear in such magazines as the North American Review, The Forum, Popular Science Monthly et. al., they are productions containing radical opinions of our most competent men, men who are governing our schools and instructing our youths and students. Many ameliorating ideas are produced and divers opinions engendered by these Presidents and Professors; and through the medium of these invaluable papers, the world is made cognizant of new ideas in new forms. Faculties of Colleges are faculties that do not become weak by time, but grow more powerful as time gets older. And the older they get and the more magazines we have, the more erudite will become the world.

Examinations are over. A burden has been lifted from the mind of many a student, when, having handed in his last paper, he realizes that his mind is free from the anxiety which naturally attends this important part of his college work. A student who has striven hard during the term to merit a good grade will work with all the more energy when he is brought to the final test of what he has learned during the term, and how he has improved the opportunities for an enlarged education. All the latent forces of the mind are employed in the preparation for this test. In one, ambition to excel his classmates, in another, the desire to acquire a good education, is the incentive which urges the student to study. Generally these two motives are combined in the mind, but too often we find a student whose sole aim is to stand well in his class, without much thought as to whether he is learning what he is studying, and with perfect indifference to the advantages offered for a broad education. It is among this latter class that we often see the most careworn faces during the progress of the examination. Having finished the term with but a partial knowledge of what he has studied, he is compelled to resort to the art of "cramping" in order to pass a creditable examination, and when he is through his task, all the pent up information that has been so hurriedly crowded in his mind as suddenly departs.

The student, however, who has worked diligently during the term, not only to secure a good grade, but to acquire what should pre-eminently be the goal for which all should strive, increased knowledge, that student need have no fear for examinations. As President Lewis remarked in chapel not long ago, the student who has studied faithfully during the term has already prepared for examination, and ought not to dread what is little worse than a recitation.

If we could all remember the importance of each individual lesson, and prepare for it as though it were an examination in itself, we would not only greatly benefit ourselves and extend our knowledge, but we would be better prepared and much less anxious when the time for the test arrives. The industrious, faithful student always profits in the end, though he may not be a leader.

### ROBERT BURNS.

Of Scotland's poets, the one best known to English and American readers is Robert Burns. The wide circulation which his works have is due to their popularity, and not because one feels that he must read them to be well informed. The ready appreciation which his poems meet with is easily explained. They are the outpourings of a human heart, gay or sad, witty or grave. Human nature and human passion are here met in their every mood; now he cries "a man's a man for a' that;" again, in a moment of despondency, he feels that "man was made to mourn." Here we find him rapturously singing the praises of his Mary. Now, in a beautifully pathetic ode, he bewails her death. Light hearted and happy, or careworn and sad, in every phrase he pours forth into verse his innermost feelings. For the time he forgets everything but his great joy or sorrow, and the very intensity of

his feelings stir up by its strength a responsive chord in the hearer. The one who reads Burns feels with him; in his pleasure we rejoice, in his sorrow we mourn. Real feeling we see, and this we appreciate; although so great, he has human passions and feelings. He has not the perpetual calm of the Sphinx, but loves and hates with a fervor as great as you or I. A being of flesh and blood he is, and as such we feel with him.

As we should expect from him, Burns is peculiarly simple in his style; simple and easy it is in the extreme. His thoughts are not complicated, but flow in a direct and steady yet not too rapid stream. His subjects, chosen from things which he saw in his everyday life, are treated in the simple language spoken by the masses of the people. No philosopher was he, to warn and instruct, but a friend who spoke of his and your little hopes and fears, and who made you feel that he too was human. Faulty and reckless, yet loving and tender, he seems one of us, bound to us by his very weakness.

Beauty, tenderness, pathos and humor—all these are to be found in his verses. "Highland Mary" is filled with romantic yet mournful tenderness, the breathings of a sorrowful heart, while his "Tam O'Shanter" causes a smile of amusement whenever we think upon Tam's headlong flight. One of his best, in my estimation, is his "John Anderson," a short poem of only two verses. His "Cotter's Saturday Night" describes in a familiar way a scene with which he was well acquainted—the fire burning on the hearth, the simple comforts of the house, the bashful lovers, the family at their devotions, the whole forming a cheery, home-like picture, all the more charming because of its simplicity.

His poems, drawn from scenes which all know and love, and described in a plain and simple way, interest us. He finds beauties where we would not think of looking for them, and yet they are such that we can all appreciate them to some extent. He was one of the common people; he lived with and loved them, and, feeling that he was one of them, he wrote for them. He is and will be a poet of the masses, for they can feel and sympathize with him. Even those who are but poorly educated can understand and follow him, and yet he is pleasing to the most profound scholars. His simplicity, passion and beauty can be appreciated by all, and as long as these are valued, the songs of Robert Burns will hold a place in Scottish history.

YUN, '90.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF '85-'86.

Thinking that some of our students might wish to know of the great improvements made at this institution during the last few years, I have ventured to write this article, which is intended as a sketch of W. M. C. at a time when I entered as an under-classman.

When I ascended this old hill in September, 1885, with all the conflicting emotions of a young greenhorn who has gone away from home for the first time, there were to be seen the main building, the north wing, and a structure that reminded me of the famous Cleopatra's Needle, which was Ward Hall uncompleted. By my coming I increased the number of male boarding students to thirty-five. There were at that time about thirty females, who were designated as the female boarding students of Western Maryland College.

The attention of students was directed toward physical culture by a gymnastic apparatus, consisting of two iron rings and a trapeze attached to bars supported by upright posts, and placed in the midst of the campus, nearly on the site of the gymnasium. Such a thing as a baseball ground existed only in the imagination of the students. The stone planted in front of Ward Hall commemorates our attempt to lay out one; it was the home plate.

Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors declaimed in Chapel three Friday afternoons in the month; on the fourth the Seniors

had orations and essays; musicales were unknown.

For the warmth of our rooms we had to depend upon the direction of the wind. Sometimes those in the front rooms were comfortable, while those in the rear were exceedingly cold. The reason for this was that the building was heated by a hot air furnace.

Parlor night was held in what was then the Chapel, now known as the calistheneum. They were conducted on an entirely different plan from that on which they are now held, and many amusing incidents occurred.

Society anniversaries were the only great events in the year. That is to say, there were no big dinners given, such as we now occasionally have, or anything of the sort. The Websters and the Irvings held their anniversaries at Odd Fellows' Hall, in the city, while those of the Philomatheans and Brownings were held in College Chapel. On the occasion of these last, no admission fee being imposed, a crowd of roughs would come early and secure most of the seats, it sometimes happening that many respectable persons were crowded from the door.

Commencement was held in a pavilion near what used to be the main entrance. Often did rain pour into the tent, through the covering, causing the people to wish the College in a locality where it would be impossible for students to suffer from cold weather. Such was the state of things here when I entered this institution. Compare them with the advantages now enjoyed. You have had built for you within four years the half of Ward Hall, Smith Hall, President's House and the Gymnasium. Many other particulars might be given, but space does not allow it. Surely, judging this as the rate of progress, may we not confidently expect in the near future great things of W. M. C.

QUINTUS.

#### QUEER PEOPLE.

One day this week, having finished my daily tasks, I sat down for a few minutes for reflection. Accordingly, I curled myself up in an old arm-chair and began to think. I do not think I had lain there more than ten minutes when I found myself in an unfamiliar country inhabited by strange people. I became very interested and began to try to find out what was going on.

After much listening, I found that the country was called Queeria and the inhabitants were called queer people. I obtained a map which, by the way, was very peculiar, because it looked like a piece of soap having lines impressed on it to represent the sections of the country. From this I could make out that the country was divided into sections corresponding to our states, but, instead of being called states, they were called odds and they certainly were odd shapes. And what we call cities, they called peculiars. The name of the place I was in was "Some What Peculiar" and the name was very appropriate.

In Some What Peculiar there seemed to be three distinct classes of society, the aristocrats or egotists, the critics, and the gossips. The first class held itself from the others, but, the critic and gossips mingled more. With the egotists, pride seemed to be the chief characteristic. Each family prided itself on its ancestral blood.

To give you a better picture of their habits, I will take one family, consisting of wife, husband, two daughters and son, and give a day's history in their life. In the morning the father would go to the office, work all day to try and make enough for his expensive family to spend, while his wife and daughters would sleep until eleven o'clock, then get up all out of sorts, venting their temper on their maids while they were being dressed. After much foaming, they were ready for luncheon, which meal was eaten in silence, except the mother said something to the effect that the chicken was burned. When luncheon was nearly over, the son came sauntering in, with eyes all bloodshot and in the worst of humors, having been to the club the night before. After lunch

the mother wished her daughters to practice, but they got out of that on the plea of having a headache, and instead went upstairs laid down, and read the latest novel. About four o'clock they went out driving. They had with them a driver, footman and a pug dog, and when they stopped at any store the footman made the purchases. That night they went to a ball, and while they were dressed, they were so cross and hateful; but what sweetness they put on when they left the ball room to wander in the conservatories. One was so sweet that the ugliest and richest man in the place asked her to be his wife, and the queer part of it is that she accepted. After finding this much about the aristocrats, I next turned my attention to the critics.

Although the critics, as a class, were not as well educated as the egotists, still they persisted in criticising the habits of every body but themselves. They wouldn't be aristocrats for anything; they wouldn't ride in such carriages, and above all they wouldn't be so stuck up. The critics never heard a speaker that they were entirely satisfied with. He was too slow or too quick, too sad or too joyful, his subject was either too simple or too deep, and he spoke either too long or not long enough. They never saw any one that was really pretty but that she had some bad trait about her, and lastly they did not like the way their country was governed. The laws were either too strict or not strict enough. When I had watched these people for awhile, I next turned my attention to the gossips.

There were persons that never seemed to be in their own homes, but always had business elsewhere. As they had no newspapers, everything that happened was told from person to person. One morning a little boy, whose father was a dyer, fell down stairs right after breakfast and broke his arm. At noon this story was at the other end of town, but in this form. A little boy fell down stairs and died in his father's arms right after breakfast.

I had hardly found out about these people when I found myself in my old chair and knew I had been dreaming. In thinking of this dream afterward, although it seemed strange, still it was not so strange for if we were not so busy in life and looked around more, we would see that my dream was only the grouping together of the traits that characterize many individuals of our land. '92.

#### WHAT DIFFERENT PERSONS SEE.

Some one has theorized that perhaps the senses of sight and hearing of the brute creation are differently constructed from the same senses of man, and that vibrations whose rapidity or slowness prevents them from making an impression on man's eye or ear, fall in beauty or in melody on the same organs of the brute, thus revealing to him a world of beauty and choruses of music that man knows not of. By this theory, the horse looks on a world of blended colors, and listens to pleasing songs of nature entirely different from those seen and heard by his driver.

Whether there is any foundation for this or not, it is certain that some men have mental eyes and ears different in construction, and that the same scene or sound makes an impression and causes reflections differing widely from those of their fellow men.

Two men riding in the same buggy, one sees in the stones and gullies around him the index to a volume of unbounded learning, and fingers pointing to invaluable treasures hidden far below the surface of the earth; while the other sees no use for these stones and gullies but to add another vexation to his already miserable life by wrecking his vehicle and making his ride less pleasant.

In the high towering mountains lying far off on the horizon, the one sees, under the blue mantle mingled with gray cliffs, a lasting monument which commemorates an epoch in the history of this material globe, and also a means which wrings moisture from

the laden winds as they sweep up the slope and drops it in gracious bounty on an otherwise barren soil, thus causing the hills to rejoice under the verdure of spring time and the valleys to blossom as the rose; the other sees nothing in these rough mountains but utter uselessness and jagged ugliness.

In the lonely landscape stretching away in graceful depressions and rounded elevations, the one sees a model of elegance and of beauty that no painter's brush can imitate; while the other sees nothing but a rolling surface covered with blossoms, grass, and sprouts. In each flower and in each leaf, the one sees symmetry and beauty indescribable and wisdom unsearchable; while the other sees nothing but homely blossoms and green leaves just like he has seen all his life. To one man, every dew drop has a star sleeping in its bosom, every sun set is a glowing beauty, every blade of grass a hidden mystery, every flower a wonder of symmetry, every raindrop a brush, every sunbeam a color, every cloud a canvass on which a rainbow may be painted. To him all nature is one grand panorama of surpassing loveliness and grandeur at the sight of which his raptured soul leaps with a delight which no orator can proclaim and no poet can write. To another, all these things are of no use but to furnish pasture for his cattle and moisture for his crop.

To one of these the puffing of a steam engine, the clicking of a telegraph, the whir of a spindle, the clatter of a loom is a result of the world's advancement and invention; to the other, a sure sign of the laziness and degeneration of the human race.

Two boys entering the same school, one sees in those well conducted recitations, those carefully selected libraries, and well managed literary societies, long-looked-for opportunities to develop his intellect, to store his mind with useful knowledge, and to prepare himself for the struggle in life; the other sees an opportunity to have a good time, to say funny things for the boys, and to smoke paper cigarettes.

Two young men entering life, one sees fortune and success in untiring effort in a smiling world; the other sees a struggle for a scanty sustenance and a miserable existence in a frowning and unfriendly world. At the end of life the one sees behind him a long train of useful deeds, widening into a wane of resistless influence for good, and feels a consciousness of having rendered the world some service; the other sees behind him wasted years, neglected opportunities, and a useless life, and realizes that he has imposed on and disappointed a world that looked to him for a character and an example worthy of imitation.

T. M. J. '92.

—?

"Bring out your rusty pen,  
And clean off all the rust;  
Extol the acts of Hezekiah Cale,  
And raise him from the dust,"

because, hereafter, history will make mention of a great person whose fame it will laud to the stars, and men will tell each other of three great poets among the English speaking people—Shakespeare, Milton and Caleb, to make the third of which Nature had joined the other two. This is a junction not recognized at present. It may be said, too, that his epics are still in manuscript, while his tragedies are not only unacted but also unpublished. Posterity will, I am convinced, do him justice.

Caleb, whose daily diet is humble pie, has had more than one draught of water from the springs of Helicon. He has made in vain some of the greatest mechanical discoveries of his time. He has planned to send steamers across the ocean sped by the motive power of a single hen. Instead of the horse whose power is commonly applied to engines, he is able to show how wheels could be adjusted capable of being set into motion by a hen of ordinary strength. As hens, who are tough of muscle would be

perferred for this service, there would be none left but tender chickens for the dinner table; and on this fact he would rely, he assured me, in a great measure, for the support of all college going students. A hen coop and a bushel of corn was all that was necessary for his engine power. Often he would exclaim, "In me you discover a Watt, a Milton, and a Bacon; but unfortunately a Watt, a Milton, and a Bacon of the twentieth century. By a mistake I have appeared in the nineteenth, and it is only for that reason that I am not fully appreciated.

While having a friendly chat with Caleb a few days ago, he very kindly gave me a few incidents of his past career. "In the days of my childhood, said he, the turf was my hobby. Whenever a mount was ordered, I was the first in the saddle, and often to my injury the first out of it. I remember one of my falls; it was a severe one. My companions carried me to the nearest doctor. On looking at me he said 'Open your mouth.' I did it. Then he placed a small looking-glass on the back of my neck and a long feather down my throat, which tickled me so that I had a fit of coughing. Says he "you're in a bad way, old man, for your epiblast glothdian is in a suppressed state." This made me feel worse and 'pon honor I was hopping mad when I found that this was a throat doctor. Yet, when I explained, he expressed his regrets and directed me to a surgeon. Fortunately, I found him home. I told him I had been thrown from a horse. 'Serious case' he said, 'might have been better, might have been worse.' You must wear a plaster-of-paris jacket, and an iron bar down your spine for several years. Sending a prescription to a chemist he dismissed me. Arriving home I opened the package sent up by the chemist. The bottles, pills and ointments made a goodly show. Being very weary I dropped to sleep; next morning I felt better, but was alarmed by finding some of my medicines missing.

My pet terrapin had eaten a pill,  
And taken a congestive chill.

My cat had licked a plaster,  
And gone into a fit instanter.

A week passed by, from the floor came an odor,  
Underneath rats and mice were piled in disorder:  
They had perished from spontaneous combustion  
By swallowing a croton-oil lotion.

I didn't take any of that prepared stuff, and was out of the house in three weeks."

"Wearying of the turf, I commenced speculation, led on by curiosity more than by the hope of gain. For you know 'Curiosity is the germ of all enterprises—men dig for woodchucks more for curiosity than they do for woodchucks.' Tell you what, I made some good hits on the island, yes, and met with reverses too. One I especially remember, and it was designed to bring out a terrible catastrophe in Maryland.

Being hurt by a practical joke played upon me by a young lady, who was helped by her father; I long brooded on revenge. The means were soon offered. If I could supersede the necessity of cow-keeping—crush C—with the milk-trade of the country! Yet what more easy. Hearing a boy say impudently to his teacher 'That accounts for the milk in cocoa-nuts,' it gave me the cue. Millions of cocoa-nut trees in all parts of the world are yielding seas of milk, and no account has yet been made of this great offering. At once I formed a Cocoa-nut Milk Churning Co., took good offices in Baltimore, and raised a capital of \$2,000,000, with which churns and cocoa-nut crackers were sent to the chief cocoa-nut districts. Labrador, Vancouver's Island or wherever they were found. The nuts were obtained in the usual manner—throwing stones at monkeys; a cargo of pebbles were sent out." "You see the rest at once," he said to me "Crack nuts and pour-milk into shallow pans. In due time, skim and churn. Make cheeses. Bring home results in tins, with a sufficient quantity of pure milk in unbroken shells, to be supplied every morning

fresh from the nut to the entire population. O, revenge was sweet. Consumptive cows, but no consumptive cocoa-nuts."

"When I was fourteen, I received rules of etiquette from an esteemed friend. If I remember aright, they are somewhat as follows:

"Never seize on a wing and rip it open like you would tear a yard of calico off the bolt, so that the cracking of the crazy bone is heard all over the dining room.

When the sheriff of the county serves a subpoena on you, it is considered in good taste to attend his reception without further invitation on his part. No one but a boor will snore in Volapuk in church where a sermon is being delivered in English. Observance of the harmonius is one of the greatest traits of the true gentleman.

Don't play practical jokes on a spitz dog whose tail is done up like the letter R."

My fortune was told by a gipsy who predicted the following: "Since the mercury has descended in the thermometer and almost solidified; since the mosquitoes are gone and Sitting Bull is anxious to get married; since the Sun has been making tableau-powders out of the moon, and the moon-light nights are getting scarce—in the midst of all this varied phenomena, it is becoming more evident to me every day that a glorious future awaits you. I am not certain that you will be a defaulting bank cashier. I am not even sure that you are destined to be appointed Indian Commissioner or Secretary of the Legation at Hayti, but I know that sometime in the dim perspective you will be a shining light in the halls of Congress or the State Penitentiary." She continued, boast not thyself of tomorrow, for even as the sands are about the seashore, and "scanty backs" around the island, so uncertain is the love of a girl. Yet be of good cheer; take her out riding every evening, talk sweet to her, buy her a ring, steer clear of the ice-cream saloons, play to her on the harp of David, but for the sake of humanity don't sing any to her, and there will be a grand and glorious culmination soon." So closed his interesting and simple description, and dear readers, I am sure that you will find thoughts in the stanzas, truth in the whole and genius in every line.

DAISY.

#### ECHOES FROM '91.

"Sinbad," said one of the editors to me a few days ago, "can't you write an article for the next issue of the MONTHLY. The chief editor is so overjoyed at the result of the late election that he cannot do all the work of the staff, and the others are too much occupied with their examinations to write anything for it. It must be issued at the appointed time, and I am afraid we will not have enough matter to fill up the columns. You have already gained considerable repute as a writer, and an article from your pen would help us out of our dilemma."

Thus spoke the editor. I was dumbfounded at the compliment thus paid to my use of the quill. "What shall I write?" said I. "Continue your dreams," said she, "and let us hear something about the future of the Class of '91." "All right," said I, "I will try."

I went to my room and threw myself across the bed for my accustomed afternoon nap. In a few minutes I could say with the poet:

No voice in the chambers,  
No sound in the hall;  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reigns over all.

In my slumbers my thoughts were turned towards the Class of '91. Twelve years had elapsed. I was in one of the largest hotels in the city of Topeka, where I had been sent as a delegate to represent Maryland in the National Convention of the Women's

Christian Temperance Union, held in that city. I was appointed as a member of the committee to examine into the condition of the jails and alms houses of Kansas, as that was one object of the convention. We entered one of them. Suddenly I came upon a man whose face seemed familiar. We gazed at each other a few minutes, and then I recognized my classmate, B. B. James. How he had changed! He had a careworn expression, his clothes were tattered, and his long hair and beard almost concealed his once jovial countenance. "What are you doing here, Mr. James," said I. "Alas!" said he, "too late I see the error of my ways. My fondness while at college for making midnight excursions to the pantry, hooking apples from the neighbor's orchards, and playing various tricks on the students, continued after my graduation. I came out here and joined a band of robbers. I soon became an experienced highwayman, and two years after I joined the band, I was elected its captain. For several years we carried on our business successfully, and managed to evade the law. Three years ago some of us were arrested for robbing a train; we were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to this prison for life. I once attempted to escape, but I failed, and since then I have resigned myself to my fate. I am not alone, however. Another of our classmates, D. F. Harris, who was my lieutenant, was arrested at the same time, and is now confined within these walls. I will conduct you to his cell presently, but, as he is somewhat dangerous, and may not recognize you, I must get the jailer to go with us. Harris graduated with distinction and then entered the mercantile business. Disappointment in love was the beginning of his downfall. He wandered aimlessly over the country, and finally made his way to Kansas and joined our band. As he was a particular friend of mine, and also proved himself to be a bold and daring robber, I made him my lieutenant."

At this moment the jailor approached, and, having made known our desire, we proceeded to Harris' cell. He was sitting on his cot with his head buried in his hands, and seemed to be in deep meditation. He did not recognize me, and, at the first sight of one whom he supposed to be a stranger, he became terribly enraged and made a lunge at me. I was almost overcome with terror until I saw that he was chained and could not harm me. The jailor succeeded in quieting him, and we left him to his meditations.

"Do you know anything," I said, "about the other male members of the class? I have not heard anything from them since we parted on our commencement day." "Yes," said he, "I have heard either directly or indirectly from all of them. I have devoted the last two years of my imprisonment to finding out something about them, but I have not told them anything about my condition. From the various methods I have adopted for securing information I have become acquainted with some of the facts of their lives. They are about as follows:

"Everyone thought that G. I. Barwick would be a doctor. Indeed, during his studentship at Western Maryland College, he always kept a supply of horse liniment on hand, and cured many a bruise received on the base ball field or in the gymnasium. But as Barwick was always of a changable disposition, his friends will not be surprised to hear that he finally decided to become a banker. By a certain legal act he came into possession of about one hundred and twenty pounds of money, and he at once established a bank at Leeds, Maryland. Today it is one of the most prosperous and well known in the state. He has recently announced that he will loan money to Western Maryland students at 2% interest. He does this, he says, because he knows from experience how embarrassing it is for a young gallant to ask pap for money to have his shoes half soled every time he wants to attend a festival, or purchase an anniversary present or a box of French candy for his best girl, and he wishes to relieve them from this embarrassment. No monument will be necessary to keep the memory of this gen-

erous alumnus green in the minds of Western Maryland's students when his offer becomes known to them."

"P. H. Dorsey went to Sassafras, Maryland, immediately after his graduation, and assumed the management of a large and valuable farm in that low and fertile section. He soon became tired of farming, and, at the end of his second year, he began teaching school. His salary in the capacity of a school teacher was not sufficient to satisfy him, and he became a peddler of patent medicines. In this he was very successful. In 1895 the rapid spread of diseases among domestic animals induced him to become a veterinary surgeon. He soon amassed a large fortune, but, through his skill and untiring devotion to the work, the country was rid of the diseases, and he was thrown out of employment. Already possessed of the title of Ph. D. and V. S., he sought to become an M. D., but gave it up after about three months. He returned to Westminster in 1898, and began a course in Theology at the Westminster Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1900. He is now stationed at Crisfield, Somerset county, Maryland, where he is reaping a large harvest of souls as the result of his earnest efforts in the good cause."

"Only one member of the Class of '91 has ever attained any eminence in the legal profession. Do you wonder who it is? It is "Kid" Waesche, the little, noisy, good natured baby of the class. Waesche's ability in his chosen profession became evident soon after he received his diploma from the University of Virginia, and his ability as a political speaker was first shown in the gubernatorial campaign of 1895. The following statement appeared in one of the Frederick papers soon after the election: "The result of the election in Maryland, and especially in Frederick county, is largely due to the eloquence of the pig iron orator from Catoctin Furnace. So powerful were his exhortations, and so convincing his arguments, that every man in Catoctin district voted for his side except one man, and he was a candidate on the other ticket. "Labor has its own reward," especially political labor, for Waesche was elected to the United States Senate in 1899, to succeed the Hon. A. P. Gorman. He has filled this position with great ability, and is prominently spoken of as the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency in 1904."

"Although Richards never studied law, he dabbled somewhat in politics. The principles of the cold water party became so firmly fixed in his mind while he was a student that he determined to devote his life to the cause. He made his first Prohibition speech during the Presidential campaign of 1892, and has risen rapidly ever since. He was successively nominated by the Prohibition party for Surveyor and Sheriff of Talbot county, and Comptroller of the Treasury of Maryland. Of course it is needless to say that he was defeated each time, but these defeats have strengthened his determination to become a martyr to the cause. He is also a strong advocate of woman's rights, and he thinks that the women, as soon as they are allowed the right of suffrage, will do away with the custom so prevalent on election day, of indulging in what the Indians, at the time of the early colonization of America, called fire water."

"The readers of the WEEKLY will be sorry to hear of the course pursued by L. A. Shipley since his graduation. Shipley was the hardest student in the class. Diligent, resolute and persevering, it was a common saying among his classmates that Larkin would some day "set the world on fire" by his achievements. He was never known to smile at a girl during his college course, and while his classmates were enjoying parlor night he would be extracting Greek roots, poring over the mysteries of chemical reaction, or trying to produce the equation for the Witch of Agnesi. But his life suddenly changed. He became a confirmed flirt, and it was woe to the maiden who set her cap for him. No longer satisfied with the laws in Maryland pertaining to Hymen's altar, he went to Utah and became a Morman. He was perfectly happy

until Booth went to Salt Lake City in 1898, to play the Merry Wives of Windsor, when his wives (there were only forty-two of them) said to him: "Dear Larkin, are you going to take us to the theatre?" "No," said he. "Why?" said they. "It is on account of the muchness," said he. "Oh, cruel man," they said, "begone." He left Utah the next day to avoid their vengeance, and nothing has since been heard from him."

"The brightest member of the Class of '91 was G. E. Day. While at college he was, to use his own expression, "a great man and a particular favorite with the girls." He had simply to cast one of his bewitching smiles on a girl in order to make her fall in love with him. His career since graduation has been a varied one. He signed with the Cincinnati base ball club in the spring of 1892, and soon became its star pitcher. At the end of the second season he retired from the diamond, and we next hear of him as Minister to Hayti; but his love for the old Tar Heel State finally induced him to direct his wandering steps thither, where he at last became settled. One of my friends who knew him at college wrote me that the last time she saw him he was a lone fisherman, and that his locks, which were always white, had become even more hoary on account of grief, caused by the unfaithfulness of one whom he had hoped would consent to share with him his future joys and sorrows. Not far from the white haired fisherman, in the Tar Heel State, lives another of '91's illustrious members, G. B. Hadley. Hadley studied medicine at the University of Maryland for a short time after graduating at Western Maryland, but his fondness for a certain individual of the female sex induced him to give up his profession and accept the position of mail agent on the Baltimore and Eastern Shore Railroad. His life was one of uninterrupted bliss until he found out that she was engaged—not to him, but to another fellow. This almost broke his heart."

"He left the railroad company without a mail agent and neither ate nor slept until he set foot again on his native soil. Shortly afterwards he resumed his medical studies and graduated with distinction. He has attended several cases. At first he was very unfortunate. One of his patients died from an overdose of corrosive sublimate and another from the effects of sixty grains of atropine hypodermically administered at one time. These trifling mistakes, however, did not discourage him in the practice of his profession, and today he is one of the most experienced and skilled physicians in North Carolina."

"Last but not least is the history of A. S. Crockett, the President of the class. Oh! cruel fate, why dost thou pluck the choicest flowers before they come to the period of full bloom! The tragic death of this budding genius at the very time when his wonderful discoveries in science were about to be made known to the world will cast a cloud over the sunny faces of his schoolmates and friends. After graduating at Western Maryland, Crockett took a course in Chemistry at Johns Hopkins University. He was a great favorite of Dr. Reimsen, and through his influence he was elected to fill that chair at the Ohio State University, Columbus. One day he was in his laboratory trying to discover a kind of powder that would perform the functions of ordinary powder without making any noise. But there was an explosion, and the muchness of the noise thereof brought friends to his assistance. After searching some time for the Professor, they finally found a wisdom tooth and the frame of his gold-rimmed spectacles, all else had vanished. The Faculty wished to keep these as a memorial of his greatness; but, as his friends also claimed them, a lawsuit ensued. It was finally decided that the University should have the wisdom tooth for its mineral collection, and that the remains of his spectacles should be given to his friends."

I thanked Mr. James for his kindness. The committee left the prison and returned to the convention. We made our report. I went to my room in the hotel and indulged in a flood of tears at

the fate of some of my classmates. I heard a bell tolling for them. I awoke, and realized that the supper bell was ringing. I had been dreaming, and the above is an accurate account of my dream.

SINBAD, THE SAILOR.

THE PHILOMATHEAN ANNIVERSARY.

Thanksgiving Day, with its rest and abundant refreshment, was very fittingly and pleasantly closed at the College by the annual exhibition of the Philomathean Society, held in the auditorium. Although but eight years of age, as the program announced, this literary child of Western Maryland is decidedly vigorous and healthy, and the entertainment it offered upon this occasion was certainly deserving of the marked approbation and applause it called forth. The audience from the town was of fair size, but would no doubt have been larger had a notice of the entertainment been sent to the weekly papers. We much regret this oversight, as the program was worthy of a crowded house. However, there is no use crying over spilled milk. Let us be more careful in the future.

A bright, lively duet upon the piano, Comedy Overture, by Bohm, performed by Misses Coghill and Spence, opened the program. Mary Fisher, as the President of the Society, pleasantly welcomed the students, teachers and friends in a short and well worded address. The curtain fell, to rise in a few moments disclosing a tableau, "Robbing the Sultana," which received long and well deserved applause. Addie Handy had been chosen as the essayist for the evening. Her theme was a rather poetical one, "Fires of Driftwood." The subject was well treated and very ably delivered. A vocal solo by Bradsky, "Longings for Home," was delightfully sung by Lena Wolfes, who possesses a clear, resonant voice and considerable skill in its management. A novelty then followed in the shape of a monologue, recited by Edna Frazier, entitled "Wild Zingarella, or the Gypsy Girl of Spain." The selection was certainly a trying one, and Miss Frazier acquitted herself admirably. Misses Dumm and Rasin received much applause for their rendition of that graceful duet by Campana, "A Golden Day." "Jeptha's Daughter" was the subject of a second tableau, beautiful in grouping and posture. The first part of the program was then closed by a piano solo by Bessie Clift, a medley from the opera Somnambula, by Leybach. The young lady played this beautiful composition delightfully, and was roundly applauded. The remainder of the program consisted of a drama in three acts, entitled "Marguerite's Parentage, or the Cooking Club."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- Mrs. Rokeman, a wealthy lady (age forty).....Marion E. Money
- Mrs. Delaine, a widow (age sixty).....Lizzie Caulk
- Marguerite, a foundling (age nineteen).....Mary J. Fisher
- Clarissa Codman, a spinster (age forty).....Cerulea Dumm
- Dora Gaines } .....
- Jennie Woodman } .....
- Sadie Morrell } .....
- Nellie Dunbar } .....
- Emma Stevens } .....
- Grace Greenwood } OUR CLUB... ..Imogene Caulk
- Maria Grey } .....
- Alice Leeds } .....
- Gussie Green } .....
- Kattie Connor, an Irish girl.....Addie Handy
- Gyp, a colored girl.....Nannie Thompson
- Meg, a vagrant.....Nannie Blandford

Miss Money as the dignified widow of forty, Lizzie Caulk as the old lady in mortal dread of having her cap rumpled, and Mary Fisher as Marguerite, were especially good. But we do not by any means intend to slight Cerulea Dumm, who convulsed the audience by her personification of the lovesick and gushing spinster of dubious age. As for the colored girl, Gyp, we have not finished laughing yet at her inimitable and side-splitting antics, in which she was ably abetted and seconded by Katie Connor, with her Irish brogue and amusing love letter. The character of Meg, a

vagrant, was one peculiarly difficult to act, but we are happy to say it was most successfully taken by Nannie Blanford. As for the sprightly Dora Gaines, she was one of the most charming personages in the play. The other characters, representing "Our Club," were taken with much spirit and understanding, and, altogether, the entire program was a great success. Young ladies of the Philomathean Society, you have the sincere congratulations of your many friends and well wishers.

WHITCOMB.

#### THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

The crowded condition of Ward Hall and the general lack of room for the large number of students this year, necessitated President Lewis to call a special meeting of the board of trustees.

The meeting was held November 12, and it was decided to begin as soon as possible the erection of a south wing to the main building, corresponding to the north wing, Smith Hall. The addition will be begun early in the spring and will be ready for occupancy by the beginning of the new scholastic year in September. The first floor of the new building will be used for the Preparatory department, the second floor for recitation rooms and the third floor for a library. The L, on the extreme south end, will be devoted to dormitories for the male students and will be joined to Ward Hall. The new Preparatory room and library will thus be especially fine and spacious apartments and will meet far better the demands of the College than the present ones.

This new and most necessary improvement is but the result of the College's increased patronage and popularity. Ward and Smith Halls are both crowded and five male students are required to room at the Seminary. The new building will not only, what is most needed, increase the capacity of the College but will add greatly to its appearance.

#### BIRTHDAY SUPPER.

Had you been fortunate enough to get a peep into the College Library on Thursday evening, November 21, you would have beheld a pleasing sight. There you could have seen the Preceptress surrounded by a gay gathering of college girls, with here and there a masculine figure.

The occasion was the celebration of the fiftieth birthday of Miss Lottie Owings, and she received some beautiful presents. The young ladies, as an expression of their esteem, presented her with a splendid Unabridged Dictionary with a stand to support it. After spending a short time in the library listening to the vocal music, select readings and recitations, we were led down to the dining room. Here we found ourselves confronted by the pleasing task of consuming a choice selection of eatables. Nor was this all that the dining room had in store for us. For here it was that Miss Owings gave a pleasing and impressive address and toasted "The College" and the "Young Ladies."

The only sad reflection is how many innocent souls must have suffered death that we might be filled.

Most of us felt that the "cerfew must not ring to-night." But who wanted to leave the dining room and climb into the tower to prevent it?

We simply repeat the sentiments of all those present when we say that it was one of the most pleasant evenings we have had during the year.

May the years of usefulness yet awaiting our kind Preceptress be many and happy.

#### LOCALS.

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud,  
When a maiden in thoughts, uttered not loud,  
Vows by Jove on Olympus above,  
That she would a book from the chapel remove.

On the title page, in harmonious order,  
Were placed words to her Ward Hall brother,  
Declaring in mild accents  
His undue lack of good sense  
By offering such an immense?

She, profiting by his carelessness,  
With great fearlessness,  
Took the book its pages to scan,  
But ere half through  
She declared she must add, without adoo,  
Her scribblings, to the writings of man.

To be able with the times to keep pace,  
She affirms with due grace—  
"A book in the Chapel was laid  
Without doubt it was lost, stolen, or strayed,  
This chance for me never again will be made.

I'll seize it, write in it, and say right here,  
A book in the chapel is very likely to disappear,  
For you know, gents, 'tis not its proper sphere.  
Beware! If you a book would keep at all,  
Remember, in *our* hands it must not fall,  
But be conveyed to its sanctum in Ward Hall."

There is a moral I wish to impress,  
That a book so left, leaves the owner without redress.  
So be careful and leave not your book,  
Or it may disappear by the aid of a spook,  
And when you wish your lessons to learn,  
You'll be haunted by fair visions that will make your head turn.

#### CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

BY P. MACE,

Author of "A Lover's Sighs," and other poems.

When to this college I did come,  
Only a senior brute,  
I looked about me for some girl  
My fancy for to suit.

I looked about me quite a while,  
Then I beheld my fate,  
But I was not content to stand  
Like Peri at the gate.

So, when Thanksgiving day came 'round  
A letter I did send,  
Asking her company for that day;  
And Oh! "It might have been,"

Had not a Junior, some days before  
I my letter did write,  
Made an engagement, which, in itself,  
Caused me to "break off," quite.

So the next year my affections, I  
Did turn to "Annie Laurie."  
In enjoying life with that dear girl  
I hoped I'd ne'er be sorry.

But, after a year of close courtship,  
She jilted me, after all,  
And ran off after the auburn hair  
Of a youth not quite so tall.

So when to school this year I came  
I swore not to get "smitten";  
Being afraid that should I love,  
I might soon get the mitten.

But my heart is conquered now at last

By one well known as "Kitty;"  
So in memory of my past affairs  
I've sung this little ditty.

What occupant of Smith Hall lately received from a gentleman in town a song entitled, "With all her faults, I love her still?"

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
And all were filled with awe sublime;  
For Toby was trying to circle the bar  
And Pat Mace was beating time.

Now those who for fun to the Gymnasium come,  
Will shortly be of all reason bereft,  
If they stay and hear the deafening tones  
Of Mace's voice, when he's yelling "left."

This warning is given in all good will,  
For the writer has "been there before;"  
And he knows that for clapping, and yelling, and stamping,  
We must award to Pat Mace the floor.

That promising young Soph who was "struck" first on a Clift, then on a Dale, and finally on a Ridge(ly) must have had a rough road to travel, though we must admit that the scenery could not have been other than attractive and lovely. The latter feature is doubtless what inspired him.

Alas! this is the season  
Which the jovial profs. do love,  
For they spring the same old chestnuts  
Which we hoped to spring above.

REWARD.

To the person giving me any information as to who the "poetess of '90" is, I will donate my book satchel as a suitable compensation.

His  
JOS. X MILLS.  
mark.

Another Senior has cast his lot among the Stevenites. The second victim is our amiable Josh Tull, and he says "it is all on account of a Rose." It might also be *add(i)ed* that "on account of conflicting circumstances" here at College, it was his desire that this should not be made known, but it was too good to keep.

Crockett offers to pay another festival bill as a reward to the one divulging the name of the person, supposed to be an occupant of Smith Hall, who with a commendable aspiration for higher art, makes him a study.

Jones says that on account of his extreme bashfulness, he cannot muster up the courage to ask for Her ring, though he is willing to part with his ring in exchange.

"Crockett coming, Eliason going." Accidentally omitted in the reading of theme, November 22.

Jones' fondest desire is to be Graceful.

Peedie says he is trying to keep up a Mary and cheerful disposition, though Harried by the tide of opposition.

Our champion light weight pugilist—Francis Lucas Hunter.

Jesse is responsible for the information that Hannibal "pitched his camp across the river." The game was probably won on his good pitching.

It has since been ascertained that Crockett paid the festival bill with the understanding that Eliason would pay the theatre bill.

Lucy says he is a Daysy.

Our cabinet—Harrison and Baby McKee(ver).

Hadley, Waesche and Harper have been admitted into the "Gum Tree Canoe" club. Membership limited.

Alas! for student, Alas! for maids!

Who seek high honors and first-class grades!  
God pity them both, and pity us all,  
Who daily keep mum at the teacher's call,  
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, "I've flunked again."

—Chestnut.

This much is known; Ma— went to Uniontown. But the question is, who did she go to see, Murray or Dr. Murray?

The "Fishermayden" fell way below par Saturday night, November 16. The market was very active that night and the depot was crowded with bidders, but the faculty, being the highest bidder, came out winner. Cotton D— was also among those who went down to the train to go a fishing, but he was far more lucky than his companions and succeeded without much difficulty in catching a Taylor. This was the last opening of that branch of the market until the morning of December 20. Be on hand early.

Who wrote this letter?

SMITH HALL, November, 1st, '89.

Dear E:—Please find enclosed 10 cents and please get E— and I 10 cents worth of cubebs as soon as you go down town. Please do not be so very long as E— and I want some cubebs. Please do not tell anybody.

B. and E.

T'was at the dinner table, and lo!  
The noise was suddenly hushed,  
And in silent wonder, all eyes were turned,  
For Pickles had smiled and Toby had blushed.

One of our green Seminarians is always heard singing, "I would not live away; I ask not to stay," and yet he is trying his utmost to get a Leas(e) for life.

A Prep said to a Junior, "wilt go to church today?"  
"Ay," promptly answered Junior, "I will not tell thee nay."

"Dost love to hear the preacher when he speaketh word of grace?"

"Ay," promptly answered Junior, "and to see my best girl's face."

Surely churches are fairer to a student nowadays,  
For college girls are often there, to join the songs of praise.

And many a fellow owneth, with half-regretful sighs,  
That he goes in to worship some lovely maiden's eyes.

Miss G. S— reads a chapter of Joshua every night.

Miss Sh— does not stop at CharleS(t) but gets off at Fulton, whenever she visits Baltimore.

LITERARY QUERIES

Why was Plutarch like a cat? Because he had so many lives.

What celebrated novel did Cooper write about a shoemaker?  
The Last of the Mohicans.

What noted biographer was a son of John? Boswell's Johnson.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Junior boys are very bright,  
And think themselves awfully curt;  
But if they fool with the Sophomore class,  
There is bound to be one of them hurt.

If you would hear them discussing base ball,  
You would surely think them great,  
And if no one told you at once  
You would consider them champions of the state.

They also think they can all the world beat  
In a game commonly called "tennis"

But if they don't look sharp before spring time comes,  
Their names will all be "Dennis."

They have issued challenges to every one,  
Disregarding neither age, sex nor caste,  
But let them continue their sweet innocent ways  
And their days on this earth will not last.

So Juniors and others that wish to uphold  
That wonderful, twice wonderful class,  
Just try and remember a certain proverb  
"He laughs best who laughs last."

"SOPHOMORE."

The leading question, where is Dehoff's badge?

Prof. in Physics: Mr. McCaslin, what food can a person  
live on for a great length of time? Mr. McCaslin, "bread sir."  
Of course he had no reference to the college. He might have  
added strap as an appetizer.

It is sublime to hear Dehoff narrate his thrilling adventures  
How he was going to kill 17 rabbits in one day? How he read  
Ivanhoe in two hours? How much he got in math? How  
many "flunks" he made last year? Who is going to lead the  
class? and last but not least, how the girls do smile at him in  
chapel?

There is a certain boy at this college who says he can Turn  
(er) any girl's head he wishes to.

They say that around Frederick can be caught many Her-  
rings.

There is a light young lad in the Junior class,  
Who is generally too loud in his talk;  
He thinks himself superior to Shakespeare's heroes,  
And his head is as white as chalk.

EXAMINATION!

*Non paratus*, sighed the Junior  
With a sad and troubled look;  
*Omne rectum*, said the "Professor,"  
*Nihil scripsit* in his book.

We do not know decisively why the Juniors have not, as yet,  
handed the cane down to the Sophomore Class, but we take it for  
granted that it is withheld, in order to help sustain "Pud" Crock-  
ett's equilibrium.

In politics, Miss Veasey must be partially Democratic, since  
she sincerely believes in the Mills Bill.

The music of the *Harp* is conceded by all to be very pleasing  
but *nature* prefers the musician.

Miss N——, '91, has discovered something very peculiar  
about the writings of Sir Philip Sydney for she says that one of  
them was written after his death.

The habit of throwing mice and chalk is one in which  
"practice makes perfect," but it seems that it would be better  
adopted to the gymnasium than the chapel.

Miss C——l, '92, has been very absent minded for sometime  
and the cause has at last been ascertained. When asked concern-  
ing the architecture of the Norman times, she replied to the effect  
that they were very fond of castles and Ward Halls.

The fox is known to be a very cunning animal but the Wolf  
to us seems to Marshall her forces in quite as intelligent a man-  
ner.

How much the light of Day is appreciated can be best told  
by the Taylor.

Mr. R——, '93, we fear, has been Rasin his hopes so high  
that he has become entangled in Cupids *Net*.

Miss Ber——d, '91, has acquired a great habit of changing the  
words of the songs of the day—particularly "Marguerite" for  
which she substitutes a word to rhyme with "peel."

One of the Sophomore gentlemen was known to remark in  
class that the Liver was the chief organ of respiration. We hope  
he may be delivered from such a belief.

Miss T——s, '92, says that were she compelled to live near  
the water, she would prefer Jones falls.

Miss C——, '92, wants to know who John's son was; will  
some one please inform her?

The wonderful fact has been noted, that the responsive read-  
ing in chapel can easily be read with text books; it is certainly a  
wonderful discovery, and its pronounced by all to be "Daisy."

The following is a list of what may be procured from the  
two Halls:

WANTED.

We want from Ward Hall a *part* of a boat and the *home* of  
a wild beast. We also want the *largest* part of the hall; then a  
*fair* Senior accompanied by a good *musician* and two *Slave*  
*traders*, who will bear an *earthen pole* with *material* for making  
bricks, to build a fortress on a famous *river* wherein to place her  
*Royal Majesty*. For a guard, we would like a watch of *well-*  
*known* make and a *lofty Miller* holding a *warbler* with a strange  
frefix and leading that *Son of Will's*. All these to be preceded  
by the *ruler* of Persia, carried by one who can *wheel twenty*  
*hundred weight*. And last, but far from least, that strange young  
man, the half of whose name is but a girl.

QUERIES.

When we call for natural scenery from Smith Hall, what  
three girls will respond?

For whom do I call when the baker comes? when I want  
workmen? the convenient girl? the speechless girl? when I wish  
a girl to secrete herself? a sport for children? for the sons of  
three remarkable men?

In another column will be found an account of the Philo-  
mathean Anniversary; next on the list is Irving Society just be-  
fore the Holidays, December 19th. Neither expense nor labor  
has been spared to make this entertainment the best ever given at  
the college. The drama has been selected from a large number of  
plays by our best writers, and lady friends from the town have  
consented to render us whatever assistance they may be able in its  
representation.

A. L. Whealton says that his favorite poetic extract is from  
Campbell and reads as follows:

"Why does that Clift with shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?"

A Junior last month with a dignified air,  
Seized his pen with an eager delight,  
And thought he would give to the wide world at large,  
A sample of what he could write.

He somehow the subject of base ball did choose  
And proceeded at once with his plot,  
To make the world think that in base ball at least,  
The Juniors are what they are not.

At first he did hurl at the Sophomore Class,  
That "chestnut" we oft hear repeated,  
What's next now?" says he, "O at baseball I'll say  
The Juniors the Sophs have defeated."

Oh, how he proceeded to flourish his quill  
And how he did try to be witty  
But badly indeed did the fellow succeed,  
Poor boy! he deserves the school's pity.

He chuckled a chuckle and winked both his eyes  
As he finished his last line in measure,  
And that he could write such a rhythmical piece  
Did give him unlimited pleasure.

It would please us to hear from our poet again,  
 But we have many doubts as to whether  
 The next time he'll write of the "national game,"  
 Or make some remark on the weather.

SOPH.

"Mike," after preserving as long as possible the secret of his many sleepless nights, has at last joined in the assault against the Cliftites, assisted by his affectionate smiles and "confectionate" presents. Now—

Success attend thee, gentle Mike,  
 In that land of Sassafra's,  
 And may you ever live to like  
 And learn to love its lass. [Ed.]

#### ALUMNI ET QUONDAM.

On the 7th of November was solemnized the marriage of Miss Louie Marguretta Cunningham, A. M., '81, to Dr. George B. Fundenburg, '78-'81, at Prospect Hill, Westminster, the hospitable home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Ward, during whose presidency the contracting parties attended College, assisted by the bride's pastor, Rev. P. H. Miller, of Grace Lutheran Church. The wedding was an exceedingly pretty one. All the circumstances being the most favorable. The day was one of autumn's loveliest, and all the large circle of invited friends were promptly on hand. The parlors were filled with a profusion of rich chrysanthemums, while trailing vines lent their grace to the chandeliers and arches of the doorways. The bride wore an imported robe of white silk, a bridal veil adorned with white chrysanthemums and carried in her hand an exquisite bouquet of white roses.

After the ceremony had been performed, then followed a splendid reception lasting until the bridal party took the train for their wedding journey.

Mrs. Fundenburg is the only daughter of Wm. A. Cunningham, Cashier of the Farmers and Mechanics National Bank of Westminster. Dr. Fundenburg left W. M. C., in '81, to attend the Western University of Pennsylvania, after a year there, he studied medicine, and graduated with honor at the University of Pennsylvania. He is now practising at Bedford, Pa. The collection of presents was remarkable for its great variety and value. In addition to a large number of relations, there were present the following graduates and quondam students of the college: Mr. Frank E. Cunningham, '69-'80, of Georgia; John H. Cunningham, '85, of Westminster; Benjamin Cunningham, '77-'78, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Dr. Amos L. Gage, '81-'82, of Baltimore; Mrs. George Emmons, '82, of Washington, D. C.; Miss May Nicodemus, '81, Prof. James A. Diffenbaugh, '74, Prof. W. R. McDaniel, '80, Miss Winnie Smith, Arthur Smith, Miss Maggie Huber, '77-'80, and Miss Ada Smith, '78-'83, of Westminster. Prof. James W. Reese and Miss Olivia Rinehart, of the College Faculty, were also present.

Dr. C. Ashton Jessop, aged 30 years, died at his home, "Kenelworth," near Cockeyville, in October last. He was a skillful surgeon and had acquired a lucrative practice.

Mr. Charles V. Wantz, wholesale cigar and tobacco dealer of Westminster, has received an order for 1,000 first class cigars from Hon. Jefferson Davis, the Ex-President of the Southern Confederacy.

Among the rising young men of Brunswick, Ga., is Mr. Frank E. Cunningham, Esq. Since his residence in Brunswick, now about two years, he has been a trusted officer in two of the banks of that place, and has so won the confidence of the banking community that he was, a short time ago, elected by the Directors, cashier of the Brunswick State Bank, a highly honorable and important position. His many friends will be gratified to learn

of his good fortune and to hear of the high esteem in which he is held at the home of his adoption.

Benjamin A. Cunningham, '77-'78, who has now a high position as Civil Engineer on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, was in Westminster to attend the marriage of his cousin, Miss Louie Cunningham, '81, on November 7th. He regretted he could not stay long enough to look around at all the improvements on College Hill.

L. I. Pollitt, '89, has been made a member of the faculty and his recognized ability and ever pleasant disposition commands for him the respect and friendship of every student. We wish him much success in his new line of work.

W. M. Weller, '89, has been elected secretary of the Epworth League, a social religious organization in Cumberland, Md. He was also author of an essay entitled, "Temperance vs. Prohibition," which was read by Miss Florence Dowden at the second serial social of the Y. W. C. A., in the same city.

DeWitt C. Ingle, '78, is Head Master and Instructor in Mathematics at the Gordon School, Atlanta, Ga. We congratulate him upon being at the head of so flourishing an institution as the "prospectus" for 1889-'90 indicates.

Amon Burgee, '87, Principal of the Union Bridge High School, spent November 22 with his old W. M. C. friends.

Rev. F. C. Klein, '80, stopped in to see us October 28.

W. O. Keller, '86-'88, and Max Broughton, '87-'88, are attending Bryant and Stratton's Business College, Baltimore, Md.

Misses Minnie and Edith Stevens, '86 and '87-'89, are now residing at 1208 Mt. Royal avenue, Baltimore, where the family has lately moved.

We learn that Alonzo L. Miles, '83, who is a member of the Somerset Bar, will locate in Cambridge, for the practice of his profession, as soon as the President names his successor as Collector of the Port of Crisfield. Mr. Miles is a reliable and promising young lawyer and cannot fail to command the confidence and favorable consideration of the citizens of Cambridge.

Otis Harding, '86-'87, was married December 4th to Miss Hurst, of Wicomico Church, Va.

Blanche Pillsbury, '87, and Rev. Jesse W. Norris, '83, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock November 27. We extend our warmest congratulations.

Clara and Ida Underhill, '86-'88 and '87-'88, of Baltimore; T. E. Reese, '89, and W. McA. Lease, '89, attended the Philomathean anniversary Nov. 28.

Thomas B. Ward, of the Class of '73, died, after a brief illness, of typhoid fever, at Santa Fe, New Mexico, October 24th, 1889. He was a nephew of Ex-President Ward, and a son of John B. Ward, a trustee of the College, who died a few months after the son's graduation, September 14, 1873. Thomas was a native of Washington, D. C., and resided and was engaged in business there until a few months ago, when he went to Santa Fe, where his only sister, Mrs. George W. Lane, resided. He was in the 36th year of his age. He was held in high esteem by those who knew him during his college years, and his early demise is deeply lamented. We extend our sincere sympathies and condolence to the bereaved relatives and friends.

J. McD. Radford, Class of '88, has been elected principal of Oak Grove Academy, at Social Circle, Ga.

W. M. Weller, Class of '89, is now employed in the auditor's office, W. Va. R. R. Co., from which position he will be promoted to the engineer corps.

Iva Lowe, '87-'89, has received the appointment of first assistant in the Greensborough High School.

## PERSONAL.

Misses Annie and May Whaley, Taylor, McCoy, Gore and Messrs. Hadley and Whaley spent the day in Baltimore, Nov. 16.

Miss Fisher paid a short visit to Baltimore, November 15, returning the following day.

Miss Merrick and Mr. Murray Philips went to Uniontown November 1, remaining three days, the former as the guest of Dr. Murray, and the latter, of Mr. Routsan.

Mr. Claypoole received a visit from his mother November 18.

Among those who attended the Philomathean anniversary were Miss Fannie Rasin, sister of Miss Nettie Rasin, '92, and Messrs. A. S. Goldsborough, Jos. P. Bryan and Jas. McFadden, all of Centreville, Md.

T. B. Miskimon had the pleasure of a visit from his mother and brother, November 28.

## SEMINARY ITEMS.

On November 8 Stockton Society elected the following officers for the ensuing term:—President, R. T. Tyson; Vice-President, W. F. Orum; Recording Secretary, R. K. Lewis; Corresponding Secretary, W. B. Judifind; Critic, J. E. Grant; Treasurer, E. B. Taylor, and Chaplain, S. D. Melvin.

L. A. Bennett left on November 1, for Revurton, Wyeomoco county, Md., (his home) to spend a few days. Soon after his return he was taken very sick. On November 21, he left for Johns Hopkins Hospital (with Mr. Taylor of his place) who came to accompany him for examination. We hope that he may be able to return soon.

We express our regrets, that on account of sickness, we had to part with F. L. Jones and W. H. Young. They are expected to return after Christmas.

J. E. Grant and R. T. Tyson made their departure on Nov. 9th for Providence, to assist Rev. J. T. Lasell in his revival. They speak well of the people and report progress.

We would advise Messrs. Mace and Marshall, to be sure that the surroundings are all right, before accepting an invitation to receive grapes at the gate; and they may get them next time.

We make mention of the following visitors:—Rev. W. D. Litsinger, of Vienna, Md., Geo. Caple, of East View, and Rev. Sherman Philips, '89, of Lewistown, Md.

Emamination is coming and coming right along. Shall we be ready for its coming?

ANONYMOUS.

## INTER-COLLEGIATE NOTES.

"The melon cholic days are here,  
The saddest of the lot,  
When ice cream is too cold to eat,  
And oysters are too hot."—*News Letter*.

The United States has four large colleges devoted exclusively to the education of women. They are the Wellesley, with 625 students, Vassar, with 285, Smith, with 400, and Bryn Manor, with 82.

President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University has gone to Europe for several months. When he started, the students gave him the University yell, "Hoo Rah Hoo—Hoo Rah Hoo—J. H. U.—Rah!"

Hon. Seth Low, ex-mayor of Brooklyn, has been elected President of Columbia College, N. Y.

First Cadet—"Did you ever smell powder?" Second Cadet—"Yes." "Where?" "On a Vassar girl."

The Princeton University scientific expedition, made up of nine students, under the direction of Prof. Scott, returned from

Oregon recently. The summer was spent in the John Day region in the search for fossil remains. Valuable results were attained, and the spoils of the expedition, consisting of something over two tons of precious bones, will be added, when classified, to the important collections of previous years.

Harvard still grades its graduating diplomas, but with more rigid requirements than heretofore. The first is the simple diploma; the next higher, *cum laude*; the next, *magna cum laude*; and the highest, *summa cum laude*.

All the justices of the supreme court of the United States are college graduates, except Justice Miller, who graduated from a medical college.

More college students come from Connecticut in proportion to the population than from any other State. She sends one to every 549 persons.

The gifts obtained for Johns Hopkins this year amount to \$187,000.

The Senior classes of both Harvard and Cornell Universities have chosen colored men for orators this year.

The University of Michigan boasts that it has the largest attendance of any educational institution in America.

The Ohio Wesleyan University has a new President—Rev. Bradford P. Raymond, Ph. D., formerly President of Lawrncee University, Wisconsin.

## COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

## BROWNING SOCIETY.

President.....	Bettie Shriver
Vice President.....	Georgia Franklin
Recording Secretary.....	Grace Hering
Corresponding Secretary.....	Nannie Heyde
Treasurer.....	Lucy Taylor
Librarian.....	Lettie McCoy
Critic.....	Nannie Galt

## PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

President.....	Mary J. Fisher
Vice President.....	Addie Handy
Recording Secretary.....	Anna M. Thompson
Corresponding Secretary.....	Edna E. Frazier
Treasurer.....	Lizzie T. Caulk
Librarian.....	Grace Phillips
Chaplain.....	Marion E. Money
Critic.....	Nannie Blandford

## IRVING SOCIETY.

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Vice President.....	P. H. Myers
Recording Secretary.....	G. W. Ward
Corresponding Secretary.....	J. E. White
Critic.....	W. E. White
Treasurer.....	B. B. James
Librarian.....	D. F. Harris
Assistant Librarian.....	G. E. Day
Chaplain.....	H. P. Grow
Sergeant at Arms.....	J. E. Dehoff

## WEBSTER SOCIETY.

President.....	W. I. Mace
Vice President.....	T. M. Johnson
Recording Secretary.....	G. B. Hadley
Corresponding Secretary.....	J. S. Mills
Treasurer.....	J. S. Williams
Chaplain.....	I. F. Smith
Critic.....	J. F. Harper
Librarian.....	N. P. Turner
Mineralogist.....	C. L. Queen
Auditing Committee.....	{ Ex-President Tull L. A. Shipley W. H. Litsinger

## Y. M. C. A.

President.....	J. B. Whaley
Vice President.....	G. W. Ward
Recording Secretary.....	B. B. James
Corresponding Secretary.....	D. F. Harris
Treasurer.....	R. K. Lewis

## Y. W. C. A.

President.....	Carrie C. Coghill
Vice President.....	Edna E. Frazier
Corresponding Secretary.....	Marion E. Money
Treasurer.....	Cerulia E. Dumm
Organist.....	Lettie McCoy



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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

VOL. 3.

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NO. 4.

## Western Maryland College Monthly.

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IRVING AND WEBSTER LITERARY SOCIETIES.

J. FRANK HARPER, Editor in Chief.

EDITORS.

LENA E. GORE,

G. W. WARD,

ADELIA HANDY,

NANNY M. HEYDE,

J. M. TULL

ANNA McF. THOMPSON,

Business Manager.....W. M. CROSS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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Entered at the Postoffice, Westminster, Md., as Second Class Matter.

In a nation there is among the people a feeling of love for their country which they call patriotism. In any great political party there are men whose devotion to its principles we call party spirit. In almost every organization there are found loyal supporters of the cause for which it was formed. College spirit arises from the attachment of a student to the institution in which he is devoting his time and labor for the attainment of an education. That this college spirit, this patriotism, is so prevalent among students is not only natural, but is really fulfilling one of the necessities of college life. A student soon becomes bound to his college by the ties of love or association, and the feeling thus formed is ever ready to assert itself. In all his games, his athletic sports, and in everything which brings him in contact with other students, this college spirit is plainly seen. Ever ready to defend the institution he represents, he takes pride in lauding her achievements and advantages. A college among whose students there exists no pride, no patriotic spirit, will thus exhibit most plainly that there is a failure somewhere, or that the institution itself is not up to the standard. The reputation of every college will depend largely upon the spirit of attachment among the students it sends forth. Of course there are some persons who look upon the college as a market, where they go to receive the return for a certain payment of money, and when they have received this they leave without further thought of their college. They have merely made a business transaction. But it is gratifying to note that to the great majority of students the college becomes an object of endearment whenever it is so conducted as to deserve it. Where there is good feeling and harmony between faculty and students, college spirit will be at its height. No matter what may be the divisions among the students through classes, fraternities or societies, there will ever be dominant that strong feeling of attachment and devotion to their alma mater.

Why do not Alumni students evince more interest in their college paper? Such a question is found in so many of our exchanges that we must conclude that the indifference is a general

one, and not confined to the old students of a few colleges. To a student now attending college an answer to this question will not be considered with much weight, for it is certainly a strange thing but nevertheless true, that upon our subscription list are seen comparatively few names of alumni students. Can it be that after leaving the halls of alma mater so many students have no desire to hear of her successes or her failures, her changes and improvements in later years? Or is the subscription price of the representative journal too exorbitant? The lack of interest must be attributed to one or the other of these causes, and we do not deem it unreasonable to expect from our Alumni their support of the college paper. We cannot better express our views on the subject and by quoting the words of the Mail and Express:

### A DUTY OF COLLEGE MEN.

There is among college men an idea, which we fear is growing more and more prevalent, that the college course is simply a four years' contract, whereby in consideration of a certain sum of money the college is to supply him with a certain amount of knowledge and furnish him a proper certificate to notify the world that he has had it. The transaction completed, the bachelor regards the obligation on both sides as at an end. He moves out into the world, and henceforth treats the college whose diploma he carries with indifference, perhaps with disparagement.

An evidence, or perhaps a result of this neglect, is the comparatively small number of alumni subscribers to the college periodicals, even the best of them, and the consequent ignorance of alumni in regard to the actual every day life of their respective colleges. They may have attended every college commencement since their graduation. They may go to all the annual alumni gatherings, and grow enthusiastic in singing the praises of their cherishing mother. They may read the president's annual report and random newspaper articles; they may even read regularly the columns of the Mail and Express, and yet acquire but the faintest estimate of the real college life, whether progressive or retrograde.

One of the periodicals published at Iowa College is appropriately called the Pulse. The college paper is the pulse which marks the beating of the college heart. The college man who would keep his finger on that pulse should first put it on his pen and sign a check for a year's subscription. Even has the last spark of loyalty for alma mater died out in his ungrateful breast, the college paper is in most cases an excellent investment.

No college man squares his account with his alma mater with the payment of his last term bill. He still owes her more than Desdemona owed father and lover both, and among the most important and simplest of these duties is to subscribe for, read and encourage in every possible way the publications of the students of his own college.

Christmas, with all its anticipations and realizations, has passed, and the New Year, with all its resolutions, has begun. Each of us at his home has been cheered by pleasant scenes to

the renewal of earnest endeavor in the year open to us. As we have anticipated and realized the pleasures of Christmas, may we also realize the fulfillment of our New Year's resolutions. The scroll lies before us fresh and bright; we have the choice of its characters which are to be impressed upon it, as through the coming months it unrolls, revealing what has been and awaiting what is to be. We return to our efforts glad and merry, the very mood in which we are more able to accomplish something. Christmas, with its gay festivity, lingers in our minds, but recollection must spur on endeavor and not retard its action, and the next holiday will yet more joyously be passed when we feel that we have well earned its pleasures.

We all regard that time when our minds are filled with visions of near enjoyment as a very happy one, but fully as pleasant a time as it is when we return from these experiences to other scenes and faces equally familiar, and in recounting our pleasures and entering into those of others we seem to prolong the enjoyment. Holidays, with their pleasurable excitement, seem to come fittingly after a period of effort. They are always welcome to us at any time whatever, but we hail the recreation they offer with greater and deeper delight when they are contrasted with that side of life in which earnest effort comes first in order.

We are again at school, a period of life conceded to be the most pleasant of all; let us make it the most beneficial. The year has advanced but little, but we may yet advance with it, nearer and nearer each day, towards the completion of some good object, until improvement is readily attained and observed. We may yet inscribe with bright characters the opening pages which are unfolded to the good genius of the Happy New Year.

The State Senate is composed of twenty-six members—eight Republicans and eighteen Democrats. In reading the names of the members it is noticeable that eleven of them can be found among the alumni of our colleges, and four of the eleven were graduated from institutions in this State. The colleges were represented as follows: Princeton, 2; Yale, Lafayette, Jefferson, University of West Virginia, St. John's, Rock Hill, Washington, Georgetown and New Windsor 1 each. The legal profession has the greatest number of representatives, there being twelve lawyers. The oldest member is sixty-four, the youngest twenty-eight.

From this we find that forty-two per cent. of our Senators are college graduates, nearly fifty per cent. are lawyers, and the average age is about forty-five years. So if you aspire to be a Senator you will stand the best chances when you are a college graduate, a lawyer by profession and about forty-five years of age.

One of the most important queries for the college world to answer is: What is the best way to edit and publish a college paper?

We have a scheme to propound which we think will greatly expedite the editing of a college magazine, but as to the publishing of it, we leave to the pen of more experienced business managers.

To alleviate pain we must first find it, so to correct errors we must first detect them. But, after we detect errors, frequently we find it almost impracticable to correct them, remembering, as Portia has said, "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches;" and if she had been an ex-editor

of a college paper she would have continued, "and college magazines successful periodicals." We might enumerate many plausible plans, but if they are not feasible they will be of no utility.

We consider that the requisites for a college paper to be successful, are, (1) to have plenty of contributors and paying subscribers; (2) to have such contributors that will demand the perusal and edify the friends of the subscribers, and to have such subscribers that will pay in advance the requisite subscription. Now, these being the two stipulations, let us consider what scheme will best obtain the requisites—plenty of contributors and paying subscribers.

First, we propose that the staff elect as delegates ten of the most reputed of the alumni who will serve to contribute one article each during the year pertaining to their vocation, or pertaining to the influence of college training on their respective occupations.

Secondly, we propose that the staff also choose one member of every class of the alumni to furnish notices of alumni and quondam of their class. By this we would have an epitome of the doings of all former students. A college paper should interest graduates as well as students, quondams as well as graduates. Next we must have locals that will interest the students; *lapsus lingue* that will give originality to college sayings; remarks of the verdant Freshy, the silly Soph, the erudite Junior, the dignified Senior. These come under the category of locals, and for the best way to obtain them.

Thirdly, we propose that one member of every class be appointed by the editor-in-chief to contribute all items of interest that arise among the students of the several classes. We have suggested three ways to obtain necessary contributors. Now, if these contributors are what they should be, plenty of subscribers will be the logical sequence. With plenty of paying subscribers we will have a successful paper financially, and with plenty of contributors, successful from a literary view. Unite the two, and we have a successful college paper. What are the opinions of other editors on this query concerning the editing and publishing of a college paper?

We notice in "Our Young People" a series of articles on scientific subjects written by Prof. Simpson. They are entitled "Plain Talks," and are in the plain but forcible style characteristic of the Professor. Though dealing with some very difficult subjects, each article is easy to understand, and would afford most interesting reading to those students now engaged in the study of chemistry.

#### MORAL POWER GAINED BY GOOD HABITS.

In the constitution of man we see a dual organization. There is that element which allies himself with the brute creation, compressing his appetites, passions and affections; and there is that element which distinguishes him from the brute creation, by virtue of which he occupies a position elevated far above the plane upon which they stand. This element is his psychical endowments, including intelligence, sentiments and will. These constitute his higher nature, which is intended to hold his animal propensities in subordination; but this result can be accomplished in the experience of no man except by a hard struggle; for, as Cicero says, speaking of the passions, "Hominem huc et illuc rapiunt." In animals there are no recognized principles of action. There are implanted within their nature certain instincts which furnish the

law of their being. They are entirely destitute of any moral sense. On the contrary, man is endowed with the notions of right and wrong, and the power to distinguish between these notions. Every man has a conscience, and hence it may be said that no man is entirely destitute of a tendency to good, for the conscience is an inexorable judge, and condemns all that is contrary to the moral law, while it urges one to act in accordance with that law. Though man, through his conscience, is made cognizant of his duty, there are at work many influences that draw him from the good to the evil. His duty to himself may antagonize some prevailing appetite; his duty to his fellow man may run counter to some deepset prejudice or dearly prized interest; his duty to God may oppose some object which is by him ardently pursued.

These forces, conscience and the animal nature, are continually at work, the former through the keen sense of moral satisfaction which follows the faithful discharge of duty, and the remorse consequent upon its violation; the latter by the gratification of the sensual appetite. Moral power implies that control over one's own actions which enables him to restrain his passions, regulate his appetite, and check and direct his affections, and make all these subservient to his moral nature; it is that power of self direction which enables us to discharge our duty without compromise or evasion. This power is a function of the will, which is a faculty of the soul. The conscience judges, and permits or forbids, yet the will is not bound to observe its dictates. How often do we see and experience its utter indifference to them. This is a necessary condition of free agency. Did it not exist, man would not be responsible for his actions; they could not be imputed to him.

We are to show that unless the soul use this faculty of self-direction it either partially or entirely loses possession of it, and that through habits which bring it into action it is developed and strengthened.

Will is not a power independent of the soul, but the soul acting upon itself, directing its own impulses, restraining or indulging its desires. It may be called its helm, and the condition of its preservation and development is habits which call it into frequent exercise. While will is to be distinguished from desire or wish, for these latter are the spontaneous inclinations of the soul, and the will, that faculty which controls them; so moral power cannot be identified with will, although it is a function of it. A man can will to violate the moral law; indeed, how many do it avowedly and deliberately.

Therefore, while moral power presupposes the existence of will, it indicates a will obedient to the dictates of conscience—a will desiring and having power to repress those inclinations which the conscience condemns; to respond to the calls of duty, no matter if they impose obligations distasteful, uncongenial; to render unto others what is due them; in short, to "do unto others as we would have them do unto us." It is now our province to show the effects of good habits upon moral power. By habit is meant a facility and disposition acquired by a frequent repetition of the same act. There is a nature common to the whole human family. We often hear it spoken that "human nature is the same the world over." It is habit that marks the individual, that determines character. Man is called a "bundle of habits." Looking at the subject negatively, we see that bad habits are always attended by impaired moral power, and eventually, in many cases, by a total loss of it. The first time one uses profane language he undoubtedly experiences a repugnance to his own act. But by frequently using such language it develops into a habit, and becomes an insensible part of his nature. He feels an inclination to do so; it is the hardest thing in the world not to do, the easiest to do; we might say he swears automatically. So the drunkard and the gambler indulge their passions until they become slaves to them. At last they may wake to their condition, but then in many instances it is too late. Their moral power is lost. They are no longer masters of themselves.

Considering the effect of good habits on moral power, we observe that their existence proves the existence of moral power. The latter had to exist, in the first place, to overcome the temptation to act otherwise. Moral power and good habits are concomitants of each other. Where one exists the other must be also. The law of habits is that they tend to become permanent, to the exclusion of other habits. If good habits become deeply rooted, the soul becomes less susceptible to evil influences and more inclined to good, and hence the mandates of duty are easier to comply with. This is what moral power means.

By habit an act not only becomes easy, but its omission causes us uneasiness, and requires a special effort. If a person who is in the habit of saying his prayers on retiring should forget to do so on some particular evening, he would be unable to rest satisfied without rising and performing this wonted devotion. It is needless to illustrate further the influence of good habits upon this faculty of moral power. Admitting the force of habit, we must see the vast importance which attaches to early training, and the responsibility resting upon those engaged in the instruction of the young, for the paramount object of education is to establish habits which will so operate as to result in fitting man for the high destiny which awaits him. Evil habits limit or destroy freedom. This very fact magnifies the caution which should be exercised against their formation.

Self-control should be the great desideratum of every man. It is that only which entitles any man to our respect. Alexander or Napoleon may command our admiration, but not our esteem.

It is every man's duty to aim high, but the highest and noblest aim is duty. Duty involves self-control, self-control is moral power, and this is acquired through good habits.

J. M. T., '90.

#### HOW MONEY GETS INTO CIRCULATION.

The writer was not a little surprised to find how widespread is the ignorance on this subject. We venture to say that if the reader will take the pains to ask some of his best informed friends how our money gets into circulation, he will find them unable to give an answer.

You will first bear in mind that Congress holds the keys to the Treasury. Even the President must depend upon Congress to make an appropriation for his salary. Since no money comes out of the Treasury except to meet an appropriation of Congress, or in exchange for another variety, it follows that no matter how much coin or paper money the Government might manufacture, the amount of increase in circulation could equal only the excess of the sum voted by Congress to meet the expenditures of the Government over the revenues received in the payment of taxes.

The methods of money getting into circulation vary greatly. First we will notice gold coin. The owner of gold bullion or of foreign gold coin may take it to any mint or assay office and have it coined free of charge. Should there be a supply of gold coin on hand—which is generally the case—the value of the deposit is at once ascertained, and the depositor receives for it gold coin to the full amount.

The Government pays ten million dollars a month for silver bullion to be made into silver dollars, and pays for this in silver dollars. Any person wishing silver dollars can obtain them by depositing some other kind of legal tender money or silver certificates at the Sub-Treasury, in which case the silver dollars will be delivered anywhere in the U. S. free of charge.

Next is legal tender notes. The Government has but a small supply of these, which are only a matter of accommodation by exchange at the Sub-Treasuries. The issue is fixed by law. Fourth, we have the gold and silver certificates. These may be had from the Government upon a deposit of the coin

on which they are issued. Then we have the small silver coin and other minor coins. The coins below the denomination of a dollar will be transported to any point in the U. S. free of charge in exchange for any other kind of lawful money, and will be redeemed again when presented at any Sub-Treasury.

Lastly national bank notes, which are furnished to the banks, and they issue and redeem them. In all these cases there are Treasury regulations as to the amount, method of sending and other matters which must be complied with by those wishing any particular kind of money. Now all of this is merely an exchange of money, and in no case does it increase the amount in circulation, except apparently, and only apparently in the case of coin. Although there is more money in circulation bearing the stamp of the United States, nothing has been added to the value by receiving that stamp. The Government has just effected an exchange of equal values, for it would sell for just as much in bars, dust or foreign coin as it will after being coined. Most of the money put into circulation reaches the public through the New York Sub-Treasury. This Treasury being a member of the Clearance House, the sums paid out from it are first deposited in the New York banks, and then paid out by them to their customers.

#### PEN AND PENCIL.

Through the medium of Pen and Pencil the greatest revolutions have taken place, the greatest changes have been made, and the century, rolling onward, has taken with it more of life and real development.

If the pen has nothing back of it it achieves no success and completes no purpose; it is but the aimless tracing of vacant words; but let the mind be awake and in full activity, and the pen will move with mighty energy, fraught with knowledge perhaps not easily attained, but generously imparted.

There is nothing that is a more potent factor of improvement, development and liberality of thought than the pen or pencil; there is nothing that has contributed more widely to the dissemination of some great principle than these; there is nothing which can make truth more universally known and accepted.

Everyone who judges wisely will say that nothing is really known by any one unless he has the power of clearly expressing it in simple though forcible language. We cannot truly understand any problem unless we are able to explain its intricacies to another, and through the medium of pen and pencil is opened a clearer means of actual knowledge than any other.

Suppose our means of imparting knowledge to be through conversation alone; progress and development would advance at indeed a slow rate. Happily for us this is not the case, and the pen and pencil send over the world knowledge that would scarcely have been accepted by a single community without the aid of these potent agents.

Of what use is it to collect rich stores of knowledge, only to conceal them from general observation? It makes mankind poorer instead of richer, and lowers their standard of true and noble purpose. There is something good and praiseworthy in the effort to become familiar with the paths of learning and the final attainment of this object, but the true end of all, and the most important one, is to impart what we know to others.

No matter how steady the stream of knowledge may be, unless it has an outlet it becomes choked by its own burden, and sluggish instead of quick in action, until finally its clearness disappears and it becomes a stagnant pool, having lost its power of usefulness, and being unable any longer to impart that which not only assists the receiver, but helps to keep clear and quickly flowing its own waters.

Let us use the pen to widen the sphere and sympathies of others, and it will, in time, serve to keep us active; what we learn from mankind will then be the inlet, and what mankind learns

from us the outlet, in this way keeping the stream ever clear and fresh. The worst thing that can happen to any man is to imagine that his needs are all filled in himself, for it is only close contact with others that rubs away our faults.

The right use of the pen is something very noble, and a greater and more lasting effect may be produced in this way than in almost any other; the pen, stroke upon stroke, builds up a monument of thought which lives forever. In it we may read life's scroll almost unerringly, for it is written in bright golden characters. The power of the pen is indeed great, but it is not a power for good alone, and its noble use may indeed be perverted. One of the most notable instances of this sort is the very prevalent use of newspapers as a medium of expressing personal feeling and prejudice and as a means of personal affront. It is indeed the worst method possible if we wish to attain a good result, for in matters touching private action the pen should be guided most delicately, and trace only the most delicate strokes.

Let us also guide our pen carefully when we touch upon the humorous side of life; what we may think a fitting cause for jest may be judged differently by those who have clearer insight. Let the humor which is in us have a merry turn instead of a harsh one, for criticising the weakness of one often renders us open to the attack of another. The pen and pencil are powerful instruments of intelligent thought; let each drop from the pen have a meaning, and each sentence from the pencil have some point.

'90.

#### WISDOM MISAPPLIED.

The love of learning, when it seizes firm hold of the mind, is tenacious and forever unsatisfied. The cry is constantly "Give, give," and the great stores of treasure which thinking men have with toil and care for years laid up must perforce yield to a demand which brooks no denying. And years pass on, and other years, and still we find them striving with unabated zeal. They burn the midnight oil, and wake when others sleep; they dive deep in weighty ocean waves; they search the wood and stream; they soar through the eternal space where myriad planets roll, and scruple not to search men's hearts and varied actions.

Solomon says get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding. And again, wisdom is the principal thing, but he also says in much learning there is much vanity.

So you see there are two sides to this question, and wisdom unapplied is like the miser who heaps up gold, depriving himself of the necessaries of life so that he may have more filthy lucre to handle. Thus, when some have attained wisdom they treasure it as though it would melt away if the sunlight of God's day should shine on it. Our Lord commands us to make use of our talents to the best of our ability, and not wrap them up in a napkin like the foolish servant. A man having wisdom should always assist others, and thereby be benefiting himself. Knowledge stored up and unapplied is soon forgotten, and of what use are all our hours wasted in striving for what we have lost?

Like the poor widow who divided her meal, although she had scarcely sufficient to supply her own wants, we should divide our knowledge with others, and in like manner we will be benefited. How quickly we may be punished by being deprived of our intellect if we try to hold all we have. Be not selfish, as Napoleon, who, in striving for too much, lost all. Wisdom unapplied is wisdom put to wicked use. It is said Satan always finds some work for evil hands to do, and in the same way when wisdom is quickly applied to evil usages. Again, we might fail to apply wisdom, because at first we saw not any great result as an outgrowth. Are we not told that whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in my name shall not lose his reward, and inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these ye do it unto me?

Hence we find if we use wisdom it will serve us not immedi-

diately perhaps, but it may be after years have passed we will reap the reward. Misapplied wisdom will debase our spirits, and thus cause us to offend our Creator. It is but human to desire compensation. If we start in our labors to gain a little learning; as we advance we see good results; but back of all that look we not to a higher reward? Then what compensation can he have who stores up the result of years of researches for self promotion only, shutting himself up in his temple of learning, bestowing only cold glances on those who are not trying to obtain an equal share of knowledge.

Emerson says there is no animalculum too small to be perfect. Nor is there any act of wisdom unapplied so trivial but what the want of the application will be attended with disastrous results.

We oftentimes confound wisdom with knowledge, when perhaps they bear no relation whatever. Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of men; wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge is but the material with which wisdom builds; knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; wisdom is humble that she knows no more. When we compare them, how much the one is superior to the other. If applied correctly, what a grander and greater result would wisdom accomplish than would knowledge; but, on the contrary, if unapplied it makes of mankind but a deformed image of his maker, but a shame to self and a stumbling block to those with whom fate has decreed that he should associate, and to whom he should be a guide. Whatever evil blind ignorance, false presumption, unwary credulity, precipitate rashness, unsteady purpose, ill contrivance and confusion of thought beget, wisdom applied prevents from a thousand snares and from innumerable rocks and dangerous surprises; she redeems and secures us.

Wisdom instructs us to economize, compare, and rightly to value the objects that court our affections and challenge our care, and thereby regulates our passions and moderates our endeavors, which begets a pleasant serenity and peaceable tranquility of mind. So it is; present appearance and vulgar conceit impose upon our fancies, distinguishing things with a deceitful varnish, whilst the noble objects, like finest jewels inclosed in a homely box, avoid the notice of gross sense and pass undiscerned by us. But the light of wisdom, as it unmaskspacious impostures, and bereaves it of its false colors, penetrates into the depths of true excellency, and reveals its true lustre.

L. E. G., '90.

#### PROGRESS OF THE CAUCASIAN.

It is not my purpose to go back to the time when Adam and Eve went forth from the garden, or when Noah and his sons came out of the ark, or yet when the tribes dispersed from the Tower of Babel to all parts of the earth, and to show how the human family was divided into races, and then to trace the Caucasian through all his bloody conflicts to the present time. It would be interesting, indeed, to notice a small settlement on the Italian peninsula as the nucleus of a coming empire; a little later, to observe the Roman eagle with one foot placed on the Gallic province, the other on the Grecian, while he spread his ponderous and appalling wings over Brittainy, Spain, Northern Africa and the Holy Land, and with his iron beak, kept the hordes of northern barbarians at bay for a time; and a few centuries later to see the only remaining spark of Christianity, having smouldered during the dark ages in the ashes of this proud empire, burst forth in a flame which is destined to light up all nations of the globe. It would also be interesting to stand on the banks of the Thames, where a few centuries ago the Romans found only "a few miserable huts and a row of entrenched cattle pens," and there behold St. Paul's Cathedral and other magnificent buildings towering toward the bended skies, lifting high their domes and spires as if to catch and drop on the waking city the first darting rays of the coming sun and to reflect on the hurrying multitudes below the last gleam

of departing day. But we prefer to notice the progress and inventions of a later period, many of which concern our own country.

The Caucasian has united civilization and progress with nature's bounteous offers, and mingled the busy hum of industry with nature's sweetest melodies. Where the honey bee formerly collected his nectar from wild flowers and stored it among cliffs and in hollow trees, he now finds it in clover fields and flower gardens and puts it in a patent hive. Where Indian boys increased their skill by hurling the tomahawk at a sapling or by bringing innocent birds from the leafy branches with their stone tipped arrows, now roam the children of civilization through orchards bending under a load of ripening fruit and through vineyards yielding a crop of luscious grapes. Where the former developed their savage natures around a camp fire, listening to an old warrior talk of the number of human scalps he had torn from his bleeding and dying victims and of the glory of such achievements, the latter refine their better natures in the family circle around the fireside or out on the green listening to the merry song of the mocking bird as he dances to his own music on nature's gaudy carpet of apple blossoms.

To his own astonishment man has discovered that plants have lungs, that they breathe and assimilate food somewhat as animals do. He draws up the little flower before him and by cunning persuasion induces it to tell its name, its manner of growth, and the family to which it belongs. None, from the daintiest plant fondled and kissed by the gentle Italian Zephyr to the sturdiest oak of the Rocky Mountains wrung and wrenched by the American tempest is able to evade his searching scrutiny. He has lowered himself beneath the restless waves of the ever changing sea, mingled with its inhabitants, and forced them to reveal mysteries so strange and so peculiar to the watery home. He has delved into the earth, examined her strata, traced the molding hand of the Creator, and discovered facts hitherto unknown and unthought of. By scientific investigation he has wrenched from the graceful rainbow the secret of its tint and beauty. The crushing thunderbolt that would bring destruction to his property and death to himself, he catches on a metal point and lays it harmless at his feet. In his progress, the Caucasian has, with some degree of success, endeavored to split the sunbeam and see of what ingredients that great source of light and heat is composed, to calculate the distance of the sun and determine the weight of that ponderous orb, to measure the size of all the planets and calculate their speed in the dizzy whirl around the great centre of the solar system, to follow with astronomic calculation the blazing comet in its headlong plunge through endless space and determine whither it is going and when it will return, to analyze the light of the remotest star that twinkles in the midnight sky and find whether it has water or not, and of what the dazzling gem is composed.

Again he has converted the idle rippling of loitering streams into the buzz of whirling wheel and pulley, tamed the raging mountain torrent and yoked it to thousands of looms and millions of spindles, and has harnessed down steam with metal bands and sends him puffing and snorting across the continent drawing tons of freight and crowds of human beings. With shovel, pick and thundering dynamite he has filled glens, furrowed ridges, and tunneled mountains, until the crushing tread of the iron horse and the rumbling of car wheels may be heard among the peaks and gorges of the Rocky Mountains as well as on the level surface of the American prairie, and by a network of railways has united the remotest parts of this country as with bonds of steel.

The progressive Caucasian bridles the lightnings with an iron bit and sends them with a speed not surpassed by the Olympian Mercury and on a path not hindered by boundless ocean, by towering mountain ridges, or by bottomless mountain gorges. By numerous telegraph lines, "the nerve of this great nation quivering night and day with social, commercial, and political messages,"

the Carolina tobacco grower knows of the cold wave sweeping southward in time to house the last stalk before the blighting frost reaches his border, the California constituents know how their congressman voted by the time the last ballot has been counted, the citizens of the entire republic are overwhelmed with grief at the brutal shooting of their President ere the smoke of the assassin's pistol has hardly cleared away. By the Atlantic cabled a message may outride the herald of day and enable President Harrison to breakfast or fair similar to that minced over by Queen Victoria on the same morning.

This is hardly a hint of what the Caucasian has done; and what prophetic eye is keen enough to pry into the dim future and reveal to an anxious world what he will do? Who knows but that his civilization may work its way to the heart of the dark continent, converting the man, eating barbarians from Canibalism to Christianity, displacing the chattering monkey, the shaggy gorilla, and the roaring lion by the wool bearing sheep and the useful horse, and changing the barren desert and gloomy jungles into fields of growing corn and harvests of ripened grain?

T. M. J., '92.

### GOOD ENGLISH IN CONVERSATION.

BY A READER, '90.

One of the most common faults to be noticed among all classes in the present day, is a thoughtless carelessness of speech. When we call this a fault, we do not mean to say that precision in the use of language is a virtue—a good heart and a cheerful disposition are of far greater value—but it is one of those little, secondary things, which add so much to the happiness of our lives.

It has often been said that the speech betrays the man. Every vocation has a set of words and phrases peculiarly its own, and by the constant use of these relating to his own line of work, every man has his vocabulary modified to a greater or less degree. The horse dealer and the broker speak in different ways; the minister uses a different style from the merchant; the lawyer is easily distinguished from the farmer. And so we might carry on the comparison indefinitely. In a like manner can we distinguish by their speech all the grades of men as they rise in the scale of culture. First we see the utterly ignorant, having only such training as the everyday sights and sounds about them can afford. Then come those who have a smattering of knowledge; next we find the half-educated, and lastly, those who have had a true and exact training. Nothing points out the cultured man more certainly than his conversation; every sentence which he utters, by its purity and exactness, acts as a herald to proclaim the one who uses it.

But to know the right use of language, we should be acquainted with the pitfalls which be in the way, and into which, while, carelessly journeying along, we are apt to fall. These, we think can be divided into five classes, all, more or less dangerous; the use of improper grammatical construction; inexactness in the use of words which have either a like sound or a similar meaning; the selection of large and grandiloquent words; the use of colloquialisms and of "slang" expressions; and perhaps might be added, the use of hyperbolical phrases, such for instance as "perfectly splendid." Against the last two, so much has been said and written, that it is hardly necessary to mention them here. We merely quote from a certain noted author, who in regard to these faults uses the following words: "By the use of such language, your opinion becomes valueless," and "all language loses its power and significance."

But the other three have not been so much noticed, and so we wish to call attention to them more especially. In regard to the use of bad grammar, it is a much more common fault than one

would suppose. How many of us are careful to distinguish between "shall," and "will." Yet they have very different meanings, which vary too as the subject is in the first or third person. How few make any distinction between the contracted form "ain't," "aren't," and "isn't!" But anyone is willing to acknowledge that they cannot be used indiscriminately. Of course, against the grosser errors, everyone is on his guard, but these minor points are the ones which prove one's scholarship; you never hear a good grammarian say that he hasn't "got" this or that thing. If one notices, he will discover dozens of such words and phrases, to avoid which requires constant watchfulness.

Another point which requires even greater care is to distinguish between words of a like sound or of similar signification. There is a difference between the meanings of the two words "bring" and "fetch," but what is it? We frequently hear of one's "avocation" when his vocation is the thing referred to. "Want" is frequently used for "wish"; and "enough" and "sufficient" are commonly made interchangeable. A person is heard to say that he "loves" a certain kind of fruit, or that such and such a one "looks awful." He doesn't mean what he says however, but something entirely different.

"Negligence," too, is often improperly used for "neglect." Such mistakes do not cause comment, because they are of such common occurrence; nevertheless it is only proper for the scholar, for all the educated indeed—to use their native tongue with precision; to select those words which express the exact shade of meaning intended, and to employ that alone. It is a hard thing to do, you say. Certainly it is, but none the less needful because of its difficulty. The greatest writers are always those who take just such pains. Indeed, I have somewhere seen it stated, that neglect of this rule implies a mental laziness and inactivity, for with the thousands of words in our language, surely one can be found to express precisely the meaning desired, no more and no less.

But there is yet another point which needs consideration. In writing and speaking, the great aim should be to make one's meaning clear, provided that in doing so, one is not forced to use improper or vulgar expressions. The more easily one is understood, the more forcible will be the impression made. In ordinary conversation, to overwhelm a listener with an avalanche of Latin or Greek words, displays not so much one's knowledge, as his folly and pedantry. Of course in this matter, judgment must be used; in a company of highly educated people, the use of what are commonly styled "big words," might be admissible; and when trying to express the noble emotions of the soul, the language used should be in keeping with the thought. But 'tis folly to robe a puny, dwarfed idea in the cumbrous, regal drapery of grandiloquent expression. Try plain Saxon words, the meaning of which everyone knows, and you will find your utterances acquire a power they never had before. The greatness of Spurgeon, the celebrated London preacher, is due almost entirely to his use of homely, simple, Saxon words, by which he reaches the understanding of the lowliest of the vast congregations which weekly assemble to hear him.

By college students and college graduates, it is especially important that good English should be used. By the conversation, one's ability is usually judged, and if you talk as if you were half educated, you must expect to be so considered. Be careful in this matter, do your best to correct your errors, and you will find yourself well repaid, not only by the increased respect of others, but by your own consciousness that you do at least know how to speak your own language.

According to modern ideas, Livy's statement, *fugam ex ripa fecit*, would make of Hannibal a cashier who had removed to Toronto.—*Yale Record*.

## DE PUELLIS ORDINIS XCI.

[Related to the author by an old member of the class while he was on a visit to the latter, in March, 1911.]

"Twenty years have rolled by since we left the walls of our old alma mater. How strangely fast has the time passed away! To me it seems but yesterday that I stood before the immense audience assembled at our graduation exercises, and with fear and trembling spoke my carefully prepared oration.

"Do I happen to know anything of the rest of my class? Well, yes; I have kept myself very well informed about them, and indeed have kept up a correspondence with several of the boys. I believe that with a few exceptions they have turned out well. How about the girls? Well, if you will draw your chair closer to the fire, and have some of that fine old wine that my valet has just brought in, I will tell you all I know about them.

"After leaving school Mary Bernard was for awhile a great belle in her neighborhood, but when a certain young man, who hailed from the Ferry, proposed to her, she accepted, and they were quietly married. As he was determined to go west, they did so, and are now known as the first successful missionaries to the Mormons. I believe that our old friend Larkin was their first convert, and that it was this which caused him to desert his forty-two wives, and not the theatre bill.

"Nannie Blandford, the September following her graduation, entered the Pennsylvania State University as a medical student. In the spring of 1894 she acquitted herself with distinction. Having soon after settled in New York city, she built up a large practice, and is now known as one of the most successful female doctors in this country. We all used to say that she would become famous as an authoress, but this was not to be. She has, however, published many valuable scientific treatises.

"You remember the case between Imogene Caulk and J? Whoever thought it would turn out as it has? Well, you have doubtless heard that her husband followed in the footsteps of his famous ancestor and became a robber chief. When he was incarcerated she remained faithful to him, and, since his release, he, a reformed man, has lived happily with her off the money obtained while he was a bandit.

"How Lizzie Caulk used to thrill us with her performances on the piano. About five years after leaving W. M. C. she was elected Preceptress of Sassafras Female Academy, then in its infancy. Having brought this institution into prominence, she was in 1898 elected to fill the chair of *Æsthetics* at Vassar. Here she so greatly distinguished herself that at the expiration of one year the faculty of that institution conferred upon her the title of LL. D. She has written several works upon sciences and arts, one of which, "De Amore," attracted considerable attention, and has been very favorably criticised by the press.

"Doubtless you have very often read criticisms upon Esther Ebaugh's poems, so it is almost useless for me to say much concerning her. She first began by writing short poems for the county papers, but as the lamp of this bright genius could not be long hid, she published that volume which you see there on my desk. It is called "Love of Nature."

"While at College Edna Frazier was greatly noted for her daring spirit. An example of her courage was shown by her venture upon the roof of the front porch, in company with two other girls, on the occasion of a parlor night. After leaving school she went with L—— to the burning sands of Chingcoteague, to assist him in civilizing the natives. She is still occupied in that great work.

"I confessed I was greatly surprised when I learned, several years since, that Nannye Heyde was unmarried. But you know how the boys at College used to say that no one could gain her affections. What a lot of fellows she had in her train! There

were K—r, S—th, McK—r, El—n, and many others, among whom was that classmate of mine whom we used to call "Pud." Well, Nannye is now the President of that now famous organization of ancient maiden ladies known as the Ante-Matrimoniam Society. Poor girl, I guess she has often wished that she had accepted one of the offers made her in her younger days.

"Katie Irwin, to the surprise of her friends, married in the autumn of 1891. All thought that she would adopt teaching as her vocation. However, this did not happen, and today R—y says there is not a better wife in the world. Having become quite wealthy, they now live in magnificent style in San Francisco.

"Of the three other members of the class, May Nelson and Minerva Utz were married very soon after graduation, while Lizzie Nusbaum, having entered the legal profession, became a stump advocate of woman's rights." BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

## THE IRVING ANNIVERSARY.

The twenty-third anniversary of the Irving Literary Society took place in the Smith Hall Auditorium the evening of the 19th, and was the last college exercise before the Christmas holidays. Consequently the students were all in a very complacent mood, and, in combination with the large audience from the town, evinced a hearty appreciation of the efforts of the participants.

W. M. Cross, of Westminster, the Society President, in the opening address briefly reviewed the program, and gracefully welcomed Faculty, students and friends. The anniversary oration, the privilege of delivering which is considered a high honor among the Societies, was ably given by G. W. Ward. The gentleman's subject, "The Origin of Continents," was certainly a novel departure from the ordinary line of subjects, and for that reason possessed an additional interest. Lena E. Gore, of the Browning Society, then favored the audience with a very pretty and sweetly sung solo, entitled "Liebchen Steh Auf," by Henrion. Closely following Miss Gore came E. H. Manning with a recitation, "The Curse of Regulus," which he delivered with considerable fire and feeling. Mr. Manning, without doubt, possesses many of the essentials of good oratory. At this stage of the performance the curtain fell, and the audience indulged in a good deal of harmless gossip. Up it came in a few moments, and then began the "Initiation of a Granger," a very laughable and well performed farce, illustrative of the pranks college boys play sometimes upon verdant newcomers. The cast was taken by eleven of the Irving members who kept the audience in a roar from first to last.

The tableau, "Mark Antony's Funeral Oration over Cæsar," was certainly very fine, and deserving of more than ordinary praise. We have witnessed the tableaux of the literary societies for several years, but can scarcely call to mind any that excelled this one for effective draping and posing. The drama for the evening was entitled "Rob, the Hermit; or, the Black Chapel of Maryland." If we should offer any adverse criticism to this performance it would be to the play's extraordinary length—extraordinary when taken in connection with the rest of the program. We think it could have been cut down to a more tolerable size, in which case it would have been much more effective upon the hearers. The personation, however, of the various characters was natural and good, Messrs. Ward, James and Cross especially distinguishing themselves in principal parts. The Society was most ably assisted in the rendition of the drama by Misses Georgie Franklin and Lottie F. Moore. Following is the dramatis personæ:

Rob, the Hermit.....	H. S. Leas
Richard Cocklescraft.....	G. W. Ward
Captain Dauntrees.....	B. B. James
Lord Baltimore.....	D. F. Harris
Albert Verheyden.....	J. E. White
Anthony Warden.....	G. E. Day
Garret Weasel.....	W. M. Cross
Arnold de la Grange.....	M. P. Richards

Roche del Carmine.....	J. L. Reifsnider
Francis.....	F. S. Topham
Pedro.....	W. P. Caton
Blanche Warden.....	Georgia Franklin
Dorothy Weasel.....	Lottie F. Moore
Katte of Warrington.....	H. P. Grow

Soldiers, Pirates, &c.

#### PRESIDENT LEWIS' RECEPTION.

Wednesday, the 18th ult., witnessed very inclement weather and a cordial invitation on the part of Dr. Lewis to attend a reception to be given in his recently finished house that evening. This created quite a storm (of applause), which for the moment eclipsed that raging without. The boarding Faculty and students responded most grandly. That evening at seven o'clock the ladies and gentlemen of the Senior and Junior classes, together with some Seminarians, assembled in the calisthenium of the College. The young gentlemen selected their companions with judicious care, and the merry couples then proceeded by the main entrance through the ladies' grove. After a short walk in the almost solid fog they were gladdened by the sight of the building brilliantly lighted up. The other students were formed in three divisions, each preceding the other by a quarter of an hour. The guests were received in the parlor, and after passing the compliments of the day proceeded to the library. Refreshments were afterwards served. Curiosity soon dwarfed other desires, and a tour of inspection was indulged in. The young ladies and gentlemen then passed the time in each other's company until ten o'clock. Every nook and corner seemed to be full. The spirit of mirth and gladness prevailed, nor was this lessened when the roll of distinguished personages was taken up. It will be safe to say that no house, whether it be in the old world or the new, was ever so graced by such an assemblage of persons as Prince Bismarck (H. G. Watson), the Queen of England (Miss F. Blanton), the Czarina (Miss T. Hirata), the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone (J. Whaley), ex-President Cleveland and wife (Mr. Barwick and Miss Money), ex-Emperor Dom Pedro (R. Lewis), and H. W. Longfellow (A. Smith). Truly it was a grand and glorious occasion. Dom Pedro unhesitatingly asserted that he had enjoyed exile for three years. This so convulsed Queen Victoria that she was in danger of losing her crown, and when Prince Bismarck and the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone held a consultation, great results were predicted. Undoubtedly the next day the world would have been startled with their import had not the telegraph refused to work on account of dampness, and the postoffices been ordered not to receive contraband goods. At ten o'clock all regretfully bade their kind host and hostess good night.

It was an occasion ever to be remembered. Our host laid aside his official garb and showed how genial the true man could be. He seemed "a boy again, just for the night." It is just such occasions as this that gives us an insight into the social life of our President, and that forges ever stronger the links of affection that bind together the President and student, and leaves in the minds of the latter recollections never to be effaced. May the many wishes for his future usefulness and prosperity be realized.

#### MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

At their meeting on December 13th, the Webster Literary Society unanimously adopted the following resolutions upon the death of Hon. Jefferson Davis:

WHEREAS, we learn with great sorrow of the death of that distinguished soldier and statesman, Hon. Jefferson Davis, an honorary member of this society, therefore

Resolved, that the Webster Literary Society of Western Maryland College does hereby express its profound sorrow at the departure of the South's great leader. Servile to none but conscience, influenced by nothing but the needs and rights of his

own section, he was a man whose love for liberty and steady devotion to what he believed to be right, history will ever honor. Whether as soldier, as statesman, or as the guiding hand of the South during her most trying period, he has won the love of his people and the admiration and respect of his enemies. And now, since it has pleased all-wise Providence to call away this great representative of American statesmanship, we deem it but right to submit this final tribute of our honor and respect for the dead hero.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the wife of the deceased; that they be inserted in the columns of the "COLLEGE MONTHLY," and spread in the minutes of the society.

J. F. Harper,  
J. M. Tull,  
N. Price Turner, } Committee.

#### TRANSFER OF CLASS CANE.

On Monday afternoon, December 9th, a meeting was called of the Junior and Sophomore classes, to witness the transfer of the Sophomore class cane. The meeting was called to order by Crockett, President of '91. He made a brief speech, giving the history of the cane, the story of the origin of the custom, and while eulogizing the Junior Class, made some uncomplimentary remarks in reference to the Sophs. The cane was then presented, and Crockett having sat down, Johnson, President of '92, made a few remarks, defending his class with ability and attacking the Juniors. There being no further business before both classes, the gathering was dissolved into a meeting of the Juniors. B. C.

#### LOCALS.

The following was written by one of the fair dwellers in Smith Hall, in reply to a poem entitled "An Apology for Woman," which apology was in substance that "the Lord made 'em:"

VERY NECESSARY APOLOGY FOR "MAN."

Last but not least was woman made,  
For her advent put Adam quite in the shade;  
And in Adam no longer would one believe,  
After the coming of Mother Eve.

The world was first made and animals too,  
Then Adam put on with the rest of his crew,  
But the tools of creation were used again,  
When woman was made, the being of brain.

In this world the motto "Advance," behooves;  
When the first thing is bad, the second improves;  
The former creation was certainly man  
And woman who followed, improved on the plan.

From the rib of man was woman created,  
Which loss man has in high degree rated,  
So from the beginning has man ever been seen  
On the brain of woman, his superior, to lean.

Just as a picture cannot be made  
Till it has a back-ground which it throws into shade;  
Just so woman on earth was not formed  
Until man was created, the darker back-ground.

Till woman appeared, man thought all complete  
But alas, he was fooled by over much conceit;  
When woman arrived this poor invention to scan,  
From the power of her mind, she was then called wo-man!

You blame "Sister Eve" for yielding to temptation,  
Then why not "Brother Satan" place you in that station?  
'Tis bad for Eve to be tempted but oh! 'tis the worst,  
She tempted a man, but a man tempted her first.

Women change their minds, so men say;  
They have minds to change, for which state  
should men pray:  
There's a maxim men should recall ever,  
'Tis that "Wise people change, though fools do so never."  
Man, poor man; Aber der Teufel machte ihn.

Miss Van D—— had only experienced two days of college life when one of the editors received the following lines from one of Centreville's poets:

Watch Miss V——  
And see that she  
Does not stray  
From me away.

"TOM."

E. White desires us to state that he has again changed his tactics and will now try for a change, *fishing*. Peedie has decided to draw out for a short while, notwithstanding he thinks that the cake indicates that "she must care something for him."

The boys who sit on the Senior bench would be very greatly pleased if the girls who occupy the left end of the Female Senior bench would not make their remarks upon some persons in such a loud tone. We hope the aforesaid girls will heed this injunction.

A gentleman who has the honor of being at the same time a number of three different classes, Lawler by name, was asked by the Professor in Physiology to describe the femur. Said he, "The femur is the bone in the back to which all the ribs are joined." This is considered a bright answer for the flower of so many classes.

Our youthful Freshman from Chincoteague, while looking out of his window the other day, suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, look boys, I see the sand on the Blue Ridge mountains!"

Some of our male students love so well the grounds of the College, that the Faculty, have lately given them a standing permission to remain on the campus.

Turner says that Carroll county is the largest *state* in Md. We would like to inform the gentleman that we believe that he has a right to his opinion.

Lou W—— had a dream the other night, which might be regarded as a prophecy; it was about the prophetess of his class.

Miss Van Dyke, of Wye Mills, Queen Annes county, Md., entered at the beginning of the second term, December 9.

It is the function of faculties to act as suspenders for college breaches.—*Life*.

DEAR MIKE:—We thus address you publicly through the columns of this journal that you may know we "once hoped, but hoped in vain;" that again history records an example of "love's labor's lost;" that now a long night of sorrow awaits us. There was a time when we thought that a few smiles of favor came for us, but now we know that it was a mere hallucination, now we haul down the flag. We once thought of making an expedition to Sassafras, but now we never expect to view that "blasted heath." Good bye, Michael. "We have met the enemy and we are their'n." Once rivals, we part as enemies.

HARWHEJON.

Harper's charmers are like the accusers of Socrates, twofold. One charmed him a long time ago, but the spell still lasts; the other charmed him but recently. The former draws him to Baltimore with a force not to be resisted; the latter brings him back to College for parlor night as if she were a load-stone. The relative attraction fluctuates, and Harper wavereth like a wave of the sea. Poor fellow! he inspires our pity, while our interest is aroused in the final issue. And no one is more interested than A. L. Whealton and "Mike."

Tull's charmers are like the accusers of Socrates, two-fold. One charmed him a long time ago, but the spell still lasts; the other charmed him but recently. The latter causes him to write 16-page letters weekly to Pocomoke, while the former makes him explain matters every parlor night. The relative attraction fluctuates and Josh wavereth like a wave of the sea. We hope he may soon see his way clear.

O, there's music in the air  
As you go up Ward Hall stair,  
Just before the ringing of the seven bell;  
And also in early morn  
You will hear Frank Pearre's horn,  
As he toots and toots away on "Little Neil."

We have violins and fife;  
With all sounds the air is rife.  
We have dances on the Fourth Hall every night;  
But to hear Pearre's cornet  
Is the worst thing ever met,  
And over our enjoyment it casts a blight.

So a favor you will do,  
Dear Pearre, so kind and true,  
If you break that horn or throw it far away;  
For to hear you every night  
It does set us crazy quite  
And does make us think we have not long to stay.

Ansley, while expressing his knowledge of the fact that Revelations is the last book of the Old Testament, confesses his ignorance as to who wrote St. Luke.

"Excuse me, did you say anything to me?" Grant.

We advise some of our all-knowing students to read the clipping from the "Elite Journal," found in the exchange column. Graham believes in the power of the pen.

The new students who have entered since the holidays are as follows: Edith A. Bankert, Westminster; Emmott Kennedy, Indian Territory; Frank S. Cain, Baltimore county; Evelyn Grafton Kurtz, Baltimore city; T. Hubert Lewis, Jr., Westminster; Annie T. Russell, Virginia; E. Lena Barnes, Virginia; Oscar T. Barnes, Virginia; Theodore T. Derr, Westminster. This brings the total of students to 214.

Miss F——, '90, in speaking of the advantages of Ludwig Beethoven over Carl, said that the former had "mehr Stirn."

There was a spider, though nobody spied her,  
Which came into French on one day;  
Miss H—— saw the spider,  
It sat down beside her,  
And frightened her quite far away.

One of the Senior ladies has developed a sudden fondness for Geology, upon recent investigation it was ascertained that this feeling has only been apparent since reciting that chapter which treats of mashes. Significant fact.

It has been observed that Miss S——, '92, is in great fear of Lou-sing her heart.

Jonah was anciently supposed to have been swallowed by a whale, but recent Biblical researches, prove it to have been merely a Her(r)ing.

Although we endeavor to preserve harmony among the classes, it has been observed that it is a custom of '94 to continually *rob* '92.

Oh the curious mind of the Senior Class man,  
Is indeed, a very strange thing to scan,  
But his noble self-sacrifice, we must all praise,  
When he resigns the support of his declining days.

One of the young ladies was heard to remark before the Holidays that she wanted to go home, with an accent something like "F," on the "go."

We would like to know W(h)at-son it is whose heart was Clift at the prospect of leaving College, etc.; although he acknowledged it was Bes(s)t for the safety of that organ, that he should do so.

One of the ladies was asked to put this sentence in French: "My fathar is dead." She replied with this remarkable statement: "Mon pater ist todt." Several opinions have been advanced to account for this wandering state of mind.

Mr. D——, '91, seemed to be very absentminded just before the Holidays. On one occasion he was observed kneeling by the chair of a young lady, and on another he was so confused as to turn off the gas. We cannon Imagene what was the cause of this.

It *strikes* us as a very happy arrangement of affairs when one can have both and not lo(u)se either.

Whenever Miss F——, '91, writes a letter she puts upon it this nautical inscription, "To the Lee, away!"

The strength of Mr. W——s, '92, will soon become proverbial, it has been discovered that he can Carr(ie)y anything.

Misses Minnie and Edith Stevens, Laura B. Taylor, and Rev. H. D. Mitchell were at College on December 19.

Some time ago the members of the Male Sophomore Class had the pleasure of listening to an eloquent debate at the supper table, upon the question, "Resolved that prohibition does not prohibit." Affirmative, A. Wheaton; negative, Bowden. Convincing arrangements were brought forth on each side, Chincoteague being freely introduced to settle all questions as to the merits of prohibition. After holding the remainder of the table spell-bound by their daring flights of oratory, they closed the debate by attending each other with knife and fork to settle the question as did the knights of old, each believing firmly that the "right will triumph." Anyone who desires to know how the judge decided, can find out by inquiring of either of the above named gentlemen.

Why is it that Mr. Jones is so attentive to "Grace," in the dining hall? Any information as to the reason, will be thankfully received by any member of the staff.

We were somewhat surprised, some time ago, to hear Ric—rds say that Garfield, instead of Lincoln, was shot in a theatre. We could tolerate such a statement from a Prep., but when a Junior makes an assertion like that it is unbearable.

After having read the local in the November issue entitled, "Hath music Charms?" we have indeed concluded that it is an "ill wind that blows nobody good," for the victim of said local has openly declared that a decrease of 25% in rents in the College neighborhood makes times better for poor people, and still continues to arouse his drowsy school-mates from their morning slumbers at 4.30 a. m., daily, by the sweet, seraphic strains of "Fisher Maide," vibrating from his vocal chords out into the death-like stillness, which, we may add, pervades Ward Hall at all hours of the day.

If any one desires not yet to shuffle off this mortal coil, we would advise him to mind how he talks to "Cotton" about Miss Tay—r, as he is prepared to assassinate the fellow who says anything unfavorable concerning her, and has already choked one of his school-mates very badly as a beginning.

Teacher of Rhetoric: Now Mr. Manning, you say that you must not use technical terms where they are not likely to be understood, then if you wished to speak in ordinary conversation to some member of the Sophomore Class about the windpipe, what would you call it, the *trachea* or the windpipe." Manning, (after some thought). "Why the *trachea* of course."

Caton has quite a curious way of getting his schoolmates to hand in locals concerning himself, for sometime ago he said, "Now don't put in any more locals about Miss L——s and myself," but as he spoke, his countenance plainly showed that his real desires were just the opposite and that he merely spoke of it for fear the person whom he was addressing would neglect this important affair. Can not some one please Mr. C——n in this respect?

Why doth Bowden gaze with longing eye at the second Soph. table?

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

Mr. Wm. P. Wright, '72, and family of Newark, N. J., visited relatives in Union Bridge during December.

Dr. Wm. H. DeFord, '80, having relinquished the practice of dentistry, has removed to Washington, D. C., where he has opened an office for the special treatment of the eye and ear. Dr. DeFord has prepared himself for this new departure by a season at the New York Polyclinic School for Graduates.

Miss Flora E. Wilson, '80, who is foremost in all good enterprises for the benefit of her town, recently took a prominent part in the program of the entertainment given for the benefit of the Town Library Association.

#### EXCHANGES.

The editor has been informed that the space of one column is at his disposal. The compression necessary to make mention of all the exchanges of the huge pile on our table is beyond the power of the writer. Only one who has exhaustively studied cramming as a fine art could do it.

Then we are somewhat shy of trying our hand at criticism. The Portfolio has marked us for her own, and issued a dire threat. Says our sister: "Desist 'ere 'tis too late." We have well considered that natural barriers will prevent any physical injury; any other we think we can bear. The somewhat debasing charge in in the November issue smirks of spite rather than partakes of truth. Dear sister, we think it would be well to restrain your ardent verbosity, or at least to temper it with a sprinkling of amiability.

Many of our exchanges would find it a great improvement, or at least their readers would find it a great convenience, if there were a table of contents on the cover or fly-leaf.

No one can fail to find in the pages of the University Argus some matter to instruct and amuse. In the December number is an article on Trusts, in which are expressed our opinions exactly.

The following is from the Elite Journal: "When a student occupies the whole recitation hour in arguing with the professor in charge, thus monopolizing the time of an entire class, it is about time he should pay double tuition or hire a private instructor. Such students 'make us tired,' and, seldom developing a new idea, they soon become a class nuisance." How many classes are there that have not felt the force of the above blessed truth?

On the 22nd of October, the Baltimore City College celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. The occasion was one of great importance, in view of the gratifying and meritorious results which have been accomplished in the past, and the propitious outlook for the future. The Journal reaches us regularly, and is ably edited.

The Thielensian is a paper that is worth perusing. As a rule its articles show much thought and practicability. Its editorial department is comprehensive in its scope, embracing questions of the day, as well as matters relating exclusively to college work.

The new plan proposed by the Lutherville Seminarian for conducting this department is a very good one, since it brings different minds into contact and thus tends to sharpen them. One of the questions asked by the Seminarian is, "Should gymnastic exercise

be made compulsory?" This has been pretty well discussed and the balance of the argument is in favor of the affirmative. The first thing considered is the importance of a *suum corpus* as well as a *sana mens*. A sound body is an impossibility without exercise. The hard student often does not take time to exercise. And we will add, that the lazy student will not take the time. So, undoubtedly it would be well to make it to some extent compulsory. By the way, the Faculty of Westerland Maryland have deemed it advisable to make it compulsory without at all consulting the opinion of the students, having a well equipped gymnasium and a special instructor.

The Liberal asks, Does a student derive more benefit from a special course of study than from a prescribed course? Undoubtedly not. The object aimed at should be a well-rounded symmetry. The studies most essential to this are the very ones the student would avoid if he had his choice. Besides, a prescribed course helps a student to master his inclinations, instead of being mastered by them, in other words it helps to form his character. What do our exchanges think of this question, which has already been discussed in the MONTHLY: Should not our weekly holiday be on Monday instead of on Saturday?

"Literary Chit Chat" ought to have a place in all of our College papers. It is a step in the right direction, and the Adelphean is to be commended for it. This is undoubtedly "one of the few papers that have a right to exchange."

Now, as the new year and new duties confront us, let me extend to our Exchanges a wish for their prosperous continuance, and express the hope that our exchange of ideas will continue, and our relations thus engendered be a source of mutual benefit.

**INTER-COLLEGIATE NOTES.**

His arms, with strong and firm embrace,  
Her dainty form enfold,  
And she had blushed her sweet consent,  
When he his story told.

"And do you swear to keep your troth?"  
She asked with loving air;  
He gazed into her upturned face,  
"Yes, by yon elm, I swear."

A year passed by, his love grew cold,  
Of his heart she'd lost the helm;  
She blamed his fault, but the fact was this—  
The tree was slippery elm.

—Yale Record.

It is estimated that the number of colleges in the United States is increasing at the rate of fifteen a year.

Egypt has a college which was nine hundred years old when Oxford was founded.

It is estimated that one man in 3,000 in England takes a college course; one in 200 in the United States of America; one in 614 in Scotland, one in 213 in Germany.

The university students in Russia have lately been ordered to wear a special uniform. The different faculties will be distinguished by particular shoulder straps. The students of medicine, for instance, are to don white, the jurists green shoulder straps, &c. Wearing uniforms has always been characteristic of despotic governments and an emblem of serfdom; and yet how some people in our free republic like to plume themselves in gaudy livery!

The much talked of Amherst Senate is composed of four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and one freshman. The Senate practically governs the college, as the faculty rarely interferes with its judgments.

The University of Michigan which is one of the best institutions of the country, has about 2,100 students. This institution has abolished the making and prize systems.

According to the last report of the Educational Bureau there are 361 colleges for men in the United States, having 43,474 students, and fifteen colleges for women, with 2,772 students.

The recent gift of ex-Gov. Pillsbury makes the University of Minnesota the richest institution in the West. There are in process of construction a Science Hall, to cost \$200,000, a Hall of Physics and Chemistry, to cost \$100,000, a steam heating and electric plant, to cost \$55,000, and a Law building to cost \$50,000.

Since the formation of the present league, in 1882, the Yale-Princeton foot ball games have resulted as follows: 1882, Yale 12, Princeton 6; 1883, Yale 6, Princeton 0; 1884, Yale 6, Princeton 4; 1885, Yale 5, Princeton 6; 1886, Yale 4, Princeton 0; 1887, Yale 12, Princeton 0; 1888, Yale 10, Princeton 0; 1889, Yale 0, Princeton 10.

Lorenzo D. Teter and Gertrude S. Harp were students at the Des Moines College, Des Moines, Iowa. In attempting to be co-educated they fell in love, went off and got married, not, however, before receiving the consent of their parents. All the same their union is looked upon as a serious breach of college discipline, and they have been both expelled. Mr. Teter is twenty-two years old and his bride eighteen. The members of the faculty say that they would not have objected had they been consulted in advance.

Prof. Loissette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

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# Western Maryland College Monthly.

VOL. 3.

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NO. 5.

## Western Maryland College Monthly.

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EDITORS.  
LENA E. GORE, ADELIA HANDY.  
NANNYE M. HEYDE, G. W. WARD, ANNA McF. THOMPSON,  
J. M. TULL.

Business Manager.....W. M. CROSS.

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Entered at the Postoffice, Westminster, Md., as Second Class Matter.

With this issue the present staff retires from its journalistic labors and the curtain falls, soon to rise and disclose to our readers those who we trust are better qualified to fill the position of editor. The editing of a college journal is by no means an easy task. Many difficulties and discouragements attend the labor of those who at best are worse than amateurs in the work. Having had little or no experience, the student finds the task of an editor not only arduous, but far out of line with his college work. In presenting to the public the several issues of the MONTHLY we have endeavored, as far as possible, to please and interest teacher, student and alumnus. We have made many mistakes, which only experience can correct. In giving an increased amount of space to local news, and in keeping the paper closely identified with the interests of the institution it represents, we were only yielding to the popular demand. It was our intention at the beginning of the term to make some radical changes in the paper, both in form and appearance, and especially to place a suitable cover on each copy, but this had to be abandoned on account of our limited treasury, caused by an unaccountable lack of patronage by the old students. But in all our labors we have striven to please, and in trying to please all, we have encountered the displeasure of a few. If those students who are in the habit of passing some unfavorable criticism upon each issue could appreciate the difficulties under which the editor is placed, they would rather give a word of encouragement. It is easily observed that these habitual fault finders are the very students who never contribute a paragraph to the columns of their paper, and which, if they should, would not stand the criticism of the lowest classmen. It is not our intention to create the impression that there has been a general dissatisfaction with the MONTHLY, for such is not the case. On the other hand, we have received many words of encouragement from those competent to give them.

To the new staff we extend our earnest wishes for success, and express the hope that they may profit by our mistakes. To the would-be critics, let us ask in all sincerity that they rather let

their comments savor of approbation and encouragement than of petty malevolence and censure.

To successfully edit and publish a paper requires both hard work and enterprise, and a combination of the two is generally rewarded by a goodly amount of patronage. No paper can keep abreast with the times unless its proprietors and all connected with its publication are fully alive to its interests. That this result may be accomplished there must be co-operation and unanimity of effort. The employes of a paper, or members of its staff, who care nothing for its success, or whose interests are enlisted in only a half-hearted way, are not only no benefit to it, but a positive injury. Such persons cannot long remain on the working corps of a well regulated city journal. However, it may be otherwise on the staff of a paper of a different character, and governed by different conditions. It is even possible for a person's name to appear in issue after issue of a paper as a member of its editorial staff without his having contributed anything of any moment to the labor which it represents, unless it be indifference. College journalism has conditions peculiar to itself, and that one has such a power to use his name is undoubtedly true—the past has demonstrated it—and furthermore, that they receive a due amount of credit for the work done in editing the paper in which they are published as editors, naturally follows. The managing editor of a great city newspaper does not, by virtue of his position, gather the news for his paper while his corps of reporters idly watch progress; it is the reporter who, regardless of the distribution of credit or honors, compiles the current history of the day and gives it to the public, which remains in ignorance of its authorship. The journalist who expects credit for all he does has entered the wrong profession. The editor who does nothing because he is only an associate has a poor notion of the duty he owes himself, his staff, and those whom he may represent.

Whether or not the MONTHLY has ever had such editors on its staff, will be left to the decision of those who have represented it in this capacity. But it can be said that it has had associate editors who, regardless of either society or their associate position, labored assiduously to promote its best and highest interests. We have dealt rather in generalities, but, if they will embrace the specific, all well and good.

The series of Thursday evening lectures that have lately been inaugurated by the faculty is certainly a step in the right direction, and should be appreciated by every student. Every lecture so far has been fraught with interest and instruction, as the attentive audiences attest. Though we do not question the right of the faculty to make attendance upon these lectures compulsory, it is strange that there should be any necessity for it. But there are some students who have to be forced into almost everything that comes under the head of college work outside of the regular curriculum, whereas, if these lectures did not come under that head, the same students would be among the first ones to pay an admis-

sion fee to hear them. We hope the series will be continued until commencement.

This issue is the last effort of the present staff, for with the next a new staff enters upon the duties and responsibilities of the position. While the COLLEGE MONTHLY still pursues her course uninterrupted, the editors change, and give place to others to continue the design to which all have contributed. The method of management is in having two sets of editors during the collegiate year, so that this issue represents, in some degree, the farewell efforts of those who, in the first half of the year, were chosen to act for these interests.

It is with the hope that we have, in some degree, succeeded in this endeavor, that we withdraw from the active work so necessary among an editorial staff for the preservation and continuance of a paper, yet, although not actively engaged in that work upon which the new staff are about to enter, we shall, notwithstanding, be with them in sympathy and good wishes. We are a retiring staff, but we have confidence that those who follow us will make earnest endeavors to cause the paper to be always an advancing one.

#### EMERSON'S ESSAY ON ART.

The literary history of America, beginning almost at the first settlement of our country, although still comparatively new, is even now crowded with the names of great writers—men who can hold their own and take a high place, even when compared with the greatest masters of prose and poetry. Our literary advance has kept pace with our political progress, so that we now have writers of whom we may well be proud. The peaceful nature of our government, the security and freedom which we enjoy, tend to the raising up of great authors, and so as we are now the greatest nation on the earth politically, may we not expect soon to become the most illustrious for our literary merit.

Among those who have helped us in our onward career, we find Ralph Waldo Emerson—the renowned essayist. His well-known and popular essays will suffer little by comparison, even with the best. The "Sage of Concord" in his writings, shows that he has talent, if not genius. He is certainly a writer of whom his country may be justly proud.

His essay on Art is philosophical from beginning to end. Unlike Charles Lamb he does not deal with his subject lightly; unlike De Quincy, whatever he says has reference to his subject. With little or no levity, he faces his task fairly and squarely, and enters upon his work with the evident intention of doing the best he can. And he succeeds. For the size of the essay, it is wonderfully complete. He is so epigrammatic in his utterances, that he oftentimes compresses whole paragraphs into a single sentence, "All great actions have been simple, and all great pictures are." What could be more concise and simple than this. And again, "It has been the office of art to educate the perception of beauty." Like the lapidary he applies his thought in the rough to the wheel, grinding away a little here, a little there, until at last it comes forth bright and sparkling, clear and polished, leaving nothing more to be desired.

In this essay we find material for an immense amount of thought. He evidently understands his subject exactly, and to do this requires study and deliberation, hard and steady. He must have worked at it, else he could not have been so successful. To see through the subject, to comprehend it in its varied and manifold bearings as he does, requires not a keen observation, but a clear analysis and sharp reasoning. He declares that simplicity is itself an art, in the following words: "I remember when in my

younger days I had heard the wonders of Italian painting, I fancied the great pictures would be great strangers; some surprising combinations of color and form; a foreign wonder, barbaric pearl and gold, like the spontoons and standards of the militia, which play such pranks in the eyes and imaginations of school boys. I was to see and acquire I knew not what. When I came at last to Rome, and saw with eyes the pictures, I found that genius left to novices the gay and fantastic and ostentatious, and itself pierced directly to the simple and true; that it was familiar and sincere." Later he reaches the conclusion that in regard to living objects, nature herself is the perfect model for art, "There is no statue like this living man, with his infinite advantage over all ideal sculpture, of perpetual variety.— — — Away with your nonsense of oil and easels, of marble and chisels; except to open your eyes to the witchcraft of eternal art, they are hypocritical rubbish." "A great man is a new statue in every attitude and action. A beautiful woman is a picture which drives all beholders nobly mad. Life may be lyric or epic as well as a poem or romance." And let us close with a quotation as beautiful as it is grand. "When science is learned in love, and its powers are welded by love, they will appear the supplements and continuations of the material creation."

YUN, '90.

#### The Right of Way in Literature.

We would form a correct idea, so far as our judgment is capable as regards the meaning of this term "Right of Way." To the lawyer it is familiar, but to one who has yet to learn the very rudiments, it is as hard for him to define it, as it is for a student to define correctly the word metal that has formed no acquaintance with chemistry. That we may arrive at a definition we will cite an example and draw a conclusion.

Ewing and Harding own land, Harding adjoining Ewing, yet possessing no means of entrance or egress except through the lands of Ewing. Harding desires to obtain such a privilege, he is going to Ewing and make certain proposals. Ewing accepting of the same, grants, bargains or sells a strip of land extending through his property of sufficient surface for a roadway for a certain consideration, generally monetary. Harding receives the land for the money expended; with the land he receives in addition a deed for this "Right of Way" which grants to himself the free and uninterrupted use, liberty and privilege of the "Right of Way" to him, his family and his heirs. Also in this light. Suppose Harding grows dissatisfied with his farm, sells it with the exception of the dwelling and the way leading therefrom to the public road to his friend Ewing. Harding then, technically speaking, has reserved for himself the dwelling and "Right of Way." In law then for one to secure this "Right of Way" it must be left to him as hereditary right, or may be acquired by purchase, or may receive it by donation. Examine the case as regards literature, the contrast is striking. Here we find no such thing as hereditary right, on the contrary, no man in existence can so place or manage himself as to leave his culture, his learning, his education to another. Were this so the ideal of amassing knowledge would be reached. No road, kingly or otherwise, leads to learning; each one of us has to work diligently, earnestly, in order that he may secure culture and knowledge, and no one can by any means grant them to anyone else so as to make it a part of his being, for the furtherance of his purposes and accomplishing his designs. "The Right of Way" cannot be secured by purchase, for it is without price, unbought and unramed. Many follow this *Igni Fatuus* and spend their entire fortunes in the vain attempt of sometime securing it. Lives have been endangered in seeking to attain this honor, yet the scale refuses to strike a balance. In the final test they have been found wanting, their work might have passed well under criticism and public opinion, and be popular for a time, yet not bearing the impress truth, they accomplish merely

the end of a vast class of works, written to make money. This reached they depart, probably never to be recalled; they're laid aside to be forgotten, perhaps forever.

He is debarred from receiving it by donation; suppose it possible that he can, we await results; all personages of note, or of any standing in the eyes of the world have left and will continue to leave all the facts of dear bought experience, of mature judgment, granting in fee simple all their learning, ability and refinement; absorbing this, man would essay to pass beyond this sphere of ours, to grasp the details of infinity, and in time to equal the Most High. This globe would cease to swing, were such plans feasible

In law we have the power of transferring property, leaving the "Right of Way" to one upon whom our affections centre. In literature, how great the difference! One owning the "Right of Way" is not able to dispose of it, beginning in him, in him it will also find its end; it is a position entirely unique. In his struggles for this prize he calls into play all the faculties of his soul, he uses thoughts original and thoughts not original yet so distinguished as to be easily discernable. All of us are in some measure dependent upon authors that have gone before as suggesting thoughts and stimulating ideas; we all borrow, "nothing original in us except original sin." Since then his first efforts are augmented by suggestions of predecessors, in passing through his hands, it comes out bearing the stamp of individuality and passes down to posterity as one of the guide-posts along the "Way."

In law we procure this "Right of Way" by fulfilling the conditions prescribed by law, as explained by Blackstone. In literature the same; the governing laws are found in Rhetoric. Knowing persons possessing this "Right of Way," we ask them "By what means did they attain it, and to what do they impute their success." They invariably answer in the words of Saxe:

"In battle or business, whatever the game,  
In law or in love, it is ever the same;  
In the struggle for power, or the scramble for pelf,  
Let this be your motto: "Rely on Yourself!"  
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,  
The victor is he who can "go it alone."

By being early compelled to think for and depend upon themselves they have attained that self reliance which distinguishes them, no matter in what situation they be. He that wins the title to the "Right of Way" must possess the calmness, the prudence, the foresight of a veteran, ability to influence public opinion, power to control the masses, stability, given by the seal of truth, to withstand the merciless attacks of the critics.

Wouldst know some of the few characters that have attained this honor? Peruse the pages of history; scan them closely and learn what great men they present to view, glorious kings, great generals, learned philosophers—men noted for their abilities as soldiers, philosophers and statesmen. They have secured abiding places in the shades of the blest, but in departing have left behind them lasting records of their greatness in their works, the truth of which will live forever. For

"Tis books a lasting pleasure can supply  
Charm while we live and teach us how to die."

SB '90.

### A WAR OF WORDS.

To those who are fond of exciting scenes and conflicts, there is no necessity of going further than the halls of the Congress of the United States. They need not read, in order to satisfy their love for excitement, how Leonidas, with his small band of Spartans and Thespians, kept the pass at Thermopylae until every man had fallen at his post, nor is it necessary to pore over the achievements

of the Roman Empire, or the great revolutions and civil wars of modern times. The crowded gallery, day after day, of the House of Representatives at Washington, is sufficient evidence of the exciting war that is going on there—a war not of infantry, cavalry and artillery, but of words. Never before during the hundred years of existence of our government has there been such a pitched battle in our legislative halls during a time of national peace and prosperity. Surely the period of the millennium is not yet at hand.

The House of Representatives of the United States is composed of 330 members—169 Republicans and 161 Democrats. This almost equal division of the two political parties makes the opposing forces almost equal in strength, and renders the contest more uncertain. The Republicans, having a small majority, are at present the ruling power. Not, however, unless they have a constitutional quorum, which requires 165 members present and participating in the business. Both parties demanded their rights. The majority proceeded on the principle that the majority ought to rule, and that no restrictions should be placed upon the power of that party. The minority, on the other hand, asserted their rights, and prevented in every possible way the transaction of business until a code of rules should be offered for the government of the House. The majority opposed the action of the minority in delaying legislation, and their speaker sought to put a stop to it by his rulings. The minority denounced the rulings as arbitrary, and determined to resist the action of the Speaker in assuming unlimited power in the absence of rules. Hence the trouble.

The first battle of this war was begun when a soldier of the minority demanded the right of having tellers to ascertain the result of the yeas and nays of a ballot, a custom allowed by the rules of former Houses. The first gun of this rebellion was fired when Speaker Reed refused this demand. Immediately a destructive fire was opened from the breastworks of the minority column, headed by Gen. Carlisle. The majority, under the leadership of General Reed, returned the fire, and for a few hours the battle raged furiously. Epithets were hurled with irresistible force across the narrow defile that separated the opposing armies. Winchester repeating rifles, charged with sarcastic remarks and denunciatory expressions, filled the air with an incessant din, varied occasionally by the stentorian voice of Commander Reed's cannon demanding order. With the setting sun the conflict was terminated, and both parties rested on their arms, prepared to renew the conflict as soon as the harbinger of day should send his first beams across the morning sky.

The first day's battle was remarkable from the fact that there were no lives lost. The struggle was begun on the following day with renewed energy, and lasted for several days, with no decided advantage to either side. But the deciding battle came at last. Election contests were to be decided by force of arms. At a council of war General Reed decided that a quorum was present for carrying on the war if a majority was present on the battlefield, although they took no part in the actual combat. The minority opposed this decision of the General of the majority, and the contest was renewed more vigorously than before. Lieuts. McKinley, Butterworth and others faltered at their posts, and were on the point of surrendering, but, by the heroism of Gen. Reed, they were persuaded to make another attempt, and the retreat was changed into victory by the defeat of Col. Jackson, of West Virginia, and the consequent promotion of Capt. Smith, from the same State, to the rank of Colonel. This slight victory stimulated the majority to renewed activity, and for several days the enemy was held in check. In this crisis Gen. Reed came to the rescue with an unlimited supply of the latest improvements in modern warfare, and the majority gained a decided victory. The committee on rules had reported, and the Speaker was thereby enabled to sustain his previous rulings.

W. I. MACE, '90.

### The Difficulty of Acquiring Bad Habits.

It is generally agreed that there is a great difficulty in conquering a bad habit, when we have been for sometime under its sway, and many and varied excuses are made for those, who, presumably, have not the power to overthrow the forces of constant association, and appear as free, unfretted beings. Yet I think there are few who have considered the difficulty there is in acquiring almost any bad habit, and this is certainly the point from which all the trouble springs.

Of course there are some bad habits which are acquired with far greater ease, and in a much shorter space of time than some others, but there are comparatively few which do not require us to conquer some innate repugnance, before we give ourselves up to their influence, or become in any way under their control.

The habit of using slang is one in which people very generally indulge; they urge the easy acquirement of it as an excuse for its use, and it is true that it is a habit acquired more easily than almost any other; yet even this can not be put in frequent much less constant use, without continual remonstrance. It may be said perhaps, that remonstrance however continued, is really no difficulty in the formation of a bad habit, but we are compelled to acknowledge from our own experience, that we often avoid the use of some expression from the knowledge of the remonstrance it will cause, and although slang is never totally prohibited by these means, yet an excessive use of it is often prevented.

The distinction of having at one's command the greatest flow of slang phrases is certainly not such an enviable one as to become an object of effort; and, as the genuine possessor of the vocabulary of slang would stop at no lower degree of rank than this, the use of slang is certainly attended with much difficulty, and is rather an arduous undertaking. By the same means as slang, the very common fault of exaggeration is greatly limited in its progress, and also by the fact that the habit of exaggeration, however little extended, occasions its possessor so much difficulty in being understood, and so much danger of causing mistakes, that the habit is often prevented before it has attained any growth, and, even if this end is not reached, the person forming the habit has always the knowledge of the trouble it may occasion.

The view taken upon these, and some other habits, may often be contested with reason, but there are some other habits which are acquired with a degree of ease entirely imaginary; for instance the habit of smoking, in such a general favor among the initiated. I am sure no one would wish to attempt the many trials and crushing experience with which this habit is attended, were it not a custom of the time. I do not think this is a habit which one glides into easily and naturally. Should it be so, the deceitfulness of appearances is at once proven. The hope of the uninitiated to acquire that habit with facility is indeed delusive and no one can plead the speedy and natural attainment of it as an excuse for the habit.

That pleasure in imitating the manners of those in high rank and station, which has characterized men of all ages, has not weakened in the present time; from the natural lameness of Lord Chesterfield, there arose in England the fashion of lameness in walking, which was adopted by all those endowed with the extraordinary good taste and sense of the period. The manners of the time must have been peculiarly graceful if the step of Englishmen fell into a hobble, and this mode of progression was adopted without effort.

Things of that same order are done at the present time, and originate that which in time may become a settled and distasteful habit. For the sake of such frivolous and useless aims, we often devote time and earnest effort, striving patiently to achieve a purpose from which at some future period, it will be our greatest wish to be freed. Many bad habits have grown from a desire to follow in some foolish undertaking which is begun by another, regardless

of the difficulties which are before us, and have yet to be overcome. If we examine closely, we will discover that the purpose is not good in proportion with the difficulty we have in attaining it, but most generally it happens that the more frivolous the purpose, the more effort we expend upon it.

There is no bad habit, however tempting its illusions, to which we give way with perfect ease; but it is always the case, that, the more wrong the habit contains, the greater struggle we have, and the more inward repugnance toward it; and there is always something deliberate, which prevents its excuse.

'90.

### THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

There was one time in human history when mankind possessed a uniformity of attributes, mental, moral, and physical.

When there was no difference in social disposition. When one man could not think of himself as either inferior or superior to his fellow. There was one time when such terms as nobleman or vassal were wholly unknown.

But such a period never occurred but once, nor did it then extend through successive generations. Neither could the number of people of that time be counted by the thousands. For it was when just one man lived on the face of the earth.

Men began to multiply and in the same proportion they began to grow different, in thought, in disposition, in pursuits, in morals.

As a consequence the human family was divided into tribes and assigned to different parts of the world that seemed to them fresh from the hands of the Creator.

During the scores and scores of centuries that have elapsed since this division was made what, strides of growth and development marks the career of these tribes.

Many of them have increased in numbers to thousands and even millions, only to be massacred in war excited by internal dissensions of foreign rivals, and to rise again and flourish.

For a long time it seems that the sole ambition of each race was to exterminate every other race and appropriate all the territory to itself, or if not to exterminate it was to get absolute control of both inhabitants and territory.

Out of all the strifes and contests between races, the white race has grown to be the most powerful of any on the globe. A very prominent feature of this growth has been its steady march westward, whose highest glory was attained when it planted its banner on American soil, and it has established a government, recognized as the most powerful in the world. But of all the questions ever confronting this nation, none have been more serious than how to do justice to the two inferior races within our borders, the real man and the negro. Concerning the Indian this question has been solved. In the case of the negro, though it has been discussed for nearly two centuries, no solution has been made. No question has ever assumed so many different phases as the race question. None have ever cost so much bitter feeling and bloodshed and to day none demand more careful consideration.

I do not pretend to say just what we ought to do with the negro. Statesmen are puzzled to answer that.

But this question depends on another of much more vital importance.

What relationship does one race sustain to another?

In some sections the idea prevails that social contrasts and difference in color modify in a great measure the obligation of one race to another.

Is not this an absurd idea? How came these differences? Is the Ethiopian at all responsible for the color of his skin? Does the Caucasian merit his fair complexion on account of some superior quality within himself? Of course not. As to his social

greatness, the white man can no more reasonably boast than concerning his color. For he owes it not so much to himself as to his circumstances. Having been assigned to the North Temperate Zone, with its varied climate and elevating influences, he could hardly do otherwise than develop his higher faculties, while the oppressive climate and degrading effects of the Torrid Zone tended to develop the lower faculties of the negro. And so long have these races been subject respectively to their surroundings, it seems impossible that social life could ever exist without a sacrifice on the part of each race of those traits peculiar to himself. But his inferiority does not mean that the negro should be treated otherwise than as a human being.

That moral law which requires a well favored individual to be charitable toward one ill favored, is no less binding on races.

With every member of my body God has a purpose. He made the foot, the hand, the head, each for its special duty, and each is responsible for the welfare of the body in proportion to its own prominence.

With every human being God has a purpose. The honorable man of low degree deserves no less credit than the man of high degree. God uses the wealth of one to relieve the poverty of another. He uses the intellect of one to direct the muscle of another.

The same principle is no less true with nations and races. The stubborn Egyptians and the idolators of Canaan helped to support God's peculiar people, while the unbelief of the Jew was the salvation of the Gentile.

Then the negro should not be looked upon as a soulless mass, nor as one whose only mission is to be driven about as a beast of burden. For the great Ruler of nations will no doubt employ his coming to America as a means for carrying on the great work of civilizing and christianizing the world. J. S. W., '92.

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"Use the pen! there's magic in it,  
Never let it lag behind;  
Write thy thought,—the pen can win it,  
From the chaos of the mind."

Thoughts are producers of actions, words, which go out into the ever-living, ever-working universe; they are seed grains that cannot die; instinct with vitality, they germinate and spring into existence. Whether the plant is a counterfeit or a true article depends upon the quality of the mind, its author. Whether it be false or genuine, its course is ever upward; why should not man have this tendency? What is the solution of this query? Thought suggests that probably the answer lies in yourself. Investigate and see. So, in a grave mood, I fell to thinking about the past. In so doing my belief was strengthened that no employment is at once more fascinating and pathetic. The way is strewn with gravestones, beneath which lie buried friends, hopes, innocence and opportunities. "'Tis greatly wise," some one has said, "to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they bear to heaven, and how they might have borne more welcome news."

Each person has all the time there is, and the difference in its use makes the man what he is, whether he is descending to a low standard, fulfilling the negative end of existence, where he speedily becomes a puppet, a mere cipher, or rising to a higher plane, glorying in true manhood, which sends forth shining rays that attract attention and command deference wherever they exist.

Much is written on success. She seems to be the begin all and end all of a persistent populace, the great desideratum of the masses; yet how few ever achieve it, how few deserve to achieve it.

The reason is clearly shown in a little editorial in one of our exchanges: "It is on account of that numerous host of imitation men. There is no other thing the world needs so badly, nothing on which she will pay so heavy a premium as on men. Then why

are there not more of them? Simply because so many of our young men presume upon the ignorance of the world, not believing or distinguishing between the hollow ring of imitated manhood and the almost divine ring of true manhood. But they should remember that though they may deceive true manhood for a time, they cannot conceal their identity from men of their own class, and it is this class that preponderates, and this class above all others that gladly pays this premium on true manhood." Then why not show your grit and be a man, take a stand and keep it, be above doing a mean act; in fine, be a gentleman.

Let us fight the battle of life bravely, for soon will some of us have to take up the burden in earnest, and yet how few think of their neglected opportunities for equipping themselves until the time is past and they feel their need. 'Tis hard to make the effort, yet it pays; noble, persistent effort will ever pay. Here at college we should get all the knowledge we can from our various studies; it will give us ability to enjoy and power to perform. Do not ask if a man has been through college; ask if a college has been through him; if he is a walking university. Success is the child of effort. Make the effort, girl, boy, man and maiden, be ye who you may, and you will be better for having tried, even though you fail. Cease from dallying. Let us be one thing or the other; let us drift no longer; let there be a purpose striven for, an end earnestly sought after.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,  
Let the dead past bury its dead!  
Act—act in the living present,  
Heart within and God o'erhead.

DAISY.

#### BEYOND THE "VANISHING SHADOW."

The progress of the South in restoring her shattered condition, caused by the late war, has been closely watched by the people of the North. The South has struggled unaided in her efforts until a few years ago, when she had so improved her condition that there were scarcely any traces of war left, except in the memory of her people, and had very greatly improved the condition of the blacks. Then her friends from the North came down and mingled with the Southern people. The South has shown to the people in the North, by her efforts for the improvement of the blacks, that the enmity that was supposed would exist between the whites and the blacks does not exist. And by this and other facts it has been shown that the Northern people have been deceived in their belief concerning the cruel treatment that the slaves received from their masters.

It cannot be denied that the institution of slavery is itself a great wrong, and that it is a good thing for this country that it has been forever banished from our soil; but this is no proof that the slaves in the South were treated with cruelty. Much has been said and written concerning the cruel treatment of the slaves in the South, but these books are now scarcely heard of, and are very seldom read. Many of them took a slave as the hero of the book, and pictured him as enduring manfully treatment almost as cruel as the slaves of the Roman Conquest were compelled to suffer. So numerous and so overdrawn had these books become by the beginning of the war, that the Northern soldiers expected to find a people who would show no mercy to them if they were captured, rather than men with hearts as tender as their own. It cannot be denied that there were some, as in every section of the country, who were cruel and rough to their slaves, but these were few, and as a general rule the slaves were well treated by their masters.

The mere fact that the Southern planter was loved and obeyed willingly by his slaves is a sufficient reason that they were not ill-treated. How many negroes after the first flush of freedom, and the happy thought that they were free had passed away, and the difficulties of supporting themselves and families had been fully presented to them, would not have willingly given themselves to their former masters again on the same conditions as before. But how many of the farmers in the South now would receive the blacks again as slaves? There's not one that would think of it; not only on account of the principle of slavery, which is opposed to it, but he sees that it is not to his advantage to reorganize such an institution. The whites in the South, continuing their old traits of generosity and kindness, still provide for the negroes' happiness and comfort. On an average about one-third of the whole school taxes in the South go to the supporting of the colored schools, while the colored man himself pays only about one-twelfth of the taxes. Their churches and societies are built and supported largely by their white neighbors. They work in the same fields, on buildings in the same squad, and in shops at the same forge with the white man. Often they crowd the whites from work, or to lower wages on account of their greater need or simpler habits, and yet this is permitted by the Southern people because they wish to give the people that have been kept in slavery so long a chance to improve their condition. In all criminal cases in the South against the blacks they desire that their jury should be composed entirely of whites, as they are sure to receive a fair judgment, and even a judgment in their favor. Thus it is evident that the kindness of heart and liberal charity that the Southern people now bestow upon the blacks for their improvement and comfort are the same traits that prompted the planter to see that his slaves were well treated and happy in their pleasant little homes.

The South, believing herself wronged, and thinking there was but one way to bring about a fair solution of the difficulty, seceded from the Union. Although some of the prominent men in the South thought the trouble could have been settled in a more peaceable and less disastrous way, but, true to their patriotic feeling and sense of justice, they resigned their positions of trust under the Union and aided their country in a struggle for what they thought was right and just. We all know how bravely they fought, which caused a war that was supposed would last but a few months to continue for four years. What noble sacrifices they made, giving their money and lives to support a cause dearer to them than all things else. How near they came to victory at the battle of Gettysburg, and how nobly they laid down their arms when all was lost. Leaving the trenches and camp fires, the soldier goes back to his fields, devastated by the ravages of war, and begins another battle, one more difficult than the one he has just left, a battle to build up his home and country to their former condition. Depending upon their own resources, they have succeeded not only in equaling what it was before, but they have gone far in advance of it. And they still continue to improve rapidly, receiving scarcely any assistance from the North, for in 1880 the South had fewer North-born citizens in it than she had in 1870, and fewer in 1870 than in 1860.

Now we cannot call this country, built up and inhabited by the same as it was before the war, with almost the same manners and customs—a new country, since it would be an injustice to the people who have spent their best efforts in rebuilding it. Then we must conclude that it is the same old South, improved by the untiring efforts of her citizens, and not a new South. 91

Bismarck fought twenty-eight duels during the time he was in college.

The Faculty of Harvard are considering a plan for shortening the collegiate course to three years.

#### LOCALS.

Ansley has become *bold en ough* to announce his intention of seeing that Chincoteague is not deprived of her share of Ednas provided Lee(lia) does not object.

NOTICE—As it has been reported that Pud was the active party in the breaking of the pitcher a short time since, that gentleman desires to say that he has neither broken a pitcher nor fallen down the steps since December 14.

President Lewis has started a series of lectures on the "De-catalogue," to be conducted every Sunday evening, when regular religious exercises are now held in the Auditorium. For these services, a choir has been formed with Miss Blanton as leader: The members of the choir are: Sopranos, Misses Wolfes, Heyde, Gore and G. Shriver; altos, Misses Dumm and B. Shriver; tenors, Messrs. E. White, A. Whealton and Harper; bass, Messrs. Ward, Barwick, D. F. Harris and Jones; organist, Miss Coghill.

Eliason!!! what a pang of sorrow touches every student's heart when he thinks of the personage that bore that name, but now no longer with us. Oh Johnsie, dear Johnsie, why did you leave us? Alas, he has left us; our loss is irreparable. No more do we hear the history of those blood-curdling experiences with the Spaniard, of those adventures with the ghost. We cannot realize that others are sharing the joy of your presence, even if it enveloped in a uniform; brave boy, well it befits your martial form. And betimes we think we hear that still small voice of yours, crying again, "let me hyde myself," and we do not doubt but that you have hid.

#### SONG OF A SENIOR.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
That we graduate this year;  
For the faculty still slumbers  
And we have no need to fear.

Let us then be noble Seniors,  
Never whispering in the hall;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
For we'll not be here next fall.—*E.c.*

Now, the boys who dwell on the second floor,  
And who hear it every night,  
Have ne'er heard a more musical sound before  
Than the fiddle of minstrel White.

If you lie down to take a short nap  
Between "nine bell" and the inspection tap,  
There floats to your ear a screeching sound  
That puts in the shade all the Tom cats around.

If you settle down on a stilly night,  
And commence to your girl to write;  
The most soul thrilling tune ever played,  
"Makes thee to swear and grow very mad."

Thus, on every occasion, our Ned,  
Taking the fiddle from off the bed,  
Does, by putting his bow in action,  
Drive his hearers to distraction.

Now his Seniorship would, in great measure,  
Bestow on his friends a huge pleasure,  
And on "The only girl he does love,"  
Should he soar with his fiddle to regions above.

Lawler, the man who has travelled all over the world, Rushville included, desiring to visit a theatre lately, walked up to Hillen Station and asked the ticket agent for a seat in the orchestra circle. It is said that the agent told him that these were all sold, but he could give him a good seat on the cow catcher.

Miss E——t is quite interested in the perusal of Homer's

Odyssey, being an admirer of that ancient (and modern) hero, Ulysses.

Caton says there is nothing remarkable in the ava(b)lanche of smiles he receives, and he Wil so(o)n demonstrate the fact; even our statesman, Billy Mills, affirms that his does not lo(ui)se its force, though its downward track comes in contact with a ridge(ly). Jones, the third member of this smiling triumvirate, receives a double supply in his customary (v)easy and *graceful* manner.

At last complete satisfaction reigns in Ward Hall. For a long time there has been a "vague unrest," but now all the vagueness has been rested. We have always felt that there was something wanting to complete this Elysium of humanity, but now the gap has been filled. A dreadful monotony no longer pervades. Every night, after waiting impatiently two hours for the nine bell to announce the opening the circus, the orchestra begins. Immediately the silence is broken by the seraphic strains of four fiddles, a cornet and an unlimited number of mouth organs, which would make all the sawmills in the country shed tears of envy. The usual selection given by this charming combination is the Medley, a fascinating Sonata in B flat, with variations. There are some students whose tastes are too depraved to appreciate the elevating tendency of this music. But some of us do know how to appreciate it, for it makes us feel desperate. Let the good work go on. By all means get a horse fiddle and a bass drum. Bring in a traction engine; anything that will continue to elevate the standard. Then, and only then, will we realize what is true, ethereal bliss.

Mace is learning "dancing in the barn," under the tutorship of Crockett. We hope that either a barn or cowshed will soon be procured, or Dr. Lewis, out of sympathy for the rest of the students, will allow them the use of the Auditorium.

Promptly at 7.26 p. m., February 5, after an agonizing suspense of over two months, Barwick finished reading "The Disowned." Kent and Cecil county papers please take notice.

For lessons in pugilism, apply to Pearre and Griffith.

Tull also desires to state that he has the latest approved double, back action method of jerking a chair from beneath another person. This exercise is not only new and interesting, but is almost invariably attended by complete surprise on the part the person acted on.

Tell us, kind fates, of the Queen of Love,

By what means her favor to claim?

Williams *carries* her motto: "omnia vincit amor,"

But Toby *wins* he(i)r just the same.

Reifsnider will continue to receive words of condolence until further notice.

Is it true that Kennedy contemplates becoming a missionary to Japan?

The art of "hooking theme" will be demonstrated by G. E. Waesche upon application.

The negotiations have been completed and Caton has definitely made his engagement for the next oyster supper.

For the sake of humanity, let some one put a screen around our light haired Apollo of the Junior class, for we fear he cannot long survive the smiling sunshine of affection that regularly flashes from one of our fair Sophs, especially in the dining hall.

Who is it that is now generally admitted to be Miss Van Dyke's favorite? Wye! Mills, of course.

Miss Merrick has decided to change the spelling of her name; it is now Murrayk.

Mace's smiles are well lo(kate)d; but Ed. White's are more (annie)mated in expression.

Washington's birthday is on Saturday. "Let's kick."

BILL AND COO.

They bill and coo before they wed,

They joy in love and laughter.

But, when the marriage vow is said,

Its mostly *bill*s thereafter.

A SENIOR CRANK.

Perhaps Columbia College is the only seat of learning in the country that can be sincerely congratulated on adjusting the question of higher education to a *Low* standard.

Miss D—, '90, has discovered a new era in Geology; she says, that after Prychozoic, Age of Man, Human, comes Lovezoic, Age of Woman, Humane. It is unnecessary to add that Miss D— has remarkable penetration and insight into the future.

During a recent French lesson the words *Mal a tete* were used; it seems they were very suggestive to Miss F—, '91, who touchingly remarked, "And I too have a *Mal*."

We are afraid it is unwise to keep Mr. W— any longer in Sis Spence, as it might be dangerous to his health.

The Class of '93, (Male) must have advanced quite far in Art, as they have learned to *draw* Miss E. to the Auditorium to practice, when they are pursuing their studies.

Was it wandering of mind that affected Miss D—, or what, when she said to a class mate the other day, something was "disproportionately stpendous?" Serious doubts are entertained as to that classmate's recovery.

The classes of '90 and '91 are very proud of their Presidents, although we fear it is a diminution of dignity for one to cultivate the fire escape so assiduously, and the other to practice gymnastic feats in the ascent and descent of the express wagon.

When the mail was distributed a few days ago, Miss H., '90, received a letter; she was beaming, we asked her from whom it came. "A girl friend," she replied, "and I like her better than any boy I know."

The Browning Literary Society of Western Maryland College will celebrate its twenty-second anniversary, in Smith Hall Auditorium, on the evening of the 21st instant. Earnest effort has been made to present a very interesting programme, and one who delights in the progress of a literary organization cannot fail to be pleased. Prices of admission:—25 cents for reserved seats; 10 cents for general admission. Doors open at 7 p. m. Exercises begin promptly at 7.30 p. m.

'Twas 'twixt the hours of eight and nine,  
Dark gloom o'erspread the land,  
And 'round the shores the waves did beat  
Quite madly on the sand.

At this dark hour came Caleb forth,  
With vengeance in his eye,  
For he'd determined for awhile,  
To bid his room good bye.

With gentle step and silent breath,  
The fourth hall steps he mounted,  
Numbering each door as he went,  
'Till twenty-six he'd counted.

Then gently he did tap the door,  
And straightway was admitted,  
And chatted pleasantly awhile  
Upon what seemed most fitted.

But hark! A sound's heard in the hall,  
And steps draw nearer, nearer,  
To Caleb's ear than to the rest  
The sounds did seem much clearer.

He had to hide and doubly quick,  
Nor could he then reflect or  
Cast back his thoughts in retrospect,  
It was the nine inspector.

So for the wardrobe he did run  
As fast as he was able,  
And he indeed resembled much  
The traveller in the fable.

A pair of skates were hanging high,  
Which Caleb's eye looked over,  
By some mishap he knocked them down,  
The drama then was over.

Of course the Prof. did catch the sound,  
To see what was the matter,  
He looked within and called Cale forth,  
Amidst a perfect clatter.

Then Cale did march forth to his room,  
With very sad expression.  
Sincerely sorry is he now  
For this—his first digression.

It has always been a matter of curiosity among the students to know how many letters were mailed at the college box in a week. Not long ago a record was kept for a week and the number of letters mailed was 316, of which 115 were counted on Monday. This shows that letter writing is very flourishing here at College, especially when we consider in addition the large number mailed daily at the city office, and those not mailed at all.

Smith, our brilliant Soph., and the only man in the world, who has a right to that name, informed one of his classmates sometime ago that he was "struck" on another girl. The report was soon current and when it reached his ears again he replied, "Why I was just giving you taffy, I. C. you boys don't understand how to take a joke." We wonder why it is that he puts such emphasis upon those two magic initials.

"Woman is the greatest blessing God ever put upon this this earth."  
C. H. BOWDEN.

The following short apostrophe to Junior lady F——r was lately found in an old manuscript: "O maiden fair, look not with mal-ice upon me, thy price-less treasure. Turn(er) not thy favor from him whose ever watchful eye pronounces thee its ideal. Only say, 'amo te, O Naamane optime.'"

Hath music charms? We think that A. L. Whealton hath satisfactorily shown the entire school that it hath as announced in a previous issue, but from the same gentleman's actions for the past two or three weeks, we must also draw our conclusions that there are charms for him here at college other than those afforded by music and Greek. We were led to this inference by a change of place which he made at the table in the dining hall a few days ago, of course without noticing at first that a certain lady at the Freshman table had changed her position to the head of that table. Had he observed this before being seated all would have been well. O, Cruel Fate! Why dost thou thus torture thy victims?

As the local editor closes his labors, he cannot but notice, before he lays down his pen, some of the remarkable events that have lately occurred. True greatness is everywhere visible in Ward Hall. Behind that gigantic intellect, there lies the impelling force, that causes the chair to gently slide down the steps or the soft vibrations of the exploding fire cracker to be musically wafted through the air. Such evidences of mental power are too common to excite our wonder. Nor are we surprised when we contemplate that noble army of martyrs who daily give up the pleasure of attending chapel, or perchance, even a recitation, in

order not to neglect other more important duties. Nor does it even appear strange when we see around us those brave fellows, who, under the stress of circumstances and with a view to economy, prefer to deliver their letters in person, than to pay the cost of postage. Such things, we say, are not to be classed among the remarkable. But when Peedie, discovering the gradual opaqueness of his window panes, decides to startle the world by washing them, and following right on this, the surprising news that Mills, having decided to graduate in June, did on the twenty-fifth of January, there, or thereabout, one thousand, eight hundred and eighty-nine, anno domini, cut off his Hectoric locks, (this fact will be visible during the present month without the aid of a telescope,) then indeed did we wax with astonishment. This is not all. Hardly had we recovered from our amazement, when Jesse refused to contribute to the local column an article on temperance, and just about the time J. Edward White, Jr., was learning to fiddle "She's the only girl I love," with variations, the startling fact became known that Ansley, dazed by the beauty of the City of Chesapeake, fell precipitously from his dizzy height on the cliff(t), which "reminded" Toby of the time when love claimed him as a victim. These are only a few of the noted events that go to make up this remarkable epoch in the history of Ward Hall, but to give more, we fear would bring upon us the stirring reproach of the immortal Josh, "Quit that." And now, feeling that he has but done his duty in displaying to his readers this new era in our history, the local editor—

With tears in his eye  
Bids you all, good bye.

#### ALUMNI.

Miss Irene J. Everhart, of Manchester, was united in wedlock to Austin Geiselman, of Westminster, on the 5th instant. The ceremony was performed at the German Reformed Church of Westminster, of which the bride is a member.

L. L. Billingslea, '76, of the Passenger Department of the Northern Pacific R. R., whose office is in Philadelphia, was in Westminster for a short while the first week of February.

Dr. J. T. Earhart, '82, has lately removed from Baltimore to Manchester, and hereafter will practice his profession in that town.

The executive committee of the Alumni Association held a meeting on the 4th instant at the residence of Mr. John Smith. In the absence of Rev. H. L. Elderdice, the President, who is at New Haven, Conn., Mrs. Martha Smith Fenby, the Vice President, presided. There was a good attendance, and a great deal of business was put through. The reporter was not, however, allowed to divulge at so early a date the plans which were then made for the reunion of Commencement week.

Dr. Calvin E. Becraft, '82, who some months ago received the appointment of physician to the government reservation at Fort Spokane, Washington Territory, and has since that time been in the far West, returned to Maryland a few weeks ago. His stay here, however, is about concluded, as he intends leaving soon for the Western country, which will be his future home, taking his family. Dr. Becraft is looking remarkably well, and likes the country in which he is located.

The Baltimore Sun of February 7th has the following: On December 26, 1889, by the Rev. Elbert S. Todd, Ernest Duvall, of Prince George's county, to Alma Cruse Duvall, of Annapolis. Miss Duvall was a member of the class of '86.

BRYAN—DODD.

The wedding ceremony which was performed on the morning of January 22, at the M. P. Church, Centreville, Rev. T. O. Crouse, '71, pastor, was one of the most brilliant of the season. The contracting parties were Olin Bryan, a prominent young lawyer of the Centreville bar, and also Clerk to the County Com-

missioners, and Miss Anna Lucile Dood, '89, daughter of Chief Judge John Dodd, of the Orphans' Court. Promptly at 7 o'clock the wedding party proceeded up the aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, performed by M. J. Woodford. The groom wore the conventional black, while the bride was handsomely attired in a dark green drap d'ete, handsomely trimmed in black velvet, with hat to match, tan colored gloves, and carrying an exquisite bouquet of bon silene roses. The ushers who preceded the couple were F. Julien Bailey and Alexander Dodd, Jr., of Baltimore; Arthur Smith, '85-'87, of Westminster; Joseph P. Bryan, Madison Brown and Samuel C. Emory, of Centreville, who were in full dress. After the ceremony, the happy couple, followed by friends and relatives, proceeded to the depot, where they took the 7.20 train for a northern tour. The bridal presents were numerous and handsome. The MONTHLY extends its congratulations to the new couple, and wishes them many years of happiness.

James A. Diffenbaugh, '74, whose hospitality at his beautiful suburban residence, "The Maples," is so well known to a large circle of friends, recently gave a "stag party." Among those present were C. H. Baughman, '71; W. S. Amoss, '77, and J. H. Cunningham, '85.

Archibald C. Willison, '85, attended the recent convention of the Y. M. C. A. of Maryland, West Virginia and the District of Columbia, which was held at Hagerstown. Mr. Willison was one of the representatives of the Association of Cumberland.

Among the many handsome presents sent Miss Dodd, '89, an account of whose marriage is given in another place, was a beautiful silver jelly spoon, gold lined. The chasing was particularly delicate and graceful, and evidenced much taste on the part of the gentlemen of the class of '89 from whom the token came.

Miss Lizzie Trump, A. M., '79, has spent some time recently with her relatives and friends in Westminster.

Rev. Smallwood C. Ohrum, A. M., B. D., '83, of Delta, Pa., spent the last days of January with his brother, who is now a student of the Seminary. During his stay he visited his old society, the Webster, and waxed eloquent on the recollection of his college days. He also led the weekly prayer meeting on Friday night. Brother Ohrum is laboring diligently on his present charge, and is making a success of his work.

#### QUONDAM.

Harry B. Cramer, '78-'79, holds now a very responsible position in one of the State Departments at Washington. We have heard, though in a very round about way, that Harry has claimed a fair bride for his own. We have no further particulars than that she was from Gaithersburg, Montgomery county, Md.

Miss Beall Norment, '69-'75, Orlando, Florida, is among the published contributors to the "Young People," a paper issued weekly by the Methodist Protestant Board of Publication, of Pittsburg, Pa.

It would be proper to mention in this column the marriage of Mr. John Yancey Todd, for though he never enrolled as a student of W. M. C., he was for some time studying here under Prof. Zimmerman, while serving in the capacity of an Assistant in Physics. He is now the editor of the Easton Democrat, one of the liveliest of Eastern Shore journals, and has just taken the great step of life. He was married at La Trappe, Md., in the M. E. Church, South, on January 8th, 1890, to Miss Sallie Morris, of Baltimore, Rev. J. M. Holmes officiating.

Rev. M. J. Eckels, the husband of Mrs. Susie T. Kenly, '69-'71, who has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Salisbury, has accepted a call to Bedford, Pa.

A new Methodist Episcopal Church was dedicated at Park

ton on February 2d. The pastor is Rev. W. F. Roberts, '76-'79. If "Bob" is as zealous in his church matters as in his society matters while at college he will be sure to have great success.

Miss Mary A. Galt, '83-'86, Copperville, spent a day last month at the college. Her visit was especially to her former teacher, Miss Katie Smith.

We saw a local in one of the county papers some time ago, stating that Adam Diehl, '77-'78, had left the fair fields of Kent and gone into commercial life in the busy Metropolis, Cincinnati. We neglected to note it at the time. Adam himself should have given us notice of so important a change in his life.

Harvey Jordan, '84-'85, has left the fraternity of Carroll county school teachers, and has entered the counting house of Wm. B. Thomas, banker and broker, of Westminster, Md. Mr. Thomas has recently moved in his new office which is said to be the finest of its kind in the State, outside of the City of Baltimore.

Harry W. Amoss, '81-'82, was with his brother, W. S. Amoss, '76, on his recent visit to Westminster.

Miss Ada Roberts, '85-'87, of Centreville, is spending a part of her winter in Annapolis, where she finds it very gay.

Miss Grace Garrison, '85-'86, of Norfolk, Va., has been in Westminster quite a while during this season.

T. Lee Whitaker, '84-'85, who is now a prosperous farmer at Graham, N. C., visited Maryland the first of the month. His objective point was in Carroll county, just a little beyond Westminster, and so his friends at the college got the benefit of a visit on his way through. It is believed he has business in this part of the country that will justify another visit soon. He reports his brother F. H. Whitaker, '82-'84, who is practising at the bar of Eufield, N. C., to be doing well. His sister, Miss Jewel Whitaker, '88-'89, is spending the winter with friends in Mobile, Ala.

L. A. Chiswell, '87-'89, has secured a fine position in the Furniture and Carpet establishment of Peter Grogan, Washington, D. C.

#### PERSONALS.

Messrs. R. K. Lewis, G. W. Ward and C. L. Queen, attended the 18th Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association at Hagerstown, Md., on January 16-19. The first two were delegates of our college branch.

Miss Fannie Rasin, of Centreville, Md., was here on January 27, on account of the illness of her sister Nettie, '92; who is now at her home and we are glad to say, rapidly convalescing.

Miss Handy, '90, received a short visit from her mother the latter part of January.

Mr. H. G. Watson, Professor of Gymnastics, and Graham Watson, '93, were called home suddenly, January 30, by the death of their father, Mr. John G. Watson. The news was a great shock to the many students who had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. Watson and universal regret was expressed. "THE MONTHLY" extends its deepest sympathy to his two sons in this their sad loss.

J. H. Harrison returned to College on February 1, having been detained at home on account of sickness in the family.

John A. Eliason has entered Delaware College.

The Princeton University scientific expedition, made up of nine students, under the direction of Prof. Scott, has returned from Oregon. The summer was spent in the John Day region in the search for fossil remains. Valuable results were attained, and the spoils of the expedition, consisting of something over two tons of precious bones, will be added when classified to the important collections of previous years.

## EXCHANGES.

The January number of the *Baltimore City College Journal* asks the question, "Does the existence of a secret society in a college endanger the discipline and general welfare of the institution?" This is a subject we know very little of, as there has never been at Western Maryland College an organization of this kind. The editor has known of a few instances where the influence of these societies has been, in the main, beneficial, but the attitude which many of our schools of highest standing have taken upon this question seems to warrant the assertion that these organizations are injurious to the welfare of a college. Johns Hopkins, Harvard, Princeton and others have pronounced them detrimental to good order and hurtful in their influences.

The *Atlantis* contains a very fine article entitled, "The Old South." The writer endeavors to prove that there is no such thing as a new South, but that it is the "Old South, rising, like Phoenix, from her ruins."

The first number of *Dickinson Seminary Journal* has reached us. The paper looks very neat for an initial number—so much better than the first issue of a paper generally looks. It has our best wishes for its success and prosperity.

The *Reveille*, after an absence of one year, again presents itself to the gaze of the public. We hope it will continue to be published, as it is an interesting college journal.

We also perceive that the *Delaware College Review* has reappeared. We are glad to welcome it as an old acquaintance.

The *Heidelberg Journal* gives us in its January number an interesting article on "Old and New Heidelberg."

The *University Argus* maintains its good reputation. We like very much the way in which this paper is conducted.

The *Ogontz Mosaic* appears in its usual attractive form.

Among other exchanges which have been lately received, and deserve especial notice are the *College Student*, *Guilford Collegian* and *Pennsylvania College Monthly*.

Messrs. Coop & Borns, of Providence, R. I., are publishing an attractive magazine that fills a very useful purpose. It is called *The Gymnasium*, and aims to keep all persons interested in Physical Training informed as to the latest and best methods of work, the newest books, and the most desirable apparatus. It is issued monthly and at small cost. It should have, and no doubt will have a large circulation.

## SEMINARY ITEMS.

When we reflect upon the term which left us with the old year never to return, it ought to seem natural for us to ask ourselves the question, was it improved as it should have been? If not, let not the same be said of the term in which we are now laboring. Let us ever keep before us the momentous fact, that time and opportunities not taken advantage of while in our limited school days, will be lost forever. Let us improve the time, for what the world wants today is active, energetic, educated Christian men. We are living in a fast age, and there are very few, (if any,) places for slow, inactive men. He who goes to sleep and expects to awake with the idea that he is to be "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease," will never awake. If it were possible for him to awake, it would only be in time for him to retire again.

Stockton Society elected the following officers for the January term: President, R. K. Lewis; vice president, J. F. Garrett; recording secretary, F. H. Lewis; corresponding secretary, W. B. Judifind; critic, J. F. Valliant; treasurer, L. R. Randall and chaplain, A. H. Green.

The Faculty has adopted for the improvement of the students during this term, the following: Preaching by one of the students

every Monday morning, and a course of lectures to be delivered by Revs. J. W. Reese, Miller, Cooper, Mills and others, whose names we can not mention at present.

Rev. J. W. Reese gave the first lecture on Tuesday, January 28. His subject was the Apocrypha. His lecture was founded on the following books: Book of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus and the two books of Maccabus. He drew lessons from them which were very valuable. The lecture was listened to with much interest.

Rev. J. T. Ward, D. D., made the Seminary a present of one of F. A. Ravell's Patent Roller Maps, which represents Palestine and surrounding countries. It is of inestimable value to the student in Biblical Geography, and is highly appreciated and thankfully received.

Rev. E. R. McGregor gave the Seminary a very fine selection of books, which added to the library about thirty volumes. He has our heart felt thanks for his generosity.

We are glad to say that the "Grippe," which had hold of the majority of our students, has left, and the students are pursuing their studies with much interest.

ANONYMOUS.

## COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.

?

Why, oh why, has the Grecian sword,  
How, oh how, was the table board,  
What, oh what, did the Arab horde,  
Why did the mountain "pass?"

Whither did the wicked flea,  
What distance can the Baltic Sea,  
Where can that great bumble bee,  
Whom did the cranberry "sass?"

What procession does the cabbage head,  
Into what confession was the old pig lead,  
What story of the Hessian had the turkey red  
When he heard the codfish ball?

In what manner was the chamber maid,  
And what person did the lemonade,  
Did you listen when the cotton braid  
Startled by a winter squall?

Whom, oh whom did the organ stop,  
Where did the auction sale,  
How much wood does the mutton chop,  
Why should the British quail?

In what club did the vampire bat,  
Whose clothes does the onion patch,  
Whose curly head did the butter pat,  
What does the window catch?

How much food did the mountain gorge,  
Why did the raspberry jam,  
What papers did the smithy forge,  
When does the coffer dam?

Will you tell what made the potato mash 'er?  
For what reason did the old hat rack?  
Why, sir, why did the old churn dash'er?  
Before he gave her a great fish smack?

ARGUS.

## A CHRONICLE. CHAP. I.

At this season doth the Sophomore exceedingly desire notoriety, and he meditateth long how he may quit himself like one that is passing discreet. And in the end he shouteth "Ha, ha, ha," and smiteth his brow, saying, "surely my head hath magni-

tude. Behold now this will I do. I will arise and make haste to go to the merchant, even to him that selleth physic, and will buy of him a long hole that hath been encased in rubber, even in much fine *caout-chouc* from the South. And when I have returned, then will I take from its secret place the horn of tin, even mine own horn in which I have great delight, and which the Professor hateth with enduring hatred, and will join it to the hole that is encased in rubber. And when night cometh, behold I will place the mouth of my radiator's escapement cock within the other end of the rubber tube, and will straightway go to my couch. And at cock crow, when the man that careth for the boilers doth cause the steam to rush into my radiator, then will the escapement cock crow also and a steam whistle will be heard from Dan to Beer-sheba. And the Professor will gnash his teeth, and my neighbors will rave, and cry out to "shut it off," and to place my head in a sack, and much similar advice will I receive. But I will abide in bed, and will hold my place quaking with mirth." And the Sophomore runneth swiftly to do all that he saith. And when he hath made ready he bethinketh himself to prove the device, lest peradventure all be not well. And he seizeth the horn of tin, and maketh the steam to enter it. And the horn spitteth and grumbleth and bloweth not, but waxeth hot secretly. And the Sophomore zealously droppeth the horn of tin, and waveth his hand to and fro like one that is possessed of an evil spirit, nor doth he loigner crave notoriety. For the wise man hath not yet taught him that water vaporizeth at 212° and that tin conducteth heat with alacrity.—*Penn. College Monthly*.

The following was recently discovered in the library of the Vatican at Rome:

Parvulus Jack Horner,  
Sedebat in corner,  
Edens a Christmas pie;  
Inseruit his thumb,  
Extrahunt a plum,  
Exclamus: "Quid a sharp puer am I."

Mrs. Garfield has given \$10,000 to the new Garfield University to be founded at Wichita, Kansas, in honor of the late president.

Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, has decided to print 5,000 copies of the paper of Professor Charles Forster Smith on "Honorary Degrees," read before the National Educational Association last summer, as a bulletin of the National Bureau, for distribution.

The class of '79 has presented to Princeton College a high relief bronze of Dr. McCosh, costing \$13,000.

Garfield was the only president who ever made a speech in a foreign language. He could make a fluent oration in German. Cleveland reads French readily.

Dr. Seth Low was installed as president of Columbia College on February 4, in the Metropolitan Opera House.

The College of Montana at Deer Lodge is the only college in this new State. It is six years old, and has an enrollment of 150 students.

Columbia is the wealthiest of American Universities and Harvard comes next with property valued at \$8,000,000, and a yearly income of \$363,121.

The Cornell *Sun*, speaking of rowing, says: "Cornell is the only American university that for any given period has held the undisputed title of champions of America."

The Harvard Foot Ball Association has a surplus of \$8,000 in the treasury. At the beginning of the season there was a debt of over \$2,000 left over from last year.

It is expected that there will be 2,100 men at Harvard this year.

College Athletics.

If Harvard is really honest in her efforts to reform college athletics, she is—as far as convincing other college men of her sincerity goes—peculiarly unfortunate in the time she chooses to bring these reforms about. Just now, in addition to the several other changes which she proposes, she is agitating the question of dropping the tug-of-war from the inter-collegiate championship programme, and in support of her position that it should be dropped adduces numerous authorities, and the testimony of some of her own graduates as to its injurious effects on the constitution. Now without entering a discussion as to the harmfulness of this game, it does seem rather more than a coincidence that Harvard should come to her conclusion on the subject only after having sustained crushing defeats at the hands of both Columbia and Princeton last spring, and at a time when her prospects for next May are not particularly bright. Previous to this she had won this competition oftener than any other college, and her objections coming now remind one of the man who, after having used his friend's wheelbarrow until it was played out secured a new one for himself, and when his neighbor wanted to borrow that, said: "No, I've adopted it as my principle neither to borrow nor lend." Harvard wants to reform things and make changes, but until she shows that she is working for reform purely for reform's sake and not for Harvard's benefit, her efforts are likely to be regarded with some suspicion.—*The Week's Sport*.

A young ladies' base ball club has been organized at Allegheny College.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

WEBSTER SOCIETY.

President.....	J. S. Mills
Vice President.....	J. S. Williams
Recording Secretary.....	L. N. Whealton
Corresponding Secretary.....	W. H. Litsinger
Treasurer.....	T. M. Johnson
Critic.....	N. P. Turner
Librarian.....	F. R. Jones
Mineralogist.....	L. B. Lawler
Auditors.....	{ W. I. Mace K. Robey P. H. Dorsey

IRVING SOCIETY.

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Vice President.....	B. B. James
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Chaplain.....	H. S. Leas
Sergeant at Arms.....	W. H. Forsythe

BROWNING SOCIETY.

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Vice President.....	Mollie Shriver
Corresponding Secretary.....	Ida M. Harris
Recording Secretary.....	M. L. Ridgeley
Treasurer.....	May Nelson
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